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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

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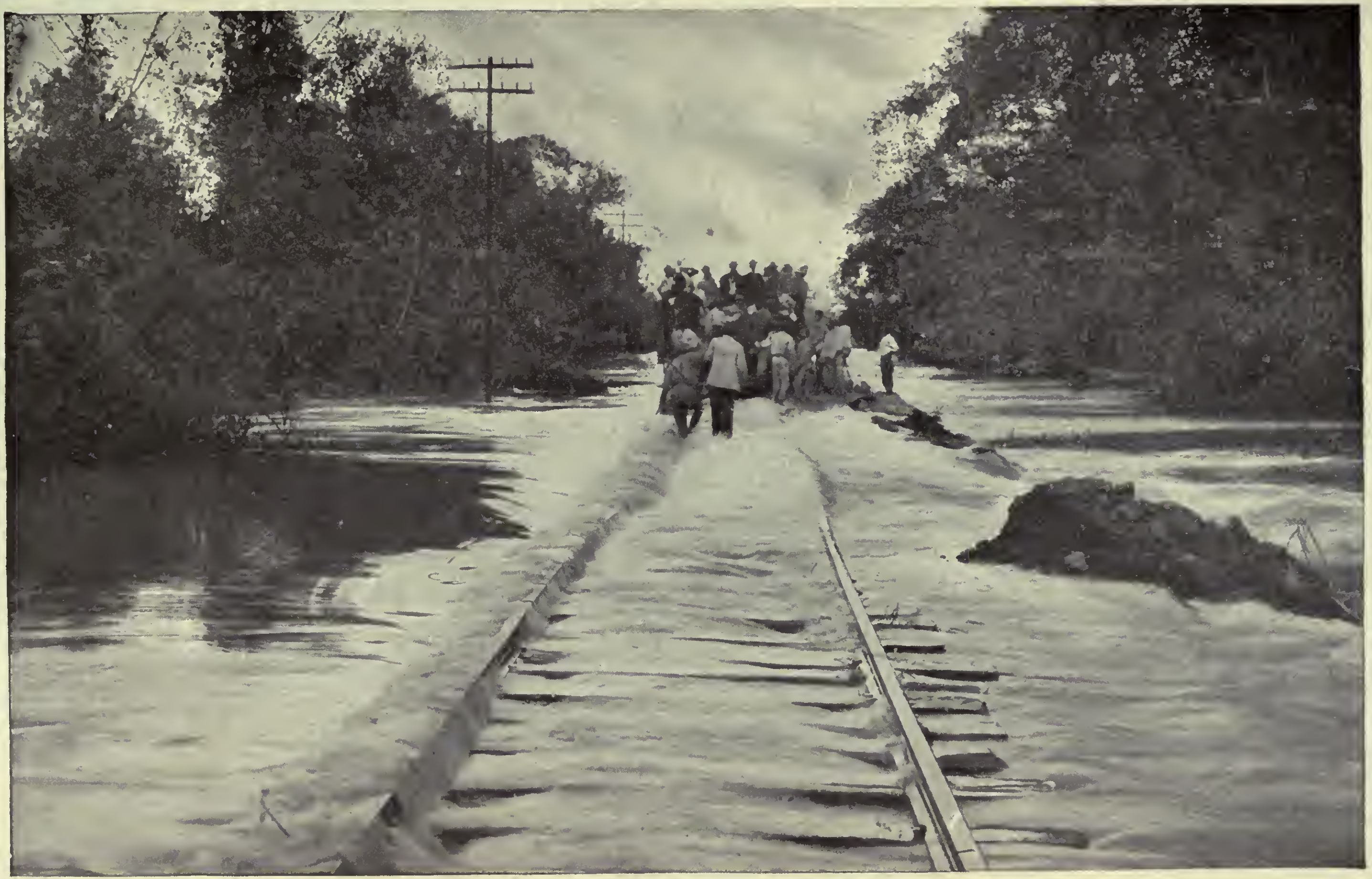
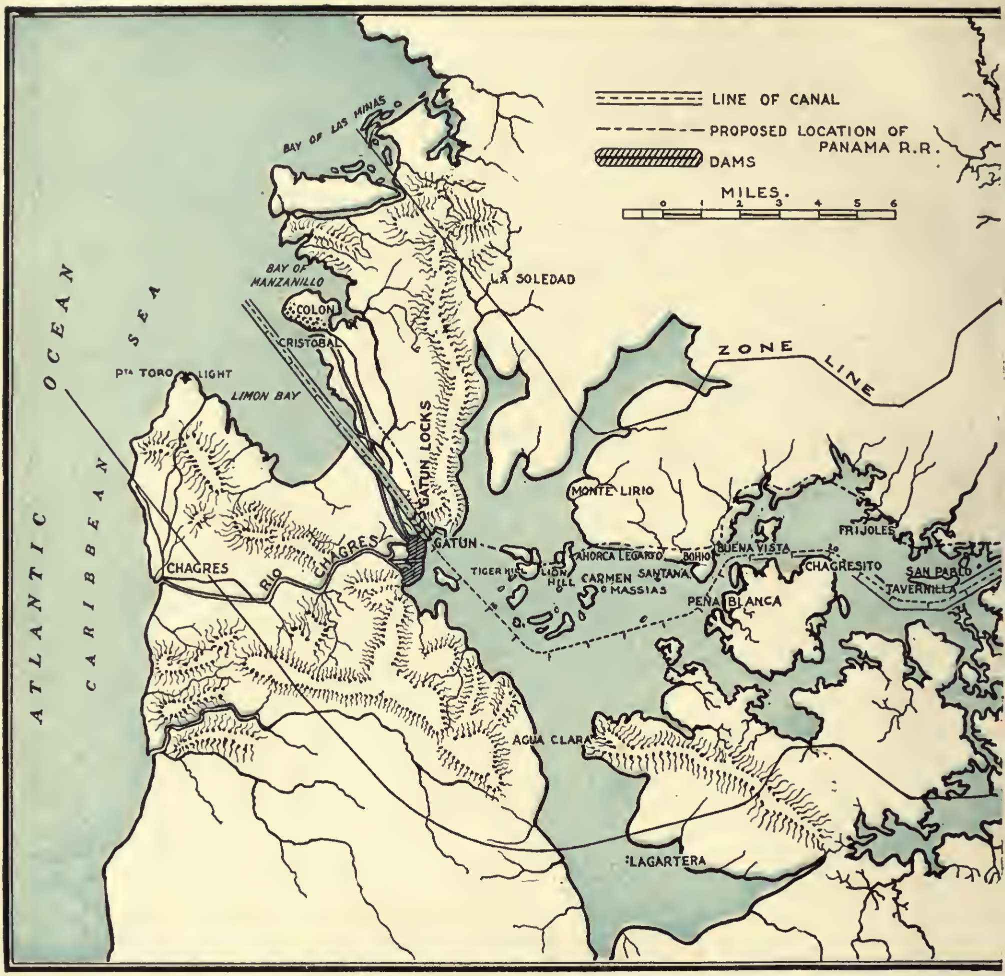


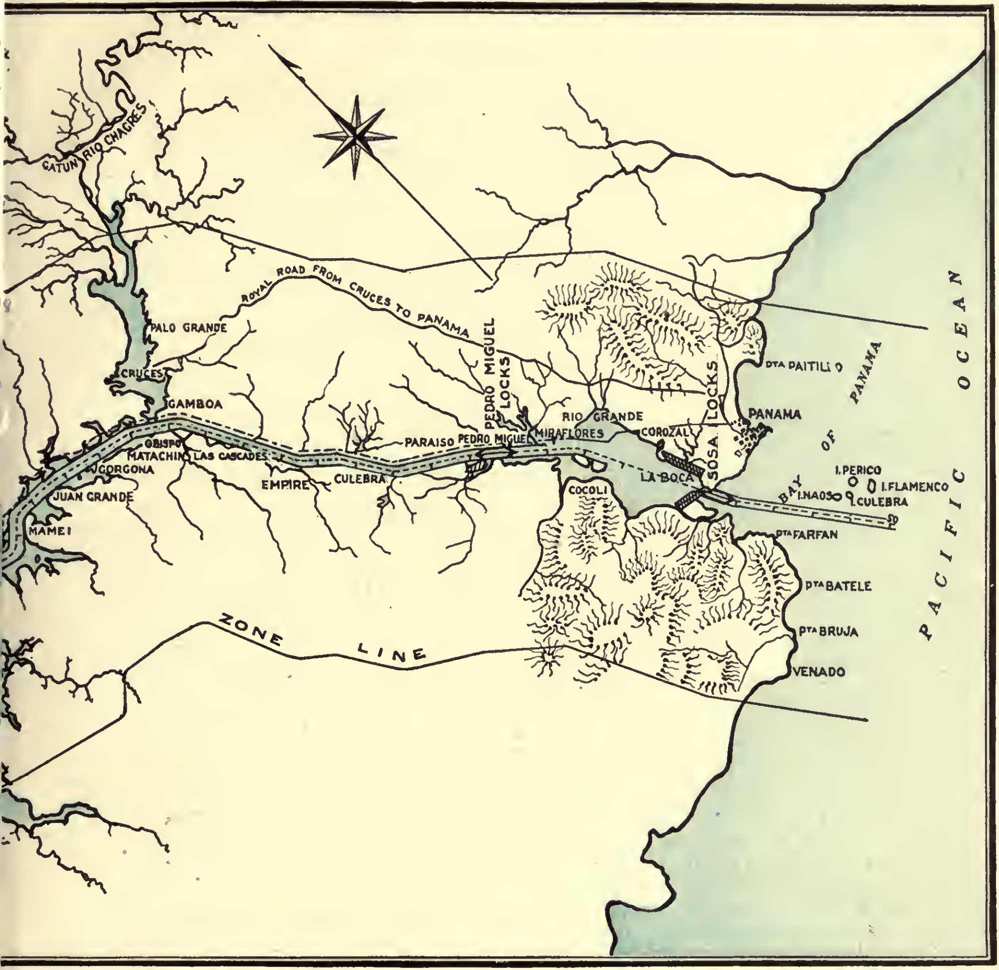
THE FIRST TRAIN ON THE PANAMA RAILWAY AFTER THE FLOOD LAST DECEMBER


LINE OF CANAL
PROPOSED LOCATION OF PANAMA R.R.
DAMS
MILES.
0 1 2 3 4 5 6
BAY OF LAS MINAS
BAY OF MANZANILLO
COLON
CRISTOBAL
LA SOLEDAD
ZONE LINE
ATLANTIC OCEAN
CARIBBEAN SEA
PTA TORO LIGHT
LIMON BAY
GATUN LOCKS
CHAGRES
RIO CHAGRES
GATUN
MONTE LIRIO
FRIJOLES
AHORCA LEGARTO
BOHIO
BUENA VISTA
CHAGRESITO
SAN PABLO
TAVERNILLA
TIGER HILL
LION HILL
CARMEN
SANTANA
MASSIAS
PENA BLANCA
AGUA CLARA
LAGARTERA

LATEST MAP OF THE ROUTE OF THE PANAMA

The reader will at first be puzzled by the Canal maps, which show the Pacific Ocean on the right hand and the Atlantic on the left; just as the writer was astounded to see the sun rise over the Pacific, and the glories of sunset on the Caribbean Sea. The compass points, as laid down on the map, will reconcile those apparently impossible inconsistencies.

The embouchures, or mouths of the Canal, are about fifty miles apart, measuring from the ends of the deep-water jetties on the Atlantic; where the tide rises and falls only 18 inches at most, to the deep-water entrance on the Pacific, where the tide rises 20 feet; the land distance is about 41 miles. The blue tint indicates the waters of the great reservoir, to be held in check by the Gatun Dam, with a surface area of about 1,000,000,000 square feet, and an extreme level of 90 feet above mean tidewater. This enormous reservoir will submerge much of the lower valley of the Chagres river, including many small villages and farms, and take care of the rainy season floods, which with a sudden rainfall would flood the Chagres 35 feet in 24 hours, but would raise the water at the dam only about three inches. On the other hand, this reservoir will store up for the dry season some 3,000,000,000 cubic feet of water; equivalent to three feet in depth of the Gatun Dam, which amount would be lacking in the dry season through leakage, seepage, evaporation, etc., on a basis of 25,000,000 tons of business per annum. In this lake there will be an extreme depth of 87 feet, and the largest ships can anchor or pass each other in complete security.


CATUN
RIO CHAGRES
ROYAL ROAD FROM CRUCES TO PANAMA
PALO GRANDE
CRUCES
GAMBOA
OBISPO
MATACHIN
LAS CASCADES
CORGONA
JUAN GRANDE
MAMEI
EMPIRE
CULEBRA
PARAISO
PEDRO MIGUEL
PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS
MIRAFLORES
RIO GRANDE
COROZAL
SOSA LOCKS
LA BOCA
COCOLI
PANAMA
Pta PAITILLO
BAY OF PANAMA
I. PERICO
I. FLAMENCO
I. NAOS
I. CULEBRA
Pta FARFAN
Pta BATELE
Pta BRUJA
VENADO
PACIFIC OCEAN
ZONE LINE

CANAL—TO BE COMPLETED IN SIX YEARS.

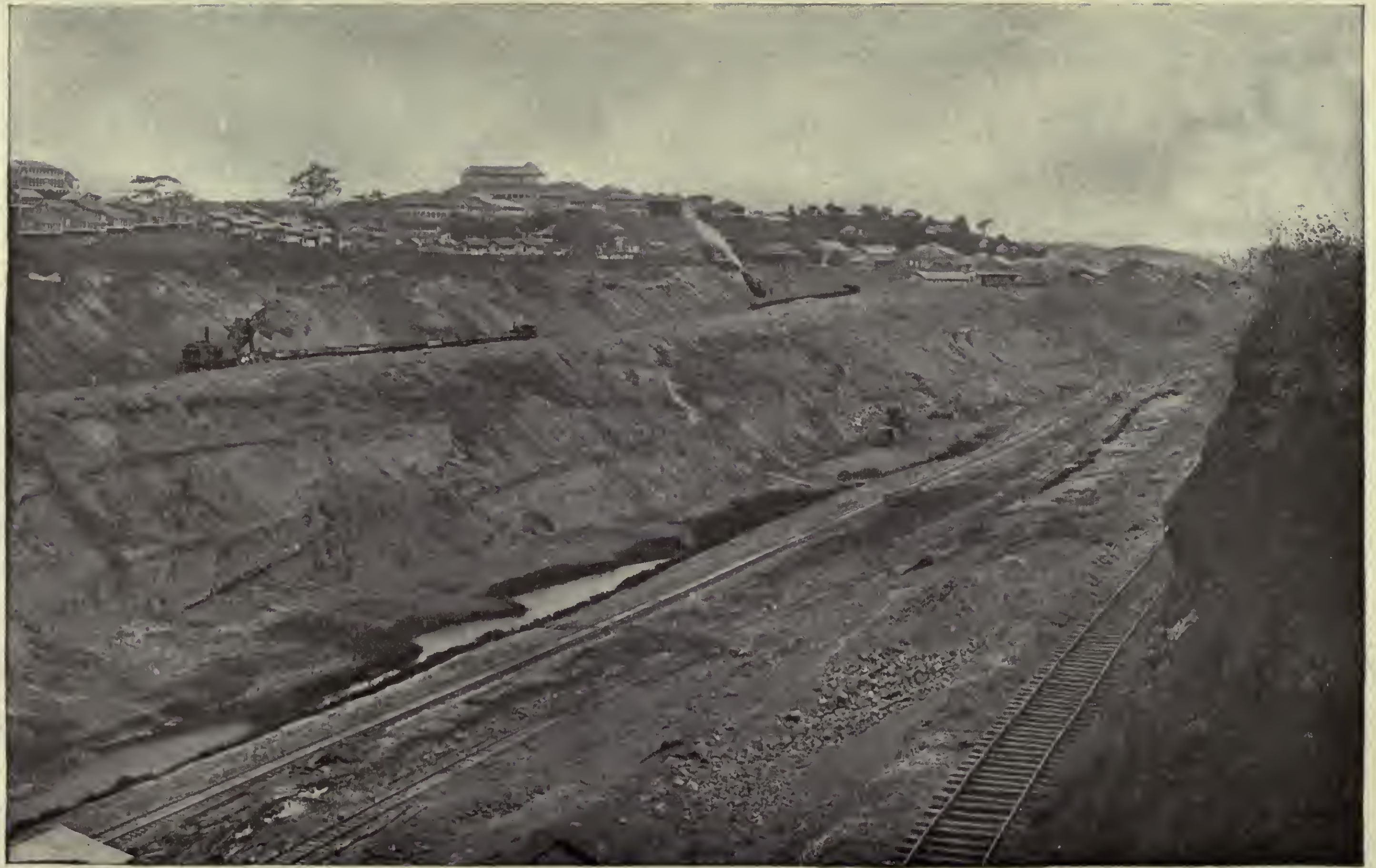
The new line of the Panama Railroad to be used when the old grade is submerged is also shown. The dotted lines show the course of the Canal "prism" of earth and rock, which must be carved out of the famous Culebra Cut to form the Great Ditch; the term "prism" being used to show the shape of the body of earth removed; and these lines are continued into the roadsteads in either ocean.

The old French entrance to the Canal from Cristobal up, some nine miles in length, will not be used at all, as the new Canal survey leads direct to Limon Bay from Gatun.

The ancient bed of the Chagres below the dam will be used as a spill-way for the Gatun Dam, which will be a veritable range of concrete, masonry and earth, one and one-half miles long, connecting two ranges of mountains.

The boundaries of the Ten Mile Zone are shown, but the cities of Panama and Colon are not under United States Zone rule, but are a part of the Republic of Panama.

The old Royal Road between Panama and the village of Cruces, and other points of interest, should be noticed. Tourists are daily being impressed with the beauty and sanitation of the new towns and villages now being established along the Canal route, and feel certain that as popular winter resorts they will attract a large tourist and resident population during the next and succeeding winters.



A VIEW OF THE CULEBRA CUT

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVI APRIL, 1907 NUMBER ONE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WITH the waving of flags, and lusty singing in the House of Representatives, and the more stately and sedate demonstrations in the Senate, the Fifty-Ninth Congress passed into history. The big gilt clock of the House of Representatives was put back twenty minutes, and during the last session the Speaker sat with gavel nigh, signing documents as they came to him in swift succession. One of the last things was a message from the President.

Then Congressman "Jim" Tawney and "Jim" Watson took a position near the center aisle, and in rich baritone voice, the representative of the Hoosier State started "America," but the first time they got the key too high, which was soon amended by Congressman Jim's starting in another key. Many other congressmen kept time, and Watson took turns with Tawney in waving the flag staff baton.

During the short recess, Congressman Fulkerson gave one of his popular whistling solos. The singular thing about it is that he whistles in two tones—does not know how he manages this, but certainly "Home, Sweet Home" sounded sweet in whistled "thirds." John Sharp Williams requested "Dixie," which was whistled amid wild shouts from the audience. "Old Kentucky Home" was whistled, and everybody joined in, singing the good old song from the galleries and all over the House—even some sonorous voices from the press gallery blending with the melody. It seemed to me that I never heard a song more effectively rendered, for "Old Kentucky Home" seems to have the touching pathos of "Home, Sweet Home," and the stirring majesty of the national anthem.

As the clock directly opposite the Speaker's desk pointed at three minutes to twelve, "Uncle Joe" gave a farewell address, and dropped his gavel as the hands of the clock touched high meridian. The good feeling and good fellowship of this last session of Congress are one of the object lessons of the triumph of democratic institutions. The tribute paid to General Grosvenor, who retired from Congress at the close of this session, after twenty years of service, and the affectionate good-byes said to Secretary Shaw and other officials retiring, indicated the welding force of citizenship as expressed in mutual esteem and good comradeship between the representatives of great contending parties.

* * *

After the echoes of the songs had died away, there were hearty handshakings and wishes of good-bye and good-luck, before the touching strains of "God Be with You 'till We Meet Again," brought tears to the eyes of many. At the closing session of Congress, the diplomatic gallery is always full, and an attaché remarked that of all scenes to be witnessed in the routine of official life in Washington, none surpassed in interest the closing hours of the last session of Congress, as expressing the lofty ideal of American fellowship. The fresh, buoyant, good-nature of friendliness simply swept before it all acrimony and distemper of political strife.

DURING the closing hours of the Fifty-Ninth Congress, the one absorbing subject was the Panama Canal. Delegations of congressmen and senators immediately after the adjournment embarked to make a tour of the Canal Zone, aud will emulate Balboa of old in discovering the Pacific from the heights of the Isthmus.

REPRESENTATIVE OLMSTEAD, OF PENNSYLVANIA

Numerous conferences were held in the afternoon, in the Executive Office, before the contract matter was finally decided, and the President has been working overtime during the last days of the session.

Having just returned from the Isthmus, all matters pertaining thereto now have a keen interest for me, and Panamanian affairs are looked upon from a new standpoint.

To those interested in the Isthmus, the reorganization of the Canal Commission, and the decision to place the work in charge of army officers and engineers was not a surprise; it was forced because of the uncertainties of civil appointments. After going carefully over the contract situation, it was felt that the efficient organization already operating on the Isthmus should not be disturbed.

Whatever may have been the reason for the resignation of "Big Smoke" Stevens, the chief engineer who has put his heart and soul into the "digging," his action has occasioned sincere regret among the Canal workers. It was indeed unfortunate that he could not be induced to continue the work, which of itself has already reflected much glory on the name of John F. Stevens.

It is evident to anyone who has visited the Isthmus, that the chief of the peculiar problems that arise from time to time in dealing with work in tropical countries, is the great problem of feeding and housing the men, and keeping them in fit condition to do good work. When the history of the Canal is written, a large meed of praise must be awarded to the man who personally supervised and organized the effective force now working on the great Canal.

REPRESENTATIVE ADAMSON, OF GEORGIA

There is no doubt that the resignation of Engineer Stevens was keenly regretted by President Roosevelt, and every inducement was offered him to continue the work, but the silent and forceful man, who has perfected the personnel of the greatest construc-

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MISS RUTH TANNER — MRS. C. W. FAIRBANKS, WIFE OF VICE PRESIDENT

MADAM M. PEROZ TRIANA, WIFE OF BELGIUM SECRETARY — MISS LAURA C. WELLS

A GROUP OF WASHINGTON SOCIETY LADIES

tive organization ever known in the world; but who could not endure the captious criticism that emanated from Washington and the states; was still firm in his determination. The selection of Engineer Stevens and the work of Chairman Shonts in organizing the project, have now revealed results that accrue to the credit of the chairman. In Mr. Stevens' work, it is certain that he never did less than his best, and nothing is more annoying to a man out in the thick of the conflict than to have his actions judged and criticised by men sitting at ease in comfortable office chairs at home, while the subject of their remarks is encountering dangers and difficulties that require a heroism quite as exacting and as perilous as any military campaign. It is considered fortunate that so many members of Congress are going to see what is being done in the Canal Zone, because they will realize, even in a few days' visit, something of what has been accomplished and is yet to be overcome. With the undertaking in charge of army officers, who are established for life in the government service, with a protection for their families and old age afforded by the generous pension laws of Uncle Sam, the work will go steadily forward, pushed by the same zeal and valor that would win success on the battle field.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH OF MICHIGAN

* * *

Indeed, when volunteers were called for, in '61 for ninety days, it was a clarion call to the front, though the enthusiastic first recruits may have had notions of an adventuresome junket trip calculated to slake their thirst for thrilling experience. Since then, the call has come for an enlistment of men for "three years, or during the war," so to speak,—that is, "during the dig," or period while the Canal is being constructed, and this call also met with a liberal response.

The visit of the President to the Canal, and his idea of giving the workmen of the Canal a bronze medal—that will carry with it all the distinction of Civil or Spanish war military record—shows the change that has taken place in rewarding industrial patriotism in these days. To the thoughtful citizen of today, the shrill whistle of industry carries with it the same promise of glory as did the bugle of war to the soldiers of former times.

Photo by Schneider, Green Bay, Wisconsin

HON. E. C. DECKER, THE OLDEST POSTMASTER IN WISCONSIN

Concerning the three army officers appointed to take charge of the work, we hear good reports. Lieutenant Colonel Goethals is a New Yorker by birth, and has made a splendid record in looking after large govern-

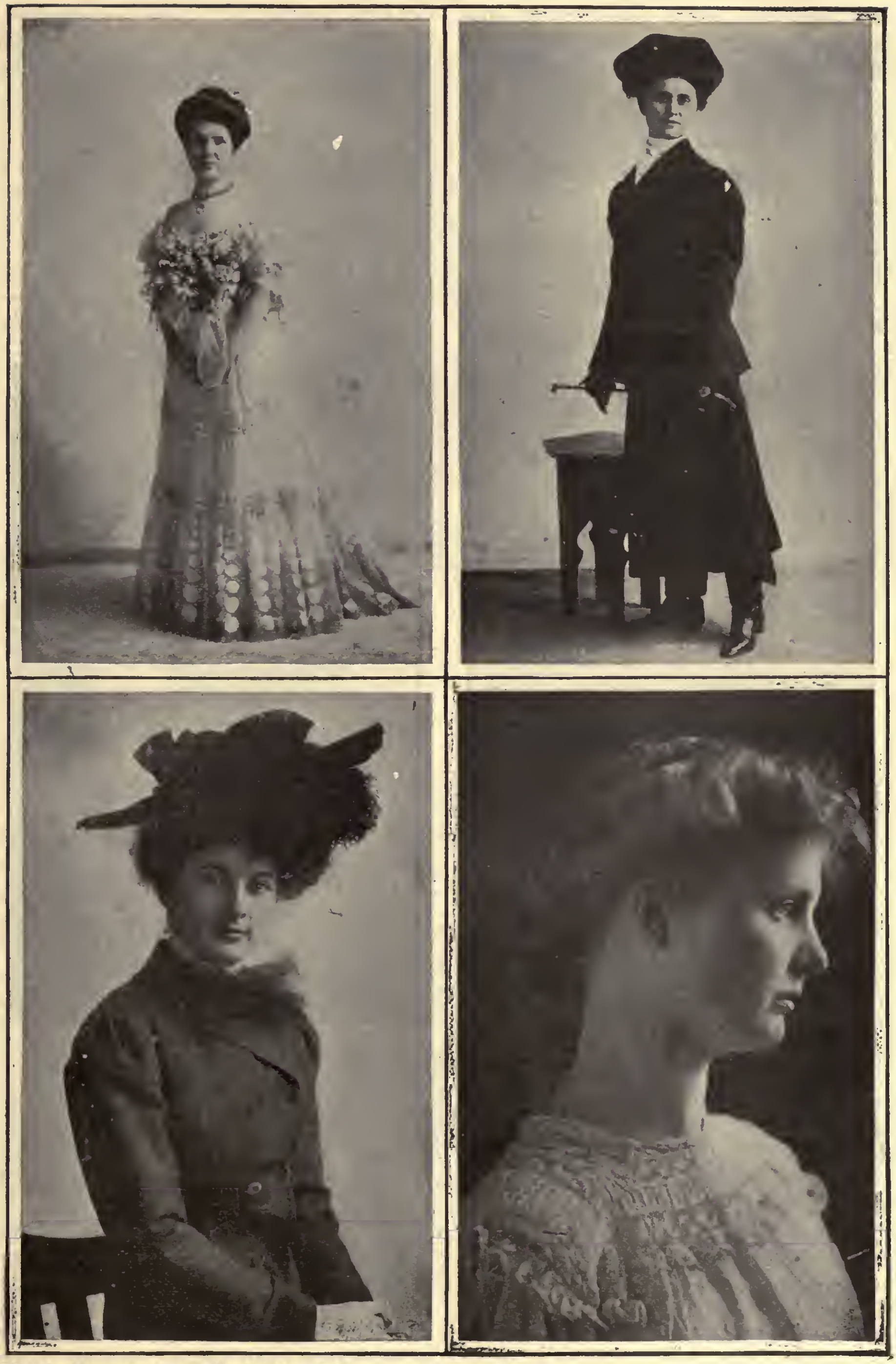

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MISS INDIA BELL FLEMING
MISS FREDERIKA MORGAN

MISS CONSTANCE HATFIELD
MISS FRANCES GOLDSBOROUGH

A GROUP OF WASHINGTON SOCIETY LADIES

ment rivers and harbors projects, and especially in the construction of locks on Tennessee rivers. For four years he has been a member of the general army staff, and also served in the Spanish-American war as lieutenant colonel of volunteers.

Major Gaillard was also a member of the general staff, and has recently been in Cuba. He is a native of South Carolina, and was colonel of the Third United States Engineers during the Spanish-American war.

Major Sibert has been for six years past in Pittsburg, where he was in charge of a large lock and dam work in that vicinity. He was born in Alabama, and has seen service in the Philippines.

A. D. SUMNER, ASSISTANT ON THE SENATE FLOOR

The President feels that these army officers are impervious to the antagonistic criticism that has been heaped upon the Canal proposition since its very first inception. These soldiers will carry on the industrial campaign with the same vigor that has characterized their army records and other work for the government.

Senator Blackburn, the fourth new member of the Canal Commission, has been in Congress for over thirty years, and his term in the Senate expired on the fourth day of March. His active career is fully covered in the congressional record.

* * *

YES, boys, I think of you every time I look upon the pages who act as messengers in the United States Senate. So now I am going to tell you about them.

Sixteen lads constitute the volume of boy service, and I feel that with A. D. Sumner—commonly known as "Dell,"—and C. A. Loeffler, who were themselves pages, having entered the service of the Senate seventeen years ago, and are now in charge of the boys, the force in the United States Senate is well managed.

C. A. LOEFFLER, ASSISTANT ON THE SENATE FLOOR

The moment Senate pages are spoken of, many a well-known name is recalled—there is Arthur Pugh Gorman, who rose from that position to be a United States senator. Then there is A. H. Stewart, assistant doorkeeper of the Senate, and Senator William Alden Smith, who was a page in the Michigan legislature. George Hiram Mann, a noted law-

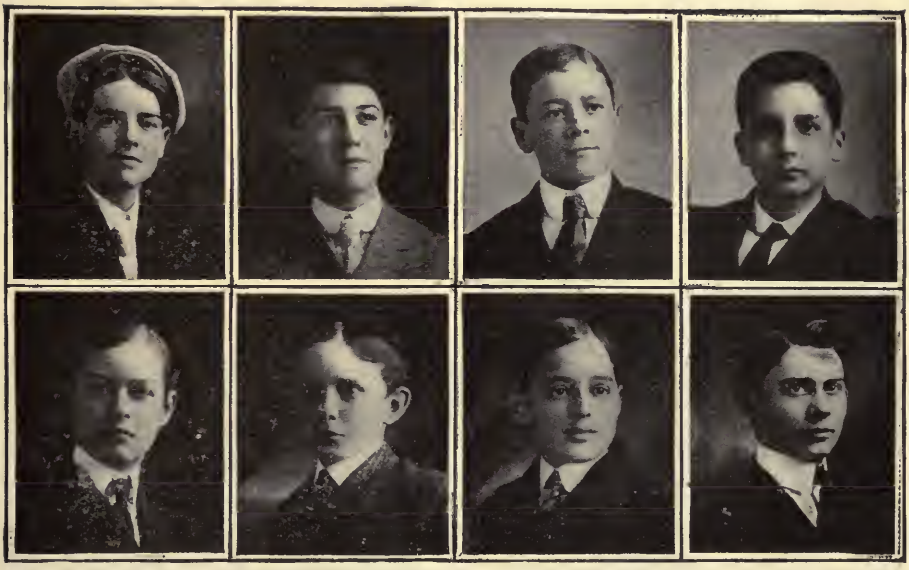

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

DAVID MULVEY
A. J. HALPINE, JR.

JOHN CLARKSON
CULEBSY JONES

SWARTZ
MELVILLE CENTER

M'CARTHY
H. W. STABLER

THE PAGES OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

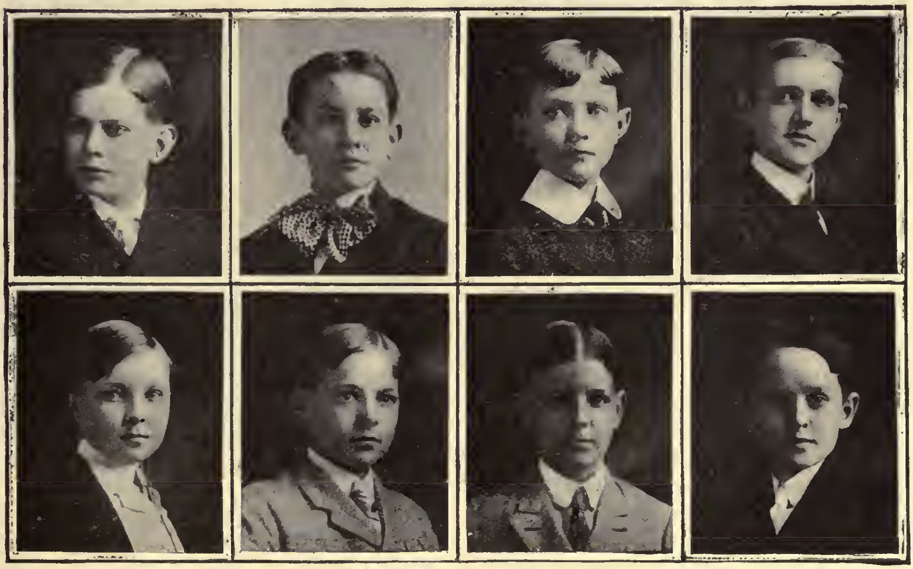

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

ROY BOE
TEDDY HYLEY

T. O. MAINWARING
WM. E. AMNEN

FRANK LOEFFLER
WM. H. PARDOE

FRED H. WRAY
M'LAIN B. SMITH

THE PAGES OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

yer of the New York bar, also General John L. Willson, chief of engineers of the United States army.

The boys are eligible for this office at the age of twelve, and after four years' service are either removed or promoted to other available places when they reach "sweet sixteen." The selection of their successors, and of all pages is made by Sergeant-at-Arms Ransdell. They are bright boys, and "light" boys—on their feet—and I am often surprised at the swift, quiet way in which they noiselessly flit from desk to desk in the Senate. One of the chief essentials is promptness, and as they sit on the rostrum, awaiting their turn, they are all alert to anticipate every move of the dignified senators. They are truly a part of the Senate *ensemble*, and the stately chamber would not be quite itself without these bright young faces scattered, like flowers, among the more severe features of the legislators. The moment a senator claps his hands or snaps his fingers—it may be softly, it may be loudly — up pops a page, and brings the documents desired, or carries the paper to its destined place.

COLONEL GOETHALS, CHIEF ENGINEER ON THE CANAL

There were those present, when Senator Beveridge was delivering his famous speech on child labor, who declared that there was a certain irony in the fact that waiting upon him, right at his elbow, should be boys of from twelve to sixteen years, performing the messenger service of the Senate. However, it does not seem that the lads are in any way overtasked. Their pay is seventy-five dollars per month, per session, and I think it can be emphatically stated that they learn more that will help fit them for their life work than they would at any school; this is proved, I think, by the fact that there are generals in the army, admirals in the navy and prominent men throughout the United States who performed efficient and useful service in the United States Senate as pages.

Many of the boys live with their parents, in or around Washington, but some of them come from far-off homes, and doubtless occasionally suffer the pangs of *maladie du pays*, like any other boy away from home at an early age. If you have no acquaintance with *maladie du pays*, boys, look it up, and you will find it means about the same as homesickness.

A CANAL ZONE SCHOOL TEACHER

The position of page is considered very desirable, as the lads have plenty of time to attend their night school, the Senate sessions beginning at nine and ending at five, and then they have the long vacation, when the Senate is not sitting, for study and recreation. One thing I especially noticed, and that was that these boys are invariably polite, more so than any others I have known, and that is going to be an immense help to them in after life.

Half of the boys work on the Republican and half on the Democratic side of the chamber, but on either side, they always "watch the snap," of senatorial fingers, to be ready to jump when wanted. They are keen critics and apt imitators, and many a senator possessed of some peculiarity might see himself clearly mirrored by these young actors. For instance, they had an imitation of the Swayne trial, and in came Senator Spooner and took a seat in a dark corner, that he might watch the proceedings of the embryo senators in their mock trial. Supposing that his years entitled him to some privileges over the youthful debaters, he rose to speak, but then the real dignity of the lad in the chair became apparent, and the gavel came down with a whack that meant business: "You are out of order, sir," and the distinguished senator from Wisconsin had no choice but to resume his seat.

There is a bond of sympathy between the senators and the pages, and the lads seem to understand the dignified legislators better than their colleagues do. They watch serenely the heated debates, and neither Senator Foraker nor Senator Tillman cause any alarm to the boys, who seem instinctively to recognize the warm heart beneath the brusque exterior. For popular senators there are Spooner, Kitteredge, Dolliver, Kean, Beveridge and Culberson, the prime favorites, but nearly all the senators have a warm spot for the boyish helpers who aid so much in the dispatch of business in the session. I notice that Senator Rayner follows the custom of the late Senator Leland Stanford, who was fond of boys, and had them visit him at his house at Christmas.

What a variety of boy life the lads present! I consider myself fortunate in having secured their pictures from Messrs. Harris & Ewing. You want to know their names, but I think still more you want to know what they are called among themselves. There is "Billy"

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ELI SMITH AND HIS DOG TEAM, DIRECT FROM NOME, ALASKA, AT THE WHITE HOUSE
QUENTIN ROOSEVELT IN THE SLEDGE WAGON

Annin and Roy Boe, known as "Boozy." There is "Mel" Center, whose full name is Melville, Johnny Clarkson, who is called "Shutz," and Jimmy Halpine, known respectively as "Dumps" or "Sunny Jim," as the case may be. Then there is little Teddy Higley, who rejoices in the name of "President." Catesby Jones hails from Virginia, hence his soubriquet, "Ginny." Little Frank Loeffler is the grandson of Major Loeffler, doorkeeper to the President, who is an official well-known in Washington. Tom Mainwaring has the distinction of having his initials "T. O. M." spell his front name, which I understand is regarded by some old-fashioned people as a token that the owner of the name will have a brilliant career. Next come Ward McCarthy and "Dave" Mulvey, and W. H. Pardoe, who is known as "Reddy." Then come William Swartz and McLean Smith, who is called "Mickey," and lastly I find on my list Howard Stabler and little Fred ("Deacon") Wray, of Iowa, who is the youngest of the group.

Photo by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.

MISS KATHERINE JENNINGS OF WASHINGTON

The boys have a happy time, and I had a session with them, and told them I was going to have their pictures, so that the rest of our boys could know them, and "for the nonce,"—see how I still use that word—I was convinced that there are some public characters who retain all the buoyancy and hopefulness of youth, and I put down as material for a bright page in the "Affairs at Washington," the time I spent visiting with the sturdy sixteen senatorial pages, who come into close personal contact with the distinguished statesmen of the national legislature.

* * *

WHILE visiting Mr. Hitchcock, I was interested to learn that an old friend of mine, Mr. Edward Decker, of Casco, Wisconsin, is the postmaster who has served the longest time of any in the state of Wisconsin, and is also the oldest in years; he will celebrate his eightieth birthday in May, 1907, and still has the distinction of supervising one of the best post offices of its kind in the country.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MISS MARION LENTZE, A PROMINENT YOUNG SOCIETY LADY OF WASHINGTON

Mr. Decker is one of the early pioneers of Wisconsin, having blazed the way fifty-two years ago when he went to the place which is now his home. In order to reach it, it was necessary to cut a road twelve miles through the forest. Soon after Mr. Decker settled in Cacso, the first mail route and post office were established, and the office was named by him in honor of his native place in Maine. Since that time, either he or some personal friend of his has been postmaster of Casco, which is considered, for its size, one of the best managed offices in the state, for Mr. Decker has always made it a point to give both the department and the patrons of the office the best possible service.

* * *

WITH a lusty shout of "mush on" to his "huskies," Eli Smith arrived at the White House in February, direct from Nome, Alaska. The words, "*Mush on*," have an appropriateness in Alaskan vernacular, meaning a "get up" for the dogs, bounding over the mushy mud of summer or mushy snow of winter time. It is derived from the French "*Merchez*," which signifies hustle on, or "gid-up," as the Yankee would shout at the old "hoss;" or "gee-buck" to the oxen. Mr. Smith had made the entire trip on sledge and wheels, leaving a message for the President from that far, northern post. The crowds soon thronged about the strange equipage at the door of the White House, while little Quentin Roosevelt took his seat on the sledge.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MISS CARMEL EGAN, DAUGHTER OF MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, THE POET

Photo copyright 1907 *by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.*

SENOR DON ENRIQUE C. CREEL, MEXICAN AMBASSADOR

The Alaskan tourist reported an interesting journey, and genially remarked that he "might grease his wheels and go to Panama."

* * *

THE new ambassador from Mexico is Enrique C. Creel, formerly governor of the state of Chihuahua. It was my good fortune to meet him last spring, and I remember the pleasant chat we had at that time.

His interest in the American people and his perfect English will enable him to keep in close touch with and comprehensively sur vey Mexican interests in this country. He is one who has all the verile pushing spirit of the southwest.

* * *

THE first meeting of the newly-organized cabinet partook of the nature of a social gathering. There was a hearty greeting all around to the new postmaster general, who will hereafter have charge of the "lunch basket" containing the postoffice appointments. The veteran of President Roosevelt's Cabinet at this time is Secretary James Wilson. Secretary Strauss arrived promptly to take up his new work. Secretary Taft and Secretary Root walked to the Cabinet meeting, but the rest of the members came in carriages.

The changes in the Cabinet may mean also a change to some extent in the personnel of the heads of the various departments, although the civil service rule keeps the governmental machinery so intact that no matter what occurs, there is little danger of an official cog slipping in the governmental grind. Secretary Cortelyou is the same indefatigable worker in the Treasury Department that he was as postmaster general. Mrs. Cortelyou and her little daughters witnessed the ceremony when he took the oath of office, and received the hearty congratulations of friends.

ON THE TURRET TOWER OF AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP

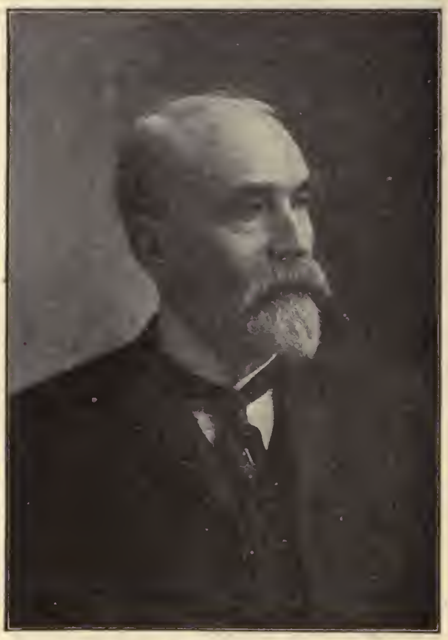
* * *

THE new ambassador from Great Britain, James Bryce, does not seem to have much difficulty in adjusting himself to American methods of living. His close and analytical study in two volumes of the American Commonwealth will now be supplemented by still farther experience, and may occasion a revision of some pages in the work now regarded as a text-book in civil government in American schools.

The leading nations of the world are always interested in the subject of the budget, and money seems to be the predominating phase of the economic question; for a tempest in a teapot was occasioned in England because Ambassador Bryce's salary was raised from thirty to fifty thousand dollars. It is certainly discreditable to our own nation that it has been so niggardly in its allowance for maintaining the dignity demanded by such office. The signs of the times point to having the diplomatic and consular service in the United States placed on a par with that of other nations of its own class throughout the world.

* * *

APROPOS of the future business of the Panama Canal, it is of importance to remember that after over four hundred years of projects, concessions and failures—from the modest river and canal route proposed by Cortez to the great ship-railroad scheme of Eads—the government of Mexico, at an expenditure of over $69,000,000 (Mexican) has completed the seaports of Coatzacoalcos on



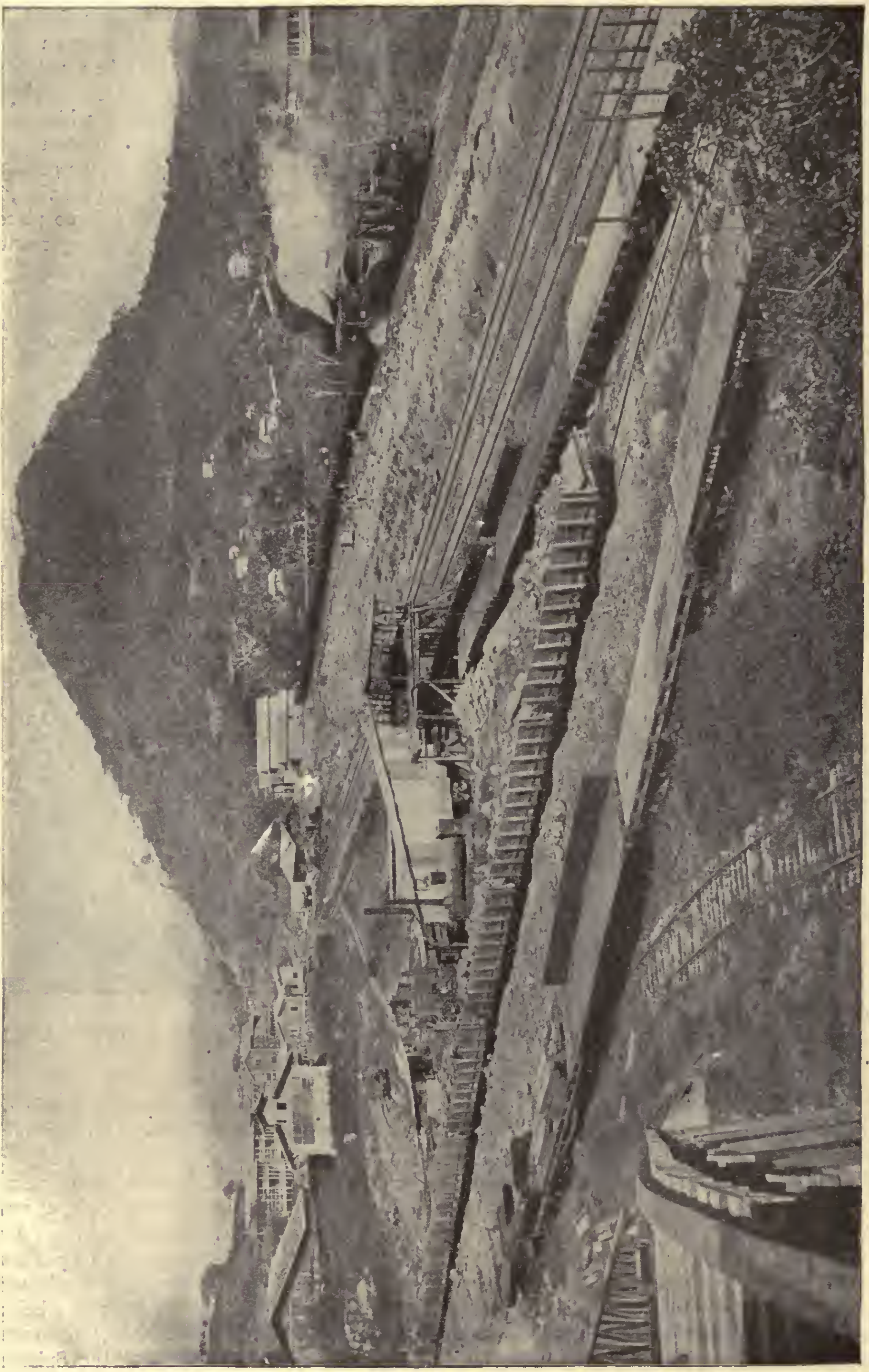
COLONEL JOHN HICKS, U. S. AMBASSADOR TO CHILE the Gulf of Mexico, and Salina Cruz on the Pacific Coast, and the railroad connecting these parts. The road has recently been relaid with eighty-pound rails, new iron bridges have been built and the road re-ballasted, in readiness to transport from sea to sea millions of pounds of freight already contracted for, and in fact already moving. The recent merger of nearly all the great American lines, plying to the coast of Mexico, and the subsidization and establishment of a Canadian line to Mexico, are significant omens of great changes in transportation conditions, and our export and foreign trade, as connected with Mexico, the Pacific Coast, and beyond "the Western Ocean."

* * *

IT is not commonly known that General Spinner in the Treasury Department was the first public official to recognize womankind as eligible for Treasury clerkships; and it is now proposed to erect a monument to his honor. If he had done nothing else but recognize the possibilities of women for governmental affairs, he would be a notable man; for to him is due the general employment of women in business affairs, which has brought a silent revolution not dreamed of a few years ago. Up to his time, the gentler sex were looked upon as the "clinging vine;" and it was thought that they had no place in offices, except possibly to ask for spending money — conditions now hardly possible of realization by the self-reliant womanhood of America; but which they certainly should remember with kindly reverence for the memory of General Spinner. General Spinner was notable for other things; among them his peculiar backhand signature, at a time when writing of this kind was rare. His backhand writing was adopted on script-type as being of a legible character, and one of the most popular scripts of its day was "the Spinner type," which is now old fashioned.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MRS. W. H. WEED AND CHILDREN. MRS. WEED IS THE DAUGHTER OF REPRESENTATIVE HILL AND WIFE OF THE FAMOUS GEOLOGIST



AN ACTIVE SCENE AT PEDRO MIGUEL

The TRUTH about the PANAMA CANAL

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ON a wild, blustering night in January, in the teeth of an eastern blizzard, I started on a mission—to see Panama. The trip was undertaken on a sudden impulse, in answer to a challenge given by a prominent public official who declared that no magazine editor "had the spunk to personally visit Panama." This accounts for the sudden decision and prompt execution—the only way to go is to go.

When I awoke Sunday morning and looked upon the Statue of Liberty fading away on the horizon, I rubbed my eyes and wondered if I had been shanghaied or kidnapped and taken to sea! Then I remembered that I was voluntarily aboard the good ship Prinz Eitel Friedrich, plowing her way in smooth and stately fashion on past Sandy Hook, having left her moorings in the early morning.

* * *

Just before we landed at Colon, there was a beautiful rainbow on the surface of the water, with not a sign of prismatic hues in the blue tropical sky, which we construed as a promise of pleasant weather on the Isthmus, and a portent of the message of peace which this great project brings to the world.

The rigor of American administration on the Isthmus was first observed when the black-whiskered Dr. Pierce came on board and insisted none should pass unless they had felt the vaccine point, and not only inspected the bill of health from the boat, but took a sharp glance at every passenger, and in some cases felt the pulse, to be sure that not even a symptom of disease crept ashore. A quarantine had been established against Costa Rica, and the people coming from infected countries are kept isolated one week in the quarantine before they are released.

The good ship Eitel Friedrich, under the master hand of Captain Meisner, headed into the Hamburg American Atlas pier No. 1, as gracefully as a lady taking her seat in church. All the boats lying at the pier have to be kept constantly ready for a "norther," which compels them to pull out to sea—as there is no breakwater for protection against storms.

* * *

Ashore on the Isthmus at Colon! Remember that Colon is in the Republic of Panama, and not in the Canal Zone, and that it was formerly a sink hole of pestilence, but has now been sewered and sanitated by the United States government, to be reimbursed by the Panama government. Walking up Front street, with its splendid pavement of vitrified brick, one can see the picture of what has been accomplished, and contrast it with the opposite picture—to be seen in some of the back streets—showing what the town of Colon was but a short time ago. This contrast tells the story better than any official reports—or even critics can do. The "I. C. C." hospital is built out over the tide waters, and the patients can hear the constant "hush" of the waves upon the beach. The shops are now moved out to Gorgona, thirty miles from Colon, to be near Culebra. The Americans have concentrated the center of work there—the chief function of the railroad now being to "move dirt," "push dirt," "dig dirt." although the general freight traffic of the Isthmus continues on a heavy scale, and is constantly increasing .

* * *

In front of the Washington Hotel, facing the ocean, on railroad land, stands the statue of General Aspinwall, the American who built the Panama railroad; on one side of this statue is the magic name of "Stephens," also associated with Isthmian work. The town was called Aspinwall, but when the Colombian trouble arose, the city was formally renamed. Though the name of the city was changed, the statue of the railroad man was still retained, and still looks out across the waters of the harbor toward the place whence Aspinwall carried the iron rails of modern civilization to Panama.

Now the reservoir of Colon, about which there was some controversy, is located at the back of Mount Hope, and of course I wanted to see it. It is a mile and a half long, and a mile wide, with a capacity of 508,000,000 gallons. The reservoir for Empire looks like a beautiful little lake in the interior of New York. The water at Panama is good, and I drank it fearlessly and freely, not forgetting a little quinine tablet in the morning, bottles of which, by the way, are always kept upon the breakfast table.

* * *

It was Sunday afternoon, and within the precincts of Colon a bull fight was going on, and the orchestra was struggling with the intricacies of Yankee Doodle, behind the walls of an improvised theater made of discarded galvanized iron roofing.

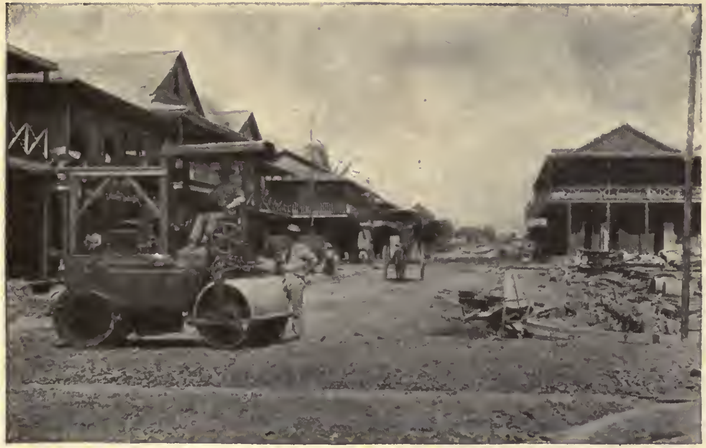
* * *

The island of Colon is connected with Cristobal by built-up "made" land, so that Colon is no longer an island. We drove about with "George Washington Jones," for the cab men of Colon have a way of possessing names which appeal to an American. The man of appealing name drove us along the beach and to Cristobal—the entrance to the American zone.

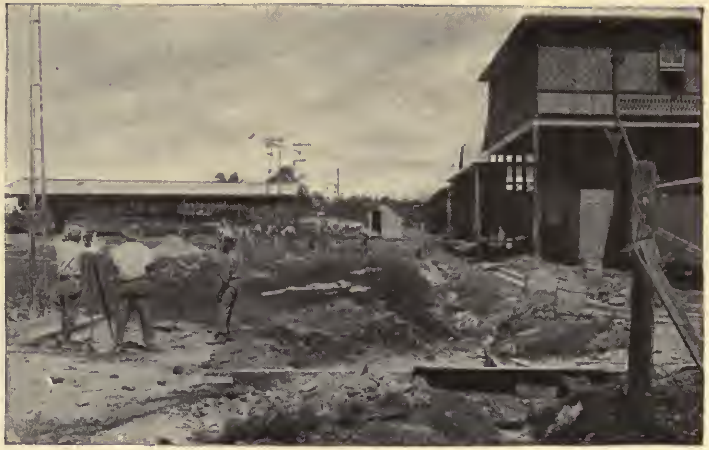
A GANG AT WORK ON SEWER CONSTRUCTION AT COLON

How refreshing it was to drive up Beach road beside the line of stately cocoanut trees, close to the water's edge; on one side was a line of dwellings with screened verandas, like bird cages. All these bungalows have been raised and placed in sanitary condition, and the splendid roadway was the initial tribute to American skill as builders of an Appian Way across the Isthmus.

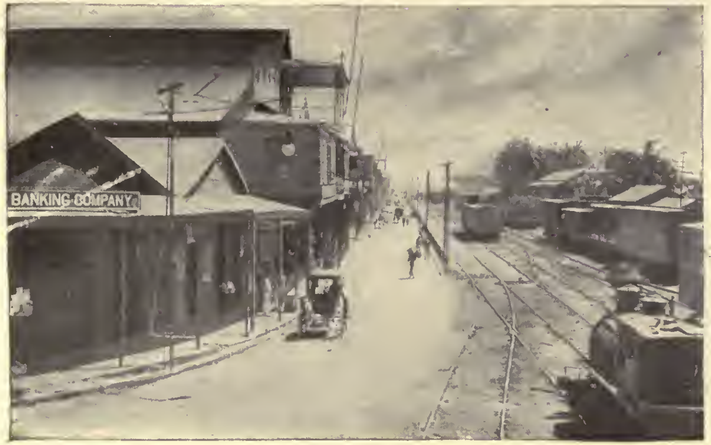
Brass screens are used instead of the or-



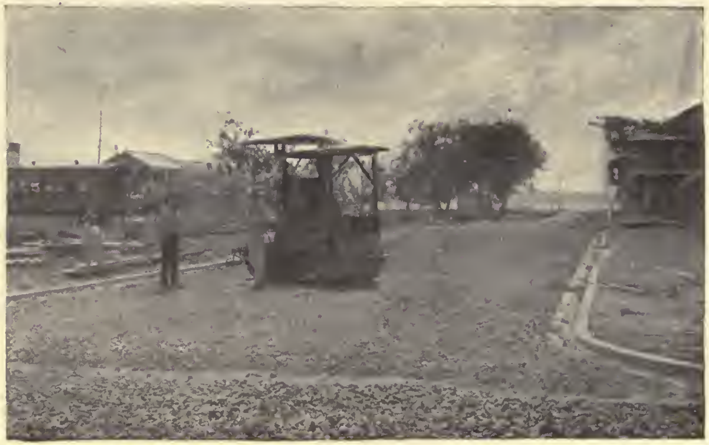
FOURTH STREET AND BOTTLE ALLEY UNDER RECONSTRUCTION



A TYPICAL STREET BEFORE RECONSTRUCTION



FRONT STREET, SHOWING COMPLETE PAVEMENT



BOTTLE ALLEY, SHOWING PAVEMENT NEARING COMPLETION dinary wire, because the latter would not stand the damp for any length of time. For the moment, it seemed as though we had entered some Southern health resort. At the very end of the peninsula, at the point of the road, was De Lesseps palace, and before it stood the statue of Columbus, looking off toward the East, with his arm twined about a red Indian maiden. This statue was presented to the Colombian government by Queen Eugenie of France in the palmy days when she assisted her relative, Ferdinand DeLesseps, to secure his concession.

GROUP OF SPANISH LABORERS

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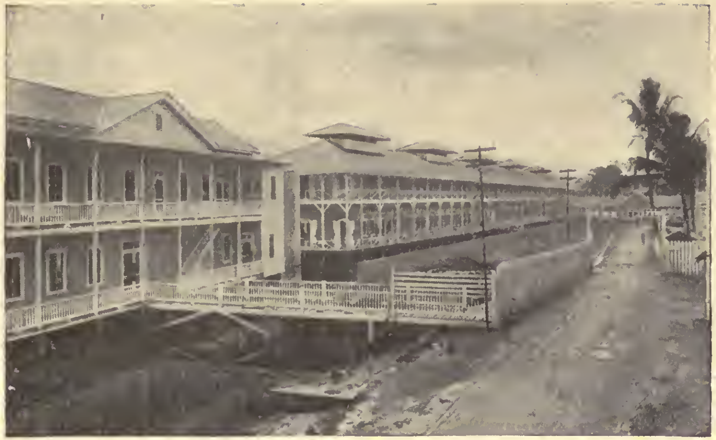
In an old gray stone building, I found Mr. Bierd, superintendent of the railroad, and a busy man he was. I met Engineer Stevens in the railroad station at Cristobal, smoking a cigar; something in his appearance recalled the vivid war pictures of General Grant. Later, I found that everywhere I went there was the same enthusiastic interest for "Big Smoke" Stevens, as he is called. Conversation was brief. He called attention to the fact that over 500,000 yards had been moved in January. Then I began to grow enthusiastic on the dirt question, and do as everyone there did—keep an eye on the bulletin board, to see how much dirt was moving day by day. The whole proposition impresses one now as a railroad proposition—being the moving of dirt rather than digging a canal.

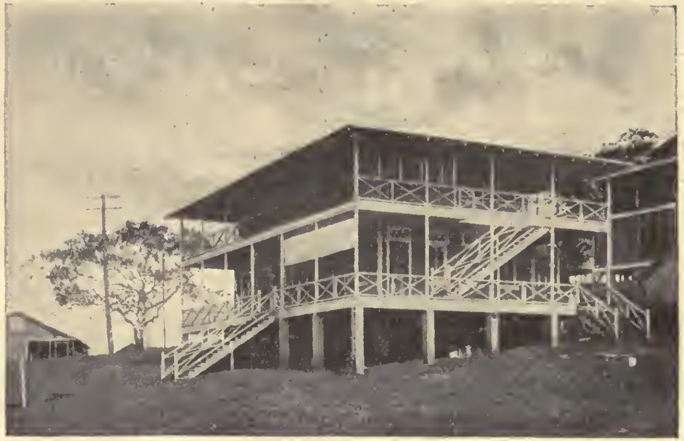
The morning passenger train was to start across the Isthmus at nine o'clock. There was a large amount of baggage, for which the traveler pays at the rate of two cents a pound, while the passenger fare is two dollars and forty cents to Panama—just one-half of what it was before the United States government assumed control. Some of the party wanted souvenir postal cards, and set out in search of them, being told by old porters that the train would be held because they could not get the baggage on for some time; American managers have a way of starting a train on time—baggage or no baggage—so the train left the station, and I found myself aboard with a surplusage of bags and the luggage, with the rest of the party left behind—so alluring were the attractions of Colon.

Well, we were off across the Isthmus. On

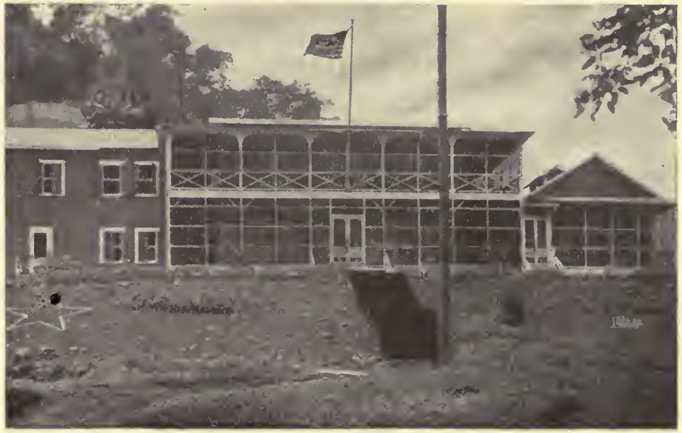


CANAL COMMISSION GENERAL HOSPITAL, BUILT OVER TIDE WATER

HOSPITAL CAR WHICH MAKES DAILY TRIPS ACROSS THE ISTHMUS



RECEIVING HOSPITAL AT EMPIRE



RECEIVING HOSPITAL AT CULEBRA

COLON RESERVOIR BACK OF MOUNT HOPE. CAPACITY 508,000,000 GALLONS. DIMENSIONS ONE AND ONE-HALF MILES LONG BY ONE-HALF WIDE

past Pier Eleven, where the President landed, we could see the old French mud scows, still in use, that indicate the changes which have taken place in a few years. Then on to Pier Fourteen, where a portion of the canal made by the French was to be seen. Here was the traveling crane, recently completed by the Wellman Company of Cleveland. Everything sent out by the Isthmian Canal Commission is received in storehouses located in the great railroad yards at Mt. Hope. The warehouse resembled an immense department store; on every side was a scene of busy activity—the American spirit of "get up and go."

* * *

Stations are located at frequent intervals of three or four miles along the line; but out in the jungle it was pathetic to see the immense waste of material left by the French company. Whole trains of cars were overgrown with jungle, so that engines, derricks and hoists were scarcely recognizable. "Captain John," a Colon pilot, told of 200 locomotives which had been dumped overboard by the French, during the last days—just before the crash. Everywhere along the route was the grewsome sight of masses of machinery of all kinds cast aside, now worthless, calling to mind the waste of thousands of lives sacrificed in the first efforts to build the canal.

On board the train were the canal-makers, sturdy young fellows, with slouch hats and bronzed arms, necks and faces; I no sooner entered that train than I caught the infection of enthusiasm which exists today from one end of the Zone to the other. This is one great result of the visit of President Roosevelt—the splendid organization which has brought everything down to the bed-rock of pushing forward with one unswerving purpose—dig and keep digging.

We went directly across the Isthmus by rail, stopping at each one of the twenty odd stations. On the train I met a little girl named Alice Rose, ten years of age, the daughter of an excavation superintendent, who had come from Ohio. She had the commissary book and her market basket, for she had been shopping. She possessed all the enthusiasm of an American girl and that interest in what is going on which is peculiar to the Isthmus.

"I have a fine time—I like it," she said.

"Are you not homesick?"

"Never, because there is always something to do." Then she began to tell me where she had been, and showed me a can of tomatoes just purchased at the government commissary store for *eight cents*, a price indicating that the government is certainly not robbing the thousands dependent on the commissariat department. It is certainly remarkable that such low prices can be secured at a post 2,000 miles from the base of supplies. Steamships bring the products to Panama and with the railroad, now owned by the government, maintain a perfect cold storage service on the regular weekly steamers. We met the daily meat train going out to distribute fresh meat along the line to every zone domicile.

Comparatively few foodstuffs are produced on the Isthmus, but here, as in other South American countries, is the tree lizard, which is considered quite a delicacy by the natives, the meat being white and tasting somewhat like chicken or rabbit.

* * *

It took us about two hours to cross the Isthmus, the distance being forty-nine miles, with many a "surburban" stop. The twenty-two stations on the Panama have each a distinction of their own. There is Monkey Hill, renamed Mt. Hope, the first station after Colon. Then Mindi and the Gatun Dam where the old tents in which the first laborers lived are now used for the incoming workers, until they can be otherwise bestowed and quarters provided them. On the side of the hill was a cluster of trim, comfortable and sanitary houses which represent the great finished work on the Isthmus, that is the vital backbone of the effort.

Lion Hill, with picturesque surroundings, and Ahorca Lagarto, with its memories of French days. Then Bohio, where the great dam was originally contemplated; and it was here that Geologist Arango of the I. C. C. alighted from the train with hammer and bag to look for specimens. Frijoles, suggests old canal days. At Tabernilla are the famous dumps. Here we saw where a great flood, which poured down from the Chagres River, playing havoc with the dumps in December. At that time the chief engineer set out to keep an appointment for a certain date in America, but was prevented from doing so by the floods which, in a tropical country, are among the obstacles to be overcome.

RESERVOIR AT EMPIRE. THIS IS NOT THE RESERVOIR WHICH ONE WRITER SAID HE COULD WALK ACROSS DRY SHOD

VIEW OF THE RAILROAD YARDS AT CRISTOBAL

213
PRR
RECKING TRAIN.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE RAILROAD YARD AT CRISTOBAL

At the time of our visit in February, it seemed to us that the work was in full swing, with as complete an organization as one could wish for. The laborers, like a great army on a campaign of conquest, were throwing up earth entrenchments to protect the health of the industrial army and promote the efficiency and rapidity of the work.

Sitting at night on the veranda with Superintendent Hardigan, at his house at Bas Obispo, I heard the boom, boom. boom of the blasts that tell of the work being done along the line. The constant smell of powder-reek, the flash of exploding blasts, and the chug, chug, chug of the diamond drills reminds one of some night scene of siege or battle, and indeed a mighty conflict is being waged between the defences of the eternal hills and the stupendous resources of modern engineering.

The great crunching shovels were getting out the red clay at a hot pace, cutting the dirt like cheese. The Gatun Dam does not seem to be such a problem after all. It is rather a matter of disposing of an immense quantity of earth—the "moving of mountains" thirty miles and building a new mountain to become a dam a mile and a half long with a half mile slope 100 feet at the top and eighty-five to the summit. This great artificial mountain will solve the problem of the Chagres river, with its rise of thirty-seven feet in one day. This dam practically disposes of the engineering problems on the Isthmus, for the troublesome torrent will simply be *submerged or buried* in a vast basin 110 square miles in area; and even if the river rises thirty-seven feet in one night, it only means a three-inch rise over this lake. When this mass of jungle is submerged in the lake the village of Gatun will be beneath eighty-five feet of water.

VIEW OF PIER 11, AT CRISTOBAL, WHERE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT LANDED ON NOVEMBER 15 WHERE THE RECEPTION AND BALL IN HIS HONOR WERE HELD, AND WHERE HE MADE HIS ADDRESS TO THE COMMISSION'S OFFICERS AND EMPLOYEES

At the Gatun Dam they have drilled to a depth of 200 feet and found strata that will not interfere with the construction of the locks.

The long line of red clay where the three 1,000-feet locks are being excavated, makes a lurid sky line. The shovels are taking out the clay, it being easy digging during the dry season. It is planned to do work of this kind while the dry season lasts, and leave the rocks and ledges on the sides in the cuts to work upon during the rainy months.

* * *

In company with a German and an English sea captain I learned more fully than ever before the wisdom of making a lock canal, for those who have passed through the Suez Canal know of the time consumed, partly owing to the narrowness of the passage and the danger of hurrying, and partly from the character of the soil, which will not bear the friction caused by the rapid passage of a vessel through the water, for if the water be sent forcibly against the banks of the canal it draws down the sand. The Panama Canal will have none of these defects. Here there will be a great reservoir of 110 square miles, where ships can be rendezvoused and proceed at full speed over the larger portion of the Isthmus, the actual narrow canal occupying but eight miles of the forty-nine miles across the Isthmus.

On the line of railroad are San Pablo, Mamei and Gorgona, where the great railroad shops are located. Matachin with its suggestion of Chinese days, and Bas Obispo, where the great stone crusher has made a remarkable record, and the scene of gigantic rock excavation. Las Cascadas, meaning the cascades, is another place where the river plays havoc during the rainy season, though it looked modest and demure as possible as we watched its light green water rushing down in little eddies. It hardly seemed possible that this peaceful looking stream could arise, tear down bridges, pull up rails and cause so much trouble in the rainy season.

* * *

At Empire the great round house of twenty-one sheds is located, though the French found four sufficient. Then comes Culebra, with its traditions of big cuts that will ever be remembered in the history of canal-making. Photographs of the Isthmus as it *is today* will soon be interesting curiosities. Paraiso was named by the Spanish, and means Paradise. Pedro Miguel is practically the Pacific end of the cut, and is where the interior lock is to be located. At Miraflores is located the insane asylum. Associated with it is many

VIEW OF PIER 14, AT CRISTOBAL, WITH A STEAMER UNLOADING RAILWAY TIES AND A SCHOONER UNLOADING LUMBER. NEW TRAVELING CRANE IS SEEN ON THE RIGHT a pathetic story, handed down from the early days before attention was brought to sanitary conditions and much needed reforms were set on foot. Corozal is beautiful with wide stretches of sloping lawn, fringed with tropical foliage. It is a popular residential place, and here Superintendent Maguire planted a grove of banana trees about the cottage where his family reside.

The train is like our suburban trains, stopping every few miles, so that the ride is one of especial interest. Panama was our destination. Overlooking the town is Ancon Hill, the prize location of the Zone.

VIEW OF NEW COAL HOIST AT CRISTOBAL

* * *

Time passed quickly with me; for I talked with several people all of whom were employed in some way on the Canal. Without an exception, they all seemed enthusiastically interested in the work. If there is one predominating thought on the Zone, it is to find out how the work progresses.

Along the old line may be seen the old-time stations, for the Panama railroad has been operated partially ever since 1855, though its line has been often changed to evade the obstacles thrown in its way by the vagaries of the swift and treacherous Chagres. The main line is now double tracked all through, but it will be obliterated at the opening of the Canal, new lines now being surveyed.

On the train, I acquired a large fund of information, and was interested to note how everything seemed to date from the President's visit. So many things had been done "since the President was here," that it was clear that his words and presence had struck the keynote of a splendid patriotic impulse which has probably never in equal degree inspired any great national industrial undertaking.

* * *

Mr. Joseph Ripley, assistant engineer going out in the train, was holding to his rolls of blue print. He had just a touch of malaria at that time, and no wonder, for the climate must have been in strong contrast to the ice belt of Lake Superior, where he has worked for thirty years on the "Soo Canals."

At Panama, we first saw the little policemen of the Republic of Panama, and made acquaintance with the "tin" or "spickety" money and tiny nickels forming the Panamanian currency. The European custom of handing one's luggage from the windows of the train to the porters also obtains in Panama.

Walking across the beautiful park from the station we came to Hotel Tivoli, the new hostelry opened just prior to the visit of the President. On our way to the hotel we passed the public schools, then closed for vacation. On either side were gardens planted by the industrious Chinese, but "John" says that it is difficult to raise vegetables here because everything must be picked at just the right time, or it spoils, either baking dry, or rotting in the heat of the sun. Nevertheless, these gardens were neatly kept, and every variety of vegetable seemed healthy and doing well.

* * *

The whole front of the hotel is built on high, solid concrete posts. It is plainly and simply constructed and finished in hard wood, with plenty of wide veranda space on all sides. In the cool corridors one feels that a haven of refuge and rest has been found. This hotel is a sort of rendezvous for officers and supervisors, and also for people who come there to spend their Sundays.

In the hotel lobby there were pictures of Theodore Roosevelt and Dr. Amidor, President of the Panama Republic, hung opposite to each other, which called to mind the story of the birth of this youngest of republics. For years there was a tendency to revolution in Panama and the surrounding districts, which gave the government of the United States of Colombia some concern. Congress was in session in Bogota, and many of the members had little personal knowledge of the outside world, having never been to the sea coast. Panama was one of the largest states represented in the United States of Colombia. The constitution of the country is based upon that of the United States and is very similar. While Congress was in session a change of presidents was made.

* * *

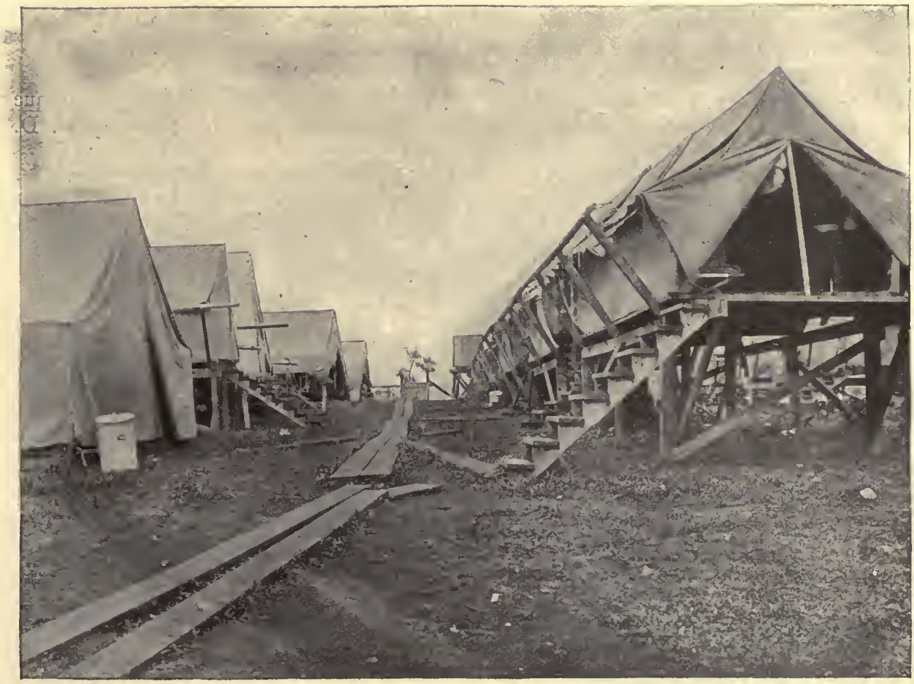
At this time the United States was trying to close matters in reference to the purchase of

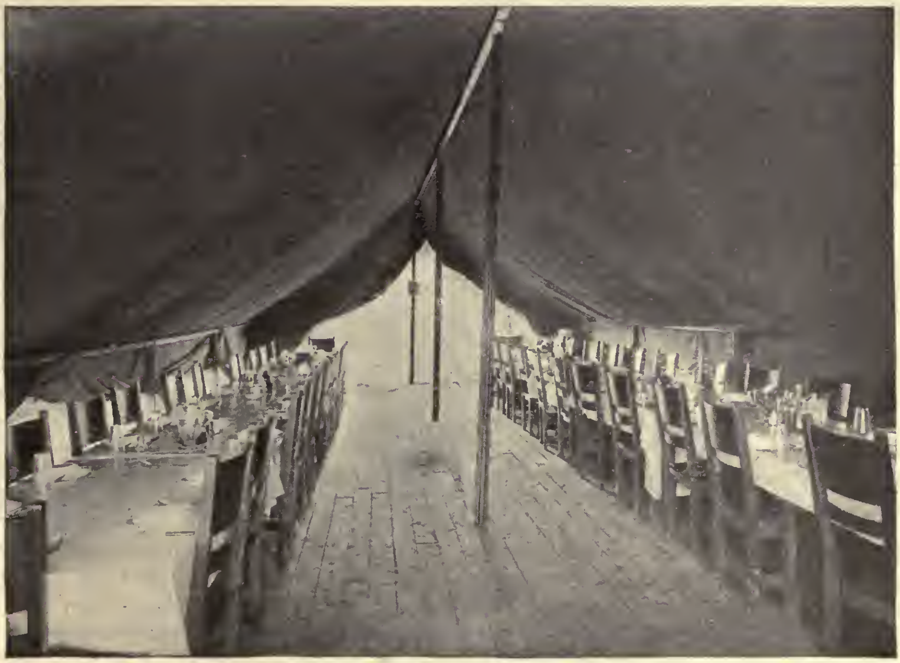
THE CANAL COMMISSION'S MOUNT HOPE STORE, THE LARGEST ON THE ISTHMUS, THROUGH WHICH ALL THE SUPPLIES FOR THE ISTHMUS ARE DISTRIBUTED the Canal Zone, and had sent a written reminder of this fact to the United States Minister, Beaupre, in an effort to hurry up the decision of the matter. The note being forwarded to the President of Colombia he sent it to the Congress, and it is said that this "message" threw the emotional Congressmen into frenzy and the American offer was promptly turned down.

This is the story as related to me by a citizen of Colombia who was in Bogota at that time, and he assured me that the uproar was caused by the note sent to Congress. In the meantime, General Tobal, a prominent tobacco merchant was sent to help quell the revolution in Panama. On arriving at Colon he found he could not secure any cars to take his troops across the Isthmus, but the railroad company kindly offered to transport the officers over to Panama; so the officers were dispatched by special train, and when they arrived were promptly captured by the revolutionary Panamanian forces. The soldiers who had been left behind were thus without commanders or generals and knew not what to do. Then an emergency man appeared and sent them all back home to Cartagena, after which the Panama Republic was declared and recognized by the United States and other countries. It was all done in the twinkling of an eye, and the attitude of Colombia in procrastination had the usual result. Like the sudden appearance of "jack-in-the-box" before the astonished eyes of a child, the Republic of Panama sprang into existence, and this event had an important bearing on the making of the Isthmian Canal; for the Panamanian government at once accepted the offer of $10,000,000 for the tract of land now known as the Canal Zone. The feeling in Bogota is still intense against the United States and they have not recognized any boundary lines of Panama. This was a vexed question for years with the Costa Rican government, and was only recently adjusted at the Hague. However, there is decidedly an *intente cordiale* between the young republic and Costa Rica and the United States.

A TYPICAL STATION ON THE PANAMA RAILROAD

The Colombians are a sturdy race, but vary widely in the different localities. They have





TENT STREET IN TEMPORARY CAMP AT GATUN
MESS TENT IN TEMPORARY CAMP AT GATUN

limited means of communication between themselves, being more or less isolated, so that each locality retains its own peculiarities. The basis of currency is the pesos, which is in the proportion of one hundred to one of the United States money—thus a cup of coffee costs five dollars instead of five cents.

SECTION OF RAILWAY AT TABERNILLA UNDER WATER LAST DECEMBER

Looking upon the pictures of old Panama, and then at the city as it is today, we can scarcely realize that the two represent the same place. Behind the cab man, we dashed over the vitrified pavements of the capital city of the new republic. The old Isthmus Canal Building is now surrounded by handsome pavements in sharp contrast to the cobble stones of a few years ago. This is one of the old buildings sold to the United States government by the De Lesseps Canal Company, and was where they planned all their work. Here I met Engineer Bertoncini who began with the Isthmian Canal Company twenty-five years ago, and was with them in the high tides of '84 and '86. The walls of this building are covered with boxes containing maps stored away—artistic work in map-making—a collection of fascinating interest for an engineer. If maps would build a canal—the old company certainly had it completed.

* * *

We took a quick drive along the picturesque old streets with Executive Secretary H. D. Reed—the sturdy young pioneer who has Zone government interest in charge. Thomas M. Cook, in charge of the Department of Revenue and the Post Office, has difficulty in keeping the Panamanians—observe the long a accent on the third "a"—from using his post office, although they have one of their own. All letters to the United States from the Canal Zone are carried for two cents, domestic rates, but from across the street border from the sister republic, the charge is five cents, as for foreign mail.

The railroad station agents along the line are also postmasters, and it cannot be said that office holders in Panama are pretentious; for everyone works. The postmasters handle tons of mail matter every month, and serve 40,000 people from all points of the globe, including the dispatch service to the West Indies, over the subsidized mail routes of the French and Spanish lines, and to the United States. During 1906, over 75,000 packages were registered, which did not include 26,000 packages not paid for but registered free. Over 6,000 sacks of mail matter were handled in December alone. Twenty-one dispatches of mail leave Crystobal for the Leeward and the West Indian islands every month. The jolly Mr. Cook administers for the estate of any deceased American when desired, and he administered on over fifty estates last year, at an average expense of less than two dollars.

* * *

All the land within the Zone, which is ten miles wide—five on either side of the Canal—is owned by the government, and the rental of this land is looked after in Mr. Cook's department. There were 14,000 garden leases issued last year, to say nothing of lands occupied by the irrepressible Chinamen, who establish stores wherever there are people who will buy of them, and will always be found making ample display of every article in stock; for the Chinese are firm believers in the psychology of suggestion. The average rental of government land is three dollars per "hectare," or two and two-fifths acres, or one dollar, or a little less, per acre for one year. The French charge was six dollars.

THE OLD FRENCH DUMP CARS IN WATER TO THEIR AXELS

Mr. Cook took a census of the Isthmus on behalf of the educational interests, and found 2,500 pupils of six to sixteen years of age. At a convention on the third of March, 1895, there were twenty-three teachers and 5,000 pupils. Three or four of these instructors were Spanish, and the rest Americans.

The water commissioner is Mr. Compton, and the superintendent of schools is Mr. O'Connor. It is evident that the whole plan for the government of the Zone is to organize, and still to organize, until the system is as nearly perfect as it is possible to make it.

It is some time since the President withdrew Governor Magoon to send him to Cuba, but since his removal the executive work has been managed by Mr. H. D. Reed, a young man recognized as a cool-headed executive officer.

It has been suggested that oil might be used as fuel, and that an oil blower furnace might be established on the Isthmus with profit, to utilize the thousands of tons of scrap iron now lying waste, for this iron certainly has a value, though the contractor who thought of buying it to ship to the States as scrap iron never carried out his plans, because he was confronted with the tariff laws, all this material having been imported from Europe and manufactured there. Although now shipped from the Zone, United States territory, the iron still remains dutiable, and cannot be taken farther into Uncle Sam's domain until his demands are paid.

AMERICAN FLAT CARS NEARLY COVERED BY THE FLOOD

* * *

"The Zone" has provided a fine training-school for many a young man, and it offers a fitting reply to the old Spanish phrase,—"Where are the vouchers?" for rigid auditing has been thoroughly introduced.

Mr. Brown, manager of the Tivoli Hotel, certainly has the right ideas as to making that hotel a famous hostelry, although the Panama hotels across the line are objecting strenuously to the general tendency of American transients to drift off over to the Tivoli—an hotel operated and owned by Uncle Sam. The clerk at this hotel formerly held a position at the Hotel Empire in New York. It was here that I came upon an old friend from Jamaica—Mr. Lannigan—so I felt right at home.

While at lunch I had the pleasure of meeting Superintendent J. M. Maguire and Engineer G. W. Hibard of San Pabloa; and Mr. Forrest, a typical English writer and artist, who paid the warmest tribute I had yet heard to the work being accomplished on the Canal. Mr. Forrest is a widely-traveled man, and his remarks certainly added zest and interest to my own growing knowledge of the progress being made. Everywhere the topic of conversation is "Canal, Canal,—Zone, Zone,—Canal, Canal—dig, dig, dig!"

(Continued on page 65)

DR. DEENA'S TWO PATIENTS

By Maude R. Cole

"YOU'RE old enough to have sense," said Page severely.

Abbott turned lightly from his friend's scornful gaze and lifting the curtain peered out.

He had seen the lady at the window opposite and wondered how he could make her acquaintance. He was pondering this momentous question when the white shade suddenly lifted over across the way and the new tenant herself appeared.

She was gowned in white and stood a moment lithe and graceful, with curly brown head tilted bird-wise, her gray eyes meditatively surveying the corners of her window.

George Abbot leaned forward eagerly, forgetful that it was not polite to stare at a lady.

"What is she doing," he muttered, and then nearly collapsed as he saw the white, slim fingers deftly place a small glass sign in the window which, in neat black letters, bore the words:

DR. DEENA PHILLIPS

OSTEOPATHY ELECTRICITY

He was bitterly opposed to women practicing medicine, it was so mannish and out of place. But then, he reflected, possibly—he hoped she did not give medicine. But perhaps the other was just as bad.

"So you've fastened your demon's eyes on her," said Berton Page, abruptly.

"Say, old man, what is osteopathy?" inquired Abbott ignoring the remark.

"Dig up your Greek, Mephisto. Osteo—what? Why, bone, of course. And pathos—pain. There, you have it! And they put you through all kinds of stunts. Twist your neck and pull your leg, and the Lord knows what all!"

Abbott groaned. "Imagine that poor delicate bird doing such strenuous work! I call it deuced beastly! Don't know what her parents could have been thinking of to permit her to choose such a profession."

"Perhaps she hasn't any," remarked Page somberly. "And perhaps she uses electricity in her practice more than osteopathy. Hanged if I wouldn't. Poor thing, just hung out her shingle, too! Looks as if she would make a good wife for someone—one of those sunshiny faces! Suppose she will marry some beast utterly unworthy of her! Always the way!"

Abbott stared at his friend with a provoking grin. "Better hie away to your little law office, Pagie, boy."

Page flushed and settled back in his chair. "Can't; got to keep an eye on you."

Abbott chuckled, then turned and walked the floor thoughtfully. Page watched him through narrowed eyes. Finally Abbott strode leisurely over to the wall and gave the electric button a deliberate push with his long forefinger. Then he turned expectantly towards the door and waited for the appearance of the servant.

"Sam, you red-headed rascal, bring my hat and cane; quick now, or I'll nail you!" he said pleasantly.

Page rose and glanced inquiringly into the other's smiling face. "Where to, Georgie?"

"Over there," he answered, jerking his thumb in the direction of the house opposite.

"Hold on a bit, Faust," growled Page. "Even in old New York one waits a breath before paying his respects to a doctor. You'd better wait until the sign is cold or she'll suspect. And what are you going for anyway, a friendly call, or treatment?"

"Bless you, Pagie, you've saved me! What shall I have? Say, it's deuced hard to think up a disease. Help me, won't you, old fellow? Lawyers are great at scheming!"

"Never, you confounded heathen," snarled the other, angrily. "You should be compelled to work to keep you out of devilment. Your money—"

"Well, never mind," soothed Abbott. He turned to the servant. "Sam, go to the library and dig me up a medical book, and be deuced quick, too." He glanced at Page. "I've got to commit some symptoms to memory. Confound it, I'm afraid I'll get mixed!"

"When in doubt, tell the truth," suggested Page, with a scornful curl of his lips.

"You duffer," cried Abbott smilingly. "I don't know why I like you so, but I do." He punctuated his sentence with little chuckles of pure delight. "Guess this is one of your off days, Pagie, you're cranky as a sick pup! Someone has been smoothing you the wrong way. Come to think of it, old chap, I think you need the little doctor-witch's care. What about the foot that Philippino punctured. All healed long ago, of course, but pains awfully yet, eh?"

"Well, I'm going over," said Page, suddenly, picking up his hat. "I don't have to learn my symptoms; I know them by heart."

"Pagie, old chap," pleaded the other, "dear Pagie, don't go first. Hang it, I tell you I shall go first!" He had risen and laughingly grasped the other by the arm.

"Promise to let me go first."

Page shook his head.

"Ah, but you will, Pagie. Here's some jiu-jitsu," he cried, rolling the other on the floor. He held Page down, grinning provokingly the while. "Hey, Sam. Ah, there you are! Bring me some rope and help me tie this unruly friend!"

"Surely Georgie, you're not going to tie me down," sputtered Page.

"Just about it—for awhile," said Abbott cheerfully. "I must go first."

During the hour's interval which followed, Abbott bent over the medical book which Sam had brought, while Page lay securely tied to
a sofa, his expression alternating between
Europ despair.
now shi Abbott rose and picked up his
territory, the
cannot be taken old chap, don't fret," he
main until his de teeth in a sweet smile.
* some refreshments.
you!"
"The Zone" has provi ," sputtered the
school for many a young ma ll murder you,
fitting reply to the old Spa
"Where are the vouchers?" for d Abbott,
ing has been thoroughly introduc agie, you
Mr. Brown, manager of the T long!"

Deena Phillips sat in her cozy office, waiting for her first patient. She realized that it might be a week or a month before she received her first call—perhaps a year! She gasped at the thought. Then, to fortify her courage, she fell to philosophizing.

She had lived long in her young life, because she had thought much. Left alone in the world at the age of ten, she had learned to look at life logically, and to live as stoically as her impulsive nature would permit her.

Deena glanced at the various mottoes hung on the wall over her desk, and smiled. She had hung them where her eyes would fall on them the moment she looked up. She felt the need of a constant spur to her ideal life.

Well, and why should she fear? To be sure the rent of her apartment was high. Then there were the gas, groceries and incidentals to be considered. Supposing at the end of the month her pocketbook should be empty? Well, what then? There was only one path which led to the last home, and that through the narrow gate of the grave If things came to the worst, would not the path of starvation be as easy a road to travel hence as the painful path of disease? Why should she fear; it was the way one looked at things that made all the misery in the world. What mattered a few years less of life.

Then, very softly, her voice rose in song, sweet with the joy of being:

"'Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
  Nor care for winds, nor tide, nor sea:
I rave no more 'gainst time and fate,
  For lo! my own shall come to me.

"'I stay my haste, I make delay,
  For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
  For what is mine shall know my face.'"

So she sang, defying fate. Her eyes were sparkling; her heart danced in its joy. It was good to live; great to toil and strive; to fall and rise and conquer!

The bell rang suddenly—not loudly, but with a respectful, insistent ring.

There being no maid, Deena herself opened the door. She stood smiling with the sunlight on her hair. Then it was not a patient. Her eyes expressed her disappointment as she gazed at Abbott's stalwart form and smooth, handsome face.

"Will you step in?" she said pleasantly, "and tell me what I can do for you?"

Abbott followed her awkwardly into the little office, feeling very big and ashamed.

She seated herself opposite him, and waited expectantly for him to make known his errand.

"I saw your sign, doctor, and I called to see if you could cure me."

It was a patient then. Her keen glance swept over him from head to foot, noting the clear blue eyes, and the healthful glow of his cheeks.

"You don't look ill," she said frankly.

"Looks are sometimes deceiving."

"That is true," she replied gravely.

Then, as briefly as possible he enumerated the cardinal symptoms of malaria. He had chills, fever, nausea, headache, languor. He had been treated a year. He had taken quarts of quinine. It was terrible to look so disgustingly healthy and feel so ill. And could she help him?

She examined the whites of his eyes, and looked perplexed. "No yellow," she said.

"Not a bit," he agreed promptly. "Strange, too!"

She meditated a moment. He watched her furtively, and moved uneasily.

"I'll undertake your case," she said at last briefly. As she spoke she rose and opened the door of her operating room. She motioned him to a chair standing on a heavy glass platform. Beside the chair was a huge static machine.

Gingerly he took his seat. Some of the ruddy color had left his cheeks.

"Going to electrocute me?" he asked, with a forced laugh.

"Yes," The tone was calm and matter of fact.

He started and glanced at her swiftly, as she picked up the electrode and swung the machine into place.

Then it occurred to him that he was sorry he had not permitted Page to make the first call and investigate. Perhaps she did not thoroughly understand her business. And electricity was dangerous!

"Don't give me too strong a current," he pleaded. "And tell me what good is electricity in malaria?"

"It is a tonic and an eliminator of poison," she replied, graciously.

"I don't believe that I shall like electricity," he protested.

She paused a moment, slim, small, graceful, the gray eyes alert, the sweet mouth firm and unsmiling.

Then without warning she moved the electrode up and down with a slow, sweeping gesture holding it about a foot from his clothing. There was a venomous snapping; sparks flew in every direction. The air about him seemed full of darting points of light. He felt a thousand needles racing through his body, every nerve and muscle seemed knotted to breaking. He jumped and writhed under the current.

Suddenly she turned off the switch and came and stood beside him.

"Are you dead?" Her face was grave, but her eyes were dancing.

"Not quite," he groaned, rising rather unsteadily from the chair.

"I saw no yellow," she said, as he stepped from the chair and seated himself on the couch. And he wondered confusedly if her remark had a double meaning.

She handed him a glass of water, which he drank feverishly. She caught his eyes as he passed the glass back.

"Now, Mr.—"

"Abbott—George Abbott is my name."

"Now, I want to know Mr. Abbott, why you've been shamming?"

He sank back in consternation, his hands flew to his head. For a full minute he sat in this attitude of dejection, disgusted with himself and the world in general, especially Page. Why had he not warned him?

"I"—he began at last, red, and guilty-eyed.

"Don't bother to lie," she interrupted bluntly, her eyes glinting.

"When in doubt, tell the truth." The words of Page's maxim glared forth in his memory and would not be downed. Then impulsively, hurriedly lest his courage fail him at the last minute, he flung out the truth. Not even a detail was left out, even to the boyish prank of keeping Page a prisoner.

Then he paused, waiting anxiously for the storm to break.

The little doctor flushed with anger and then, despite a desperate struggle for self-control, a little gulp of laughter bubbled up until the room was filled with melody.

And Abbott suddenly relieved, settled back with the sweetest, most winsome smile that ever curved the lips of a healthy Adonis.

At last she arose. There was a dignity in her manner which aroused all his reserve.

"I think you have been sufficiently punished for your naughtiness," she said gravely

"Rather heroic treatment, was it not? I'm afraid, Mr. Abbott, that I cannot take your case."

He bowed, his eyes frankly expressing his regret. "And the fee, doctor?"

Deena tilted her brown head gracefully, and considered a moment, an imp of mischief in her eyes.

Then coolly she held out a slim little hand.

"One hundred dollars, please."

Abbott gasped and searched frantically through his pockets, then rose heroically to the occasion.

"I fear that I have not the amount with me. Stupid, isn't it? Will you take my check?"

"Certainly."

He took his check-book from his pocket, and, going into the office, sat down at her desk, carefully writing out the named amount.

As he handed it to her he could not resist saying;" "Are you sure that is sufficient?"

"Yes, thank you. Good afternoon."

She folded it thoughtfully, her eyes studiously avoiding his, as she bowed his good-by.

She ran to the front window and watched him as he crossed the street and entered his house. She noticed with a demure smile that his step was rather slow, and his manner somewhat subdued.

She glanced down at the check. A hundred dollars! She could pay expenses for a month. Then she sighed and going to her desk, she addressed an envelope, slipping the check in and sealed it.

The next morning George Abbott received his check back again.

* * *

About four o'clock on the following day, Berton Page rang the little doctor's bell.

Deena opened the door. She stood gazing silently at him, trying hard not to be angry, for she felt intuitively that this was Abbott's friend. But there was something in his manner, a sort of dumb appeal which roused her sympathy, and she found herself, much to her disgust, inviting him graciously into her office.

Her swift glance followed every move of the tall, graceful form. There was something infinitely sad in his expression as he seated himself and faced her. The smooth, keen face was thinner than was natural. The dark eyes were sunken and lifeless.

He glanced at her and was silent. He had come prepared to make an honest confession, but at the last moment his courage failed. Suddenly he desired her respect. He could not endure the look of scorn which would flash in her eyes.

"Well," she said at last, gently sympathetic.

Then briefly as possible he told her of the wounded foot and how it pained him at times.

"You have a new method of diagnosis?" he suggested, fencing for time.

"Yes." She felt his pulse. "Your heart action is weak, too weak. You will have to take tonic electricity. Been in the Philippines, you said? When you were wounded, the doctor gave you morphine, of course, until the wound had healed? A little—but now—"

"The pain is most intense at times—unbearable!"

"Let me see," she said.

She had him lay down on the operating table while she carefully examined his ankle. She bade him close his eyes while she felt rapidly over the surface and beneath the muscles, piercing deep with supple forefinger.

"Hurt," she asked.

He shook his head.

"That will do. You may sit on the couch while I talk to you."

Her brow was wrinkled as she gazed down at him. She had not yet learned the wise and silent method of the old physician.

He forced his eyes to meet hers steadily. It cost him an effort.

Suddenly she leaned forward with a little gasp.

He saw that she understood. So he waited breathlessly, almost with physical pain for the look of scorn. But instead there was a white sorrow in her face, and a quick lifting of the little head as though now she had found the right track and was ready to fight with him to the death.

"Mr. Page, your ankle has not pained you for months!"

He flushed painfully and glanced down.

"I assure you—" he began.

"You can assure me of nothing," she answered gently. "You have tried to imagine it pained you, in order to ease your conscience in its weak giving way."

"It seemed to me that it pained," he said dejectedly. "Perhaps it didn't." Then almost unconsciously he held out his hands. "Help me or I shall go to the devil!"

She grasped his hand in her cool little fingers and held it tightly. A moment she stood looking deep into his brown eyes, her gaze searching his very soul. Then apparently satisfied, she smiled slowly. To him the smile was like a blessing; so strong, so sweet, so full of patience and charity.

"I guess this old soul of mine needs another shell," he said whimsically. "I'm a weak rag at best—no will power—nothing!"

"But you wish to overcome this awful morphinism?"

"Oh, God!" he half moaned.

"And I tell you the fulfillment of the desire is within you, or the wish would not be there."

She stood before him her eyes luminous with beautiful thought.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, or wills, so is he. You have just got to fight, you understand? You've got to come out of this clean and whole—a man, as God intended!"

He bowed reverently. "I'll do my best," he promised solemnly.

* * *

The days which followed were full of anxiety to Deena despite her firm resolve not to worry. Few patients came to the little office—and the rent day drew rapidly near. Besides, there was George Abbott, who tormented her with his cheerful persistence for treatment. He was positive that electricity would prove beneficial. He had been greatly exhilarated since she treated him.

"But I don't think you require it, Mr. Abbott. You are simply throwing your money away," she said honestly, trying to forget the fact that she had breakfasted on stale roll and weak, unsweetened tea.

"If I feel that I need treatment, it seems to me I am the best judge of that, doctor. Besides if one comes to you requiring such help as you can give, in the name of humanity, you can't very well refuse."

And Deena was forced to admit the truth of his logic. But there were more subtle reasons why she should refuse, unmentionable, because a woman cannot tell a man she fears he is falling in love with her without offending old, staid conventionality, and appearing conceited. And in her position she had no chance to avoid him; for the arrangement was simply business. Yet there was one method of defence left her for this unwelcome attention—her dignity.

So she greeted him coldly, severely, unsmiling, with head held proudly; her manner an invisible barrier which even his unfailing good-humor could not surmount.

Very often there were times when her little neck was stiff from the strain of its haughty position, and the muscles of her face ached from its rigid severity. She had always been used to smiling.

But these were the least of her troubles; there was Berton Page. Poor fellow, he was making a heroic fight. There had only been one lapse since she had undertaken his case; then he had run to her in an agony of grief like a child to its mother, and confessed all. She had managed to maintain her self-control until alone—then she cried! It was terrible to see a great strong man brought down to the level of a child; to see him weep!

Usually about four o'clock in the afternoon he made his call at her office. For two weeks he had not missed a day, and had been prompt to a minute.

Now, as the hour drew near for his call, Deena felt nervous and depressed. All her brave calm had gone, and she stood tensely waiting the materialization of some vague forboding.

She started when his well-known ring sounded in the hall. When she opened the door and saw his face, she felt herself grow cold with the bitterness of her disappointment.

Silently, she preceded him into the operating room, and watched him as he threw himself on the couch. There was no need of words to tell her that he had again lapsed. The self-satisfied smile and the minutely contracted pupils of his eyes told her that he was under the direct influence of the drug.

"It's no use," he said at last, "the craving was stronger than I. Yes; I followed your directions. But the tapering method is no account. I was as low as one pill a day, but instead of skipping to-day—I took four! Oh, they simply walked down my throat, I could not stop them! Yes; I tried all kinds of things to eat, to stop the craving—no use!"

And Deena tried to speak, but the words stuck in her throat.

"Better give me up," he resumed after a pause, "I'm not worth the powder to blow me to—heaven!"

Deena rose and bent over him gazing down almost fiercely. Her eyes seemed to burn into his shivering soul.

"I can't give up the case. Don't you understand; it's the matter of a soul? I'm ressponsible—I've got to save you! Hereafter, it will be me as well as you who fight. Inch by inch, step by step, we'll fight together—and we'll win!"

He shook his head despondently.

"I admire your splendid courage, doctor, but I tell you the fight is over. I never realized it so much as now. I always thought that I could break away when I really wished—but I can't!"

For a moment Deena felt crushed. His utter collapse sickened her. In a flash, she realized her impotence to fight the deadly thing.

Mechanically she swung the static machine in place and motioned him to the chair on the glass platform. She gave the treatment in a daze. She was conscious of one over-powering thought—he must be saved, but how?

When the time came to go, Page held out his hand. "Good-by, doctor, I'd best not come again. I want to, you know, but I dare not—and it's no use!"

And still Deena could answer nothing.

She followed him silently down the hall of her apartment. He paused before a door and absently turned the knob.

"You've got the wrong door, Mr. Page. You're in the dark room. This is the hall door. How often I've made that mistake." Then she paused suddenly with a little cry, her lips set, her face white.

A second she hesitated, then impulsively she slammed the door shut. The spring-lock clicked. Page was a prisoner!

She heard his voice at the key-hole—he was laughing.

"So stupid of me! A good joke, doctor. But open the door, please."

Silence.

"Are you going to keep me a prisoner?" He was still laughing.

Her heart felt as though it would jump through her body as she bent nearer the door. Her voice sounded hoarse and strained.

"Listen, Mr. Page; it was an accident. But a—a happy one, I hope! Oh, I pray that it may be! I'm going to keep you there, my prisoner, for awhile, a little while. Don't you understand! And, please be good!"

At first he laughed and accepted the situation philosophically. Then as the hours dragged on and she could not be at the door talking through the key-hole to keep him company, he wearied. Later as the craving for morphine grew he became frantic.

For three days and nights Deena crept around the rooms afraid to sleep lest he break out and make his escape. She had solved the problem of dining, by climbing on a chair, opening the small transom and lowering his meals to him. There was no window in the room, save a narrow slit for ventilation near the top of the ceiling, opening out on a closed air-shaft. So there was no means of egress, except through the one door which Deena guarded. He might shout till doomsday, and his cries would remain unheard, unless one happened to be in the same apartment. The room had evidently been intended for a large closet or store-room.

As the hours dragged on, Deena had dropped him matches to light the gas and lowered books for him to read. He had pleaded for his freedom promising, nay swearing, by all the solemn oaths imaginable, that he would keep his vows, if he died for it! But her quick ear caught the strained eagerness in his tones, and she remained firm in her determination. Then, would she come in and keep him company for a while, he was so lonely? He would make no effort to escape. But she, knowing that the word of one addicted to the use of morphine could not be trusted, gave an evasive answer. "Perhaps later, but not now." And for a time he remained quietly reading. Then she would hear him pacing the floor, swearing and muttering to himself.

Hour after hour she would sit by the door of his prison with her mouth to the key-hole, relating incidents of her life and telling him any story of a cheering nature which she had heard. Sometimes she would read to him.

The fifth day he was unusually restless and wild. She had heard him groaning and tearing around his room like mad. He called incessantly for coffee. He must have coffee or he would die.!

And she faced the situation blankly—there was no money to buy coffee!

She crept into her little office and sat down in despair. Now what was to be done? While she was pondering the question Abbott called for his usual treatment.

He was met at the door by a pale, weary-eyed little doctor who forgot her chill dignity and greeted him with a cry of relief.

"Good heavens, doctor," he exclaimed in consternation, "what is the matter?"

Then worn out and hopeless, she told him all and appealed to him for help.

"'Gad," he exclaimed in amazement, "Pagie a dope! And you—you kidnapped him! You trying to cure him by force! Five days—I wondered where Pagie was!"

"He is your friend—you must help to save him! He has no will to fight this thing; we must fight for him. He must be saved! I need you to help me watch him. I need—more!" She choked and averted her face, then resumed haltingly in white, desperate embarrassment. "My—my practice is not much yet. I am under big expense here. And you—you must help me—feed him!"

And Abbott stooped from his great height, and gently laid his hands on her shoulders. "Hey, little girl, is it as bad as that? Say—you're white! Suppose you've been giving him your rations? Thought so by the look of you. And sleeping.."

"Not much," she said gently. "I sat on a chair by the door for fear—"

But he had grabbed his hat and pounded from the room. Later the kitchen whistle blew and the dumb-waiter creaked up, pulled by unseen hands, loaded with groceries, meats and fruits enough to last a regiment for a week.

"It's so good of you," she said tremulously, when he returned later.

"But you know," he answered gazing down steadily, "I don't believe in charity."

"But I will repay you with interest," she said, flushing, "just as soon as possible."

"No; I demand the pay now, Deena. I want your love. Will you be my wife?"

"But I don't love you," she cried out in distress. "I just like you."

"As my wife, I will win your love. You shall love me, Deena!"

Deena had the appearance of a small white mouse that had been trapped and was looking around for a means of escape. At last she swung around and faced him. Her eyes were wide and tragic.

"I can't be your wife. I—"

"Deena," he cried fiercely, "I know what's best for you—you've got to marry me!"

Then from the inside room came a pounding and a muttered curse.

"Will you marry me," he repeated grimly.

"I suppose so," she answered brokenly, worn out mentally and physically. "I don't care much what happens. I'm tired of the fight!" She laughed harshly. "You must understand that I don't love you, but I shall consider your welfare just the same as if—"

But he had taken her by the shoulders and given her a gentle shake. "Deena, go to your room and rest. You are not yourself! Page, confound him! has nearly killed you!"

* * *

The following night, Deena opened the door of Page's prison and entered. He sat by the table, his head bowed forward on his folded arms, the picture of abject despair.

"Mr. Page."

He sprang to his feet glowering at her.

She eyed him steadily and moved nearer. Then she paused, still regarding him. His eyes were blood-shot and wild, his face distorted.

He looked up and saw that only a slim, white-gowned figure stood between himself and freedom—between him and the thing he craved—that he must have! She was so small that his one hand could easily brush her aside, but the eyes troubled him. If only she would look another way! What a bad old doctor-witch she had been to hold him so! One of those unbending creatures tied to the flag-post of duty, who forced a weaker brother's feet to wobble up the straight and narrow path, with his very soul a-swearing all the time! She was one of those born angels who never know temptation; whose little mouth only craved a sugar-plum. If for one hour she could taste the hell he suffered—if—

His lips curled over his white teeth. He made a move to pass her, but she held out her hands to stay him. He struck at her fiercely. At sight of her weakness, a thousand demons seemed to possess him. He grasped her by the shoulders and flung her to one side. She fell limply, a crumpled white mass, to the floor. He stared stupidly, and then, snarling like a wild beast, hurled himself at the door. It gave way, and he fell forward, forward seemingly to freedom. But strong arms clutched and held him back. He struggled in vain to free himself. He might as well have resisted the tentacles of a giant octopus.

"Hey, old man, easy now," cried Abbott cheerily, then he paused aghast as he saw the little form outstretched on the floor.

Deena moved, then struggled to a sitting posture. She looked up with a weak smile. "Hold him tightly," she commanded, as she rose to her feet.

Abbott dragged the now exhausted man to the bed, while Deena ran and brought a rope with which to tie him.

"Poor fellow, I hope it will not cut him," she said gently smoothing his damp forehead.

As in a dream Page felt the cool touch. It seemed like a rain of dewy roses against his hot temples. Then all was darkness, and the sound of distant bells rang in his ears.

For a week he tossed in a raging fever, crying in delirium: "Send that bad little witch-doctor away; she'll never give me anything to ease my pain! She will let me die and go to hell!"

Deena glanced at Abbott, set her lips firmly and bent over Page. She pressed her cool fingers on his temples and turned his head so that she could gaze into his eyes. At first he frowned under her steady look, then he smiled.

"That bad old hag; send her away!" he commanded childishly.

"Hush, she has gone," soothed Deena, "that bad old doctor woman! She was a cross old witch, now wasn't she?"

"She was terrible—so little, yet so mighty," he sighed, "so terrible mighty." He was silent a moment. "But you are so good and kind, little girl. What is your name?"

"Deena," she smiled. She smoothed his pillow, and bade him sleep.

He groped for her hand, and, finding it, held it to his lips. "Don't let that bad little doctor witch come again."

"Never," she promised softly, blinking hard to keep back the tears.

Contentedly he closed his eyes and slept.

Abbott moved uneasily and gazed down at the pale little face. "Hang it!" he muttered, "you're killing yourself; and he isn't worth it! Just you wait until he is strong; I'll give him the biggest pounding he ever had—the duffer!"

Weeks of convalescence followed. Page grew, like a baby, to strength and health, with Deena beside him to answer his every call, to note every passing change in his face. But there came no more hunger for the opiates which had weakened his will-power and undermined his health.

Once purposely, when he was able to dress and sit up, she had left a box of morphine pills on the table. She watched from a distance to see what he would do.

He had examined the box curiously, read the label and shook his head. Then taking deliberate aim at the opposite wall he threw it with all his strength. The top of the box came off and the pills flew in every direction.

He laughed weakly, and looked around in search of her.

"Doctor Witch," he called joyfully.

And Deena came and stood beside his chair, slim, wet-eyed, but smiling.

"I've been your prisoner long enough, I must go now," he said.

He reached up and took her hands and held them tightly. "I have no words in which to thank you," he resumed brokenly. "You have been my savior!"

There was that in his manner which made Deena tremble,

"Don't thank me; the glory of victory is enough. You are yourself again—the self I never knew until lately—such a great, clean, strong, moral self!"

In an instant he had risen weakly and stood gazing down deeply into her very soul. Then she put out her hands appealingly, and he turned away hushing the words which trembled on his lips.

"Besides," she half-whispered, "there is Mr. Abbott. He made the cure possible. But for him you would have died! We owe him much—more than we can ever repay."

She dropped to a chair and sat rigidly upright, her gray eyes gazing straight past the bowed figure to the window beyond. But someway she was conscious of the shaking of his shoulders—and the tense silence seemed throbbing with pain.

Very gently he turned, took her hands and pressed his lips along the nerveless fingers.

"Good-by," he said, and caught his breath and looked away.

A moment later Abbott entered. Sunshine was in his face, and the heaven's own blue in his eyes.

"Hey, old man, ready to come home to your chum, confound you! 'Gad, it's good to see you up again! And the doctor witch—ah, there she is!"

He paused and gazed at them curiously; giving vent to a low whistle.

"Funeral, by gracious! Two deaders, I declare! When will the funeral take place?"

He hesitated and looked at Deena's sweet face. She lifted her eyes and smiled—a smile which meant much.

It was a revelation to the man who gazed—an insight into that holy of holies, a woman's heart.

For a moment Abbott stood motionless, then he straightened up and smiled. The smile was forced and a trifle rigid, but the heart was there.

"Supposing we change the funeral to a wedding—eh? And I'll give the bride away to you, Page, you duffer! What, why bless me, if the little doctor hasn't fainted at last! And I thought she was all iron!"

Page groaned and struggled weakly to rise. But with a gesture of mute entreaty Abbott knelt beside the motionless form. "Let me this once, old chap," he whispered. And quickly lifting the limp body, he held her close, gazing down into the pale face which rested, sweet as a flower, against his breast.

Abbott looked up, and the eyes of the two men met in one long gaze. Then, very gently, Abbott laid the little doctor in Page's outstretched arms.

ABITHER MURDOCK'S FAY-TUN

By Lorena M. Page

MISS PETUNIA HENSON lived alone, in single satisfaction.

Abither Murdock and Nathan Ruy lived together in double dissatisfaction:—or, to be more explicit, Abither Murdock, widower of ten years' standing, and Nathan Ruy, bachelor and man-of-all-work, lived in that state, and kept what was familiarly known in that section as "bachelor's hall."

Abither's broad fields extended to the river, and bounded the lower back end of Miss Petunia's meagre acres in so doing.

The strange part of it is, that none of the three seemed to realize that there could be any change in the old state of things, till the day came when the widower and his hired man went at the plowing in the field that adjoined Miss Petunia Henson's property. It may have been something in the color of the sky that threw the glamour of youth over the first of the three: Miss Petunia looked over rosemary-packed finery of the past, and cooked and baked and brewed and frosted, in a way that she had not done for years. She forgot that her small figure had grown thin, and her cheeks faded with the relentless sun of many summers. It may have been the birds, singing the songs of their youth, that awoke an old-time love-song in the second of the trio—Abither Murdock tried to whistle it, forgetful of the missing teeth that compelled him to hum it into audibility. The tall, wizened frame, the scanty hair and beard, bleached by the snows of many winters, drifted out of memory with the refrain. It may have been the orchards, bursting into bloom, that quickened the third and last of the three. Nathan Ruy took in long whiffs of life's spring-time with every breath. The lightness and buoyancy of a long-forgotten time came to him with every inhalation, while the weight and breadth that had been added to his short figure with the ripening influence of accumulated autumns, went with every exhalation.

Abither overhauled his team, that the hired man was driving in the shade of an overhanging apple tree.

"I've jest been over fer a drink," Nathan explained, as he reached the line fence; "it's hot in the sun."

"Yes; looks like rain," observed his employer, casting a weather-wise eye to the west.

Miss Petunia's little, red brick house, surrounded with roses and valanced with vines showed down the vista of bloom-laden branches.

"It's jest like bee-time in a buckwheat patch," sniffed Nathan; "seems 's if a hummin'-bird would leave a trail through the honey in the air."

The trees do have an oncommon scent

today," Abither Murdock stopped humming to reply.

"'Tain't all from the trees," prompted Nathan Ruy, "she's been a-bakin'—see the fresh bread airin' in her winder? It's jest the color of fresh, yeller cream." He did not inform Abither that he had tasted it—with other viands—nor that he had told Miss Petunia that it was "as light as a swaller driftin' with the wind."

"Hope it won't rain," said Abither. "It's tonight that they have the sociable at Parson Wheatley's; I'd go if 'twasn't fer fixin'."

"Wall, I almost guess I'll stretch a p'int and go myself, seein' you ain't a-goin'," Nathan announced. "I reckon I can have Frederick, and the fay-tun on the old terms?"

"One week's work—same's last spring," Abither returned. Then a new thought seemed to strike him. "But, say, that faytun ain't as strong as it once was—you know my wife bought that fer our weddin' present a good many years ago. You're heftier every day, Nathan; last spring you strained the reach, and sprung the hind ex some. Now, you ain't 'lowin' to take nobody along, be you?"

"Wall, I hadn't exactly asked—her," Nathan owned, in some confusion.

"You'll have to give it up, fer 'twon't hold two nohow," Abither Murdock decided.

As Nathan unhitched his team and started home for supper, he soliloquized: "The spring-wagon hain't got a hull spring under it; there's only the stone-boat, the wheelbarrer and the hay-rack in shape, and none of them'll do."

In the meantime, before turning the last furrow, Abither, too, went for a drink of water, mumbling as he did so: "That old, dried-up corn stub thinks he's a green shoot ag'in, does he? Wall, I put a stop to his foolishness."

When the widower and the bachelor met at the supper table, the victuals lay heavy and untasted between them. The only sound was the approaching rumble of the storm.

"Nathan," remarked Abither, breaking the oppressive silence, "I've made up my mind to go to that sociable; I ain't as hefty as you be; and if you'll jest take the lantern and put a couple of bolts in that reach, it'll hold me up all right."

When Nathan went into the barn with the light, his eyes fell upon something that made his heart leap. The work was forgotten. He made his way hurriedly across the partly-plowed field.

"You know," he faltered, as the small figure of Miss Petunia Henson appeared in the doorway, in answer to his timid rap, "I spoke this afternoon—about the sociable—and said that—somebody'd like to go if—wall, if you'd go along."

"Oh, I'm goin'," she cried, so brightly that it gave him an unwonted thrill.

"And would you mind goin' hoss-back?" he questioned, eagerly. "A saddle's over in the barn—the old-fashioned kind that holds two, and—"

"W'y, I understood Abither Murdock to say, when he come after you was here, and asked me to go, that we was to ride in the faytun."

"Oh, he—Abither asked you to go—in the faytun," Nathan repeated stupidly, before he turned away.

Miss Petunia Henson stood and pensively watched the light from the lantern till it disappeared like the fitful flashes of a wind-swept lightning bug. "My! two invites in one day!" she thought.

An hour later, Abither Murdock held the reins over Frederick's back with one hand, and helped Petunia into the ancient vehicle with the other. With every flash of lightning and roll of thunder, the horse plunged.

"I allus like to have a carriage-hoss, with some ginger about him," remarked Abither, complacently.

"I'm so thankful that we don't have to ride him," she murmured.

"Now, what does she mean by that?" Abither wondered. Women were queer—he had almost forgotten it. But Nathan was queer, too—hadn't he come in from fixing the reach and hitching the horse, and smiled like a crack in the ice, when he told him that he was going to take Petunia Henson to the "soci'ble?" Now, any kind of a man, but a queer one, would have turned as green and sour as a gooseberry. But Nathan would never forgive him. Nathan was as bull-headed as the British lion, and that taste of female cookery, that he now knew Nathan had had, would bait him for almost anything—he knew it, for hadn't he tasted it? Why, even now the memory of it was within him, and he determined right then and there, before he reached home, to try to get Petunia's promise to cook for him always. If he put it off, there was no telling what Nathan might not say to her the first time he saw her. Most likely he would get to the "soci'ble," if he had to wear out sole-leather to make it.

"It's opened up as purty as I can ever remember," he commenced—the weather was the proper thing to break any kind of ground with.

"'Tis nice," acquiesced Petunia, wondering at his long silence.

"Whoa, Frederick! Frederick is a wakeful hoss, and he allus curvets like a flea, when it lightens," he explained.

"Won't he run away?" she asked timidly.

"Not with me at the lines—to take care of you—Miss Hen—Whoa, Fred—er—ick!" he sputtered, disjointedly, as they tore down the first slope. "I never did see him—quite so mulish sperited—about holdin' back."

When they started up the incline, leading to the top of Juniper Hill, Frederick eased down.

"You don't think I'm so old, do you?" Abither asked, anxiously, making a bold plunge. He let go of the lines with his left hand, and slipped his arm across the back of the buggy cushion.

"Oh, no, Mr. Murdock—you ain't as old as you look—I reckon," she returned, in confusion.

"H—m, wall, that's a compliment to my years," he said, thoughtfully. "I'm su e I keer fer you jest as much as if I was younger and had been a-courtin' of you fer a long spell—in fact, I keer fer you more'n 's if I had."

"Oh, Mr.—Murdock," she faltered, "I thought till today that you'd clean forgot that there was sech a person as Petuny Henson."

"I don't never fergit an old face," he assured her.

They crossed the summit of Juniper Hill, and Frederick was off again. The valley was spread like a gaping pit before them. The hill was long and steep, and stony. It took both Abither's hands to drive, and all of Miss Petunia's strength and ingenuity to keep her place with proper modesty.

"It's as black as the shadder—under a crow's wing—down there," observed the widower, in sundered speech; "but set—your heart at rest—Abither Murdock—is at—the helm—Whoa, there! You son—of a—parched pea!"

"He's 'most as frisky as a squirrel—on the way—down a hickory—ain't he?" jolted from Miss Petunia's thin lips, as the vehicle bounded from rock to rut. "My sakes!" She grasped the rocking top frantically, after letting go long enough to lift her hat from over her eyes.

"'Pears to me—I never did see him—so giddy-paced!" sputtered the widower, as he alternately sawed and pulled on the beast who forged down the hill like a steer in a stampede.

"Oh, dear!" Miss Petunia gasped.

"Did you speak—to me—Miss Hen—Whoa, there! You da—d fool!"

"Oh, Mr. Murdock!" jounced in shocked tones from Miss Petunia. Whether she referred to the implication in the first part of what he said, or to the imprecation in the last of it, there was no time to find out.

"I only said he was—it was—Whoa! Damp—and cool," he explained, in pieces. "If you are skeery—Stiddy, there!—hang onto me—Easy!—I can't use—nary arm for nothin' — but this four-legged,—spindle-shanks — Whoa!—till he eases down—on the up slope!"

"Mebbe I'll be—here till then," she faltered.

They reached the bottom of the big hill. The lightning ceased. The thunder died away. Frederick quieted down as meek as a lamb. They ascended the small incline leading to the last descent, near the bridge.

Abither's arm reached out and encircled the straight, prim waist beside him.

"Oh, Mr. Murdock!" breathed Miss Petunia.

"Call me Abither fer—"

The last of it was cut short by a flash in the inky sky that split it in a ragged rent. An awful shock of thunder came with it. Frederick was tearing down the short, steep drop leading to the bridge. About four lunges, that lifted the vehicle like a bounding rabbit harrassed by hounds, and they were at the bottom. There was a snap! A crack! A hitch A tilt! And Miss Petunia was on the dash-board, face down!

"There goes my reach!" were the last words she heard Abither say above the pouring rain.

"He needn't a-told me that," she thought, as she righted herself, and tried to balance on the sloping seat; "didn't I feel it go—his arm quit reachin' and jest yanked away. He needn't a-been so caniptious about it;

nobody made him do it. Wonder what makes the fay-tun so kitty-cornered."

The rain was coming down in torrents. The roaring complaint of Cotton-tail Creek sounded almost under her feet. All else was quiet. She felt around timidly. She was alone!

"He's gone, fast enough," she soliloquized. "Wall, if he felt like so doin', let him go. Wonder if he left that hoss of his'n here, ready to bolt. Whoa, nice Frederick!" she coaxed. "I don't hear him move a mite. Where's the whip? I'll feel around the keerfulest kind of a way, and see if I can find him. Whoa, nice Frederick! Wall, praise the Lord, that fool's gone too. That must a-been Abither that shot out over the dash when the hoss went. He needn't a-been so all-to-once about it—nobody was tryin' to keep him. My land, it's lonesome in this here holler! The chill of the marsh creeps right into my bones. That talk of Abither's was love-makin', all right enough; but, somehow it didn't have the winnin' sound, like what Nathan said about my bread bein' as 'light as a swaller driftin' with the wind.' They both did seem awful hungry. Wonder what Abither Murdock's up to, anyhow; whatever it is, I don't like it. I'm beginnin' to feel mad. This here's a nice way to leave a lone, unpertected woman, ain't it?" A frog near at hand croaked a reply in his best spring tenor. An owl questioned her from a dead limb on the hill-top. "Say, if this goes on much longer, I'll jest holler!" she shuddered.

The sudden shower had rained itself out long ago.

Back in the direction of Juniper Hill came the soft pat-e-ty-pat, pat-e-ty-pat of a horse coming thourgh the mud. She never heard it till it stopped beside her.

"Miss Henson," someone called.

"Oh, I'm here," came from within the stranded vehicle.

"The turtle was slow, but he made the ark as well as the turtle-dove did. May I come in?" asked a cheery voice.

"Is that you—Nathan Ruy!" she exclaimed. "Come right in."

There ensued a long pause. "I can't make it without kneelin' in the mud—and —I've got my best clo'es on;—though I'll go down on my marrow bones in any place you pick out, if—"

"Now—Nathan," proceeded from the down-hung top.

"Oh, I passed Abither on t'other side of Juniper Hill." There was a thick, muffled sound in Nathan's speech. "He was on the front wheels of the fay-tun, like a feller at the fair on his race-hoss cart, only Abither was layin' down to it, and grippin' on with both hands and both feet, while Frederick struck the home-trail—somethin' about this m'ist air that—chokes me up like a rooster with the croup. But to git to the p'int, I'm here to take you to that 'soci'ble,' as I spoke about doin' this afternoon; Abither's had his chance —now it's mine. There's my hoss by the fence with that saddle fer two on him. Can't you git out, Petuny?"

"I guess so, by scrootchin' low enough. I don't know about tryin' fer the soci'ble on that hoss. He don't dance himself off his legs like Frederick, does he?" she asked, tremulously.

"This feller's as ca'm as a Quaker," he assured her. Her head emerged from under the sagging top.

"Oh, Petuny, you're jest like a merry-maiden comin' out of a grotter!" Nathan cried, rapturously.

"Wall, I don't feel it; that hoss Frederick ambled every time the lightning lightened," she told him, as she crept over the mud on the buggy-cushion bridge; "but that wasn't nothin' to the way he ripped and tore down every hill—'twas jest like one of them holy-ghosters at a pic-nic; I'm most wore out."

"Must a-been terrible," Nathan comforted, as he slyly found her hand. "Mebbe I got the tugs hitched too tight, and the hoss hit his heels every time Abither pulled him in; and, I shouldn't be took back, by your tell, if I left the hold-backs so slack and the britchin' so loose that the fay-tun pitched down hill plump ag'in' his—Too bad, fer Abither—Frederick must a-gin him a powerful yank to haul him out onto the front ex."

"Yes," Petunia concluded, "when we got right here, he said somethin' about his reach goin'—and he went with it. 'Twas awful sudden."

"My, my!" commented Nathan. "But now fer that 'soci'ble;' you'd like to go, wouldn't you?'

"Y-e-s," she confessed, in some anxiety, as he led her toward the horse; "b-u-t—"

"Now don't trimble so leafsome—onless you'll let me be the tree you hang on," he soothed, as he took the opportunity to draw the hand he still held through his arm. "This here critter is as drowsy as a drone. Oh, Petuny," he cried, as she drew back, "I'll be lower-sperited'n a cider barrel in the spring, if you go back on me now. Here's the fence to climb up on. Don't hash my dopes—E-e-r up you go! Don't dope my hash—You're most to the top! Ding it! Petuny, I don't mean that,—my tongue slips, it's in sech a wet place—mouth's watery ever sence I tasted that bread—I mean, don't dash my hopes. There you be, now, on the highest rail, like a sparrer on a sprig. Swing this way—lean on me—and you're in the saddle. I most wish you'd a-come down in the front part."

"Wall, I can't swap places," she gasped, breathlessly, "I never did see sech a time gettin' anywhere."

"If you'd only a-set out with me, in the start," Nathan observed, as he dropped from the fence into the place before her, after waving a gay farewell in the direction of Juniper Hill, "'stead of tryin' to make it in that old fay-tun that Abither's wife bought fer their weddin' present, we'd a-been there now. Git-ap! It's had a weak reach and a sprung ex, ever sence last spring. G'long! You'll have to hang onto me, Petuny!"

"Why didn't you tell Abither Murdock that 'twasn't fit to ride in nohow?" she questioned, as she clung desperately to Nathan's ample anchorage.

"Tell him!" her escort returned, making such a strenuous effort to turn and look at her that the horse nearly went onto his knees, "'twas him told me 'twasn't safe—that's why I asked you to go hossback."

"I'll never speak to Abither Murdock!" she exclaimed.

"But you'll love me—forever—and ever—won't you—Petuny?" the horse jolted from one of his burdens.

"Oh, Nathan—I reckon—I'll hev to," jarred from the other. "I'll be off—if you don't set straight—and hold up—some."

"Put your arms—Whoa, stiddy!—around me. That's right. Easy up now! Don't stop, Petuny—I'm talkin' to the hoss. This hill is meanderin' and steep. My, my, I do wish you'd took the front seat. Oh, e-r-r, e-m-m, Petuny—by jing, it's hard to git out what I'm aimin' to, and still look ahead at nothin'."

Again he tried to turn, but she, holding on with might and main, swung with him, and was still at his back. Before they were fairly righted, she had nearly lost her balance—and his with it. The horse's bobbing walk was changed to a threatening, side-wheeling sway. He gave it up—the chance to look at her—but not what he was trying to ask her.

"If you try that ag'in, we'll both spile every dud we've got on," she expostulated; "and we won't be fit to be seen by the time we git there, to say nothin' about broken bones."

"I'll look straight a-tween the critter's ears, Petuny, while I ask, if you'll only promise to say 'yes' when I git it out," he bartered.

"I'll say that to 'most anything, if, by so doin', we can keep balanced, and not fall off into the mud," she said.

"I want to look as clean as a fresh-scraped carrot, too, fer—wall, I want you to—my, if I could only look in your eyes—I want you to—marry me—tonight—at Parson Wheatley's."

Petunia did not reply; she only gasped.

They reached the top of the long hill. Still she was silent. There was a horse nearing the bridge over Cotton-tail Creek, back in the valley. Petunia's lips were sealed. Nathan knew, without being able to see in the dark, that the man with the horse was Abither Murdock. The "yes" was not spoken. Nathan wondered vaguely which one of the vehicles in reserve he was coming with or whether he was riding bareback.

"Oh, Petuny, say that you've turned a tender ear to the question before you," he blurted out'

"I—I—hev," she faltered.

"Now I can stand it, and not ambulate around," he cried, jubilantly. "We'll change places comin' back."

The scent of freshly-washed meadows and newly-turned furrows was brought to them by the breeze that was clearing away the last remnants of the storm. One star showed ahead through a rift in the clouds, and tried to match its brilliancy with the lights in the parson's distant windows. At the foot of the long hill, they had just climbed, a man spoke roughly to a horse.

"Ridin' double ain't so bad," observed Nathan Ruy, in pensive satisfaction.

"It's enough sight better'n travelin' in Abither Murdock's fay-tun," observed his companion.

MABEL DOANE

By Seward O. Allen

ARISE, my good sir knight, arise!"
  Though two score deadening years have past
Since kneeling low with dread surmise,
  I heard the waited voice at last
That bade me rise and stilled my fears;
  The words ring ever in my ears.

The listless village school was out,
  And seated by a friendly tree
Four read of tourney, joust and bout,
  And knightly deeds of chivalry.
"Be thou our queen," cried Donald Wright,
"And from us choose thy own true knight!"

"Choose, choose!" we urged with one accord.
  Fair Mabel breathed a quick dissent,
Yet knelt we to her on the sward.
  Our playful wish, so deeply meant,
The time, the theme, youth's lambent glow,
Too soon o'ercame the gentle "No!"

Somewhat of fame I since have won,—
  Have wrought some deeds that men do prize,—
But ne'er has joy of triumph come
  As at her girlish call to rise.
One timid glance, forgetful, sweet,
When broke the low moan at her feet.

"No, Dick! No, Don! I choose all three,"
  In anguish Mabel cried. "All, all
My knights of blameless life shall be!
  Your hands, your hearts to good I call!"
Alas, how soon, dear Mabel Doane,
Thy lips were dumb, thy spirit flown!

And how soon, too, O Dick and Don,
  On Southern fields your life-blood ran!
Her words I doubt not cheered you on.
  They cheer today a lone old man
Who waits her welcome to the skies:
"Arise, my good sir knight, arise."

THE SEALED PACKAGE

A TALE OF OUTLAW INGENUITY

By George Warburton Lewis

Author of "The Great Intangible," "The Whip Hand," etc.

THE big motor-car to which we clung, in order to preclude surgeons' or undertakers' fees, was battling with a condition of road which Bran qualified as "fierce." She bounded along like some possessed demon of rubber, at a speed which, though imperilling life and limb, my companion and I were willing to risk, in order to put the notorious Catclaw Andersen country behind us before nightfall.

Catclaw Andersen, so called because of the peculiar claw-like formation of his fingernails, was a highwayman, nocturnal by choice and clever, whose fame had spread throughout northern California. Personally, I had never met this celebrity, and certainly had no desire to achieve the distinction of his acquaintance. More especially when, as now, I was charged with one-half the responsibility for the safe delivery to a neighboring bank of a certain sealed package. With Bran, bellicose ex-captain of volunteers, it was different. In the language of at least one particular tribe of Filipinos it was understood, his name had been installed as a synonym for "terror." This fact hinted comfortingly at security for us now.

Educated, both of us, in the ways of the West, and knowing that Andersen ever haunted the "big timber country," we had not ventured upon our errand unprepared. Our tool-box contained a miniature arsenal and, in its nethermost recess, the precious sealed package. Its place of concealment was logical and, to us, satisfactory, for besides ourselves, no one knew of its presence in that unguessable hiding-place save a lout of a janitor at the bank, recently acquired and already notorious for his stupidity.

Catclaw, as we well knew, operated only by night, yet long ere the wine-red sun plunged into a bed of pink and purple far down in the west Bran and I had fished out of our tool-box a pair of formidable souvenirs of his active service in Luzon—the same designed long ago by a man named Colt to meet emergencies like that which I sincerely hoped we should *not*. And it seemed that my wish should be gratified, for the great spur of wood through which we were rushing now began gradually to slump away until a mile farther on it degenerated into a scrub-growth, which in turn stretched a few times a lasso's length and joined the great open country with its perfect roads and its salvation for the sealed package.

As our machine shot ahead and neared the uninterrupted reach of plain and the the prospect of our being "held up" rapidly diminished, Bran relaxed the "fast shooting" tension of his nerves and even had the audacity to make light of the precaution we had taken against an encounter with the "Terrible Swede," by which awe-inspiring appellation lumbermen hereabout knew Catclaw.

"Now that the job's as good as finished," my companion was saying, "I almost regret that we haven't scraped acquaintance with this bold, bad Scandinavian."

I was sorry that I could not share his sentiment. I told him as much without equivocation.

"Tut, tut, old man, you've never tasted the sweets of danger. Conceive the joy of tingling blood, delightful uncertainty, and think of doing the 'giant swing,' as it were, above the abyss of oblivion, with a carrot for a horizontal bar! I tell you, it's a joy exquisite, and not to be had for lucre filthy."

"But how about your abrupt endings to such God-given pleasures? Posterity doesn't waste much time immortalizing heroics in an auto-driver."

"Don't be deceived, old man, by—"

At this juncture in our dialogue, Bran's vocal organs all at once denied him their functions. Both of us were leaning forward, each raising a cocked revolver, and simultaneously Bran's free hand was twitching on its way to put the motor under full speed. But—fie on such alarm! That which had given us so great a start was only a cross-country cyclist come to grief. Evidently the unfortunate fellow had sustained serious injury. He lay a little to one side of the road, the distorted figure of a large man in cycling costume, road-stained and motionless, and two tiny rills of crusted blood showed sinisterly on an exposed cheek. A dozen yards away lay the wreck of a bicycle, the front tire detached from a rim splintered and ruined, while some twenty feet farther on, in the knotty road, lay a broken and twisted crank.

With one comprehensive sweep of the eyes, we took in the situation. "Quick!" said Bran, disposing of his weapon, and bringing the car to a jarring standstill; "if I don't mistake, this chap's got a bad hurt."

He sprang out, and, myself following his example, we were quickly beside the luckless fellow, Bran feeling for the pulsation of his heart, and I chafing his hands so lustily as to threaten the cuticle.

"It's all right," presently announced my companion, "he's only stunned from the fall."

We lifted the inert form and bore it to the car, wherein we propped it up in a comfortable position.

"How about his mount?" I asked.

"Pick up the pieces," directed Bran, "he'll want them for trophies."

Together we went back to the roadside, and were busied with our beneficent work, when suddenly there came to our ears a quick succession of frantic snorts, which caused us hastily to let fall our burdens of bicycle debris and race toward our vehicle. But ludicrously vain were our mightiest efforts to overtake it. Already the great machine, bellowing as with rage, was plunging forward with violent jerks, every ounce of her motor-power grinding her sprockets and forcing her ahead at a speed which grimly mocked pursuit. And there, bending low over the steering gear, his face half turned toward us, and smiling in broad derision through streaks of red grease paint, we beheld the figure of the pseudo cyclist! Instantly we comprehended. "Fire!" valorously panted ex-Captain Bran, neglecting to remember the embarrassed condition of his command.

"With pleasure," I puffed, slackening speed in despair; "the only thing necessary to strict obedience is something to fire *with*."

Receding swiftly along the road, we saw a whirling cloud of dust. Stockstill in mid-highway, Bran and I looked first at the disappearing dust-cloud, and then at each other.

"Say!" observed my companion, reflecting, "did you happen to notice that chap's finger-nails?"

"No," I answered, divining his suspicion, "but can it be *he*—Catclaw?"

Bran was abstractedly silent. Identity mattered little. The sealed package was gone, and that very circumstance spelled ruin for both of us. But how had our made-up cyclist learned the secret of the tool-box? Somehow my thoughts traveled unswervingly back to the new janitor at the bank, and thence refused to budge. Was it possible that the simple fellow who swept our floors and regulated our fires was in collusion with the most notorious footpad in the West? No; the idea was perposterous; and yet—ah! what was it in the appearance of that bucolic janitor that caused me to think of him in connection with the ingenious deception that had wrought my ruin? Certainly and indisputably there was nothing in his appearance or in his manner that could warrant my linking him with the affair of the road. Moreover, there was no slight resemblance of form or feature between our janitor and the pretended cross-country cyclist.

As my companion and I followed on absently after our vanished treasure, I was cudgeling my brain for a solution of the problem. Suddenly something struck me with the force of a solid shot. Great God! pity me for a blank fool. I recollected now with what solicitous servility the new janitor had that morning offered his services as a repairer when Bran and I bungled a bit of work on the motor. I remembered, too, that in adjusting the slight irregularity the fellow, as if to keep up his reputation for stupidity, had used all manner of unnecessary tools, and, in consequence of rummaging in the box, where they were kept, I had not the least doubt that he had ascertained the exact whereabouts of the money entrusted to our care. A printed paster on the package betrayed to any eye the secret of its destination; and he had doubtless stepped to a telephone, immediately we departed, and communicated to a confederate the information he had obtained.

At this point in my theorizing, Bran and

I rounded a bend in the road, and were at once treated to a spectacle which threatened us both with instant paralysis. A stone's throw ahead where the road abruptly tilted sidewise at an inauspicious angle, our motor-car lay flat on its side, while a little distance from it, in grotesque imitation of a collapsed dummy, its late occupant, the *quasi*-cyclist, sat flat, and without dignity, in the dusty road. It was obvious that he had taken up his present attitude with some violence, for, as we approached, I remarked that he appeared dazed and uncertain as to his whereabouts. His injured condition, this time unquestionably genuine, seemed to interest Bran but little. He was quickly absorbed in an examination of the road-agent's finger-nails. He was somewhat disappointed, however, to find nothing whatever in their appearance that suggested a cat's claw. At this discovery, I almost absolved the awkward bank janitor of all complicity. The sealed package itself next dazzled our eyes with joy at its discovery. It lay under the overturned car, and was responsible, I surmised, for the accident; the new chaffeur, in all probability, having neglected his steering to investigate it.

Very little damage had resulted to the machine, and just enough to its driver to guarantee his tractability. Ten minutes later, Bran and I, accompanied by a most dejected looking wheelman, were whizzing on toward our destination.

A night passed, and a day dawned and waned; then I was again at the bank, possessed of a new interest in its janitor. He entered shortly, and I inspected him closely, smiling at the evident absurdity of my suspicions. He was of medium height and weight, and had a peculiar pale complexion which was monotonously matched by a moustache and hair of a rare cream color. His eyes were light-blue and dreamy in their expression, but somehow their somnolence seemed a mask for a sort of subtle penetration, which I doubted not could be stirred into activity on occasion. I exchanged a few commonplaces with him, then entered the teller's inclosure, where I casually picked up a newspaper and read a headline aloud, simultaneously watching through the network the janitor at the rear of the bank. "*Catclaw Andersen Again* " I read. At the sound of my voice, the janitor started perceptibly, and favored me with a hasty glance which I distinctly *felt*. But his eyes instantly shifted, and his features assumed their normal expression of stupidity.

On leaving the bank for dinner, I chanced to take my way past a rearward area, where I inadvertently picked up a pair of worn-out gloves. Something in their aspect instantly fascinated me. In the extreme end of each finger-stall was a small, clean-cut orifice, which had the appearance of having been made by a sharp-pointed instrument. I kept my singular find and that night put the cast-off gloves through a process of mental deduction. The following morning, having first concealed on my person sundry deadly weapons, I presented the worn-out gloves to the janitor, with a casual inquiry as to whether he had lost them. He and I were alone in the bank. He paused in his work, and his features underwent a swift change, as did his voice.

"I discarded them," he said, glancing down at his hands, which, I observed, were encased in a pair exactly like the ones in question.

"That is an excellent pair you have on," I commented, smoothing the way for my investigation, "permit me to examine them."

To my astonishment, he deliberately drew off the gloves, and extended them toward me, a faint smile in his mesmeric eyes; and there, exposed to my incredulous stare, were the identifying, claw-like finger-nails of the country's terror, Catclaw—

The maze into which my discovery had plunged me, defeated my purpose and proved my undoing. In a trice, the butt of a pistol drove through my hat, and thumped the top of my head with dizzying force. I staggered backward in bewilderment, clutching blindly at space, just as Bran, fire-eating ex-captain of volunteers, came whistling nonchalantly into the bank—and then with unbelievable alacrity, dived under the counting-table.

Notwithstanding the fine aplomb of the unmasked desperado, it would have been apparent to an eye-witness that he was slightly confused, for he dashed straightway to the rear of the bank, and attempted to leave by a door which was habitually kept closed. It was so secured now. The escaping highwayman, for it was indubitably he, failing to gain egress at the rear of the bank, wheeled about and sprang toward the front door, by which Bran had so lately entered to his quick regret. I was vaguely conscious that the king of all western outlaws was fast slipping through my fingers, but my brain still swam giddily, rendering me powerless to intercept his flight; and but for the merest accident, Calclaw Andersen's drastic attempt to cheat justice must have been successful. Bran, whose alert ear had been trained to accuracy in Philippine jungles, heard in his retreat under the counting-table the sound of running footsteps. These, to him, indicated a charge on his inadequate fortification, and in the prudence of good generalship he speedily decided to retreat. Some whim of chance decreed that he should begin his retrograde movement at the instant that Catclaw was passing his place of concealment. This fact brought matters to an abrupt and fatal termination. The outlaw's flying legs suddenly encountered the wholly unintentional opposition of Bran's hastening half-bent figure. I was sensible of the thud of the contact, conscious of a stillness which lasted the interval of a heart-throb; then, hurtling through mid-air, the runner's head struck the oak door-case and he fell a quiescent bundle upon the threshold.

Bran was soon in the midst of an admiring throng. Catclaw Andersen, somebody said, had been picked up bodily by the valiant ex-captain and hurled to his death. The thwarting of the outlaw's attempt to rob the bank had saved hundreds of depositors from ruin and ridden the country of a terror unparalleled in its history.

Our friend the pseudo cyclist, Catclaw's confederate, was transferred to an edifice wherein his living expenses and incidentals would be defrayed for a liberal period at public cost.

Bran unblushingly accepted the glory due from the fortuitous demise of Catclaw. Also he was unselfish enough to express regret that my bedazed condition had prevented my being a witness to his prowess and victory over the much-feared highwayman! Good old comrade Bran, ever brave to a fault! He little dreamed that my comprehension had been so little affected, and that I had actually witnessed all that I have chronicled here. Another might have informed and made the thief-catcher a laughing-stock. But I was charitable to Bran, because of his cheerful mendacity, and for the same reason I trust that the reader will be charitable to me.

MY CAP AND BELLS

My cap and bells I wear alway,
Through winter night and summer day
The silvery chimes you laugh to hear
The tinkling jingle ringeth clear,
Merrily! merrily! glad and gay!

Happy I? Then let them play.
Sorry I? But why betray
My heart to you: ring out good cheer,
My cap and bells.

So long I've worn them now, I may
Not doff them: should I dare essay
To loose them from my brow, I fear
You would but scoff, so for you, dear,
They ring a merry roundelay—
My cap and bells.

Celia Myrover Robinson

MORAL SUASION

By W. T. Fernandez

THINGS were slow at the X and Arrow ranch, so Buck McGibney — he had been born with a round head and a square jaw—hit the trail for the nearest recruiting office, and obtained a permit to "shoot up" the Philippines, by enlisting in the regular infantry. Simultaneous with Buck's resolve, one Elijah Pettijohn, tower-man on a New England railroad, experimented with the problem of passing two trains on a single track. When the crews of the two freights had gathered themselves together, and called at the tower to interview Elijah, with the assistance of coupling pins, monkey wrenches and other railroad accessories, they discovered that he had departed, with the haste of a man answering a summons to a death-bed, by way of the adjacent woods.

The incidents narrated would, at first glance, seem to have but little bearing on the personal affairs of one Senor Lopez of the island of Samar. Yet so strong are the threads of fate, that the lack of excitement in Montana, and the prospect of too much of it in New England, were the direct causes of his undoing by furnishing a sergeant in McGibney, and a corporal in Pettijohn to the ——— Infantry, U. S. A.

"He can fight like McGibney, and drink like Pettijohn," indicated that the individual referred to could stand his ground, keep his head, and come very near licking his weight in wildcats. It followed that the two "non-coms" became more or less notorious along the thin blue line that carried "benevolent assimilation" through Samar.

"That sergeant and corporal of yours seem to me to be the right men in the right jobs," said the captain of "A" to the captain of "B," one morning on the march. "Not a doubt of it," replied he of "B." "They can always collar the rifles—it's 'moral suasion,' McGibney says, and the sergeant seems to make good with his moral suasion, but I don't know how the devil he does it."

McGibney had failed to enlighten his captain as to his conception of moral suasion. He had not stated that moral suasion, as he understood it, consisted of suspending the head man of a village over a water trough, alternately lowering him into it, and hauling him out of it, until such time as the aforesaid head man became of a purple tint about the neck, and produced his rifle as a concession to the laws of nature, which render it impossible for one to be suspended in an inverted position, in a water trough, and breathe; whereupon the rifles would be produced, and Buck, 'Lige, and various members of their company, would go on their way rejoicing.

Had the above facts been stated, we say, it would have saved Buck and 'Lige much worry and uneasiness of mind at a later period of their career.

One morning, after the arrival of dispatches from Manila, a snorting and growling, interspersed with various lurid terms, that can be produced, with proper inflection and emphasis, only by a colonel of infantry, issued from the "Old Man's" tent, followed by a lusty roar for the adjutant.

The colonel's placidity of temper had been upset by a communication among his dispatches from Manila, to the effect that, while every means possible should be used to obtain the rifles of the friendly natives, coercion must not be used.

We will draw a veil over the colonel's remarks. It is sad to see a man with gray hair, the father of a family, and a veteran of a score of battles, give way to violent language when a party of "anties" of some kind or another of the good people at home, who do not know a bayonet from a bread knife, succeed in getting a lot of fool orders sent out to the firing lines.

The lean, war-worn, sun-burned battalions were duly assembled, and the orders read to them.

"Well! Wouldn't that scald yer back," said Buck to 'Lige, sotto voice.

"Ter think of the kind of stuff thet's sent out from the States on how ter 'simulate this here bunch of niggers!"

"Coercion! Never heard of it," ruminated Buck. "Can't be a gun, or a knife, and I'm durned sure thet it ain't a club; so we're all right, 'Lige, my bucko, 'cause them's the only things we'd use on the doggone monkeys."

His captain interrupted further meditation on the subject by calling him one side and saying: "Sergeant, there's a village of 'friendlies' some five miles to the west of here, howling for protection. You take fifteen men, and a corporal, and garrison the place until we drive this bunch of insurrectos in our front into the hills. Everything's clear behind us, but keep your eyes open, and if you should see any insurrectos, get in touch with the column at once. I'll send a signal man with you, and if you get into a fight, hello the column at once. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," answered Buck, starting to gather his men. "And, Sergeant," added the captain, "no coercion, Sergeant; remember, no coercion."

"Never used it, sir," answered Buck. "Moral suasion's good enough fer me."

"The skipper's got it, too," he confided to 'Lige, a little later, as they tramped the back trail at the rear of their little column. "Got what?" questioned 'Lige. "Coercion on the brain," answered Buck. "As if we'd use a thing like that, when the water trough's handy, an' don't leave yer liable ter a court martial. Nit fer ours." And the two "non-coms" fell to exchanging views as to the efficacy of the water trough as compared with coercion, with many chuckles at thoughts of some rifle collections they had participated in. Small, brown folk scuttled into the brush at their approach, to the end that Senor Lopez, presidente of the village of Malate, was informed of their advance some time before their appearance before his village.

The senor, accompanied by a few dozen of his followers, advanced joyfully to greet the "Americanos," who, with that steady, business-like swing of the regulars, were advancing along the dusty road.

"Here's the worthy gent who wants protection," remarked Buck. "Shove a clip into yer magazines, men; the game's on the level, I guess, but if it ain't, it's jump fer cover an' hit every head in sight!"

From which it appears that Buck knew his adopted countrymen very well.

As Mr. McGibney's Spanish was strictly limited, and Lopez's English consisted of "Viva Americanos!" their conversation did not convey much to either side.

"I'm durned sure I've seen the monkey face of him before," said Buck, as they were tramping into town. "Do yer call him to mind, 'Lige?"

"Can't say that I do, Buck," replied 'Lige. "But like as not he's been out in the brush with the rest of the bunch, an' things got too hot fer him, he' planted his rifles, an' become a good American fer a while, until he gets another chance to hop fer the brush again."

"Well, he'd better keep them planted," growled Buck, "if he wants to use his brown hide again. Right half turn, make fer the ranch in the middle of the road."

The hut referred to was located in an isolated position, and commanded the narrow street. "To the trees for you!" said Buck to the occupant. "Vamoose! In the name of the United States an' Sergeant Buck McGibney, I corral this here joint fer the use of the army, horse, foot an' artillery of the said United States. How's that, 'Lige?"

"Bully," chuckled 'Lige. "Who'd yer steal it from?"

"Go to the devil! Yer doggone runt!" exclaimed Buck, as the native, overcome by Buck's proclamation of eminent domain, although not understanding a word of it, gathered together his belongings and departed. Meanwhile, Buck was parading his forces and announcing:

"This here ranch will, during our stay among our yaller-bellied cousins, be officially known as Fort Bonita, in honor of a lady friend of mine down in Manila, and—" seeing 'Lige's mouth about to open—"it's none of yer d——d business who the girl is. Stack arms!"

A few uneventful days passed, until one night a picket was fired on. An interview with the bland and childlike senor produced no other results than fervent protestations of loyalty, indicated by the senor pointing to the chevrons of McGibney, bowing to the ground, and shouting "Viva Americanos!" until his small, rotund body became moist from the violence of his protestations.

Buck eyed him doubtfully, then, growing tired of his antics, remarked, "Yer're a laborious liar," and took his way back to his quarters. He confided to 'Lige, on reaching

Fort Bonita, that Senor Lopez would stand closer watching, adding: "Thet if the durned coyote makes any more promiskus gun plays around these diggin's, I'll break off dipl'matic relations with him, an' the breakin' will rattle his teeth."

That night another sentry was fired on, and hit in the arm.

"Corporal Elijah Pettijohn!" roared Buck at daylight, "take two files of men, an' present my compliments to Senor Lopez, an' tell the or'nery skunk that I want to talk with him on the subject of moral suasion. If he comes quiet, use him gentle-like; but if he tries any buck-jumping, give him the butt of yer rifle along with the compliments an' fetch him on a plank. Are yer on?"

"Sure," replied 'Lige, departing with a pleased grin on his weather-beaten face.

'Lige thereupon took his way to the residence of the honorable presidente and informed that gentleman that the commanding officer wished to see him at his headquarters. The information was conveyed in vivid pantomime, and eventually seemed to penetrate to the senor's understanding. He, being a guileless patriot, slipped a bolo under his shirt, and indicated his intention of falling in behind 'Lige. The corporal would not hear of a man of the senor's weight and dignity walking behind him, and insisted that the senor lead the way. A suspicious bulge in the senor's shirt might have had something to do with 'Lige's method of procedure.

Arrived at Fort Bonita, the sentry at the door presented arms as the senor passed in, and a second sentry, placed inside the door, secured a half-nelson on the senor's person, abstracted the bolo from under the guest's shirt, and sat him down with considerable force on the floor. Then, disregarding the senor's squeals, promptly lashed his hands behind his back.

Recovering from his surprise at the cordial reception accorded him, and the celerity with which he had been rendered harmless, Lopez glanced up, to find McGibney regarding him with a baleful eye.

"So, yer doggone little runt, thought yer'd take us off one at a time, did yer? Didn't know as how I razzled Injuns before I ever saw this cussed island, an' a insignificant, brown-bellied little rat like you thought yer could fool yer Uncle Buck!"

Lopez, while not understanding Buck's reflections on his person and species, managed to grasp the fact that he was fairly in the toils, and, in chattering Spanish, protested his innocence of any evil intentions toward his captors, calling on all the saints to attest to his love for the Americanos. As Buck did not seem to be very much impressed with his protestations, he increased his jabbering, and grovelled at the big sergeant's feet.

"Gag him!" ordered Buck. "Now, yer pisen"—when the gagging had been satisfactorily preformed by 'Lige—"the'r not bein' any punishment in the Articles of War, suitable to yer're case, I first decided to cut off yer ears, like this"—and Buck made several rapid passes with a knife bayonet, in the immediate vicinity of the senor's ears—"and then I thought it would be better to cut off yer nose, like this"—a series of passes around the senor's nose brought the drops of cold sweat out of his fat face. "But," continued Buck, "my worthy pal, here, him yer was goin' to bolo on the way here, if yer got the chance, which yer didn't get; has interceded fer yer, so all's I'm goin' to do to yer is to cut off yer leg, so's I'll know yer the next time we run across yer; savvy?"

Lopez had been wriggling and squirming during Buck's pantomime, and as 'Lige grabbed him and pulled up the right leg of his trousers, Buck at the same time, taking a fresh grip on the bayonet, he managed to get his hands loose and began a frantic pantomime, indicating that he would give all his rifles to prevent the proposed amputation.

Buck ignored his frantic gestures, and, after slowly running his thumb along the bayonet edge, began to whet the blade on a flat stone in front of the fireplace, glaring malevolently at the gesticulating Lopez at each sweep of the blade. 'Lige, evidently softened by the senor's promises, affected to plead with his superior for the victim's leg, and, running short of drill orders and profanity, which he had been shouting at the top of his voice—to impress Lopez with his sincerity—fell back on "Oh, woodman, spare that tree," to the great discomfiture of the sentry on the door, who stuffed his hat in his mouth, and appeared to be on the verge of a fit. Buck at last seemed to yield to his subordinate's appeals, and demanded from the senor how many rifles he would give for the retention of his leg. It required a few minutes to make him understand what they meant, but he finally grasped it, and promptly held up his ten fingers six times.

"Whew!" exclaimed Buck; "I can see two pairs of shoulder straps comin' down the pike, when we turn that bunch in. Turn the little snake loose, 'Lige, an' we'll gather in the sheaves."

Joyfully the senor sprang up and kissed the hands of his preserver, Elijah Pettijohn. A few minutes later the population, which had become uneasy at the prolonged stay of their presidente in Fort Bonita, but had been cowed into silence by the grim blue-shirted men of the guard, beheld him issue forth between two lines of blue shirts and proceed straight toward the secret arsenal of the village, located under a ledge of rock in the rear of his own hut.

Some murmurs arose, but the sharp click of rifle magazine belts silenced them, as the little man indicated to McGibney where the rifles were buried. A few minutes' digging brought to light a large packing case, which, on being opened, disclosed the sixty Mausers and five hundred rounds of ball cartridges.

The spoils of war were rapidly transported to Fort Bonita, and Buck and 'Lige fell to the evolving of rosy dreams of the "Old Man's" approbation and recommendation of two "non-coms" of their acquaintance for promotion.

"Sixty Mausers an' five hundred rounds of ball," chuckled Buck, in delight, "an' not a durned bit of coercion used,—jest scared the nigger 'most ter death."

Two days later, Buck was ordered, by heliograph, to assure the presidente that he had nothing to fear from hostilities, as the hostiles had been driven into the hills, and to return to his regiment without delay.

Having duly admonished Senor Lopez on the evils of burying rifles, and assuring him that they would return and amputate both legs, and perhaps an arm, if they heard any evil reports about him; Buck and 'Lige divided the spoil into several packs, and departed northward, to the great delight of Senor Lopez; who did not feel at all sure of all his anatomy while the lean, hard-faced Americanos were in his vicinity. About the first person they met, next to the pickets, on entering the camp of their regiment, some days later was the "Old Man," who wanted to know what they had in the packs. "Rifles, sir," answered Buck. "Rifles?" repeated the colonel. "Why, sergeant, have you been in action?" "No, sir," replied McGibney, "but we persuaded Senor Lopez to give up his arms, an' fetched 'em along with us."

"Um-um, ah! yes, of course," answered the colonel, who had never heard of the natives giving up any rifles unless they had to. "Just let your corporal turn in the detachment, sergeant, and come over to my tent."

"Here's the straps a-comin' down the pike," said Buck to 'Lige, as the colonel moved off. "You take the bunch down to the company street, an' turn the loot over to the 'skipper,' an' tell him that I'll report as soon as the colonel gets through with me."

Buck entered the colonel's tent with the air of a man going to receive just praise for duty well done. Half an hour later he emerged with a dazed, crestfallen expression on his leathery face.

"Do we get in the dispatches?" demanded 'Lige, who had been hanging around after turning in the detachment. "Get in the dispatches!" exclaimed Buck. "We're lucky if we keep out of the jug! D'yr know what we did ter thet doggone baboon, Lopez?"

"Sure," responded 'Lige, "scared him almost to death."

"Yes," replied Buck, "thet's what we did, all right, an' thet's coercion! An' from what the 'Old Man' says, coercion seems ter be about four degrees wors'n treason.

"'Seein' as how you don't understand English,' the 'Old Man' says, 'an' were encumber'd with a wooden-headed corporal'—meanin' you—'you collar him, an' report the two of yer, ter the captain of "B" company, under arrest.' Come on, before he takes it into his head ter hang us! He's madder'n a hen."

The captain of "B" listened to their story with a gravity so severe that he seemed to have some difficulty in maintaining it. After a talk with the colonel, he suspended their arrest "for the present," with a stern caution and a bit of advice, that the two "non-coms" chip in and purchase a dictionary.

A month later, in Manila, an orderly summoned Buck and 'Lige to the colonel's quarters. "Here's where we get a month and a month," remarked Buck, as he concealed his pipe where "Winkie," the regimental monkey, could not find it, and they took up the march to the colonel's office.

"Good morning, sergeant; morning corporal," said the colonel, looking up from some papers and eyeing them with a critical eye. "I have here some papers which concern you two men in the late actions in Samar"—handing over two official-looking envelopes. "Report to your captain, and deliver them to him."

"Guess you're right, Buck," remarked 'Lige, on the way to the captain's quarters. "The coop for ours."

"And all on account of a ring-tailed baboon, like Lopez!" replied Buck, in disgust.

The captain of "B" looked over the papers with a serious air, which confirmed the two advocates of "moral suasion" in their suspicions as to their future abode, for a month at least. Then suddenly smiling, said, "Congratulation, McGibney; there's your warrant as first sergeant, and yours, Pettijohn, as line sergeant, for meritorious service in Samar. Now, no thanks, vamoose!" then as they started down the stoop, still speechless with surprise, "For Heaven's sake, get a dictionary and find out what you're doing with the English language, before you go after any more rifles."

The purple twilight of the Islands shaded the Bonda road as two figures, arm in arm, passed town-ward. And faintly the chorus sounded:

"Here's to you, 'Yaller Bellie,'
It surely is a sin
To plug you full of lead,
But we've got to bring you in.

You might have fooled the Spaniard,
He's another kind of man
From the stuff you're up against
When you're fighting Uncle Sam."

SAVED BY A SOUND

By Lucien M. Lewis

PARKER and I had lounged in our dingy little law office all the forenoon waiting for a possible client. It was a drizzly, gloomy October morning, and the legal firm of Saunders & Parker was even gloomier than the weather, for there had not been a remunerative client for weeks.

Parker, who was of a poetical turn, sat near the door working on what he called his masterpiece. I was reading, or pretending to read, a musty legal volume, but in reality was laying plans which would enable me to reassure our landlord over the non-payment of the last month's office rent.

Parker had thrown aside his "epic," and was just beginning to recite Longfellow's "The day is cold and dark and dreary," when there came the sound of steps on the stairway, followed by the click, click of a letter as it fluttered through the opening onto the floor. Parker made a grab for it, while I sat guessing whether it was one of his rejected manuscripts or a bill for our over-due office rent.

There was a moment of profound silence, when Parker suddenly gave vent to a yell that would have done credit to an Apache medicine-man. Waving a check above his head, he went into another paroxysm, and, as I excitedly took the letter from him, he muttered something about being able to visit Lord Byron's grave.

It was from the Union Coal & Lumber Company, with headquarters at Chicago, conferring the power of attorney upon the firm of Saunders & Parker. We were instructed to proceed at once to Pineville, Kentucky, and purchase at the lowest possible figure five hundred acres of coal and timber land from one Tolbert Reynolds.

There were detailed instructions as to the manner of procedure, with the closing paragraph stating that a check for five hundred dollars was enclosed as a retainer, and an additional two thousand would be forthcoming when the business was satisfactorily completed.

Three days later, found us in Pineville, a sleepy little mountain village, surrounded by high hills and evidently suffering from a collapsed boom. There is nothing deader than a deserted boom town, not even one struck by a cyclone, for the latter has prospects of revitalization.

The afternoon after our arrival we ambled up to the livery stable, and asked a group of loafers if anyone could tell us where Mr. Tolbert Reynolds lived. A tall, lank mountaineer, evidently the proprietor, lean-faced and square-jawed, cocked his head to one side, looked at us searchingly for a moment, and answered:

"Tol Runnels, yer mean, I guess. Yep, knowed him all my life. Lives on Bear Crick, ten miles from town."

"How much will you charge us for two saddle horses to ride out to his place?" said I.

"Six dollars," was the ready answer, "if yer wanter go."

There was another painful pause, during which the mountaineer looked us over from head to foot. Finally he blurted out in a half defiant, half apologetic manner, "Now, stranger, I don't mean no impudence, but if it's a fair question, what be your business with Tol Runnels?"

"We represent a gentleman from the city who wishes to purchase a summer residence in the mountains, and we have heard that Reynolds has such a place," answered Parker, frankly.

"There's lots o' them kind o' people come round here lookin' fur land," sneered the mountaineer, "an' some of 'em likes it so well they never goes back.

"Now, stranger," he continued, turning to me, and ignoring Parker, "I kind o' tuck a likin' to yeh the fust time I seed yeh. Bein' as it's you, I want ter give yeh some good advice. If yeh 'r lookin' fur moonshiners, an' yeh think more o' yer skin than yeh do o' yer jobs, yeh'd better git, and git quick.

"Understan', Tol Runnels is no moonshiner, but he sho is pizen on them rev'nue men. And shoot—why, he's quick as powder, and sure as lightnin'."

We laughingly assured him that we knew little and cared less about moonshiners, and would like to be off as soon as possible.

"Now," said the mountaineer, leading out two trim-looking saddle-horses, "these is the best the mountains afford. They can go all the gaits and two pair of bars. If yeh wan' ter rack, jeck yer lines; and if yeh wan' ter run-and-walk, tech 'em on the neck."

"But how do you get there?" interrupted Parker.

"Keep the pike 'til yeh come to the cross-roads, then take the road to the left 'til yeh come to a crick—that's Bear Crick—then keep to the right 'til yeh come to a big frame house. That's the place yeh seem ter be lookin' fur."

Parker and I hadn't gone two miles before we got into a furious argument over what constituted a "cross-roads." Parker contended that any road leading into the main thoroughfare was a cross-roads, and insisted on taking the first one that forked to the left. However, I held out against him, until we finally came to where the roads crossed at right angles, satisfying even Parker that I was right.

We took the road to the left, according to directions, winding around the side of a densely timbered mountain, until we came to a shallow stream, evidently "Bear Crick."

Parker's face lighted up with a smile of satisfaction at sight of this, for he said, a short time before this, "We have already gone more than ten miles, and are apparently no nearer our destination than when we started."

A great change was now noticeable in the surrounding landscape. The stream which we continually crossed and recrossed, was flanked on both sides by high mountains, covered with such a dense growth of timber that we could scarcely see daylight.

"I have but one regret," said Parker dreamily, "and that is that I completed my last poem before seeing these mountains."

I realized that Parker was deeply moved, and as I was not in a mood to listen to any of his poetical ebullitions, I attempted to change the conversation, but failed miserably.

"'This is the forest primeval,'" he began, "'The murmuring pines and,'"—but the sentence was never finished, for there came from the timber on our right the sharp crack of a rifle, and Parker's horse lunged forward so violently that the rider was almost unseated. A squirrel which had been barking at us from the top of a huge white oak, clutched the branches convulsively for a moment, and then tumbled through the tree-tops.

Scarcely had we regained our equilibrium, when a girl, not yet twenty, came out into the road ahead. A long muzzle-loading rifle was balanced over her shoulder, and from her belt hung a squirrel, shot through the head.

My horse stumbled, causing the girl to turn quickly upon us. She gave us a startled glance, flushed to her temples, and then disappeared on the opposite side.

"Ye gods," whispered Parker, "she has eyes fit for a Venus!"

"Yes, and feet fit for a mud-turtle," I answered, looking at her bare, mud-covered heels.

On turning a bend in the stream, we emerged into a clearing, in the center of which was a large frame house, the object of our search. The mere fact that this was the only frame dwelling in "Bear Crick" region was sufficient in itself to emphasize its owner's importance.

We hesitated for a moment at the gate, and, as we did so, a middle-aged man, tall, slender and slightly stooped, rode up from the opposite direction.

"Can you tell us where we can find Mr. Tolbert Reynolds?" said Parker, in his suavest tones.

The man looked straight at Parker for several seconds out of eyes cold and hard as the barrel of the Winchester that swung from its holtser. Finally he drawled out, "I guess this is him straddle o' this hoss. Do you wan' ter see him?"

"We are out here on business," I explained, "and would like to put up with you for the night."

"Wall, we don't run no boardin' house," he answered, "but any traveler with good intentions is welcome to share my last crust of bread. Git down and go in, while I take care o' the hosses."

"Betsey," he yelled, "here's two gentlemen to spend the night."

In answer to this summons, a large woman with a strong masculine face met us at the door.

"Go right in t' other room," she said, warmly, "and make yourselves to home. Supper'll be ready in a spell."

While Parker and I were arranging our toilet, a form flitted by our door, and entered the kitchen. It was the girl we had seen cross the road a short time before in the forest.

In a few minutes, our host came in to invite us out on the back porch, "for," said he, "I allus like to set there and watch the sun go down behind old Grizzly Mountain." There was little attempt at conversation. The mountaineer sat on the steps, looking gloomily and meditatively at the distant ranges.

"You evidently enjoy hunting," I ventured to remark, noticing the unusual number of hounds on the premises.

"Yes," said he, his face lighting up with interest. "I like it, and my pap and grandpap before me liked it. Why, when pap was on his death-bed, he made us raise the winder so he could listen at the dogs. The very mornin' he died, the dogs was runnin' like mad on the fur side o' Grizzly. Pop listened a while, and then called me to him and whispered, 'Son, my hearin' seems bad this mornin'. Is that Rock or Governor in the lead?' No, sir, there would be no music in Heaven for me, if I couldn't hear the dogs a-runnin'."

There was a step on the porch, and the girl with a wooden pail hung over her bare arm, stood in the doorway.

"Gentlemen, this is my darter Lou," said the mountaineer proudly, nodding his head in the direction of the girl.

She smiled, made a slight courtesy and then passed on. Never had I seen such a wonderful specimen of physical womanhood as was this young mountain girl. She was tall and muscular, and well-proportioned, with a pretty face, although an unrefined one. As Parker afterward said, she had eyes like a morning-glory and cheeks like a mountain rose.

The girl crossed the yard, stood for a moment at the bars looking out into the timber, and then called loudly, "Sook Rose! Sook Rose!" and we could hear her clear, shrill notes echoed and re-echoed away up on Grizzly. Soon there was the answering tinkle of a cow-bell, and in a few minutes a little yellow Alderney emerged from the bushes.

"Supper's ready, bring your cheers," announced our hostess from the dining-room. Parker and I obeyed with alacrity, for our long ride had given us an appetite ample for ten men.

There are some incidents connected with our mountain trip that we should like to forget, but that supper is not one of them. In the center of the well-filled table was a bowl of stewed squirrels floating in gravy, almost a meal in itself. The shot that had interrupted Parker's soliloquy had provided us meat for supper.

"Will yeh have long sweetenin' or short sweetin' in your coffee?" asked our hostess, as she poured out two cups of the steaming beverage.

Parker and I looked at each other in dismay. I recovered myself first, however, and told her that I preferred "short sweetenin'." Parker said that he believed he would take "long sweetenin'," whereupon the woman dropped a lump of brown sugar in my cup, while Parker was favored with a tablespoonful of sorghum molasses. It was worth our ten-mile ride to see Parker try to look pleasant while he sipped that cup of coffee.

We were dead tired, and our host was considerate enough to light a little tin lamp and show us to our room immediately after the meal was finished.

"I don't like that fellow," said Parker, when the door was closed. 'He has a hard, cruel look about his mouth and eyes, and did you notice how he emphasized the fact that only men with good intentions were welcome?"

"I don't blame him for that," I answered, "No one would welcome a man with bad intentions."

Parker was silent for several seconds. He sat on the edge of the bed, puffing at a cigar, apparently lost in thought. Finally he looked up with the remark, "Say, did you ever see such a beautiful creature as Lou? She is positively divine."

"You must be hard hit," I answered. "You know the old German proverb, '*Die liebe ist blind.*'"

"No, no, not at all," he answered slightly irritated. "But I should like to live here in these mountains. There is something grand and inspiring about them. The wealthy aristocrats in the Blue-grass are forever chasing the phantom of pleasure, but these mountaineers have found genuine happiness, for they live so close to Mother Nature, that they can feel her every heart-throb."

Parker stopped short. Our host and his wife were evidently engaged in an animated discussion in the adjoining room. We had no desire to eaves-drop, but the woman's voice was pitched high and we distinctly heard her say, "You can't fool me; I know them's rev'nue men."

Parker gave me a significant look, and seemed ill at ease. He threw his cigar stub out the window, came over to where I was sitting and said in a half-whisper, "Do you remember the case of young Merrick, the millionaire's son, whose mysterious disappearance in the mountains a few years ago caused such a sensation?"

"I have a faint recollection of such a case," I answered. "What about it?"

"Well, since I have thought over the matter, it seems to me that it was somewhere near Pineville that he disappeared, and there is still a reward of five thousand dollars for information leading to a solution of the mystery."

I didn't think the subject of sufficient importance to worry about, and told Parker so, but I could see that he was not altogether satisfied.

By this time our lamp was burning low, and, after discussing our plans for the next day, we retired to the soft depths of the feather bed.

I don't know how long I had been asleep, when I was awakened by feeling someone's hand upon my mouth. I opened my eyes with a start. The moon was shining faintly through the little window, and by its light I was enabled to see Parker sitting up in bed with an alarmed look upon his face.

"Sh-sh," he whispered, when I attempted to speak, "there is a peculiar noise outside."

I sat up to listen, and sure enough, there was a dull, thumping sound, as if someone were digging in the hard ground with a pick.

We slipped quietly to the window and looked out. There in the moonlight, just outside the yard, was the mountaineer, digging a grave.

"He has taken us for revenue officers, and evidently intends to murder us and bury us there," whispered Parker, excitedly. "Let's get out of here."

"If he intends to harm us," I cautioned, "He doubtless expects to do so while we are asleep. We had better get our revolvers, conceal ourselves in the room and await developments."

"Why, man, you're crazy," retorted Parker, hurriedly putting on his clothes. "That fellow might have a dozen moonshiners at his call, and we would be at their mercy. Get on your clothes, quick! We will slip out this window, find our horses, and make our way back to Pineville.

"Tomorrow," he continued, "we will return with an officer, arrest this man, and make an investigation. The chances are, this is how young Merrick met his death."

"What charge will you prefer against him?" I asked. "It is no crime for a man to dig a hole on his own premises, even if it is at an unusual hour."

Parker evidently did not agree with me; for, without a word, he raised the window and crawled out. There was no alternative but to meekly follow, although I felt like a cowardly sneak-thief. As we crawled along, we could hear the thump, thump, of the pick, accompanied by an occasional scraping of a shovel.

It seemed an age before our horses were bridled and saddled. To tell the truth, I was beginning to get a little shaky myself, for Parker's extreme nervousness was contagious.

Not until we were beyond the range of the frame house did we dare breathe freely, for we expected any moment to be met by a fusilade of bullets.

A mountain road is a hard thing to follow, even in broad daylight, consequently we had gone but a short distance when we realized that we were hopelessly lost.

"There is only one thing to do," said I, as we hesitated for the third time which road to take, "We must camp here until morning. We might take the wrong road, and wander around here all night."

To further strengthen my position, the moon, which had been shining faintly through the tree-tops, went down behind the mountain, leaving us completely bewildered in the dark shadows.

"I suppose you are right," said Parker reluctantly. "It would be foolhardy to take chances on these mountain roads. The sooner we find a camping place, the better."

We rode out a short distance from the main road, tied our horses to a swinging limb, and, using our saddle blankets for bedding, were soon snugly if not warmly ensconced in the hollow of a huge sycamore.

I wanted to start a camp-fire, but Parker insisted that we were in the enemy's country, and would be exposing ourselves to needless danger.

"Now, look here," said I, warmly, "I've taken your advice long enough, and just see what a fix you've gotten us into. From now on, I propose to take the initiative."

"Yes," he drawled sleepily, "but just think of that five thousand dollars reward."

I saw that Parker was too sleepy to quarrel, so I had to follow his example and shiver myself to sleep.

I was awakened the next morning by the sun shining in my eyes. Our horses were restless, and pawing, chilled by their long stand in the night air.

"Where are we?" muttered Parker, rubbing his eyes.

"In the hollow of a sycamore, 'tuther side o' Grizzly," I answered, "and two bigger idiots never slept under the star-light."

Our spirits and courage rose with the sun, consequently we decided to return at once to the mountaineer's, and sound him on the land deal. We found to our great satisfaction, that we were but a short distance from Reynold's house, in fact, we had camped almost on the identical spot where we had seen the girl kill the squirrel the previous afternoon.

"How shall we explain our absence?" I asked, when we came in sight of the house.

"Never mind that," answered Parker, "Just keep in the background and leave that to me."

We put our steeds in the stable, gave them a bounteous feed, and walked sheepishly into the yard. The hounds set up a furious barking, which caused the mountaineer to come to the door.

"Well, I swan," he drawled, "I thought you'd plum skipped the country."

"No, no," returned Parker, glibly. "We thought we'd take a ride before breakfast. There's nothing like this bracing mountain air."

"Jes' fur the world like pap wuz," said Reynolds. "He allus contended that he couldn't eat no brekfus' 'til he'd walked a mile or two, and tuck a peep down a gun-barrel.'

"You're almost too late for breakfast, but I can fix yeh a snack," said the mountaineer's wife, as we took our places at the table.

While we were eating, Lou came in, with her milk pail, looking as bright and fresh as a morning-glory. She greeted us with a cheery "good morning," although it seemed to me that it was directed mainly at Parker, filled our glasses with fresh milk, and passed out to the porch.

"The little gal is in low sperits this mornin'," said the mountaineer. "Old Tom died las' night."

Parker and I exchanged glances, and waited eagerly for the next sentence, but the man sat silently gazing out the window.

"A faithful negro servant, I presume," said I, hoping to renew the conversation.

"Nigger nuthin'," snapped the mountaineer. "Old Tom wuz better'n any nigger that ever lived. He wuz Lou's pet cat, and the gal loved him almos' like he wuz a baby. Why, she made me git outer bed and give the critter a decent burial."

Parker turned a livid red, while I burst into uncontrollable laughter. The mountaineer sat frowning, aggrieved that I should laugh on so solemn an occasion. I don't know how the affair might have terminated, had not Parker come to my rescue.

"Never mind him," said he, "Saunders has a joke on me concerning an adventure we had with cats, and he never hears one mentioned that it doesn't remind him of it.

Reynolds seemed satisfied with this explanation and invited us to take "cheers" on the porch.

"Lou," said our hostess, coming out with two large jars under her arms, "Take the butter and milk to the spring-house."

"May I help you carry them?" asked Parker, as the girl started off with her burden.

"If yeh want to," she answered simply, with a smile. And side by side they walked through the wild rose bushes to the spring.

The mountaineer and I were alone.

"Mr. Reynolds," said I, "I shall be perfectly frank with you. We represent another party, and are here to buy your farm. What is your lowest figure?"

For fully a minute he sat there, looking at me and through me. Finally he answered, "Understan' I'm not anxious ter sell, but if I kin git my price, I might let her go. There's jes' one objection to this place; it's gittin' too darn close ter civ'lization. I kin hear the train er tootin' every day."

Luckily his price corresponded with our instructions, and when Parker and Lou returned from their walk a half-hour later, the mountaineer had signed our contract, and had accepted a part of the purchase money.

An hour later, we had bidden good-bye to the family, and were once more riding down the road which had baffled us the night before.

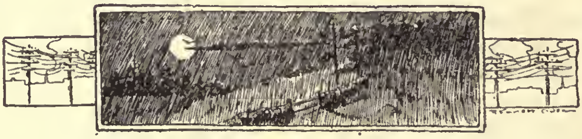
We looked back before turning down the lane into the timber. Lou was watching us from the open door, and Parker waved his hat. Her handkerchief fluttered for a moment in the sunlight, and then we passed on into the shadows.

"I am coming back here next week," said Parker, after riding for quite a while in silence.

"Is that so?" I answered indifferently.

"Yes," he replied. "Someone will have to see about signing those papers, and, besides, I want to spend a month in these mountains recuperating."

"What about the fate of young Merrick?" I was cruel enough to ask, but Parker's eyes had a far-away look, and he hummed an old love song, as though unconscious of my presence.



UNCLE SAM *as a* ROAD BUILDER

By A. C. Latimer

United States Senator from South Carolina

THE agitation of the question of the improvement of public highways was begun in 1806, under Mr. Jefferson's administration, when he sent a message to Congress advocating a federal appropriation for the improvement of public roads and the building of canals and waterways. About 1816, Mr. Calhoun of South Carolina introduced a bill which, in substance, provided that the revenue received by the government from the old national bank charters should be set aside to create a fund for the purpose of building roads and canals. This bill was supported by Mr. Calhoun in a very able speech, claiming that Congress had the power to condemn and take the right of way for the purpose of constructing military and post roads. This view was also advocated by Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster, and by many other distinguished men in public life. Appriations were made by different Congresses amounting to $14,000,000, until 1832, when Congress appropriated sufficient money to put the old Cumberland road, from Cumberland, Maryland, to Columbus, Ohio, in first-class repair; and the road was then given back to the states through which it passed, with the understanding that they would keep it in repair.

The sentiment in favor of railroad development grew so strongly from that time on, that the public mind seems to have lost sight of dirt roads, and to have concentrated its whole attention on railroad building.

In the Fifty-Fifth Congress, a bill was introduced in the House by a member from Virginia; whose name I do not now recall; providing that the federal government should aid, by appropriation, in building public roads. In the following Congress, Mr. Bingham of Pennsylvania and Senator Penrose introduced a bill carrying $50,000,000 for the same purpose; and in the next Congress, Mr. Brownlow and myself introduced bills, he in the House and I in the Senate, which were substantially my bill as now pending in the Senate, providing that $24,000,000 be appropriated by Congress for the improvement of the public roads, same to be divided between the states according to population, and that when any community shall have given its consent and raised half of the money necessary to build a road, Congress shall furnish the other half. I enclose you a copy of my bill, as amended and now pending. In brief it provides:

That there shall be established in the Department of Agriculture a bureau to be known as the Bureau of Public Highways; whose object and purpose shall be to co-operate with the various states in the construction and improvement of permanent public roads; to investigate and experiment as to the best methods of road making and the best materials; to co-operate with the various states in the construction of object-lesson roads; to publish and distribute bulletins and reports on these subjects, and to bring about a uniform system for the improvement and construction of public roads throughout the United States.

The Bureau is to consist of three "Commissioners of Highways": two to be appointed by the President, one from the political party in control, who shall be chairman of the commission, and one from the largest minority political party. Both shall have practical knowledge of road engineering and construction, and receive a salary of $5,000 per annum each. The President shall detail as the third commissioner an officer of the Engineer Corps, not below the rank of captain, who, in addition to his army pay, shall receive a sum sufficient to make $5,000 per annum. These commissioners, subject to the approval of the secretary of agriculture, shall appoint such other officers, agents and servants as may be required, but all these acts shall be under the general supervision of the secretary of agriculture, who is given general jurisdiction over all proceedings under this enactment.

Six months after the approval of this Act, any state or civil subdivision thereof, through the proper officers having control of the public roads located in such state, may apply for aid in their improvement or construction, in accordance with the needful rules and regulations which the commissioners of highways shall make and promulgate.

No state or civil subdivision thereof can receive the benefits of this Act until it establishes to the satisfaction of the commissioners of highways: that the highway to be improved or constructed comes within the purview of this Act, considering its use, location and value for common traffic and travel and the delivery of the United States mail; that the right of way therefor has been secured; that when constructed or improved it will be maintained and kept in repair without cost to the United States, and that the state or a civil subdivision thereof has made satisfactory provision for the payment of its portion of the total cost of construction, as provided in the Act.

One-half the expense of the improvement or construction of any public highway receiving the benefits of this Act shall be paid by the United States treasury, upon the warrant of the secretary of agriculture issued upon the requisition of said commissioners of highways; the other half by the state or civil subdivision in which the highway is located. It is provided that nothing in the act shall prevent the states distributing their portion of the cost among their several city subdivisions, or from receiving credit for all labor, material and machinery used in the construction or improvement. No money shall be advanced by the United States in payment of its proportion, except as the actual construction progresses, nor shall any payment prior to the completion of the work exceed ninety per cent. of the value of the work actually performed.

The sum of $24,000,000 is to be appropriated for the above purposes to be available at the rate of $8,000,000 a year during the years 1906, 1907 and 1908; any part of the appropriation not expended in the year named may be expended the succeeding year. No state applying for these benefits shall receive less than $100,000 in any one year, nor a larger proportion than its population bears to the total population of the United States, based upon the census of 1900: *Provided*, That in computing the population of any state, no city thereof shall be accredited with more than 10,000 inhabitants.

* * *

The opponents of this proposition claim that it would be unconstitutional; that the title to the roads belongs to the states, and that Congress has no right to interfere in the states. Another contention is that it would bankrupt the treasury of the United States to embark on this line of expenditure, and that it would increase the power of the federal government, and interfere with states' rights. As to the first contention, that it is unconstitutional, I doubt if any good lawyer would take the position that, if the community would give the right of way and raise half the money necessary to build a road, Congress would not have the power to appropriate the other half of the money necessary to build the road. As to its bankrupting the treasury of the United States, I have contended that it would increase rather than deplete the treasury fund, for the reason that all the money will be spent among the people here in the United States, and thus go into the channels of trade; that it will afford increased facilities for doing business, give labor employment, and bring millions of dollars of farm products that are now going to waste annually, into the markets and turn them into money.

It is not necessary to macadamize all of the public roads. Take, for instance, a county that is thirty miles square with 2,000 miles of public road in it; I hold that 600 miles of macadamized road would cross the county from one extreme to the other twenty times, and put three-fourths of the people of the county on a macadamized road, and that ninety per cent. of the freight transported over the roads of the county would pass over the macadamized road, and that the difference saved in the cost of hauling over the muddy roads and the macadamized roads would, in two or three years, pay for building the 600 miles of macadamized road. The average cost per ton per mile for transportation on the railroads of the United States is now about three-fourths of one cent, and the average cost per ton per mile for transportation on dirt roads is twenty-five cents. The average haul of farm products and building material in the United States is eight miles, making at least ninety-eight per cent. of all tonnage carried over railroads, which has first to be transported over dirt roads, to cost two dollars per ton. Each two-horse farmer hauls fifty tons per year, which, at a cost of two dollars per ton, is $100. On a macadamized road the cost of hauling is reduced by half, thus saving fifty dollars to each two-horse farmer per year, which if retained by him as an annual saving would enrich him to that extent, or if expended for articles upon which the government collects tariff duties, the tariff duty being always about fifty per cent., it would put twenty-five dollars into the treasury of the United States. This transportation charge has always to be borne by the consumer, and, therefore, every American citizen is directly interested in the question of improving our public roads. It is a question which affects our civilization, in that the education of our children, the keeping up of churches in rural districts, increased mail facilities, etc., are involved in it.

I submit a few of the points, embodied in my speeches in Congress, which seem to me of public interest:

Under the system of road building and improvement now in vogue in most of the states, about one-third of the people are called upon to do all the road work—the people who live on the road. They are required to work so many days on the road each year, or to pay so much in lieu of their labor. The work done in this way is scarcely sufficient to keep the roads in passable condition; much less to build permanent highways.

Some of the states levy a road tax, and, because of their great wealth, have been able to do something toward the building of permanent, high-class roads. But this plan is limited to the wealthier states, and even in them a high rate of taxation is necessary to raise sufficient money.

The real difficulty lies in the fact that, under either method, a large part of the population and wealth escape taxation for road duty altogether. Under the system of "warning out hands," only those people who live on the road are taxed. If a state tax is levied, it only reaches the visible property of the state, and fails to tax that class whose property consists of invisible securities—such as stocks and bonds, shares in corporations, and the like—or that other class who have no property whatever; both of which classes, however, have as much interest in the condition of the roads as any other. The states have no powers of indirect taxation of consequence, and hence it is that a heavy and unequal burden must be laid on a part of the people if the states attempt to establish a system of modern roads.

The average cost of transporting products over the public roads in the United States has been found to be twenty-five cents per ton per mile, and the total cost per year about $1,000,000,000.

Over improved roads, the cost is from ten to twelve cents per ton per mile, so that under a system of high-class roads, the people would save, in the bare cost of transportation alone about $500,000,000 per year.

In other words, as the work of road improvement goes forward, the people will save enough in this item alone to enable them to increase their consumption of revenue articles to a sufficient extent to reimburse the government for expenditures for road purposes. * * It is believed that the increased consumption incident to improved roads, if expenditures are guarded, will enable a reduction of these rates.

The roads of the country are the avenues of the prosperity of the whole country, and are to a large body of the people the connecting link between them and civilization. They are of vital importance. The present condition should be a source of mortification to the nation. Nearly every other civilized nation has taken hold of the question and established magnificent systems of roads. It was only when the general government took hold of the matter, that the roads of foreign countries were made permanent. We are languishing in the mud still. The cost of rural transportation is double in this country as compared to Canada, England or Europe. While we have outstripped the earth in nearly every other direction, we are in this respect on a par with Asia and Africa, and the semi-civilized nations of Europe.

As a matter of national pride, this question should appeal to the consideration of every patriotic citizen.

And why should not the general government aid in carrying on this reform? It is not a political question, nor yet a local one.

It is industrial, and reaches the remotest part of the nation.

The government is using the roads for mail purposes, and in a few years the system of rural free delivery will bring every road on which people live into use for mail purposes. The roads are the primary arteries of interstate commerce, and the means whereby the people of all sections enjoy the fruits of the commonweal—material and intellectual.

Their improvement will make for the upbuilding and uplifting of all the people in every department of life, and the passage of this bill, as amended, would be entirely consistent with our constitutional power and in line with our public duty.

HER CHOICE

By Julia Holmes Lincoln

"A LOVER—a letter—a purse full of money—"
She whispered the quaint charm o'er and o'er,
And gravely watched while the snowy petals
Fell in a shower on the sanded floor.
"Beauty and honors—a lover—a letter—"
She kissed the last petal with dainty grace.
"You are my fate, you darling daisy,"
She softly said with a smiling face.

"Love may grow cold and honors fail me,
Riches take wings and fly away;
Beauty at best is a fleeting shadow,
But my sweetheart's letter will last for aye.
Whatever the years may have in holding,
Whether my lover be false or true,
His words will be mine to fondly cherish,
Crowned with life's roses or wearing rue."

Puritan maid and stalwart lover
Long have mouldered in common dust.
Nothing remains to tell their story
Save the letter breathing of love and trust:
Quaint of spelling, with phrasing formal,
The writing dim on its yellowing page—
Love's message that knows nor time nor season
But is ever the same from age to age.

In silken binding, with daisies painted
On creamy parchment with margins wide,
It lies on my desk in glittering splendor—
The letter the Puritan wrote his bride.
But I love it best on the faded paper,
Worn in creases—the ink turned gray—
The self-same letter the daisy promised
Should last "Forever a year and a day."

VILLAGE OF GATUN, WHICH WILL BE REMOVED TO HIGHER GROUND, AS THE DAM WILL CROSS THE CHAGRES AT THIS POINT, AND THE PRESENT SITE WILL BE UNDER EIGHTY-FIVE FEET OF WATER WHEN THE LAKE SHALL HAVE BEEN FILLED

LIFE ON THE CANAL ZONE

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PANAMA CANAL"

ONE apprehension that has been offered by some American canal critics in regard to insular or even Zone possessions, is that we shall drift into British-colonial customs, especially in tropical climes like the Zone, where persons coming from the States are apt to have the power to command the natives as the English officials did in British possessions. To the republican mind, this is not a good feature in government, though it seems to have worked well in some countries; but Americans are convinced that a republic would not be justified in ruling insular possessions on the English plan. As things are now, any man who comes to the Zone, no matter who he may be, has a fair chance to get on, provided he concentrates his energies on his work and "makes good." It is possible to get fair remuneration for honest effort under the democratic government on the Isthmus, where there are no effete traditions or conventions, no official caste to battle against.

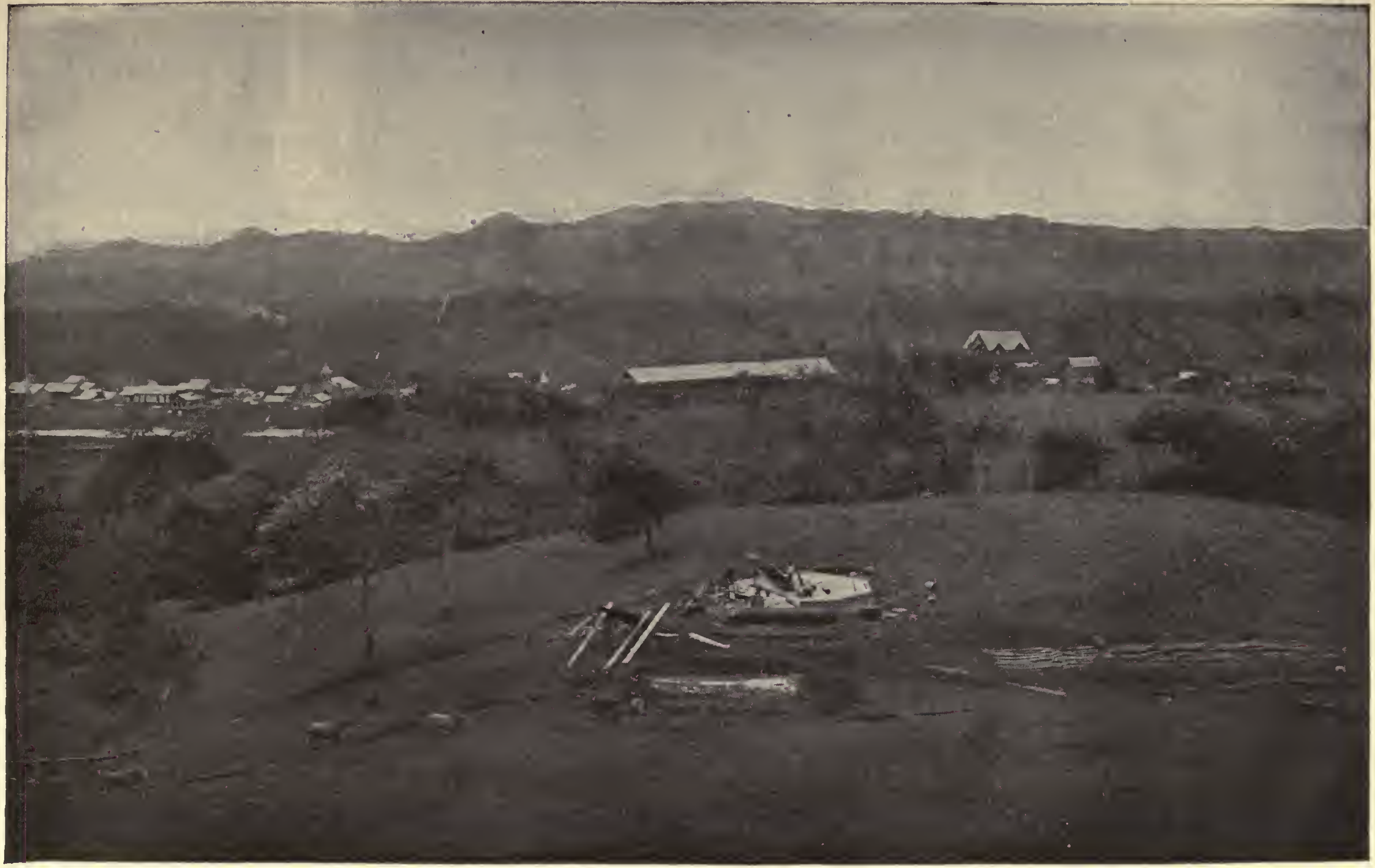
* * *

This observation was made by an English baronet, Sir Alfred Hozier, the secretary of Lloyds, whom I met on the Zone, a sturdy Scotchman who had seen service in the tropics and all over the world in the interests of the British government. Perhaps poor Sir Alfred lived too high at Tivoli, for he succumbed to malaria and found quarters in a splendid American hospital on the Isthmus.

While we were there, it was reported by one of the guests at the hotel that a "mosquito" had been discovered, and immediately Inspector Le Prince began to think of sending for the lizards to eat it up. Much has been said of the insect pests on the Isthmus. I was not there long enough to gain much experience in that line, yet I did discover that residents have to guard against the white ants, which rapidly destroy all articles of soft wood. It sometimes happens that a chair will look all right until someone sits upon it, when down it goes with a crash, having been completely honeycombed by the white ants. Soft wood is often perforated by these pests so that it is a mere sponge, easily penetrated by the finger. For this reason, hard wood only should be used for furniture and other articles. Yes, the tropics have their terrors as well as their luxuries. The negroes have to be careful of their feet, because of the "chigoe," or "jigger," which works its way under the nails of the toes and fingers, giving more or less pain, and likely to cause dangerous ulcers. The army ants will encircle a building and go right through it, if not barred out, eating everything that has life, and have even been known to devour an unprotected baby. They enter a house and remain a few hours, cleaning out rats, mice and cockroaches, and then leave as suddenly as they arrived—and no living creature that they can overwhelm escapes them.

In some localities, the cows and other cattle are attacked by vampire bats, which suck their blood while sleeping; and we heard terrific snake stories that made us recoil in horror; but as a matter of fact, the snakes are said not to be very poisonous. At the Tivoli we heard of Bernardo Villa Navarro, the snake charmer. In the corner of the smoking room at night, when the boys began to tell their Isthmian snake stories, there was always some reference to Navarro. It seems the good man has a mania for collecting reptiles, and delights to live with them, keeping them in his room in the hotel. Being out late one night, some of the snakes got loose,

BACHELOR QUARTERS AT ANCON, NEAR PANAMA



THE DAM SITE AT GATUN. THE DAM WILL BE EIGHTY-FIVE FEET HIGH THROUGH THE VALLEY IN THE CENTER OF THE PICTURE and when the owner returned, and began to fumble for his key to open his door, the noise awoke a young man in the next room. His horrified eyes fell upon snakes glaring down upon him from the top of the partition between rooms, for in some tropical hotels these do not extend the whole way to the ceiling, in order to give a little better ventilation. The young man aroused from his slumbers, thought he "had 'em" that night sure, when he "saw snakes"—Navarro's pets had escaped.

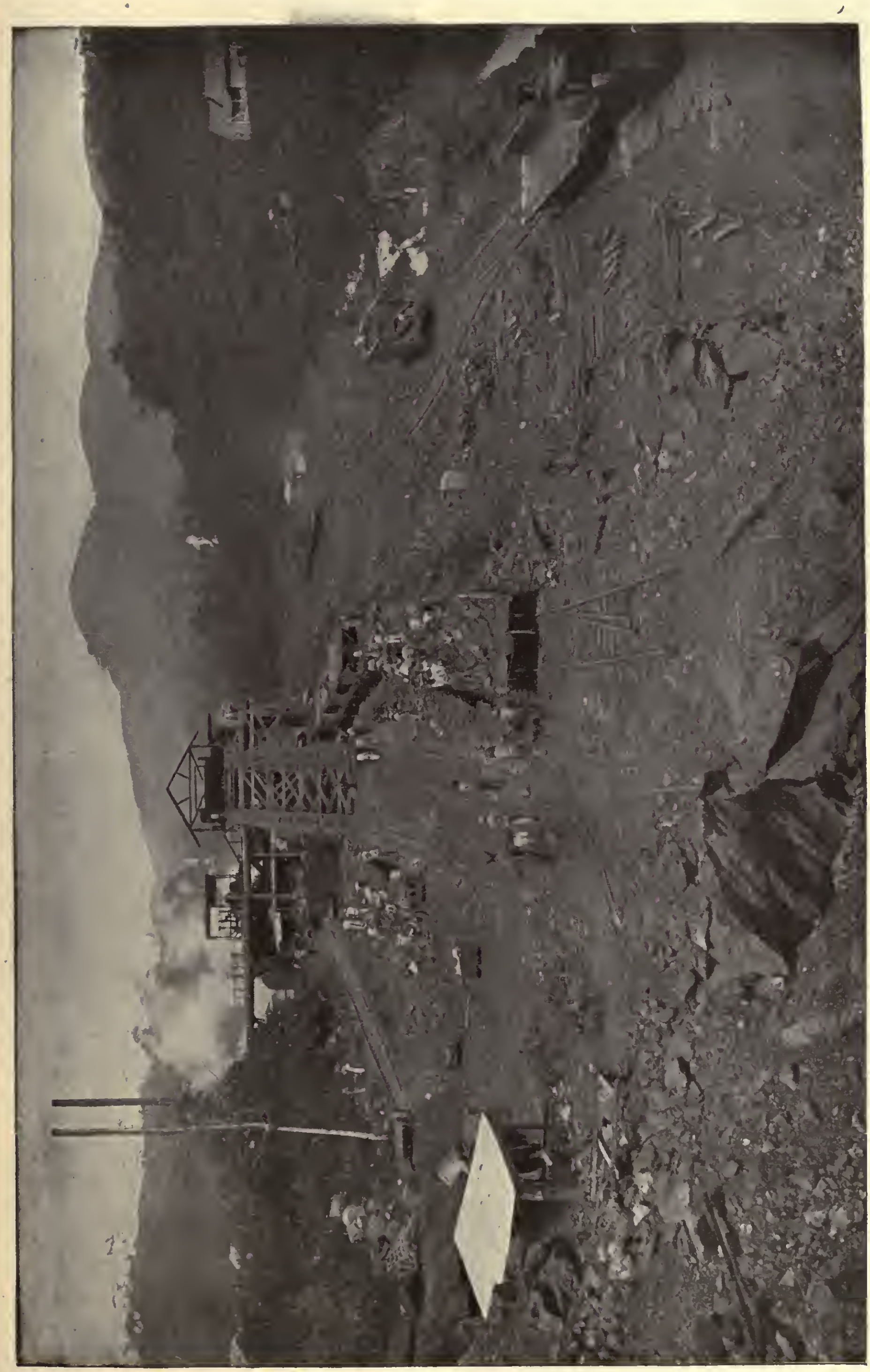
HOUSES IN THE NEW VILLAGE OF GATUN

One of the most curious creatures on the Isthmus is the land crab, which acts as a scavanger around the houses—grabbing anything in sight. They are dark and ugly looking, with one arm hanging high and another low, which gives the impression of having been broken and never set. As they go along, they will reach with this swinging arm for anything, whether edible or not. One of the boys threw a lighted fire cracker at a passing crab, and the creature seized it and was blown to pieces. The red eyes of the crabs are raised and lowered like signal lights, and altogether they are hideous animals to look at; they are so common and harmless that the natives will carelessly crush them and pass on.

* * *

Superintendent Maguire took us through the camp mess house in which the President took his lunch, and everything was evidently in first class condition. The men's quarters are large and airy, and provided with every comfort. They have folding bunks which are shut up during the day, giving plenty of space and air. Along the ceiling and at every opening were brass wire screens, which might be called the armor or chain mail of the tropics, for though a successful battle is being waged against mosquitoes in Panama, it is still essential to protect against their return.

In the kitchen, the "lids were lifted" for inspection as to what the cooks were preparing in food for men at Camp Number One. Of course there is some difference in the camps—some of them being spic and span, with all the neatness of a New England housewife's kitchen, but in others there were indications



STONE CRUSHER AT BAS OBISPO

that there were only "men" about. It is hard to teach some of the natives that screen doors are intended to be closed for the purpose of keeping out flies, and not designed merely for ornament. The general comfort and convenience of the workers, and the sanitary conditions established and enforced all along the Canal Zone are necessary and basic preparations for good, rapid and effective prosecution of the great work of the centuries.

At Camp Ancon, Number Two, we overlooked the beautiful city of La Boca, and it was easy to observe on the roads where the American work began and the French left off. The few remaining cobble-stone roads which the French built, presented a strange contrast to the smooth, macadamized highways now constructed.

THE OLD FRENCH CANAL COMPANY'S ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, SHOWING COMPLETED PAVEMENT IN FRONT

* * *

At La Boca are great steel and wooden piers which furnish Panama, for the first time, with wharves that can be reached by ocean liners. La Boca is around the point from Panama, and seven miles distant from the ancient city. There is the usual roadstead, which is defended by three islands, on one of which the Pacific Mail S. S. Company has its headquarters. To look upon this new town of La Boca, and reflect that all this will eventually be submerged in the canal prism, inspires a new conception of the vast operations and striking marvels of modern engineering.

On a distant summit, a white stake indicates the points where the Sosa Dam is to be built. On the hillside are a large laundry and machine shops, and everywhere is apparent the thriving activity of an American enterprise which transcends all merely commercial undertakings.

On the crest of Ancon hill is the haunted house called "French Folly," to which a French engineer had brought his bride; a beautiful tropical home, where they were to live the life of the luxurious East, while he continued the work that he had undertaken, the successful completion of which he felt cer-

HOTEL COROZOL
BALCONY OUTSIDE THE PRESIDENT'S SUITE AT HOTEL TIVOLI

ROOM OF MR. GRANT, A COMMISSION EMPLOYEE, AT HOTEL COROZOL
SITTING ROOM OF THE PRESIDENT'S SUITE AT HOTEL TIVOLI

tain would give him the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Hopes beautiful and lofty, but, alas, never to be realized! In two short weeks, the bride died of yellow fever, and the haunted house was closed, though it is now again occupied. In many instances, the homes built by the French have been moved to higher and more sanitary locations.

Many pathetic incidents occurred years ago, when the yellow fever scourge was common. Bright, promising and ambitious young men lost their lives on the Isthmus, in the first great battle for sanitation, and touching stories are told of the last words of those who laid down their lives in those dark days.

THE ROAD FROM PANAMA TO LA BOCA, BUILT BY THE COMMISSION

* * *

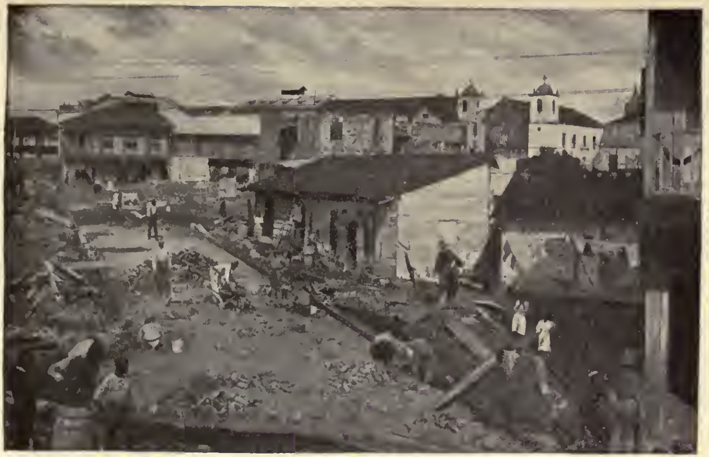
The sun was very hot on the afternoon we were at La Boca, but the view from the top of Ancon was superb. Below us a building, originally intended for the government house, is being fitted up for administration headquarters.

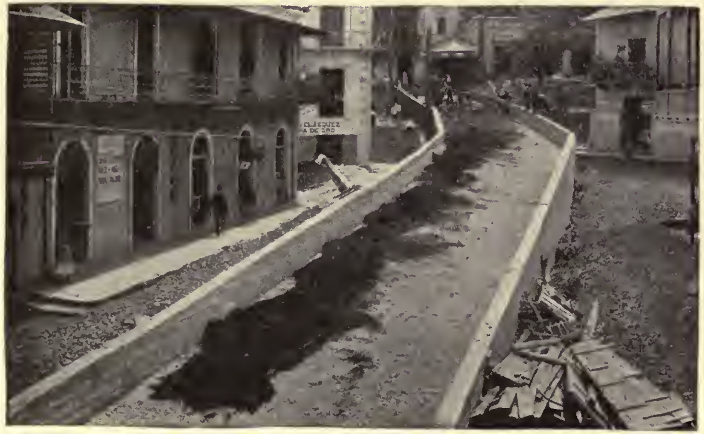
The office of Colonel Gorgas was visited early in the morning. The flight of stairs was as clean as a Dutch front *stoep*, and it seems as though the desire to keep clean and neat is just as infectious as the inclination to be slovenly. The boys on the streets pick up orange and banana peels or other fragments from the pavements in Panama, and carefully place them in the refuse cans; being only one example of this determination to keep the towns in a sanitary condition.

"Ye gods!" thought I, "what an object lesson for the American boy, who invariably waits for the white winged angels—or street sweepers—to come along and do such work."

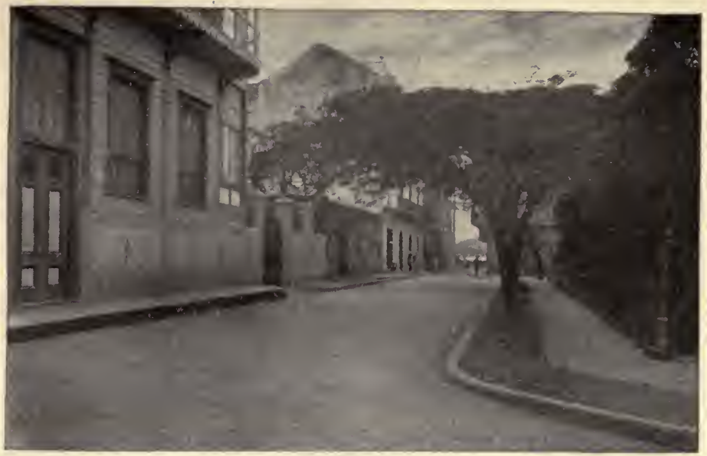
* * *

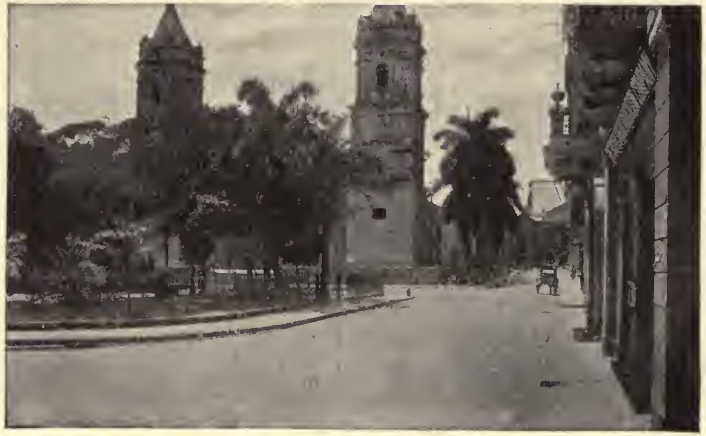
In the Administration Building at Culebra, I had a chat with Jackson Smith, who had just sent 50,000 pounds of provisions to the people in Jamaica. This consignment pulled down the supplies considerably, but the steamer Panama appeared at Colon with more rations just after the consignment of food for Jamaica had been shipped.





TYPICAL PANAMA STREET AT THE BEGINNING OF IMPROVEMENTS
A PANAMA STREET IN PROCESS OF RECONSTRUCTION





VIEW OF A STREET AFTER THE COMMISSION'S IMPROVEMENTS
PRESENT CONDITION OF PAVING AT INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PANAMA

STEEL PIER AT LA BOCA, SEEN FROM THE WATER

Mr. Smith is responsible for many of the plans that have helped to make a success of the Canal Zone work. He was formerly a railroad man, and saw service in Cincinnati, South America and the tropics; the experience gained in those days is proving useful now. He is a man who not only makes plans, but knows how to have them executed. While it is known that Jackson Smith is cool-headed, and expects every man to do his duty, there is no harshness in his methods, and every laborer may expect justice from him.

* * *

We took the late afternoon train to Corozal, where many officials reside. Here, a certain captious "mollycoddle" writer has declared that "a deserted hotel is here located in a hog-wallow." On the second day of February, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seven, I felt, as I stepped out of the train from Panama, that I must be getting off at some Jersey suburb. On a gentle slope were modest little wire-screened cottages, surrounded by banana groves; and the once-"deserted" hotel had every sign of a very comfortable hostelry. Perhaps during the working hours it is deserted—certainly not otherwise, if my eyes see straight.

Here I visited the "mess" of Supervisor Bennett, which included Jamaicans and Spaniards; the food served to them consisted of half a loaf of bread, beans and coffee, with yams instead of potatoes. Each, in turn, passed in a little blue ticket, and had his rations dealt out. I talked with a number of Jamaicans after they had finished their meal. On asking how they liked the food, one of them replied, after pompously telling me that he was a British subject:

"The food is not quite to my taste, sir."

However, I noticed that there was nothing left on his plate of the ample supply dealt out.

* * *

A great deal of trouble has been experienced in dealing with the Jamaicans, for they realize the importance of being British subjects, and seem to have little understanding of the "American" language. They are very considerate for Mother Earth, while at work. When raising a pick, they never smite too viciously the sacred soil.

Over at the Spanish quarters, the food served consists of Garbanza beans, imported especially from Spain, with the idea that, in order to preserve their health, it is advisable to give each race the food to which they have been accustomed. They were a jolly crowd of men, singing and playing their guitars, and evidently enjoying their meal-hour to the full. These Spaniards from North Spain are a happy-hearted and fine lot of workers, and are under the management of swarthy American army captains who have seen service in the Spanish-American war, in the Philippines and in Cuba. These overseers speak Spanish, and make the joking good-nature of Americans understood by the men. It was pleasant to note the jolly wearers of the slouch hats moving about among the men, with a cheery word or smile for their Spanish subordinates; nor did I once hear the harsh and profane words supposed to be necessary in overseeing railroad construction.

* * *

The Panama Star and Herald, published in English and Spanish, has, every day, a column devoted to "Zone" gossip; and the subject under discussion that day, on the trains going to and from work, was the feeding of the "silver" men. This argument had almost the tensity of the Thaw trial now being so universally agitated in the States. The new regulations went into effect on February first, and was one of the plans of Jackson Smith, who has a genius for organization and dealing with problems of the tropics. When the President met Mr. Smith, he said:

"Mr. Smith, you seem to be a much-criticized man," and the "criticized" man replied, without even the flutter of an eyelid:

"Then there are two of us, Mr. President."

* * *

On my drive to La Boca, a visit was made to a Canal Zone school over which floated the Stars and Stripes. It was an old French structure, and so built that almost the whole side was open for the admission of air. Two American girls were teaching. In one of the rooms on the lower floor were some rather small children, and I ventured to ask the question: "Who is President of the United States?" They looked at me in dumb amazement for some minutes, and then the teacher called on "St. Anthony," who arose and repeated the question with much unction.

"The President of the United States am Mister Root."

The smiles could not be repressed at this evidence of the profound impression evidently

GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, OR ADMINISTRATION HEADQUARTERS, ON ANCON HILL, IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION made by Secretary Root during his visit. As St. Anthony sat down, and another bright boy got up and announced:

"Russfelt am the name of the President of America."

In the upper rooms, older scholars were at work, under the tutelage of Mr. Walker, a graduate of Tuskegee Institute, and a native of St. Lucia, one of the West Indian islands near Martinique. A large proportion of the scholars also come from St. Lucia, whose natives are said to be adaptable and hard-working. The island was formerly under French domination.

The moment the scholars knew that I was an American, the little folks arose and sang "America" at a rapid tempo, but every word was clearly enunciated. The singing was indeed inspiring. Then the teacher wanted me to give the boys and girls a "talk"; so I did the best I could, and finally turned to the map behind me, asking if they could point out Boston. One little fellow in the rear insisted that it was in the District of Columbia, but "The Hub" was soon discovered. They seemed well trained in the geography of the United States, though apparently more familiar with the location of Boston than that of Chicago or New Orleans. The only inference I could draw from this was that Boston had been brought into kinship with them at meal-time—for their favorite diet is beans.

That evening I returned to Panama at seven o'clock, somewhat tired, but feeling that I had certainly come into personal contact with a work which vitally concerns every citizen of the United States. At the hotel that night, there was a bridge-whist party, and many gay and happy groups of Americans were gathered in every corner, or looking out upon the twinkling lights of the city below, whose beauty suggested an elaborate scenic effect in staging a comic opera.

VIEW OF TRAIN OF DIRT CARS BEING UNLOADED WITH A STEAM SCRAPER AT PEDRO MIGUEL
THE ENTIRE SPACE IN FOREGROUND HAS NOW BEEN FILLED IN TO THE LEVEL OF THE TRACK

* * *

When I looked from my window in the quickening dawn—for there is a very brief sunrise in the tropics—my eyes rested with pleasure on the placid waters of the Pacific; the air was like a lovely cool April day in

New England. Already, many men were busy in the gardens, and there was a bustle of activity in the city below. I watched the swift *sun rise on the Pacific*, and over Panama on the *west* coast of the Canal. Now I see you hold up your hands—what is the matter? The sun does not rise in the west, you say? No; but take out your geography, and look on the map, and you will see that Panama faces the east on the Pacific and Colon faces west on the Atlantic. The canal runs more north and south than east and west, and the old childhood song of "go east, go west" was recalled, and the map of the canal certainly presents a geographical paradox.

After a hearty breakfast, chiefly on foods brought from the United States, we set out for the seven o'clock train. The new passenger cars, just brought from the States, have rattan seats, which add much to the comfort of travel. Most of the operatives travel on passes, and the families have half rates. Like all good newspaper men in the United States, I have acquired the habit of paying for my transportation since the rate law was passed, and I therefore felt no twinges of conscience at paying out "tin" money for railroad fare, and it seemed too good to pay out one dollar and get back two. Panama money is called "tin," and one dollar equals fifty cents United States currency. The coins current on the Zone are fifty, twenty and five cent pieces, but the five cent pieces are of small value, and very tiny; they are chiefly used for making chains and bracelets, which the gallant boys on the canal are sending home to the "girls they left behind them."

STEAM DRILLS AT WORK IN BAS OBISPO CUT

* * *

It seemed that everyone out on the train in the morning was planning his work for the day. Nearly all the officers rendezvous on the seven o'clock train. I met Mr. Williams carrying his bags of bullion to Empire, where the silver men are paid for two weeks' work at a time, the gold men being paid by the month. Employes in Panama are known as "silver" and "gold" men, the latter being salaried workers, and the former the laborers—the Spaniards, Italians, Jamaicans or West Indians.

* * *

We stopped that morning at Pedro Miguel, which I at first thought was named in honor of some distinguished Irish contractor, but on seeing the station sign, discovered that it was a Spanish name, and not "Peter McGill." It is one of the immense railway yard dumps. Beside the track was a big swamp having in it thirty feet of water, which had been filled with the different stratas of earth as they were taken out, showing nearly all the prismatic colors of the rainbow, in reds, yellows and greens. The filling up of these swamps may not be accounted as actual canal work on the Isthmus, but when these places are leveled, the sanitary department see to it that no more water is allowed to gather. In fact, not a single pool as large as a man's hand escapes the alert eye of Colonel W. C. Gorgas and his corps, and he has a mosquito brigade going about everywhere cutting out larvæ-breeding places of the amopheles or malarial mosquito. It has no buzzer, but it gets in its deadly work just the same. The idea is to have every drop of water possible drained, and the little streams covered with drops of crude petroleum oil, which means death to the mosquito; yet this is all done so carefully that the propagation of fish is in no way interferred with. Schools of fish have a happy time below the running water, quite unconscious of the fact that a light film of oil floats above them which effectively exterminates the mosquito pest along thc banks of the brooks and pools. The fact is, that the oil collects just where it is needed, in the still water and pools where the insect delights to hover—but in Panama he hovers to his own undoing, and there seems to be no reason, except the objection to spending sufficient money, why even New Jersey should not be freed from this pest. Everything likely to harbor the mosquito in Panama has been done away with, even to collecting and destroying all the old rain barrels, garbage boxes and pails, galvanized iron receptacles being now

THE NEW WOODEN PIER AT LA BOCA, ON THE PACIFIC, 800 FEET LONG solely used for this purpose. The sanitary revolution which has taken place in Colon and Panama is the marvel of the present time.

* * *

I talked with some of the young men who were about to leave for the States, and they assured me that they had all they desired at Panama except variety—they found it monotonous, which was their only reason for leaving. The food was too confoundedly good in "sameness."

The Canal Zone arrangements offer strong inducements to young men contemplating matrimony, because the bride and groom have a passage from New York to Panama for twenty dollars each, and when they arrive they are established in comfortable quarters, one square foot being allowed for every dollar the employe draws per month, this calculation not including the bath room, pantry and dining room. So this would give a man drawing $200 per month 200 square feet of space in living rooms. There is no difficulty about commencing housekeeping—the bride takes the commissary book and buys all that is needed for a family of two, an average expenditure of from fifteen to eighteen dollars a month for two persons, which is not a bad start for young people—no rent, coal bills, tickets, light bills, or plumbers or doctors to pay. Right here permit me to pay a tribute to American women for the work which they are accomplishing on the Isthmus; for the success achieved there is due more to the fact that the men have been provided with comfortable and happy homes and surroundings than to any other one thing. Each one of the ten or twelve villages has its own club and party on different nights of the week, and the entire Zone has all the sociability of frontier life, combined with the refinement of the old home in the States. There is variety, too. Here meet and mingle men and women from every state and territory in the Union; for this is truly a cosmopolitan undertaking. There is also here an excellent opportunity to study at close range the characteristics of other nations; for here are Jamaicans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians and workmen

MARRIED MEN'S QUARTERS AT PARAISO

from other parts of the world. In fact, this community of interest has enthused some advocates of socialism to declare that Uncle Sam has really made a concrete showing of what can be accomplished by government ownership and supervision, when given free range as on the Isthmus.

* * *

We were invited to dine in the married quarters, but found that our hostess had not received her supplies as she had expected; the American housewife was equal to the occasion, however, and we sat down to a dainty meal, supplies or no supplies. It was one of those little chafing-dish suppers that are so cosy and so long-remembered, and was served in that charming fashion that convinces a man that housekeeping is merely a pastime and a pleasure, and is akin to the delights of camping out, rather than the arduous toil which his wife sometimes assures him she finds it.

On one of the hills, tomatoes were being cultivated in a garden belonging to the married quarters, but as a general rule the visitor is impressed with the scarcity of vegetables on the Isthmus and it is singular that this great, rich country has had comparatively little cultivation in recent years.

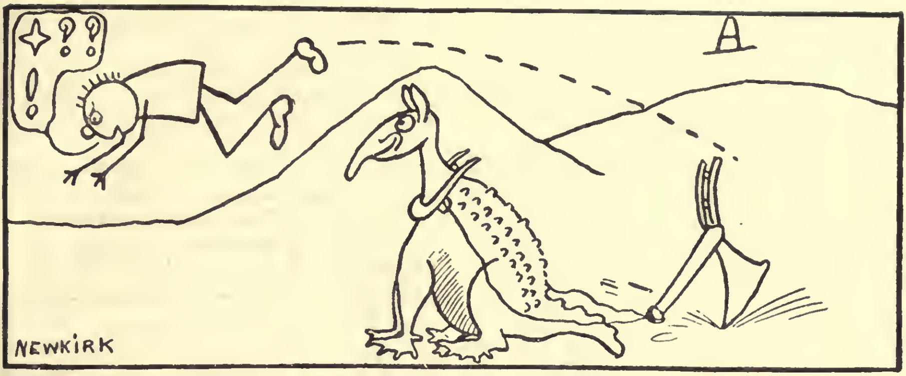
* * *

Most of the savings of the workmen are invested in United States money orders and sent on to the States, or held at home, and the percentage saved by the men working on the Isthmus is indicated by the records of the post office department, the money order business having increased from $98,000 in July to over $250,000 in January, which practically represents money sent back to the States or saved by workmen on the Canal in one month.

TYPICAL DINING ROOM IN THE MARRIED QUARTERS

* * *

One of the predominant features which impresses a visitor making detailed investigation is the personnel of the force on the Isthmus, among which may be included the army officers in charge of the men. They are allowed to retain their commission in the army and also allowed fifty per cent. extra pay and assurance of duty well done.



BIOGRAPHIES OF FAMOUS MEN

By Newton Newkirk

ADAM

ADAM was the first man who ever happened.

The day and date of his first appearance has been lost in the shuffle of centuries, but we are told that he was first observed in the Garden of Eden about 4004 B. C. Anyone who is smart at figures can, by means of a pencil and a piece of paper, demonstrate to the satisfaction of the most skeptical that if Adam were alive today, he would be somewhere around 5911 years old.

Adam is the only man who ever came into the world without any relatives. When he arrived there was no one to announce him. Adam never had a father to say to him, "Adam, you will bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave," because Adam's father didn't have any hair at all—in fact, Adam didn't have any father.

Another singular thing concerning Adam is that he never knew what it was to be a boy From all accounts which I can gather, Adam was a man well advanced in years when he first found himself in the Garden of Eden.

He was never able to look back upon his early life and say with feeling, "Ah, I would I were a boy again!"

Adam was a farmer. Immediately upon entering the arena of life, he went to work in the Garden, tilling the ground and raising a few vegetables for family use. The plow he used was a very primitive affair, drawn by a tame dinosaurus or a yoke of oxen. It frequently happened that, when Adam was plowing along a stony hillside, and the point of the plow-share would catch under a ledge, Adam would be thrown over the head of the dinosaurus into a briar patch. Then he would say things which have no place in this biography, and for which he was sorry afterward. During odd hours he made scarecrows to keep cut-worms away from the cabbage plants.

Adam never knew what it was to cut teeth, or have the colic, or learn to walk or try to grasp the English language by means of a set of painted alphabet blocks.

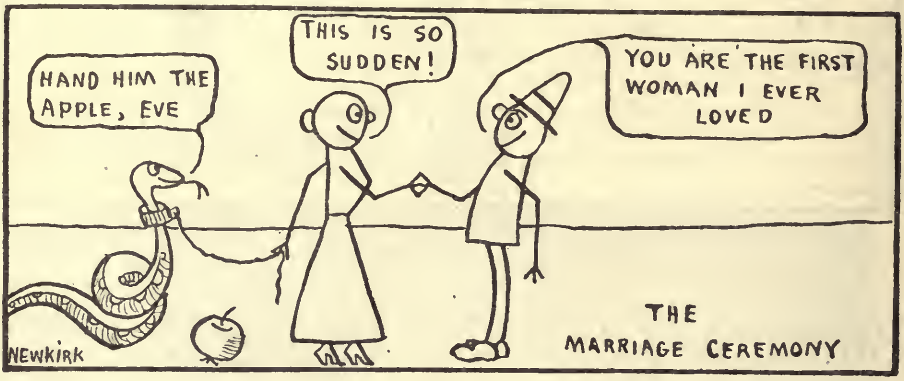
One evening, when Adam came home from work, he was considerably surprised to find a strange creature in the house, cooking supper.

"Good evening," said Adam, pleasantly; "would you be so kind as to explain to me what you are?"

"I am a woman," said the strange creature, shyly.

"A woman!" repeated Adam in surprise; "why, I never heard of such a thing!"

"Of course you never did," went on the strange creature, "because I am the first sample on the matrimonial market."


HAND HIM THE APPLE, EVE
THIS IS SO SUDDEN!
YOU ARE THE FIRST WOMAN I EVER LOVED
THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY
NEWKIRK

"What is your name?" asked Adam.

"Eve," she answered.

"That's a very pretty name," said Adam; "where did you come from?"

"Are any of your ribs missing?" asked Eve, looking at Adam roguishly.

Adam felt gingerly of himself.

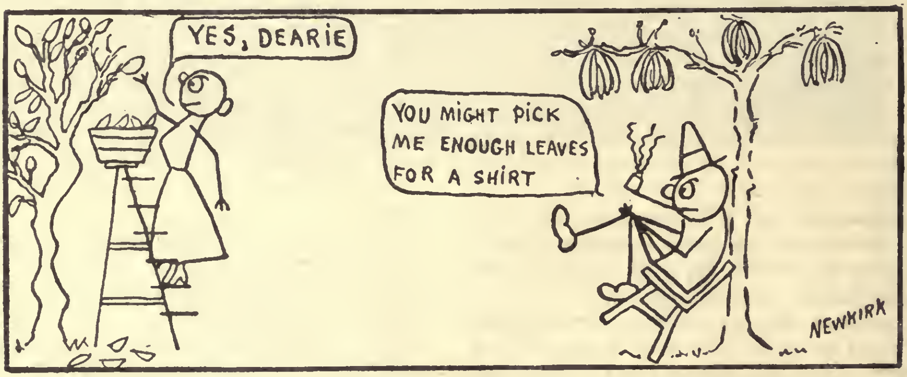
"Yes—one," he answered.

"Well," said Eve, "I'm the missing rib."

This reply puzzled Adam, but he soon ceased to think of it in contemplation of this new being who had so suddenly appeared in his home and assumed the domestic responsibility. To Adam, she was the first new woman. Deep down in his heart, Adam was glad to see her. It made the place seem more like home to have a woman about. Besides, he was tired of doing his own cooking and washing the dishes.

After a brief courtship, the two were married. The marriage ceremony of that time was very simple Adam simply said, "I take thee, Eve, for better or for worse," while Eve said, "I take thee, Adam, for better or for worse, and I hope I won't get the worst of it," after which they shook hands on the compact and went to housekeeping. There was no ostentatious wedding, where a justice of the peace performed the ceremony. J's. of the P's. were a scarce article in those days. Adam and Eve didn't even take a honeymoon. It was too far to the nearest city, and Niagara Falls hadn't been heard of.

The next morning, when Adam drank some coffee which Eve had made for breakfast, she observed that its flavor did not altogether please him, and so she spoke up quickly:


YES, DEARIE
YOU MIGHT PICK ME ENOUGH LEAVES FOR A SHIRT
NEWKIRK

"Please do not tell me, Adam, dear, that my coffee is not like your mother used to make."

In the garden, back of the house, there grew an apple tree, which bore fruit of an indifferent quality. Shortly after Eve arrived, Adam pointed out this tree, and told her to keep away from it. "There is a snake roosts in that tree," said Adam, "and it won't be safe for you to venture near it."

Being a woman, this only made Eve the more anxious to secure some of the fruit from the tree; so, one day when Adam was away at work, Eve stole out to the tree, and the snake gave her several apples, and told her when they were gone to come back after more. The snake whispered to her confidentially that he had more apples than he knew what to do with.

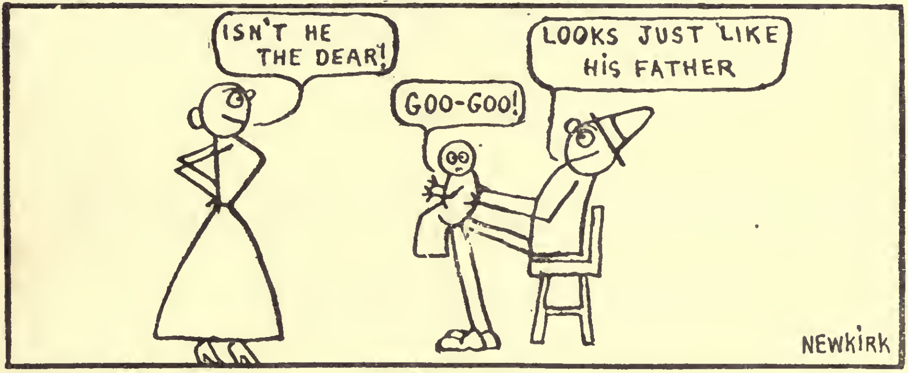
From the few apples which she had obtained, Eve made sauce. When Adam sat down to supper that evening, Eve pushed the dish containing the sauce toward him, and told him to help himself. But when Adam found out what it was, he refused to eat any of it.

Instead of being discouraged by this, Eve returned to the tree the following day and got more apples from the snake, which she made into a tempting apple pie. Now here was Adam's weak point—he was passionately fond of apple pie, and that night at supper he ate half the pie, and asked no questions.

Alas, times have changed since Adam and Eve used to live in the Garden of Eden! In those days, Adam didn't have any rent to pay. He had more land than he knew what to do with, and it wasn't taxed. There were no disputes with his neighbors over boundary lines. Food was plentiful. Adam and Eve could pluck more bananas right at their back door in five minutes than they could eat in a week.

Adam had no clothing to buy. He wore an open-work fig-leaf suit, while Eve wore fig-leaf gowns altogether. These fig-leaf garments were cool both in summer and winter. Moreover, Adam and Eve raised their own fig-leaves right near the house. Whenever Eve desired a new gown for some special occasion, she never had to ask Adam for money to buy it—she carried the step-ladder to a fig-tree, and, climbing the ladder, picked enough fig-leaves in a few minutes to sew into the latest thing in wearing apparel for women.

In the evenings, after the day's toil, Adam and Eve used to assemble in the sitting room, around the tallow candle. Eve would do fancy fig-leaf work, while Adam would read fashion hints to her from the Women's Page of the Sunday newspaper. In this way, they spent many a happy evening together.


ISN'T HE THE DEAR!
GOO-GOO!
LOOKS JUST LIKE HIS FATHER
NEWKIRK

It was on one such occasion as this that Adam suddenly stopped reading and asked:

"By the way, Eve, dear, you never told me what your name was before we were married—what was it?"

"Why, it was 'Eve'," she answered, promptly.

"Well, if it was 'Eve,' then what is it now?" persisted Adam, who didn't know any better than to argue with a woman.

"Why now," said Eve, "it's Eve Adam."

The snakes which infested the Garden were a source of much annoyance to Adam. After Adam had partaken freely of some grape juice that Eve had made, these snakes bothered him more than usual. They followed him around everywhere, and irritated him, and made him nervous. After that, Adam became a total abstainer.

One evening, as Adam arrived home from work, Eve met him at the door with a kiss. "I have a surprise for you," she said gaily; "guess what it is?"

"A girl?" said Adam eagerly.

"No," said Eve, "guess again."

"It's no use," said Adam, shaking his head despondently, "I never was a good guesser. Then Eve told Adam that it was a boy.

Like most parents, Adam and Eve thought this was the only baby in the world.

Time passed, and yet another child came to bless their union, also a boy. It was then that the parents realized they must have names to distinguish the two boys. Adam suggested that they be called "No. 1" and "No. 2" respectively, but Eve didn't like the suggestion, so she named them Cain and Abel. Cain and Abel were as healthy a brace of boys as you could wish to see. They romped and played in the garden, and when they grew older, ran off fishing and went swimming when they had been told not to do so, and got birched when they got home, just like boys of today.

Adam died in the prime of life, when he was but 930 years old. It has been a matter of general regret that his sudden taking off prevented him from rounding out the ten centuries. Adam carried no life insurance. When he was about 200 years of age, he was tempted to take out a life policy, but it was a great comfort to him in his old age that he didn't. The premiums would have been a great burden.

Authorities agree that if Adam had not been so far advanced in years when he first appeared in the Garden of Eden, he would have lived much longer.

OUT WHERE THE HILLS ARE BROWN

Halcyone Goodrich Morgareidge

LOVE to ride where the trail runs wide
  Over the high divide;
Where the sun shines bright, with dazzling light
  O'er hills on every side.
Where the day is long and the wind blows strong
  From the pine-clad mountain's crest;
And I feel at home tho' all alone
  On the great hills of the West.

My heart mounts up in the rich glad hope
  Of years like this to come;
And my tho'ts reply to the coyote's cry
  And the rattler's whirr and hum.
The day goes on like a wild, sweet song,
  Till the dusky night comes down
And I throw my bed by my horse's head
  Out where the hills are brown.

'Tis a life that thrills, and I love the hills
  When the royal Autumn comes,
And fear is unknown tho' I ride alone
  For my horse and I are chums.
Then a health to him who rides the range
  By storm and sun caressed;
For days are long, and winds blow strong
  On the brown hills of the West.

ABDUCTION *of* CATHERINE'S PIG

By Virginius Delamar

PROFESSOR BUSIBY, holding down the chairs of psychology, physiology and hygiene in the new college at Benton, Maryland, was determined to institute hygienic reform in the town. It had recently become, through his efforts, a misdemeanor to allow one's cow to run at large, or keep one's pig even in one's back yard.

Some weeks after certain ordinances had been passed and promulgated by the town authorities, word was passed along to the professor that formidable Catherine McFadden still cherished within his pen a half-grown black and white pig. The professor immediately proceeded to argue with Catherine, and later on reported on her belligerent attitude at a meeting of the town council. The pig, however, remained in his pen.

By and by, there was another meeting held and this, sprightly little Jimmy O'Toole attended. After adjournment, he hastened to Catherine's modest residence:

"God bless ye, Kate," said he, bursting into her kitchen. Then he essayed a kiss that was not successful, and seizing a chair, endeavored to place it as close to her's as possible.

"God bless ye, Kate," said he again.

"An sure me fir-rst husband would have said somethin' more be this toime,—God rest his soul. An what was ye doin' at the town matin' anyhow?" broke forth big Kate's oily brogue.

"'Gintlemin,' sez he, 'gintlemin, Oi'll saze that pig, an Oi'll confisticate it.' That's what he said, Kate," answered Jimmy, ignoring his lady's question.

"An' what did he mane be confisticate? The dhirty blaguard."

"It manes—it manes to cut out the pig's kidneys wit' a knoife," floundered Jimmy.

"Shtop yer fool talk," said Kate quietly. "It manes to stale, that's what it manes. Confisticate—thavin', that's it. An' didn't ye say nothin'?"

"Whist! Don't ye know whut I was doin' there, darlint?"

"What was it, thin? inquired Kate, with interest."

"Wasn't Oi there in the inthrust of ye and yer calico pig?"

Kate said nothing.

"It's a handsome pig, sez Oi, loike its owner," said Jimmy, trying to insinuate himself a bit closer.

"An who did the talkin'?"

"They begun the talkin' afther Oi come, about the pig pins. The perfessor he gits on his fate, an' sez, sez he: 'Yer honor, as ripresintin' the committhee on pig pins, Oi have to repoort all the pins vacated but the wan occupied be Catherine McFadden.'" A sharp slap on the cheek punctuated the end of Jimmy's sentence.

"It's the pig in the pin, an' not me," explained Kate.

"'An' whut does ye perpose to do in the matther?" sez ould Misther Holliday, the prisident of the matin',' continued Jimmy, meditatively stroking his smitten cheek. "'Oi perpose to use foorce if nec'sary,' says the perfessor, 'An' what'll ye do wit' the pig afther ye git him?' sez ould Holliday. An' it was thin that the perfessor sez: 'Oi'll take the pig an' Oi'll confisticate him.'"

"Will ye come help me, if ye hear 'em at the pig? Ye'll be sittin' up wit' yer ould daddy as is down wit' the pneumony—God help 'im."

"Shure, Kate. Oi'll be yer whole ar-my: capt'in, sargint, an' soger of the loine, if ye'll give me wan kiss before Oi go.

While Catherine and Jimmy were planning to resist to the death any assault that might be made on the pig and his domicile, Professor Busiby returned to his home and sat him down to think over the situation.

He felt that he had been hasty, very hasty, There was no denying the fact that, as no one else could be induced to do away with Kate's foul pig pen, he had, in the enthusiasm of the moment, offered to do the deed himself. Old Judge Holliday had said with many chuckles, that he did not believe that it could be done without calling out the malitia, yet he wished the professor well in the undertaking. But, in spite of this, and other evidences of his fellow citizen's good-will, the professor now regretted that he had taken such an active part in municipal affairs, and resolved that in future he would be more circumspect in offering his services for the public weal.

"And now this demands the most careful planning," said he, combing his sidewhiskers with his fingers.

This was very true, for had not Kate threatened to smack his distinguished mouth?

"As those slangy boys would say, 'It's up to you to make good,'" he further soliloquized.

"Yes, suh," came a respectful bass voice from the partly opened study door.

"You may come in, Shadrack."

Then entered the room, and carefully closed the door behind him, an imposing-looking negro of herculean build, popularly known as "Shad." This man the professor had recently hired, and as he pottered about, fixing the fire for the night, his employer looked upon him with admiration.

"Shadrack," said he, as the man was about to leave the room, "Shadrack, you look like a man born and raised in the country. Now, what part of Maryland are you from?"

Shad gave his employer a quick look and assumed an air of abstraction. After a moment's thought, he answered with much deliberation:

"Me bo'n an' riz in de country? Yes suh, I reckon so. Somewhere down in ole Vaginny. I's done bo'n in one place, an' riz in another—leastways, nevah knowed whetha I had any parients or not. I cert'nly don't know nothin' 'bout that."

"O, well, that is not unusual among you colored people. We will let that pass," and the professor waved his hand indulgently. "What I want you to tell me now is: Do you, or do you not know anything about domestic animals? For instance, chickens or pigs?"

Shad seemed somewhat startled, and did not at once reply.

"Well?" queried the professor.

"No suh; no more 'sociated wid 'em than yuther folks what's brought up 'mongst 'em."

"But if you were raised on a farm, you must know more or less how to handle pigs."

Shad appeared lost in thought, and the professor again nervously paced the floor. "Now, for instance," said he, stopping squarely in front of Shad, and speaking encouragingly, "how would you handle a half-grown pig?"

After some reflection, Shad answered cautiously:

"Hit would most pintedly depend on de pig, an' who owned him, suh."

The professor now approached very close to Shad, and spoke very distinctly:

"Now, Shadrack, granting for the sake of argument, that you have had the necessary experience; do you think that you could take a half-grown pig out of his pen tonight, without a struggle, and without arousing the neighborhood?"

After a few moments of tense silence, while he rolled his eyes, Shad replied:

"Take a shoat out'n his pen in de night-time 'thout makin' a fuss? Yes suh, fer de sake of argyfyin', I'll say that I kin do hit."

"Very good. Now I want you to prove to me this very night that you can do what you say you can. No noise; no one must know anything about it, you understand."

"Whar's de shoat?" asked Shad, in a business-like way.

"What I want you to do is to help me enforce the law."

"'Nforce the law," repeated Shad, while the whites of his eyes shone as he looked at the professor suspiciously.

"Yes, enforce the law," the professor repeated, firmly.

Shad remained silent.

"I suppose you suspect whose pig I propose to remove?"

Shad professed ignorance.

"Do you know where Catherine McFadden lives?"

"Is yo' gwine to take her pig, perfessah?" answered Shad, quite aghast. "Why, she 'lows she's a gwine to throw bilin' watah on anybody what comes a prospectin' 'round her pig pen! An' she don't like cullud folks nohow!"

"That for her boasting," and the professor snapped his fingers. "I want you to take her pig away tonight, and put it in that old abandoned pen at the foot of the garden, overlooking the wharf. I will dispose of the pig later."

There was silence, as Shad rolled his eyes, but the professor sternly returned his gaze.

"Who's a-gwine to be presidin' ovah this heah abstraction, perfessah?" asked Shad, at last, in sepulchral tones. "Is you a-gwine to be there, too?"

"If you think it necessary, I will accompany you."

"De shoat is a-gwine to wake up the surroundin's, if de manacles gits loose."

"Very well. I will be ready. At what time do you think we should start on the undertaking?"

"'Bout four o'clock in de mornin', suh, ought to be de p'inted time."

"Very good. You understand; I am going to enforce the law?"

"Yes suh, I un'stan's. You is de 'sponsible man, an' I's yo' dep'ty."

"You may go now," and with a wave of the hand, the professor dismissed his assistant in the proposed enforcing of the law.

The professor sat thoughtfully in front of his fire for a time, then nervously paced the floor for a few minutes, after which he divested himself of collar and tie, and laid him down to rest upon his study lounge. As his master was thus endeavoring to compose himself to rest, Shad retired to his domain, in and about a small stable, where he lit a lantern and proceeded to prepare for the serious business in hand.

Meanwhile, Kate, after sending Jimmy next next door to assist in the nursing of his sorely afflicted father, dozed by her kitchen fire until satisfied that no attack was to be made upon her pig, when she, too, retired to rest. And yet, even at that very time, the experienced Shad, dark and mysterious, was greasing his wheel barrow and preparing the "manacles" of stout clothes line wherewith to accomplish the undoing of piggy.

At last the solemn old clock boomed out the hour of four. Crisp was the frosty air, and uncertainly did the moon, in her last quarter, shine out occasionally from between the clouds. The impressive reverberations had hardly died away when the figures of two men glided around a street corner, and stealthily crossed the vacant lot in the rear of Kate McFadden's residence. The larger of the two skillfully propelled a wheelbarrow, while the smaller of the two seemed to lead the way until at last he paused, held up one hand, as if to call a halt, and with the other pointed to the projecting corner of Catherine's yard. Above the level of the fence, showed the outlines of a modest pen, where, in fancied security, dwelt the unsuspecting and much discussed "calico" pig.

"This here job's got to be done mighty quick when hit's stahted, suh," huskily whispered Shad, as he cautiously advanced to the fence, and peered over into the pen, where piggy lay in his straw, sleeping the sleep of innocence.

The professor, with a silk handkerchief tied about his neck and a soft hat well pulled down over his face, also advanced and peered over the fence.

"Proceed," whispered he, with as much dignity as the circumstances would permit.

"Now be on de watch fo' de lady," warned Shad.

Nodding affirmatively, the professor now climbed the fence, and took up a position in a narrow space between the pig pen and hen house. Here he commanded an unobstructed view of Catherine's back yard and the dim outlines of her house, and at the same time was himself somewhat screened from sight.

After waiting until the professor was safely ensconced, Shad leaped lightly over the fence, and descended upon his unconscious victim. Then it came to pass that, before the astonished pig was fairly awake, his abductor had secured jaw and snout in one slip noose, and in another all four feet, bunched together, the whole operation being completed with remarkable deftness and celerity. There being no protest from the pig, save agonized grunts and the rapid twirling of a small but indignant tail, Shad gave a swift look over the edge of the pen, to note the lay of the land. He was disturbed to find the professor neglecting his duties, so engrossed was he in peering down into the pen at the fruits of his servant's dexterity.

"Huh," grunted Shad in disapproval, as he gathered the struggling and snuffling pig into his capacious arms, "might have lit onto us 'thout any trouble, if she'd been awake." Then he deliberately climbed the fence, and tenderly deposited his burden in the wheelbarrow.

With both hands on the barrow handles, with head thrown up like a thoroughbred waiting the word, paused Shad, expecting the form of the professor to appear.

But that gentleman tarried between the pig pen and the hen house, caught, not by the horns in a thicket, like the biblical ram, but by a rusty nail projecting from the hen house. This was to him not only extremely annoying, but also extremely alarming, since it had happened just as he started to follow Shad, and seemed very much like the detaining hand of an avenger suddenly put forth at the supreme moment.

At last, however, he freed himself, and mounted the fence, but paused on the topmost rail to listen, ere exulting in the triumph about to be his.

"Time to be a-gwi—" started Shad, in a whisper that was never finished.

In some way or other, the pig had managed to slip the noose-gag on his snout, and now such another shriek rent the air as was sufficient to paralyze the professor astride the fence.

Not so with Shad. Before the pig could inflate his lungs for another blast, Shad had with lightning quickness replaced the gag, and so strangled in its inception piggy's second appeal; then, with the agility of a trained circus performer, away went the black man, wheelbarrow and pig and all across the lot, around the corner and out of sight, in the misty light of the early dawn.

As Shad disappeared, several windows went up, and heads poked out tentatively. Then a door opened somewhere near at hand, and the professor distinctly heard someone ejaculate:

"Bloody mur-rdher!"

It was enough. The professor, in a panic, suddenly recovered the use of his legs, and hastily regained his former retreat between the pen and hen house, where he awaited developments.

For a few moments, drowsy voices called one to another, and then windows went down, doors were closed, and once more quiet prevailed.

He was in a very cramped position, but the professor durst not move. Suppose the woman should see him sneaking from between her pig pen and hen house; would she not do him some physical violence? Therefore, he decided that discretion was the better part of valor—at least until he was satisfied Catherine had not been aroused by the shriek of her pet.

The professor had left his watch at home, but he had heard the whistle of the Baltimore boat, blowing for the Benton wharf, long, long ago, and that must have been somewhere about four o'clock. It was, in fact, a short time after he had regained his stronghold; for he recalled that at the time he had exulted in the fact that the undertaking had been completed as he had planned.

The dawn was now breaking fast, and the new day was no longer a misty promise made by reddening streaks in the east. Hard, prosaic daylight was fast enveloping the land, when the professor decided that his position was no longer tenable. Right suddenly, he poked his head out for a look at the fence.

"Good mornin', yer honor."

The professor hastily drew back, heart beating wildly. In that one fleeting glance, he had seen a man calmly seated on the fence. How he came there, and what was his object, the professor could not conjecture. After a while, he ventured to peep again.

"Good mornin', yer honor."

In the growing light, the professor now recognized popular little Jimmy O'Toole. Realizing the futility of remaining longer in retirement, the professor now stepped forth with as much dignity as the cramps in his legs would permit.

"What are you doing there at such an early hour, Jimmy?" asked he, severely.

"I was about to ask your honor that same, but was waitin' till ye sphoke fir-rst." Jimmy was a born diplomatist.

The professor felt that he must instantly make some sort of an explanation. As he set his mind to work with that object in view, he slowly climbed the fence, but when he alighted on the other side, he found that Jimmy was of the same mind as to motion, for they both set foot on the vacant lot about the same time.

"I was walking home from Judge Holliday's, and was taken sick—and stopped to rest by the way."

"An' it was thin ye fell over the fince back of the pin," added Jimmy, sympathetically.

"I feel much better," went on the professor, as they strode across the lot together, "so I do not think it necessary for you to accompany me home, James."

"Faith, it's yersilf that looks that bad, I'd best go wid ye."

"I say it's unnecessary."

"As I was sayin' to mesilf, whin ye were slapin' ferninst th' pin, sez I: 'It's lucky his honor was here, an' seed him do it."

"Saw what?"

"A naygar, black naygar, shtalin' Kate McFadden's pig, while ye was layin' there sick, God help ye."

The professor cleared his throat, and strode on.

"An' I want ye to help to catch the naygar an' th' pig," pursued Jimmy, as the professor remained silent though hastening. Jimmy managed to keep up with him, and together they turned the corner around which Shad had disappeared, and from which the professor's house and yard were in plain view at the foot of the street.

"What is it you want, my man?" asked the professor, with backbone stiffening as he came in sight of his own domicile.

"It's the pig I've got to have before Mrs. McFadden hears, naygar or no naygar."

"But I know nothing about your pig!" said the professor, stopping short, and trying to stare Jimmy down.

"Ye're a liar, yer honor," answered Jimmy, very quietly but firmly.

The professor said nothing, but looked angry. He hated scenes, and felt rather than saw that the few people stirring about the streets had stopped to listen. He realized that Jimmy must be gotten rid of at any cost.

"That is an ugly word, James, and one you will have to answer for. I will overlook it for the present, but you must apologize."

"It's the pig I want," said Jimmy, pleasantly.

"Well, I will tell you what I will do, James. As Catherine is a very worthy woman, I will give her three dollars for the pig, provided that you can prove that my servant took it."

"T'ree dollars fer that handsome pig!" cried Jimmy, with righteous indignation, "why, he's worth tin dollars, if he's worth a cint!"

Several men on the sidewalk paused to listen.

"Very well, then. Tell Catherine to come to my house tonight, and I will pay her six dollars—provided it can be proved that my man took the pig," said the professor, hurriedly.

Jimmy cocked his head to one side, as if listening, and the professor, struck by this attitude, also paused.

"It's throuble comin' to us both, sure," announced Jimmy. "It'll soon be all over but th' wake."

The professor became aware of an automobile-like puffing. And then suddenly appeared around the corner, Kate McFadden. She bore down upon them very rapidly.

"The saycret's a saycret no more," said Jimmy in sad tones.

The professor paled somewhat, but stood his ground, while Catherine, several men and boys hastening in her rear, came up like a battleship cleared for action.

"Where's the pig, ye murderin' thafe?" she screamed, as she took a threatening position in front of the professor.

"The pig. What pig?" sparred the professor.

"Will yez listen," and she turned to the grinning circle. "What pig! An' he's been boastin' he'd take me pig out of his pin, just to sphoite me—an' this little fist dog wid him, to help!" and then, for the first time, she glared at Jimmy.

"He's not," said the professor, with strict sense of justice. "What pig are you talking about?"

She came up very close to him, her face working with passion, and shaking a big red fist under his nose, screamed: "Where's me pig?"

"Tell her, yer honor," sang out Jimmy, who had withdrawn to a safe distance.

Quite a little crowd had gathered, and the professor was growing desperate.

"I will pay you for the pig, but you cannot keep it within the town limits. The ordinances must be obeyed."

"Ord'nances! What do Oi care fer yer ord'nances? Oi don't want yer dhirty money. Oi want the pig. An' if the loike of ye was to offer me a hundred dollars, Oi wouldn't take it. What Oi want is th' pig, an' Oi'll say it a t'ousand times to sphoite ye."

Then there flashed through the professor's mind a reflection on the futility of trying to reason with Catherine McFadden on the questions of public health. Therefore, he remained silent, and took a few steps toward his home. Immediately Jimmy took up a position on one side of him, while Catherine took the other, the crowd fell in behind, and the few steps progressed into a decided walk, attaining at length almost the dignity of a procession

"We're goin' fer th' pig now," announced Kate, grimly.

Arriving at his gate, the professor essayed to enter his own domain, but was vigorously opposed by Kate, who placed her vast bulk within the gateway. Thereupon, the professor grew more desperate, and determined to get rid of her, even if he had to betray Shadrack, and give up the pig.

"Go, take the pig!" he said in a trembling voice. "But the responsibility will rest upon you for breaking the law. I will see that you are prosecuted.

"That fer yer laws!" and Kate snapped her fingers in his face. "Where's the pig, that's what Oi'm talkin' about? It's yer last chanst. Oi'm goin' to shmack yer mouth pretty soon. Tell me, where's the pig?"

The professor now felt more and more alarmed for his personal safety. He gave a swift and furtive look at the faces in his rear, but found no sympathy there; all were grinning expectantly.

"You will find your pig in that pen down there by the fence at the foot of the garden," he said, hurriedly, and turned to enter the yard.

But Kate seized him by the arm, and whirled him around, facing down the lane toward where the top of the pen showed above the garden fence. "No, ye don't!" she said roughly; "none of yer tricks on me. Ye'll go wid us to git the pig."

Though the professor tried to maintain his dignity to the last, and tried not to hang back, his reluctance to move was visible as the procession again marched, taking a course toward the old abandoned pen at the foot of the garden. As before, the men and boys brought up the rear, while in front, flanked on one side by Jimmy and on the other by Kate, marched the professor, disgust, humiliation and rage, by turns, eloquently expressed upon his countenance.

Arriving near the pen, Kate called a halt, and again faced the professor.

"It's over the fince, an' hand me out th' pig," she commanded.

"It's mesilf that'll do th' job fer yer honor," volunteered the kindly Jimmy.

"Well, go on, the pair of yez," permitted Kate, somewhat mollified by her triumph.

Jimmy and the professor, accordingly, advanced and peered over into the pen.

"What's the matter wid yez!" shouted Kate, and strode to the pen to look for herself.

The pen was empty.

There was a long and painful silence. At last, Kate's tongue leaped forth like a dagger from its sheath, and stabbed the air.

"Ye're a liar, ye little ould devil! If ye don't show me the pig in a minute, Oi'll smack yer teeth down yer throat; Oi'll nail yer dhirty lyin' tongue to th' roof of yer mouth. D'ye hear me; where's me pig?"

During the profound silence that followed Kate's remarks, an old darkey pushed his way through to the professor's side.

"Scuse me, boss, but is you-all lookin' fer a black and white hawg?" he asked respectfully.

"Yes," gasped the professor.

The old fellow cocked his head on one side, and looked quizzical, as he said:

"Boss, didn't yo know that was one ob dem onery, blue-gum niggahs from de Souf what yo' hiahed last week? Why, I seed dat niggah, way early this mawnin', wheelin' dat there hawg on de Baltimo' boat, an' I reckon he done sold him by this time."

A WAYSIDE POOL

'TWAS a sweet little picture of girls in a pool;
Just out from the closeness of life in the school.
A barefooted lot, skirts drawn close, and tongues loose.
And happy? Oh don't! What! Tears?—
I'm a goose.

Ellen Sergeant Rude

FLINT, MORELAND & JUPP, AND MRS. FLINT

A REMINISCENCE OF LAST CHANCE

By A. G. Clarke, Jr.

FLINT studied the map feverishly. Then he turned his attention to the steamboat card—still preserved by him as a memento of his trip down the Missouri the previous fall—and scanned its table of points and distances.

So far as he could determine he had, since leaving St. Joe, performed a journey of some 500 miles. Thus about one-fourth of the entire distance to Last Chance had been traversed in three weeks' time, and without mishap of any sort. Even at this slow rate of travelling he could look in upon the other members of his firm and Mrs. Flint by the middle of March. But would he then be on the spot in time?

Jupp's letter, written in a trembling hand and with evident reluctance, hinted strongly that the plot might be carried out at any moment. And this letter, which had reached him, Flint, on Christmas day, coming by way of Denver and the Pony Express, bore date November 1st, 1864. Three months had therefore already elapsed since the taciturn junior partner had penned his information. And three months, with mischief brewing—it was a lifetime!

Flint stowed away his map and card, and eyed the dreary stretch of prairie with impatient glance. The apparently endless expanse was thinly covered with snow. Save his riding and pack horses picketed near, there was no sign of life between horizons. It was a somber, forbidding landscape; an open treadmill. For had it not been for the shifting appearance of the partly frozen river on his left, Flint would have taken oath that he made camp in exactly the same spot every night. Little wonder, then, that no white man had ever chosen to break trail along the Missouri to its source in the Rocky Mountains. No explorer would have attempted it—not even a Merriwether Lewis or a Captain Clark. Boating up the stream was vastly different, as then one had diversion, and the broad, even bosom of Dakota impressed one less with its atmosphere of maddening monotony.

Yet Flint had made his choice of routes for various subtle reasons. Briefly, the emigrant trails leading Westward via Denver and Salt Lake City, and along the Platte and Powder Rivers to the Bozeman Pass, were Indian-haunted. The lone traveller stood one chance in a thousand of pushing through to his journey's end in safety. But what Sioux or Cheyenne would be apt to keep watch and guard upon his own immediate territory in the dead of winter? What white man would dare to invade the sacred hunting ground? No one possessed such temerity.

Thus Flint had reasoned. Then again, the great river, far up near its headwaters, wound past a point not a dozen miles from Last Chance. Here only a valley, devoid of human life, intervened between it and the camp. By cautiously skirting the few isolated forts and trading-posts along the way, therefore, it was possible for him to arrive at this valley and thence cross over to his destination without his being seen. And his was a secret mission. He had a grim surprise for the plotters of Last Chance. Hence, above all, he wanted no announcement of his coming to precede him.

It was cold—bitter cold. Yet, as the days and nights wore on, only the horses suffered. At the stopping-places they obtained but little rest, as the occasional clump of grass, their sole sustenance, was only to be searched out from beneath the icy snow by diligent pawing. Nor was Flint of much assistance, although, during his sleepless nights, he would rise from his blankets and put in the time gathering such additional provender as he could find. The country, too, was being swept by strong gales, which sapped the strength of the poor beasts, and sent them staggering weakly to the river's bank. More than once, at the late evening camps, Flint, absorbed as he was, would turn instinctively to find them gazing at him through their sunken eyeballs with a curious, almost human, expression of inquiry.

Yet, Flint, in his rimless cap, which resembled an inverted sack, his buffalo overcoat, and his thick boots, was but little inconvenienced. Moreover, having always Jupp's letter mentally pictured before him, whether asleep or awake, he found his pulses beating high. The intense cold merely neutralized the abnormal warmth of his blood. And besides, the severe state of weather had entered into his calculations, and was therefore gratifying. The wild things of the prairie would not brave it in quest of food, and, knowing this, the Sioux would keep to their snug tepees. And by the close of the succeeding month he would be well beyond them.

But with the coming of February the temperature erratically changed. The sun became visible. The smooth surface of the plain, moreover, began to lose itself in a succession of little knolls. The banks of the river grew higher, and scrub brush and low thickets abruptly appeared. At intervals, Flint encountered the bones of some departed warrior, perched atop his four-post grave, and surrounded by his hunting paraphernalia and the skeleton of his favorite horse. And then, at Paradise Point, where the river made its great bend, he saw in the distance a dark moving blot. Thus early—the buffalo!

Flint's first act was to sacrifice his camping outfit, thereby relieving the tired pack of the bulk of its burden. Then, having alternate mounts, he went forward at a gallop. After that day he rode till the horses gave out; then he abandoned them also. A mile distant a faint whinny was borne to his ears, and, looking back, he saw them attempting to follow him. It was a pathetic sight, and Flint swore aloud. Then Jupp's letter recurred to him again, and his lips closed in ominous calm.

Now, too, being on foot, his danger increased. The buffalo, appearing at last in countless thousands, made wild rushes in his direction. The spectacle of a man on foot was to them not only strange, but it smacked of defiance. So Flint, aware of these facts, kept to the thicket-strewn river bank, avoiding the tempting cut-offs, and thereafter travelled by night. In this way he came to the Tree.

He could recall the Tree clearly. An isolated landmark, it was down on the steamboat-card as one of the river's chief points of interest. And all hands aboard a stern-wheel were wont to stare at it in a sort of hushed wonder till it dwarfed to a mere atom before their receding view. Flint, on his journey East to buy for his firm the previous fall, could remember having stared as hard as anyone. Now, however, the Tree held for him a morbid fascination. For it had in the interval of his glimpses borne fruit. The skeletons of a dozen people, among which he beheld those of a woman and a little child, were swinging listlessly from its sharpened limbs. The story was easily read. Homeward-bound in an open boat, the party of whites had been taken by the Sioux. Thus briefly the chapter had opened and closed. Flint, finally ceasing to look, wondered vaguely if he had known them. Then a strange suggestion entered his mind. Had one of them been Moreland? Was the skeleton of the woman that of Mrs. Flint? The thought induced him to return his gaze, his brain cunningly striving to pierce the identity of the mute objects before him. Then he chuckled. He was growing irrational. Could it be that Jupp's letter had inoculated him with the germ of madness? Although it was daylight, he pushed ahead.

At Bearpaw Creek, he slept in a thick willow coppice. When he awoke towards nightfall, it was with the full consciousness that others were by. Scarce stirring, he peered about warily. Ten feet away a blanketed figure showed on the river bank, while a companion, invisible to Flint, appeared to be engaged in cutting willows on that side. For the soft swish of the knife and an occasional sibilation from the latter reached Flint's ears. Then he understood the purpose of their visit. There were merely gathing the sumac to dry later on into kinnikinic, and consequently, so far, his presence was unsuspected. He lay back, reassured. The abundant growth of willow would prevent the kinnikinic-gatherer from coming too close. Night was almost at hand, and shortly he could proceed. Then came that abomination of the hunted, the Indian dog. Right at his very feet one had paused, its back bowed aggressively, its ugly lip lifted, its hair bristling. And too late was Flint's quick effort to silence the pest with a knife-stroke. A succession of snarls, a warning yelp, and as Flint rose from his work of killing the brute he saw the taut bows of four Sioux turned full upon him.

A little later, he was lying on the prairie, stripped and bound. One of his captors had taken the picket-pins of their horses, and, giving the animals their liberty, was driving the stakes into the ground. Another was bringing up driftwood. The remaining two were perpetrating squaw-torture upon their victim; plucking his beard at the roots, sticking splinters under his nails, and cutting from the tender portions of the body.

However, Flint was passive. His thoughts wandered to his own intended victims at Last Chance. And presently, by a trick of fancy, he imagined that these same intended victims were undergoing this cruelty at his hands, and that therefore he himself was not enduring, but was inflicting, pain. Soon his mind was diverted by the prospect of an approaching storm. For his ear, being flat upon the ground, had caught a far-off rumbling sound. Yet, aside from the gathering darkness, the sky at all points showed clear. And Flint thought it rather strange. Then he found a new subject of interest for his wool-gathering wits in the fact that the little band of horses had shifted far down the river bank. And he was about to acquaint his tormentors with the knowledge, when he suddenly felt himself lifted and carried to where the stakes were driven. Busy hands stretched him at full length upon his back, fastened his wrists and ankles to the pins, and next piled the driftwood upon him.

Flint paled. This, then—this belly-burning diablerie, this fiendish deed—was to be his end. He almost groaned — almost, for he stifled it at the very outset. As the four prepared to strike fire and set the drift-wood alight, he bent a defiant look at each hideous face in turn, and awaited their final act. A few moments later the wood was aflame.

But the rumble—the distant thunder—was approaching fast. The Sioux themselves had heard it at last, and between whiles were casting surprised looks at the heavens. For a brief space their soft gutterals were uttered calmly. Then, as a vague trembling of the ground began to add its uncanny sensation to the ever increasing thunder, one of them sprang to his feet with a startled cry. Flint saw him point to the horizon whence the sound came, and then towards the river bank down which, and now mere dots in the distance, the horses had strayed. Instantly they were all on their feet and were rushing headlong in the latter direction. One of them, after a moment's hesitation, returned to Flint, and, stooping, swept the burning fagots aside. Then he hurried after the others.

Flint was astonished. By slow degrees, he grew enlightened. The ground was shaking now, and the deep rumble had increased to a roar. There was no element of electricity about that; no thunder of the heavens. It was the buffalo.

Flint had once been witness of a cattle stampede, and the memory of that thrilling sight had ever stirred his blood. But compared with the terrible and resistless on-rush of the myriad army now showing against the darkened horizon, that memory became a mere incident, was blotted out. And he forgot for the time the burns, the pains, the tortures, from which he had just been suffering, in watching, awed, terrified, yet fascinated, the swift, thunderous advance of that mass of living flesh. As the mighty vanguard struck the river, Flint's head sank back beneath the strain. God be praised! —they were passing him by.

Thus he lay, staring at the stars, hearing the dull pounding of hoofs and conscious of a rhythmic swaying of the ground about him. Then a suggestion, dim at first, abruptly took form. The constant jar might have loosened the picket-pins. And so reflecting he tugged at the ropes. The sweat appeared on his forehead, and the blood started from his wrists and ankles. But the stakes held firm. Flint smiled—grimly amused at his own helplessness. He wondered if the Sioux, who had merely postponed their cruel drama would not soon return. A discerning instinct told him, no. Beyond a doubt they had been caught in the forward surge of the frantic beasts and been crushed like snails.

After a long wait, Flint tried again. To his joy something was giving way. An odor of burning rope greeted him. A piece of the hastily scattered driftwood, brightly aflame, had become dislodged from a little pile of its fellows and had fallen squarely across one of the ropes at his feet. For a second Flint experienced a vertigo of emotion. He eyed the sizzling, sputtering cord in a sort of confident calm. For with one foot free it would prove a matter of small difficulty to push some one of the burning fagots to where the neighboring rope stretched taut. He glanced about him in search of his clothes and weapons and saw them nearby where the Sioux had stripped him. As the burning rope parted at last, and thus left him free to put his theory touching the rest into practice, he began once more to think of Jupp, and of Jupp's letter, and of Moreland and Mrs Flint.

A space later, weak, scorched and bleeding, but with purpose undaunted, he stood on the river bank, a mile beyond the scene of his capture, and looked back. The dull pounding of thousands of hoofs continued without cessation, and the eyeballs and nostrils of the charging throng, red-specked in the darkness, appeared like a myriad of fireflies darting sportively about the plain.

* * *

From the vicinity of Painted Woods, one may, on a clear day, catch his first glimpse of the lordly mountains. A hazy line, of an indigo blue, extending far to the North of the Missouri, marks the jumbled hills and low peaks of the little Rockies. And Flint, like all true Western men, exulted at the sight. The depressing thought of his mission was abandoned, and for the moment he felt like breaking into song. But the feeling of transport soon vanished, and, going to extremes, he grew moody and dejected. His was no ordinary home-coming.

Nor was all the danger passed. For now he was in the country of the Blackfeet, the Blood, and Piegan. And although their methods of torturing victims were not so ingenious as those of the Sioux, still they burnt at the stake, and practiced other deviltries peculiarly their own. And so Flint, wherever the tall bluffs placed no hindrance in his path, still hugged the river bank.

There were sharp turns and windings along his route now, and there were times when sheer walls confronted him and he could see but a few feet ahead. And thus one morning at barely daybreak he rounded a projecting cliff, where, within a yard of him, and wrapped in his blanket to his scalp-feather, was a Piegan buck, lazily fishing. Flint's heart jumped. The other, doubtless thinking him a companion, addressed Flint softly and without turning his head. Flint's answer—he knowing no other—was to grasp his knife firmly and then lean over the Piegan's shoulder. And he struck hard. It was murder, no doubt; but his cold-blooded treatment by the Sioux had exhausted his sentiment. After rapid thought, he toppled the body into the river. and, seating himself assumed the dead man's blanket and fishing pole. Perhaps the Piegan's companion was due to appear. Evidently so, or the other would not have spoken. But again, there might be more than one. Still, Flint took the chance. Thus he waited for some minutes. But as time pressed, he finally cast the things aside and hurried on.

At Squaw Man's Ford, where the icy river broadened and fell low, he crossed to the opposite bank. On that side the bluffs were less precipitous, and he found he could see an occasional horseman, or a group of tepees, on the bank he had quitted, and he smiled at his own cunning. For once the Sioux country was passed, the South side of the river became neutral ground, and was only to be invaded when the opposing tribes desired a conflict. And here, too, he encountered Ingram, mail-carrier for Carroll and Fort Benton, the first white man he had seen throughout the whole of his terrible journey. It was a natural surprise, and both had their revolvers out in a twinkling.

"Where going, friend?" said the mail-carrier.

Flint put away his revolver. Oddly enough, he thought, this acquaintance had failed to recognize him. He was glad.

"Up river—Three Forks and Bozeman."

"Where from?"

"Below the Yellowstone."

The mail-carrier whistled.

"Sure you're no squaw-man? Nor steamboat wood-chopper? Trader, or hunter, eh? When did you eat a square meal last?"

"God knows!" said Flint.

The mail-carrier laughed.

"I see," he remarked. "Anything that came to hand. Dog meat, even."

Flint nodded.

"Well, try some of this whiskey, and then a bit of this buffalo. And here's some hardtack.

Flint, exerting his iron will, tried to eat sparingly. But even then he tore at the food like a wild beast Presently, the other spoke again.

"Gently, my friend—gently. Not too much at one time. I'm going to share my grub with you, and you'd better make it last awhile. And maybe you'd do well to look sharp along about Hound Creek and the Little Arrow, as I saw a few bucks trying to cross over to this side. Here's your grub. Good luck!"

In a jiffy horse and rider were gone, and Flint resumed his way, the one going down the river, the other up. And this brief meeting, many miles distant from a habitable point, did Flint abundant good. The color tinged his sunken cheeks, the wild light died from his eye, and his step grew firm. The exchange of greeting, short as it was, had enlivened his spirits.

Following Ingram's advice, Flint warily eyed the low hills lying between Hound Creek and the Little Arrow. The bucks had crossed, so he found, and had camped at the latter point. Flint crawled past them, in the dead of night, finding himself hemmed in by the river on one side, and by high-rising steeps on the other.

On the 15th of March—a week behind his calculations—he had likewise left the Teton and Marias far in his rear, and had successfully skirted Fort Benton. But a hundred miles lay between him and Last Chance—a mere step. The Rocky Mountains themselves, white with recent snows, loomed in sight. And just beyond, just across those imposing barriers, were the plotters. Or had they gone?

What irony if he should arrive too late!

Flint grew feverish again. He cursed himself for sleeping. And now, too, as if to further thwart him, the snow lay deep upon the river's bank, and great drifts in the intersecting gullies obstructed his advance. It was maddening at this late day to find himself thus hindered. For at times he would sink through the frozen crust to his waist. Then he would gaze despairingly ahead. His bones ached; his muscles seemed paralyzed. His hand shook as he wiped the cold sweat from his neck and forehead. Yet to his joy, the mountains ever grew closer, and their silent approach revivified him. And so he struggled on. Now, the blue haze that hovered at their apex wavered and dissolved, and tall trees, snowhung and motionless, began to detach themselves from their mist-encumbered surroundings and to stand apart. But still the terrible drifts!

Twice Flint fell exhausted. And both times the trio of gray wolves that had been patiently following him for two days and nights, came close enough to snap at him. Helpless, Flint could only eye them. But his steady look prevented further result. Then, subtly aware of his returning strength, they skulked again to the river, impotently licking their lips, and once more took up his trail.

At Bear Tooth—that landmark visible to Last Chance—Flint found the river frozen. He crossed over for the final time. And here, but a single spur of mountains interposed between him and the valley which sloped gently to the little mining camp. Yet it took him one whole day to toil to their summit. Resting there, he fixed his gaze upon the fast-darkening ravines and gulches of the mountains across the way. For among them the smudge of huts and cabins of Last Chance could be thus distinguished.

In that rarified atmosphere he could make out the two cabins on the hillside—one of which was his home, the other being that of his friend, the sheriff. Flint, his heart thumping and two great tears halting at his wasted cheeks, strained his eyes hard at the former, in particular, and tried to pierce its low log walls for a glimpse within. Was it occupied still? Was Mary—Mrs. Flint—yet a tenant? Flint bowed his face in the snow and groaned. He was weak—weak as a child. But presently the icy contact soothed and calmed him. He lifted his head and glanced slyly about him. Elk were wonderingly watching him through the openings amid the trees, and a band of vagrant coyotes, moaning and howling, had approached to the nearest benchland and were evidently making him the sole object of their regard. But no human eye had witnessed, and Flint felt relieved.

When he looked again, the scene had become blurred. The scattered cabins and low squat frames had sunk back into the hillsides, and the rambling shacks of the camp's one business street had submerged themselves in darkness. A flaring red light suddenly showed at the foot of the gulch, and Flint smiled. It was the bonfire nightly set ablaze in front of Pete's Place, next door to the quarters occupied by the firm of Flint, Moreland & Jupp.

And Moreland? Flint's smile vanished, and his eyes contracted to pin-points. Was this handsome scoundrel still in camp? Was this human viper, this ungrateful cur, whom he, Flint, had picked up and set upon his feet, still within reach?

Flint eyed the flickering bonfire moodily. His own brain was ablaze. Yet he must control himself, must be patient for another day. There was still the valley, and then—God save him—home!

At dawn, and moving slowly, Flint began upon the last stage of his journey. The snow lay four feet on the level. Here and there was the roof of a ranch-house, the sides being hidden in high drifts. In the clear cold atmosphere the smoke of the rock chimneys over at Last Chance was visible—black threads against a gray expanse of sky. No sound of brawl or revel reached him. Peace reigned. Oddly enough, in view of his rage and emotion of the night before, Flint felt vaguely touched and soothed. Strangely, too, tired, worn, starving, as he was, he experienced a desire to linger, to put off his invasion of the camp and the consequent knowledge which that invasion would bring. He wanted to believe in Peace, in Purity, in Innocence, in Good, yet a little while, for if it were all a delusion, at all events it freed his mind of troublesome thoughts and left him tranquil and so he rested through long intervals, boyishly delighted at the beautiful pictures his fancy magically produced. But again came the bitter reflections, and before their resistless attack his placid contentment fled. So he pushed on.

A mile from camp, where he stood awaiting nightfall, Flint met with an intrepid freighter, who, despite the intense cold and the deep snow, was pulling out his three wagons and twenty mules for Benton. Flint addressed him.

"Is Moreland still here?"

The freighter started. What ghost, what scarecrow was this? And it required much reflective chewing of his quid before he fully recovered his equanimity. Then he queried in turn:

"Saloon man?"

"No—merchant."

"Don't know him." And the freighter went on.

From a newly-built cabin at the extreme foot of the gulch there came a succession of faint roars. Flint mechanically listened. Singularly enough, there was something in those deep, hoarse bellowings that reminded him of Jupp. For Jupp had just such a voice, but being morose and taciturn, he employed it only on extraordinary occasion. And thus recalling his junior partner, Flint thought of the letter. It still reposed in his inner coat-pocket, not once disturbed throughout the whole of his remarkable journey. But was it there? Flint absently searched and found it; then, although he had no need, he slowly read it over again:

> LAST CHANCE, Nov. 1st, '64.
>
> DEAR JIM:
>
> Better come out. They's a plot afoot. Heard Moreland and—though I hate to say it—Mrs. Flint discussin' it. He's been doin' the gallant durin' your absense, and, though I hate to hurt your feelin's, I'm afeard—I'm afeard! The plot is for Moreland to steel the firm's money, and then them two are to elope. I'm watching Moreland, of course, but I hain't no call to watch the other thing. You must see to that. The thing may happen at any minit. Times is good.
>
> Respectfully,
> WILLIAM JUPP.
>
> P. S. Better come at once

Flint slowly replaced the letter, and shut his eyes wearily.

He recalled the fact that a year or so previously Jupp's own wife had eloped, and Jupp, acutely sympathetic in consequence, had meant to forestall a second desertion in the firm, by giving him, Flint, blunt but kindly warning. Yes, Jupp had meant well; yet it had been a terrible stab. A wife deserting! Flint wondered how Jupp could have borne it. He, himself, would have followed the eloping pair to the Pole.

With the bonfire before Pete's Place at last alight and dying out, Flint, tottering slightly, but grim and with set jaws, made his way up the gulch. A volley of harsh and incoherent speech greeted him from the new-built cabin as he went by, and he threw a glance in that direction. There were bars before the high window of the cabin. Last Chance had, then, erected a jail. His friend, the sheriff, had exhausted his patience at last.

As he thus reflected, a huge bulk bumped against him at the turn. Flint, helplessly weak, reeled and fell. In an instant, the bulk was leaning over him, pulling him to his feet again. Flint recognized the sheriff.

"Pardon, friend," said this old acquaintance. "Had no idea I'd capsize you. Must be devilish weak—or drunk! Let's have a look at you."

He stood in the shadow, permitting the spasmodic blaze of the bonfire to play full upon Flint. Thus were reflected a wan, pinched face, partly hidden in a beard that seemed to grow in scattered tufts; a pair of hollow eyes, surmounted by a matted tangle of hair, and a thin form enveloped in a buffalo overcoat many sizes too big for its owner.

The sheriff fell back a step. His jolly face grew grave.

"In God's name," he said slowly, his voice inflected with pain; "it's Flint!"

Flint nodded, gazing at him dully.

"Is Moreland here?" he asked.

The sheriff put a bottle to his friend's lips.

"Why, of course he's here. Where should he be? But where did you come from?"

"Then I'm in time! The Lord be praised!"

He started on, his eye lighting up with an expression of intense satisfaction. His awful journey, well worth the hardships he had suffered, had, after all, then, culminated to his liking. Moreland was still here, and within his reach.

The sheriff peered at him closely, and then in a twinkling his practiced arm had stolen to Flint's belt.

"Steady, my friend," he said, quietly. "Let's have a little talk first. Now tell me what all this means. What are you doing here, coming in this queer and unexpected fashion, three months ahead of the steamboats? And what is your very evident grudge against Moreland? Tell me, Flint."

Flint, disarmed and rendered helpless, gazed at him angrily. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, he produced Jupp's letter.

"Read that," he said, "I reckon it will explain."

The sheriff scanned it; then laughed outright.

"Another one of Jupp's," he said finally. "Then I must have caged him a bit too late to prevent some of them from being posted. For it was only after he tried to kill Moreland, along about Christmas time, that his insanity actually showed. Family troubles, you know. And he imagines that everybody's wife is about to elope with Moreland. And when he ain't cussing and shouting, he's writing letters. It amuses him. I was just on my way to get his nightly batch. And half of 'em will be addressed to me, telling me that my wife Kate—bed-ridden, poor soul, as you know, for years—is about to desert. So you see, Flint, you've simply been a victim—"

The sheriff's voice sounded from afar. Flint, his senses failing him, heard vaguely. Jupp—crazy! Was it possible? The intelligence stunned him. The sheriff went on:

"And poor Moreland, though Jupp surprised and almost killed him, has been sticking to his post, working himself sick, like the faithful dog he is. As for Mrs. Flint—man, I'm ashamed of you! A more noble, self-sacrificing, faithful little woman—"

Flint was not hearing. A multitude of conflicting emotions was battling in his brain. He was staring stupidly. There was a final clash of the bonfire, illuminating the signboard of Flint, Moreland & Jupp, and showing Moreland himself in the doorway, and then all grew dark. He was groping about, his hands outstretched, and crying his wife's name. Then he felt himself lifted and borne away.

A number of days later, Mrs. Flint tripped lightly over to the adjoining cabin. Her beautiful countenance wore a radiantly happy smile. And as the sheriff responded to her knock, he understood at a glance that Flint had kept the story of his deadly jealousy to himself. And he approved; any lying explanation was better than the truth.

"Rational, eh?" he repeated. "Rational all morning! Good, my dear, I'll go right over."

As he approached Flint's bedside and solemnly shook the invalid's hand, he bestowed upon him an intelligent nod.

"I see," he said; "and I'll not give your cock-and-bull yarn—whatever it was you told her—away. That would be a crime. So you've come to your senses again, eh? Well, I'm glad of it. For I've been wanting to tell you that more injured husbands are getting in. And they're all after poor Moreland, too. I'm hanged if they ain't!"

Flint smiled and reddened.

"Don't!" he murmured deprecatingly. "If you only knew what I have had to endure since I got that letter—"

"Well, that's just what I'm curious to learn. You must have had a regular devil of a time. And when you're equal to it, you can begin at the beginning and give me, at all events, the real details of the story."

THE BOSTON BUST COMPANY

THE STORY OF A SCRAMBLE FOR A NAME

By Frank Conway

JOY said: "As I proposed, kid, let's tear away from the Bay State bunch, and kidnap their subsidiary corset concern on the way. Of course, if we turn the trick, Barter will wax onery enough to step to the street, punch a policeman, and push a trolley car off the track, but we'll survive his spasm—though he may not."

The noon of a bright day in Indian summer had swung around, and I had plowed into Joy's private office. He was sales manager of the Boston Bust, and I his assistant. I should further identify him as a man with an underground voice, a face pretty enough to freeze sweat, and a body that made him look like a little Italian barber.

I had great faith that Barter and his cronies of the Bay State Company could no more have trapped Joy and folded him up, than they could have caught lightning with a basket, and tied it in a knot. They would, however, guess his game the moment he gave them one whiff of it. I remarked something to that effect, and added: "If we sneak over our first hedges, we'll chop the dickens out of things, and scare Barter out of a year's growth. On the other hand," I continued, "for a while we'll all but fall around the streets like starving Cubans, without clothes enough to dust a fiddle, should Barter incorporate the Boston Bust Company first."

Joy sighted still another probability. "And if Wiglum backs out or sells out," he said, "what we've done will be nothing but truck for a lawyer's files—yes. But Wiglum will do nothing of the sort—he so awfully wants the Boston Bust."

He had every reason to want it awfully, as I shall explain. The corsets of the Bay State Company may have been healthful—they did no harm—but when they were called ill names by the professors of the corset colleges (who, in the main, charged on them a failure of the virtue to effect beautiful distortions in the feminine shape), buyers threw them back as lifeless stock. Immediately President Barter floated a selling concern under the name of the Boston Bust Company. The last-mentioned had never been incorporated. Speaking in a raw way, it was fake through and through. It simply sold the same old corsets under a new combination of letters. Reputedly, it had a factory outside the city; but it was to a purely bogus office in those parts that its mail was delivered, and thence shot over to Joy and myself in the general offices of the mother company. Barter knew as much about our conduct of the counterfeit corporation as a hog knows about rubber shirts. We practically were the Boston Bust. That company, by the way, was no unimportant sideshow; Joy and I stood symbolical of a business of ten thousand dollars a month. This business we could wipe up for ourselves, by incorporating under the good-natured New Jersey laws. Afterward it would be as easy as a Sunday afternoon walk for us to hold the Boston Bust salesmen and its trade and get our orders filled by the factory that gave us the best price, the best goods, and the quickest delivery.

Wiglum, of Wiglum & Squigels, a ladyware sales firm of New York, was not to finance our venture and thus gain the upper hand in it; he had affirmed his willingness to farm out to us, on soft terms, money enough to start the music. We had had, too, an offer of a loan shoved at us from a different quarter, but had, as the fellow says, passed it up.

There, as will later be observed, we jointly made the magnificent blunder at thought of which either of us now could, in self-disgust, bump his head against the wall.

Joy said something else about Wiglum's wanting the Boston Bust awfully, and then I out with the confession that, while I respected my sales captain as a world-wise goer, I couldn't help feeling pink at the prospect of a raid on Barter's bank-roll. At that the sales manager, staring right through me, slid down into his chair. He presently remarked, in an off-hand way, as he switched his glance to the framed greenback on his desk, "You're scrupulous, eh?" and added, as though to dissipate my scruples, "Barter's no poor plug. He has put in pickle sufficient to keep him for the rest of his life."

I hadn't desired to draw him out in that reference. In an effort to get from it gracefully, I inquired, with a foolishness for which, a moment afterwards, I could have kicked myself in the face: "Well, why, then, does he want more?"

"On the ground, I suppose, that he may need it after he's dead."

Desperate from that box over the ears, I told Joy, point blank, that I hesitated to join him in incorporating the Boston Bust because I kept my noodle ringing with the reminder that I got a nice envelope from the Barter bunch every Saturday night, "and if I leave them, Joy, and fail with you, I may even have to hock my hat and go to bed, nights, bareheaded."

The sales manager released a laugh. "You've got to take a chance, son," he drawled, and, just by flipping the ashes from his tailor-made cigarette, he made his say-so decisive for me. "Unless you're contented to stand outside the banks and listen to other people's money drawing interest, you've got to run a risk."

Five minutes later, I decided that, as a good American, I would not step over the grandest opportunity to cut a pie that I had as yet met in my zone.

* * *

Five days later, I had to gasp. Barter, or Wiglum, or somebody, had picked up for a slow fool the man whom I thought quick enough to turn and step on his own shadow. Poor Joy! It would cure him of his happy name. When I read it, I shouldn't, on a request at the moment, have been able to supply a friend with my post-office address. When Joy read it, I knew, he'd collapse after the fashion of a folding bed.

"It" refers to an article in a local rag that a newsboy forced on me as I boarded an early-morning car for the office. It told, in fewer words, that Haverstraw, or Have-A-Drink, one of Wiglum's bookkeepers, had slid down to the capitol of the Jersey state, and had there incorporated the Boston Bust Company! My lands!

Both Joy and Barter, that day, were out of town. In the afternoon, by long distance telephone, Joy queried me about the weather in our municipality. "Raining so pleasantly," I answered, "that I shan't go home for dinner tonight." He directed me to meet him, for that meal, in the cafe of the Dunrobin. Then I knew that he knew.

Like the people in the high-keyed romance, we met at the appointed place. As we entered it, heads were bowed, and friendly faces grinned greetings, but we noticed them not. We neither sighted things nor heard noises: the babble of he-talk and the twinklings of he-sized, ring-set diamonds were wasted on us. Not that we had time for only the reflection that we had been rung out, and that, for each of us, developments yet might mean a trip back to the original trade. Oh, no! for we were fairish salesmen, and had ever a living in the world. We simply felt full of the fact that, while we had been hemming and hawing, like awkward slobs, and going through the fancy processes of cautious thought, a brighter brother, backing up a truck, had carted away the Klondike that Dame Fortune had laid at our feet.

"Things love to go wrong, don't they?" Joy asked me, and, without waiting for my answer, he upset buckets of curses on Wiglum, on Barter, and on himself. It was the first and last time that I ever heard him so much as intimate in a discussion, that there's such a thing as luck.

While that discussion of ours was dragging along, who in the world broke into view but Barter! His coming was slower than the wrath of the gods, but he came at last.

He picked his way around the tables with the short, sporty steps by which, with the additional help of his Daniel Webster face, I shall recognize him if we meet in time or eternity.

He must have heard that we were at the Dunrobin, and must have hurried to us on a pony gallop; beads of sweat like snowballs rolled down his face. I noted, too, that he looked to be in rotten humor. He was. As he seated himself near us, I heard him order, and heard him, later on, kick about the grub, and peevishly direct the waiter to go back to the kitchen and learn if the chef had been out all night.

The waiter gone, Barter sat there and made believe that he didn't know we were within distance. Joy and I, shamming, too, pretended that we were unaware of his bald-headed presence. All the while, I felt that he was sharpening the big knife for us. I looked for a bad scene—with the dialogue done in no fine French.

He finished his food, and then gave us a broadside of glances. Joy, nodding, reminded him that he was sitting under the electrolier. Gestures went with his words, but they can't be classed with the sort that deserve to be recorded, for Joy, balled-up and fearful, displayed about as much grace as would a dead turtle in a duck pond. "If that aggregation of lights drops, President—"

"If it drops," the big Barter person remarked, "it will knock the bottom out of this joint, as you have tried to knock the bottom out of the Bay State Company."

Yes, we had tried, and had failed, and so felt like thirty cents in red money. Joy mumbled a nothing. He was talking with evident difficulty—as though there were a blister on his guzzle. As for me: I had no more ambition to eat than would have a man with ill-fitting false teeth, frozen gums and an artificial tongue.

Barter flung his napkin down, and then himself into a chair at our table. "Who's the reason for this move?" he asked, at the same time letting fly a choice piece of profane diction. We kept mum. He looked at me. I thought of my Saturday envelope, shivered, gazed into the untouched beer before me, and finally took an interest in the exercises of a lone guest who was trying to pry apart a piece of chicken that a sinewy woodsman could not have cut with an axe.

Barter insisted on my contributing a little language to the symposium. "Where do you stand with reference to the coming spat, Mr. Bright-Eyes?" I was asked.

I thought to seem natural, and opened my face on purpose. "I hope it ends a drawn battle," I gurgled—like the liar that I was.

"With both of us dead?"

"He didn't say that," said Joy.

Then they fenced. "Will you say it for him?" asked Barter.

"I haven't time to speak for other people."

"Well, I have, Mr. Joy. I'll talk for Wiglum. I'll say for him that he'd like to see you and me put into a closet to eat each other up."

"If we two were put together, before I left I'd have borrowed money from you," said Joy. That last joke of his affected neither of the two who heard it. Barter had his own thoughts to sift, and I was wondering about Wiglum. Had the latter asked himself into the company of the Barters and there treacherously hatched plots and plans to trim us to the last feather? Had he jobbed us? He had—by Barter's next declaration, which was: "Wiglum has shown me your hand, and has, besides, advised me how to use my own. I'm now the majority stockholder in the duly incorporated Boston Bust Company. Wiglum blanked you out."

"Tell that to your Great Dane dog," said Joy. "Maybe he'll believe it. I can't."

"Well, if that isn't so," Barter earnestly thundered, "may I go to the dickens."

Joy smiled. From the beginning he had been as cool as cold cream. Barter, on the contrary, with every word had grown wilder and more red-headed. Now he taunted us—chucking most of the gall into Joy's teeth. His tickler told him, he said, as he pulled out his memo-book, and looked at a blank page, that the cabby-hack man was to bring Wiglum to the Barter mansion that very night. Well, Wiglum was clever. "And to think that I gaited you for an intelligent guy!" to Joy. "I did. I believed that you could teach fish how to swim. I'm afraid that if you had a little more sense, Mr. Joy, you'd be at least half-witted."

"That," said Joy, "may be your wit, but it ain't making me laugh."

"You can't laugh very well," and Barter then explained why. "The joke's on you. Don't you see? The joke's always on the man that pays for it."

Joy might have declared, at that point, that it was not in his line of business to play the child of wide wisdom, but he didn't. I guess he realized that Barter was in a position to knock the bottom out of any bluff that he might spring. He did as I did—and I sat there looking small enough to serve as a watch-charm. We two—Joy and I—composed a committee whose duty it was to admit, by troubled expressions on our respective mugs, that we were the chief chumps of the universe, and deserved the regalia of the world's soft marks. Consequently, Barter did all the talking—and mussed his mane, and dislocated his necktie, in the operation. Twisting the English language in all directions, he told us what he thought of our having plotted sixty ways for the Sabbath to put the Bay State Company on the bum. He carried on as does a character in one of those silly moving picture scenes that wind up an evening's racket in a vaudeville house. In short, he soon became intolerable, and Joy had to issue the oral statement that presently reached my ear-drums, namely: "I dare say you understand, Mr. Barter, that it's part of my religion to get ahead whenever the gods give me a chance." Barter, I can't deny, gloriously rose to the situation. He rose to it with this remark: "No matter what a man's religion is, I respect it if he practices it. However, please don't practice yours too strongly in your dealings with me. That's all."

However, it was not all. He continued to blaze away with uplifted head, firing heavy denunciations, forebodings and lamentations skyward, as though wailing a psalm from the Good Book. At last Joy cut him short with the query, "What do you think to do?"

It would not have been a good chance for a civil man, but vexed Barter made it one. "Think?" he repeated, inquisitively. "I never waste time thinking. I do things. Things will be done to you and to your youngster there." Then he gave us a small invitation to get out. "When your senses return to you," he said, "write out your resignations and send them to me. They'll look pretty."

"Will they reach you if we ship them to the devil's domain?" asked Joy, who didn't mind being beaten, if he was not stepped on with both feet. Barter, in reply, let fly a few exquisite cuss-words, and waddled out of the cafe.

* * *

"I'd give a hurdy-gurdy virtuoso a real, white dollar to come around and play something sentimental," Joy confided to me. "I want to cry." Instead, he sounded a hearty ha-ha, and joked about the mess he was in. True, he had eyes mostly for the green certificates of our country, but he was at the same time a man who looked for laughs. He soon let me see that Barter's behaviour had been for him, in the main, an overdone skirt dance, or a light, quick-and-devilish sketch between the acts.

He let me see, too, that he somewhat wanted at the moment, an onion breath that would have sidetracked my gaze. From his remarking that the skies were sweating heavily, and that, since neither of us had either mackintosh or umbrella, surely neither of us were yearning for a rain-water bath or a quest for a sea-going hack, I judged that he felt he was in front of the dreadful necessity of staying longer and justifying himself.

To put that necessity well before him, I said, "Well, I guess we'll be read out of the Boston Company in due, ancient form."

"Oh, we've yet to give a hearing to Rain-in-the-Face Wiglum."

Mention His Hoary Nibs, and he appears. In walked Wiglum.

"Now," whispered Joy to me, "here's where the sacred orator takes the pulpit on a beautiful inspiration. I mean to give this rogue a polite piece of my thought."

Mr. Wiglum! As to his appearance: he was, like many men, about as pretty as one of the grotesque faces that a fever patient sees in a half-sleep. So, too, was Joy, and I myself wasn't much better. Had any of us been awarded a prize at a beauty show, there would have been a riot among the exhibitors. And, therefore, enough as to his looks.

He trod to our table. Reaching it, he smiled a prolonged smile.

"Barter's been here," said Joy.

"Barter, eh?" and Wiglum seated himself.

"And he spilled as much guff and wild whiskey-talk as could an old pie-woman," added Joy. He superadded: "We've been told."

Wiglum nodded, to indicate his perfectly understanding that a disposition had been made of us twins, and then began to talk about himself. As a result of his action in the Boston Bust matter, he apprized us, a certain girl was getting ready to swear that she'd love, honor and obey him.

"There it is!" said I, in an undertone, to myself. "Somebody has mixed romance with business. Wiglum has."

That gentleman went on with his absorbing tale. "I owe to you the information that I never received a very strong invitation to go to Barter's on a social errand." (We didn't know for what reason he had not been strongly invited, nor did we care).

Oh, he talked freely. After a period of grand conduct and careful conversation, he declared, he saw that Barter was agin 'im. Barter, in a word, didn't want him for a son-in-law. We got, right after that, from Mr. Wiglum, the chestnutty story of how, with the odds against him in his battle for the one girl, he started out with determination in his eye, a patch on the seat of his pants, and a cud of tobacco in his cheek. (Verily, a tale as old as the ice around the North Pole!) Our plot to steal the Boston Bust Company from Barter, he used to make that old Indian come to terms. What could we say? Wiglum had us nailed down with the old proposition that when a man's after a girl, he isn't honor bound to be on the level with anybody.

Of course, we heard more. We had to hear it. "Now," he said, comfortably, "I rub my hands and gloat—now that at last I shall own her."

"His gloating's doing us no good," I could imagine that Joy privately reflected.

"I was ambitious to take care of the girl, and I've carried my point. (Oh, our poor, patient ears!) Gentlemen, I'm engaged to be married to Miss Barter." And we forgot to congratulate him.

Joy's first thought was to justify himself. "We would have won, all right!" he boomed, "but a love affair wasn't in my books." That to me; to Wiglum he said, wistfully: "As I before stated, Barter has spoken, and I'm a Was-It. What? Haven't you stayed at a halt long enough to realize that you've busted our dear scheme? Well, you have busted it —and you've fixed me, Wig. There's nothing for me to do now but to make my funeral arrangements. Bury me on the housetop with my heels to my native Western land."

Wiglum guffawed. Then, rising, he flourished rhetoric to the following tune: "Cheer up, children, for Barter was but showing off. He knows that you two are worth while as workers, and that, inasmuch as he has incorporated, and so made it impossible for you to misbehave yourselves again in the thieving game, you may as well be kept in the family. Anyway, did you think me capable of getting behind you and leaving you on the green, after I had thrown a ruinous kick into each of you? No, sir, you didn't, and you and your young friend are to stay, Mr. Sales Manager. Yes, and the Boston Bust Company is to be greater and stronger than ever. Likewise, our salaries. As a pledge of that"—and he pushed a paw at Joy—"here's the right hand of friendship and brotherly love." Joy gave him his left —either because he forgot himself and fumbled, or because his left was nearer his heart.

After a savage handshake, Joy spoke his little piece. "Well, Wig, each fellow has tried hard for his'n, and I dare say there isn't one of us that will not concede the other the glory of being a harmless fellow." It seemed to occur to him, there, that he couldn't say much more without making a liar or an ass of himself.

While he was feeling for words, something happy happened. A graceful waiter, sailing around the tables with a tray on high, stubbed his toe (struck a rock, so to speak), and capsized with his cargo. We three laughed, had a drink together and—and so the curtain dribbles down on a picture of Peace.

PROMISE

WITH a hint of summer graces, through the tangled woodland spaces
Comes the spring, delaying, straying all the pleasant paths along;
And the cedars' stalwart masses, and the dark glen where she passes,
And the willows by the brookside are alive with wing and song.

Oh, I hear her voice a-calling where the laggard snow is falling,
And a jay his wild love-matin trumpets loud and trumpets clear.
Sweet, the darksome days are over! welcome back each feathered rover
And forget the nights of sorrow,—spring, the blessed spring is near!

Sarah D. Hobart

WHEN THE TREASURE SCORED

By Zelia Margaret Walters

STANLEY glanced sidewise at his companion. "Raymond, sit down," he said sharply. "If you stand up again, I shall put you out, and let you walk the rest of the way."

"I won't walk," said Raymond, "I'll sit right down here, and wait till you come back."

Stanley watched the road gloomily without arguing the matter. He had enough to think of. It seemed likely that this boy would keep his happiness from him. He recalled what Lois had said only two days ago, "If you and Raymond loved each other, I shouldn't hesitate a moment. But you don't. He thinks you try to rule him, and I can see that he makes you impatient. He is my one treasure, John, and I don't feel that I ought—" Stanley had started to explain that there was another treasure right at hand, but the boy had burst right in and spoiled it all.

No, he was afraid he didn't like the treasure. He had brought him out today with some vague idea of conciliation, and already the boy was bristling with defiance.

When Stanley turned into the club grounds, his friends were waiting for him. He had just returned from a two years' cruise, and the old fellowship was to be renewed. With a few general injunctions, Stanley turned his charge loose.

But he tasted that afternoon the woes of step-fatherhood. First there was a farmer who came to complain that the treasure was chasing his chickens, then, in rapid succession, Rider discovered that his paper had been used to make sail boats, and Woodly wrathfully exhibited his broken eye glasses. There was a lull, during which he hung on the back of Stanley's chair, and teased to be taken for a row on the lake. When it dawned upon him that Stanley's decision was unalterable, he was quiet during the time it took him to shred to bits half a dozen of Ashe's choice cigars. He slid over the railing, and disappeared, before his guardian could call him to account.

"I don't like to disturb you, Stanley," said someone a little later, "but that kid of yours is out alone in a row boat. I don't know that you care much, still, his mother might object if he were drowned."

Stanley rowed out and brought the treasure in, leading him up the walk with a determined hand on his shoulders. The boy looked up into his face, and tried to evade the wrath to come.

"I want you to take me right home," he demanded.

Stanley reflected that the imp was probably young enough to cry, but nevertheless, he answered, "We're not going yet, and you're not going to make any more trouble."

The boy did not cry, and Stanley felt his first impulse of liking for him when he drew in his under lip and winked back a gathering tear.

"Put him in the cellar," suggested Woodly, when he saw Stanley looking about for some means to enforce his dictum. "It's empty since they moved up to the new building, so there's nothing for him to meddle with, and he'll be quite safe."

Stanley examined the cellar, and, finding it both dry and light, he locked the treasure in for safe keeping. It was the first time in the boy's life that punishment had been meted out to him, and he had something to think of as he sat on the lowest step. This was what happened to boys who had fathers. Billy West had told him of such happenings more than once, but Billy was very proud of his superiority in possessing a father.

At half past six Stanley stopped his auto at Mrs. Gail's door. She was going out to dinner with him.

"Where's Raymond?" she questioned, looking out on the driveway.

A look of horror overspread Stanley's face. "I forgot him," he said, with desperate calmness.

"You forgot him! Oh, John! Where is he?"

"I left him at the old club house."

"But who was with him?"

"No one. I was the last to leave."

"Oh! but he'll not stay. He will run up to the new house, and there is sure to be someone there who will look after him until we come."

"You stay here, Lois. I'll go and get him."

"No, I must go. I can't trust you. You might forget him again."

There was nothing for it, but to confess his crime, and Stanley confessed as they were flying along the road to the club house.

"Oh, my baby!" wailed Lois, "shut up in that dreadful cellar alone, in the dark. John, you might have had pity on him, no matter what he did. He's only seven years old."

"But, dearest, you know I never meant to leave him there. I just forgot all about him."

"That shows that you have no interest in him. A father wouldn't have forgotten him. And he'll be hungry, and perhaps he'll die of fright. Oh, my baby! How could you be so cruel? No, I cannot forgive you, not now. Oh! why did I trust you with him?"

At length Stanley gave up trying to comfort her. It didn't matter now what he did.

The old club house was dark and deserted. Stanley felt a creeping fear, as he unlocked the cellar door. Suppose—

"Raymond, are you there?" he called.

"Yes. Can I come up, now?"

"Sure, old chap," and Stanley sprang down to meet him. He came back with the boy in his arms, and Lois waited, checking her sobs, for the light from the auto showed her that the child had his arms around Stanley's neck, and Stanley's voice had a caressing note.

"I never meant to leave you there alone, my boy. I forgot you, and went home. You see, I haven't got used to taking care of you yet. But I won't forget you again. Can you forgive me?"

"Sure," said the boy grandly. "And, say, I didn't cry. When I couldn't hear you talking any more, and it got dark, I didn't like it very much; but I wasn't going to cry, 'cause I'm too big."

"Of course you are; you're nearly a man, and we're going to be chums, because I like a fellow with grit."

"Are we, honest? Billy is his father's chum, but you're nicer."

Lois kissed her son, but she was not tearful over his recovery, nor did she express pity for his suffering.

They got into the auto and drove to a little country inn that served famous fish suppers, and Raymond's hunger was soon a thing of the past. He chattered gaily, his perversity all gone, and Stanley answered him, but Lois sat strangely silent during the supper, and all the way home.

When they reached the house, Stanley came in uninvited, but quite as a matter of course.

"Now, old chap," he said, "it's late, and you've had quite an exciting day, so I think you'd better kiss us good-night and go straight to bed."

"Yes, sir," said Raymond, with a new note of respect in his voice.

"I'm going to take you out for a swimming lesson tomorrow. It's time you were learning some of these things."

"That's dandy," said Raymond, with feeling emphasis.

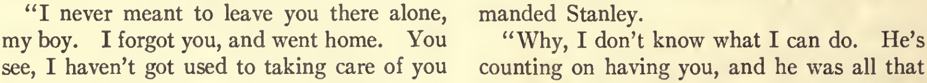
"Lucy will help you with the buttons, dear," said Lois, kissing him good-night.

"Aw, I don't need anyone to do the buttons, unless my shoe strings are in a knot," he added, in prudent if rather confused afterthought.

"And now, Lois, what will you do?" demanded Stanley.

"Why, I don't know what I can do. He's counting on having you, and he was all that made me hesitate. You know, John, I cared—"

"Bless the treasure!" said Stanley, without waiting for the rest.



THE WOOING OF LADY ELENA

By Edith Tatum

DUKE JOHN sat in his chair of state, and looked down upon the revellers in the hall below with a smile of great contentment upon his fat face; and as he reflected upon the occasion for the revel, and all that had led up to it, his smile grew broader, and he even patted his fat little foot in time to the music of the viols.

Tonight marked the making of peace between Duke John of Frémeur and Robert the Bold of Helchemane. Not that they had ever been at open war, but the duchy of the bold duke was Frémeur's strongest neighbor, and the knights of Helchemane were continually harrying and tormenting the people of Frémeur; and old John had not the power—and now, not the energy—to protect them. So, when Duke Robert promised Frémeur peace within its borders, and protection from his wild knights, if Duke John would give him the Lady Eléna in marriage, the old duke eagerly consented—without so much as saying, "an it please you" to the Lady Eléna. She was his orphan niece, and of great beauty, but until now she had met with but slight consideration from him.

Tonight, the knights and ladies of Frémeur partook of the feast spread for them, and danced to the music of the court viols; for, tomorrow, Duke Robert would come with his train, and marry the Lady Eléna.

In her brocaded robe of sea-green, her copper-red hair making a glow of light about her head, Eléna sat in a great carved chair by her uncle's side, and watched his fat smile, and her heart was as lead within her breast. For had not old Ursula told her often and often dark tales of the cruelty of Robert the Bold? — this very evening her lady-in-waiting had said that she had talked with a knight who had once seen the fierce duke, and he was old, with grizzled hair and beard. The husband of Eléna's dreams had not been fierce, nor old nor grizzled. She looked down upon the merry-makers; her eyes—green like the sea—roving restlessly from face to face. Was there not one among the smirking throng to think of her, and to sympathize? Suddenly she leaned forward, and her long, slim hands clasped tightly the carved arms of her chair. Away down in front of her, standing just inside the great door, were two figures, who seemed to take no part in the revel.

The taller of the two was slender and boyish in appearance, with a dark face of exceeding beauty, and the Lady Eléna saw that his gaze was directed unchangingly upon herself. They were stranger knights—or so she judged by their dress—and as she looked at them, they both made her low obeisances. She leaned back in her chair with a sigh. No romance had ever come to her in her seventeen short years, and tomorrow her freedom would end! She tried to watch the dancers; she tried to converse with her lady-in-waiting, but ever and ever her thoughts and her sea-green eyes returned to the stranger knight by the door. There was something in his attitude and steady gaze that affected her most strangely. She put her hand over her heart—ah, blessed saints, how it beat!—and now she could not take her eyes from his. The blood throbbed in her ears; it seemed to sing over and over: "Thy liberty will soon be ended!"

"My lord uncle," she said, turning to the fat old man at her side, "all my life has been ordered as you have willed it, and I never have made a request of you." She paused from fright and want of breath. "And there is something—something I would ask of you tonight," she continued, controlling her voice by an effort; "it will be my last request of you, lord uncle, for tomorrow I am to wed."

"Something you would ask of me, eh?" repeated Duke John, his little bead-like eyes looking good-humoredly from the folds of his face, "for tomorrow you are to wed?—aye, that's it, tomorrow you wed. Ask anything you please, girl; you may have your one wish."

"It is this," she said, speaking hurriedly, "that for once I may lay aside all state, and go down into the hall, and dance as one of the courtiers."

Duke John looked at her in amazement, as if doubting that he had heard aright. Then, at last, he said, "Mingle with the people, eh?—and dance? Well, well, and why not? Tomorrow the pretty bird's wings will be clipped, indeed, and the cage will never open again." And he laughed his little fat laugh.

The Lady Eléna, waiting no further bidding, gathered up the train of her brocaded robe, and, with stately step and slow, descended the steps of the dais, and made her way down the hall. The lights shown on her red hair, and the shimmering green of her close-fitting gown. She held her head proudly, and her face was strangely pale. The music ceased suddenly, and the dancers stood still, looking in wonder. She waved her hand to them impatiently.

"Dance on!" she commanded; "I have come to join you for this one time in my life."

As the music and the merry-making began again, she walked straight toward the great door, and the two stranger knights. With lowered lids and slender fingers tightly clasped together, she addressed the one whose eyes had so compelled her:

"Sir Knight," she said, "I have come to request that you would dance with me one measure." Her face had grown rosy red, and for an instant she raised her glance, but the radiance of his expression, and something away down in the depths of his dark eyes made her look away again in confusion.

"My lady," it was the older knight who spoke, "my lord is under a vow of silence until he has performed a certain devoir; so think not strange that he speaks not to you."

But as they trod the stately measure—the whole company looking slyly on—the Lady Eléna learned that there were modes of conversing other than with the tongue; the young stranger's eyes were eloquent to a marvelous degree, and the clasp of his strong, brown hand spoke in a language new to her, but wondrously easy of comprehension. That one half-hour opened to Eléna a new world, and when the silent knight had led her back to the dais, bowed over her hand, and departed, she had forgotten the morrow and the fierce, grizzled duke she was to wed. All through the long night she sat by her casement, dreaming of the young stranger; and mingling with her dreams there came a half-defined fancy that perhaps in some way he would save her from the hateful marriage of the morrow. The window overlooked her own garden, and the sea that encircled it. The fragrance of the flowers came up to her, wafted by the salt breeze. She looked down into the moonlight, half expecting to see a boat skim over the shining water, and a figure scale the garden wall and come to carry her away. But the night and its dreams passed away, and with the morrow came Duke Robert and his train. Eléna refused to see the duke until the hour for the marriage; but remained in her own apartments, inaccessible to all save her waiting women.

"Oh, my lady, I have seen him!" cried one of the women, rushing into the room in great excitement.

Eléna's cheeks paled. "And is he—" she began.

"Old and fierce-looking, my lady," was the reply, "with such bushy, overhanging brows that one can see only a glimmer where his eyes should be."

"And have you seen aught of two stranger knights?" questioned her mistress, tremblingly. "The one with whom I danced?"

"They have left the court, my lady." And Eléna's heart sank with despair. The marriage hour came and went, and all was as had been planned. The Lady Eléna in her bridal robes was beautiful as the dawn, but cold and still as an ice maiden. One glance at the stern old Duke of Helchemane made her shudder, and she dared look no more. It was only an hour now until her lord would carry her away from Frémeur to her new home, and this hour Eléna begged that she might spend alone. Dismissing her women, she went out upon the balcony, and, still in her bridal white, her copper-colored hair hanging in great braids, she descended the steps into the garden. Leaning against the low wall, she looked out across the sea, and her thoughts were full of the silent knight who had looked love into her eyes and left her to her fate. Then she thought of her wild lord, and a long shudder shook her from head to foot.

"My Lady Eléna!" The words were spoken very low, but Eléna started in fright; but fear changed to amazement as she saw standing in the garden path the two stranger knights.

"Fear not, my lady; my lord and I have come to rescue you from the bondage that is hateful to you." Eléna pressed her hands to her heart, and her sea-green eyes looked despairingly at the younger knight.

"Too late, too late!" she gasped, "I am wedded—not an hour ago. Ah, holy saints!" she added, wildly, "why came you not sooner?"

The two knights looked earnestly into each other's eyes; then the older spoke again to Eléna:

"My lady," he said, "my lord bids me say that he loves you—loves you with his whole soul, and that it is not too late; even now he can steal you away, and hide you where neither Frémeur nor Helchemane can find you, and your days shall be one long bliss."

With a cry Eléna held out her arms toward the young stranger. "Ah, my lord, my lord," she cried, "you have broken my heart! I thought you true knight, and I loved you." Then, drawing her slender form up to its full height, she pointed toward the outer wall. "Go!" she said, and her face looked like the dead. "Go! for though you be not true knight, yet am I true wife to my lord of Helchemane." And, turning, she leaned on the wall, and her face was hidden in her hands. How long she had stood so, she did not know, when here, in the garden she heard the voice of Duke Robert, her new lord, calling her.

"My Lady Eléna," he said, "the hour is gone, and it is time to depart."

"I am coming, my lord," she answered, wearily; she raised her head and stood transfixed—there was no one in the perfumed garden but herself and the stranger knight! His dark face glowed with a wild beauty, and his deep eyes looked love into hers.

"You—you!" she breathed, and the beating of her heart well nigh choked her.

"Yes, I, Duke Robert of Helchemane, have come to claim my true wife. Eléna! Eléna!" he cried, holding out his arms to her, "can you forgive my masquerading? I wanted to woo my bride for myself; and ah, my love, I have found you purest gold!"

With a glad little cry, she went to him. The Lady Eléna had been wooed and won.

IN THE FAR COUNTRY

(THE RUSTIC SPEAKS)

NAY, Lord, take back this golden harp—
  Its strings are full of sadness:
For I would hear the shouting winds,
  The linnet's song of gladness!

Thy fields, O Lord, are all too bright:
  Give me again my meadows,
My little hills with grassy slopes
  All dappled with the shadows.

What shall I do without my plow,
  When April wakes the valleys,
And I look down on my old fields,
And lonely orchard alleys!

Edward Wilbur Mason

THE OLD FARM HOUSE IN TOWN

By Anna Huber Kent

IT stands alone upon a hill;
Tall, stately trees surround it still;
While zephyrs whisper low and sweet,
And birds their roundelays repeat.

I ope' the door and enter in
The long, wide hall that lies between
Great, spacious rooms on either side,
With doors and windows high and wide.

I walk so softly up and down
That big, old hall, now in the town,
And wonder, as I dream and walk,
What I would hear if walls could talk.

In fancy, old-time forms I see,
Of high-born dames of modesty;
And Southern knights come trooping by,
While happy maidens laugh and sigh

In silken robes of richest sheen,
'Neath which beat hearts all pure and clean,
And blushes play at hide and seek
On every dainty maiden's cheek.

I feel their spirits hov'ring near;
Their low-toned voices almost hear;
I peer behind each big, wide door
For forms that come to me no more.

I see the children at their play,
And hear their carols sweet and gay,
While watching o'er these little ones,
Is "Mammy," sprung from Afric's sons.

To her they go with every pain,
For "Mammy" makes it well again;
And when night's shadows softly creep,
'Tis "Mammy" rocks them all to sleep.

Ah! dear old farm house in the town,
When money's greed shall pull you down,
There'll fall with you some mem'ries sweet,
Of hope's reward, and joys replete.

And forth will go the forms so dear,
Which oft, in fancy, meet me here;
For strangers' feet will press the sod,
Of this ancestral farm abode.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME DRESSMAKING

IN making up cloth suits, be sure to have the cloth sponged at the store before it is sent home, if possible. If you must do it yourself, first try a small piece with a damp cloth laid over and a warm iron passed over it, till it is dry. If all is satisfactory, proceed with the piece of goods, a half yard or so at a time, till all is sponged.

—

When making circular skirt, put together and hang on by band two or three days in the closet, when it will sag all it is going to. Then trim around the bottom and face up.

—

If possible, keep a skirt in a trunk or on a shelf. In cutting a skirt by gores, cut gores separately, as many a sharp shears' slip has cut off *too short* the *under gore*; lay pattern on each gore, and cut carefully.

—

Be sure to press all bands, ornamental points, or trimming before stitching, (with a cloth the color of the goods if possible; dark for dark and light for light). This will mean careful basting, but it pays. Press on the wrong side if you wish, but never on the right side unless you have something between the goods and the iron, and sometimes not then. Be careful not to make it shine. Sometimes it has been very satisfactory to take a whole suit after you have it finished at home to a tailor's establishment and have it pressed, at small cost and with good results.

—

When cutting a skirt, allow one inch at least for the stitching of seams; this is take-up. Let the skirt strike the floor after it is on the band. Then cut it off one or two inches from the floor, as the case may be. Another way is to put the skirt on band, put on, and measure all around with tape measure just the length required, mark with chalk or a pencil, not forgetting allowance for seam at the bottom.

—

For a girl of twelve or so, measure from the floor up to the skirt, allowing for hem.

—

When cutting a neck of a dress round or square, do not cut out until the waist is tried on, and then cut it according to the contour of the face and neck. Sometimes the bust brings the line higher at the throat, and the back must not be lower than the front.

—

When cutting the front shoulder next the arm, pull the cloth about two inches forward and pin down. After all the front is pinned this gives a fulness where the sink of the shoulder comes.

—

Set the sleeve about two and one-half inches forward of the under arm seam, the gathers well forward of the shoulder seam.

—

For ladies troubled with the showing of dress shield, I cover them with white lawn—thin Persian—and edge them with lace. Tie across the arm with narrow white ribbon, and "there ye arre." *E. A. H.*

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LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

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HASTY DRESSING—FOR MEATS

By Winnie F. Dutton, New Sharon, Maine

When serving pork roast, a delicious dressing can be made much more quickly and easily than by the usual method. After removing the meat from the baking dish, place the latter upon the top of the stove and put into it thinly sliced biscuit; moisten with water; add some of the fat that has baked out of the meat; and season to taste. As soon as all is well mixed and hot, the dressing is ready to be served. Stale biscuits are better than crackers for dressing, but yeast bread should not be used.

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CLEANING STEEL KNIVES

By Mrs. Peter Winston, Richmond, Va.

Have a small waiter on which put a mixture of two-thirds powdered Bristol Brick and one-third powdered Sapolio. Keep this in a convenient place, and rub the knives with it after every meal, using a large cork as a rubber.

NEAT CENTERPIECES

When centerpieces are freshly washed, do not fold them, but keep them rolled round a cardboard mailing tube. Kept in this way, they occupy a smaller space and never get creased and mussed looking.

HELP THE EYESIGHT

By M. L. A., Portland, Me.

If you wear eyeglasses or spectacles, try this treatment. Wash the glasses using a very soft tooth-brush, and plenty of white soap and water. Rinse well and while wet rub over both sides a very little tooth powder, and rub dry with toilet paper. This occurred to me one day while cleaning my teeth. I was pleased with the result of my experiment, for I found my sight much improved by the aid of polished glasses.

RELIEF FOR SORE FEET

Callous places on the bottom of the feet may be greatly relieved by wearing banana skin through the day, placing the soft side next to the foot. Don't let it come out at the side far enough to crowd the boot; keep in place with the stocking. It is surprising how easily one can walk when the skin is properly adjusted; this remedy has been of great value to me.

USE POTATO FLOUR

Elegant sponge cake can be made by using potato flour. All grocers keep this flour; it comes in different colored papers. For sponge cake get the kind that comes in one pound packages enclosed in light blue paper; a little booklet of recipes comes inside such packages. In making sponge cake with this flour, an even teaspoonful of baking powder is sufficient; too much powder causes a foamy crust on the cake.

TO CURE HAMS AND SHOULDERS

By Louis T. Pallon, Oakryn, Pa.

To one hundred pounds of meat, two quarts of fine salt, three ounces salt petre, five ounces granulated sugar, half-pint New Orleans molasses. Take all of these ingredients and put them in a wooden vessel; mix thoroughly with the hands until the product looks like a very light brown sugar. Have a board or table and sprinkle lightly with coarse salt. Take each piece of meat and rub well on both sides with the prepared mixture, rubbing well into the joint. Lay skin down on the board sprinkled with salt. This will use a little more than one-third of the mixture. Save the remainder, and rub meat again in seven days. And in seven more days repeat the process, making three rubbings in all. When the salt is all absorbed, meat is ready to hang up to dry.

UNSIGHTLY WARTS

By Miss B., Bryan, Ohio

This is a sure and painless remedy for warts on man or beast. Rub the wart with an Irish potato from which a slice has been cut. Repeat this two or three times a day, each time cutting a slice from the potato. Continue this until a potato or two has been used, and the wart will gradually disappear.

EGG-O-SEE COOKIES

By L. J. K., Chicago

One egg, one cup sugar, one-half cup lard, one-half cup sweet milk, one teaspoon cassia, one saltspoon salt, one teaspoon soda, one cup chopped raisins, two cups sifted flour, two and one-half cups Egg-O-See. Drop by teaspoonful onto greased tin and bake in medium oven.

ONE WAY TO ECONOMIZE

By E. J. P., Ipswich, Mass.

After washing an article in gasoline, instead of throwing the gasoline away, pass it through a filter paper and it is ready to use again.

REGENERATING WATER

By S. Milo Browne, Bluford, Illinois

The flat, insipid taste so many find objectionable in drinking hot water, may be removed by pouring it from one jug to another.

FOR INFLUENZA PATIENTS

Equal parts of new milk and lime water as a diet for influenza patients is very much superior to whiskey which is so often given.

TO RESTORE GRAY HAIR

Those who are troubled with hair turning gray prematurely will find this an easy and excellent remedy: One ounce of sugar of lead, one ounce sulphur, half-ounce ammonia, and one gill of alcohol. Mix and let stand over night, then add one gill of bay rum, one teaspoonful of common table salt and one pint of soft water. Apply once a day.

TO RENOVATE BLACK SILK

A little crystal of ammonia dissolved with a lump of common soda in a half-pint of boiling water makes a splendid renovating fluid for a rusty black silk.

TO OBTAIN CORRECT SKIRT LENGTH

By Mrs. F. M. Eastland, Belleveu, Wash.

After fitting the skirt, slip it on. With a yardstick resting against the body and the other end on the floor, indicate with a pin how far the other end is from the hand of the skirt. Without changing the vertical position, move the yardstick a little, placing another pin. Continue until a row of pins indicates a complete circle around the hips. If the skirt is to touch the floor, turn the hem one yard from the pins; if walking length, measure thirty-four and one-half inches.

FOR MOTHERS

By Mrs. A. W. M., Chelsea, Mass.

If powdered alum is put in rinsing water on wash day, clothes will not burn easily if a child or adult is unfortunate enough to be exposed to fire.

If a little powdered alum is put on the end of a knife, and the same quantity of sugar mixed with it, perhaps one-fourth of a teaspoonful, or a little more, of each, given to a child with croup, following by a little luke-warm water, relief will be instantaneous.

DELICATE TOILET PERFUME

By Mrs. L. A. Prever, Westminster, Vt.

Take a bottle and fill with the petals of any delicate flower or perfumed geranium leaves; press lightly; and fill the bottle with glycerine. In a few days the perfumes will be extracted from the flowers, a few drops of which add a delicate perfume in the water for bathing.

NEW USE FOR TOBACCO

By H. A. Lesure, Keene, N. H.

For a cut, or any wound, where the skin is broken, nothing equals tobacco, bound on, and kept moist for a day; left on several days, it will stop all soreness and heal quickly.

MAKES EPSOM SALTS TASTE GOOD

By H. K. H., Frankfort, Kansas

If Epsom Salts are to be taken, dissolve them in fresh milk, with a little sugar; try it; it is fine.

TO KEEP CHEESE

By Mrs. C. A. Kemmerer, Independence, Iowa

To keep cheese after it is cut, take a paint brush and coat with melted paraffin all sides except where you are cutting from, and in a store this is very convenient, as it keeps off all dirt and flies and prevents mold. Leave side next to cutter without any, and there will be no loss in cheese. When cheese is all cut take off the coating on the last piece, and you will find it moist and in fine shape for sale.

ANOTHER WAY TO WASH CURTAINS

I find a very satisfactory way to do up lace curtains in the spring is to wash and starch in the usual way, and take on the lawn where grass is evenly mowed. Sit down and with a box of toothpicks straighten the curtains and points all out, and stick a tooth pick in each scallop through into the ground. Leave them in the sun to dry, and lift off or remove the picks, when your curtains will be beautifully laundered. This is especially good with Nottingham and net curtains, where scallop is even.

A SUNNY SMILE

By Mrs. Edward B. Hunt, Ovid, N. Y.

The editorial in the September number of the National recalls to my mind this pleasing little verse, which I am sure will find an echo in the hearts of all the Happy Habiters:

"How strange that in this world of ours,
When Nature wears a smiling face;
When rosy-lipped are all the flowers,
The crystal streams with laughter race,
When lark and linnet pour their song
In stirring lays that fill the air;
How strange that in the press and throng
A sunny smile should be so rare!"

TO CLEAN A BURNED GRANITE DISH

By Carrie L. Sprague, North East, Pa.

Put two tablespoonfuls of kerosene oil and one tablespoonful of Pearline — or plenty of soap — with one or two quarts of cold water in the burned dish. Let it boil thirty minutes, then scrape carefully with a thin knife— till you have removed the black. Then take gasolene and bath brick, and scour, and your dish will be white and clean as new.

A STAINED SINK

By Caroline Briar, Des Moines, Iowa

Pour oxalic acid on spots, let stand a few moments, and the stains will disappear.

MERINGUE

In making a meringue for pie, if powdered sugar is used in place of granulated, the meringue will not be watery.

FOR BITE OF RATTLESNAKE

By Belle M. Williams, Gazelle, California

Sal-ammoniac moistened and rubbed on is an immediate cure. It is well to carry a piece of sal-ammoniac in the pocket where there is a liability of meeting one of the reptiles.

TO FRY EGGS WITHOUT TURNING

By Mrs. C. F. E., Stockport, Ohio

Just before lifting the eggs from the frying pan, dash in a little hot water and cover with a tin lid. The steam generates from the water and will nicely cook the eggs on top and make them white, soft and fluffy.

NOVEL USE FOR OLD CALENDARS

By L. M. Hutchins, Lacon, Illinois

Utility seems universal. I have lately found a new use for the beautiful calendars, after their year's work as "date makers" has ceased. I take off the tiny brass or tin nail fasteners, thus removing from the calendar the pretty individual colored designs used to cover up the month printed behind each design. I use these exquisite little pictures as place cards for parties, dinners, or any social affair where place cards are required. The holly wreath and "Christmas bells" calendars are especially good for such purposes, as a separate bell or bunch of holly covers up each individual month.

DELICIOUS MACAROON SOUFFLE

Scald one dozen macaroons in a cupful of milk. Pour gradually upon the beaten yolks of three eggs, and cook over hot water until thickened slightly. Fold into the mixture the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, and bake in a buttered mould; set in hot water for about twenty minutes. Sprinkle the top with French candied cherries, chopped fine, and eat with whipped cream.

TREATMENT OF A WOODEN SINK

By Mrs. M. E. Kimball, N. Dixmont, Me.

If any of the sisters of the National are so unfortunate as to be obliged to use a wooden sink, for dish and handwashing, let me tell them of my manner of treatment, so it will be sweet and easily cleaned. First give it a good cleansing with strong soap-suds. Let it dry two days; then heat boiled linseed oil, and, with a woollen rag, go over it, rubbing hard. After two days, if none rubs off on the fingers, give it a second coat. Do not use the sink until the oil hardens, which will be in three or four days.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

By Mrs. Thomas Jones, Port Williams, Wash.

One gallon of vinegar, twenty lemons, one ounce of salt, one ounce of garlic, one-fourth ounce cayenne pepper, half an ounce of black pepper, one ounce of mace, two nutmegs grated, two ounces mustard; peel the garlic and put the pieces in the lemons whole; mix the other articles together. Cut each lemon half-way through, divide the ingredients equally in the twenty lemons, put them in an earthern dish, cover them with a plate, bake them till they are quite brown. Then turn them into the vinegar which should be in an earthern jar; cover tightly; stir often. This will be ready to bottle in ten days. (Taken from an old English cook-book of 1715.)

USE THE ENVELOPE FLAPS

By Mrs. S. E. Thomas, Columbus Junction, Ia.

We get a good many circulars in unsealed envelopes. I cut off the flaps, and use them to label bottles of medicine, cans of fruit, cups of jelly, etc. They are easily stuck on, and large enough to hold all I want to write. If I wish to do up a small package, I put a flap around it. It holds it nicely, and is easier than tying it. The flaps from large envelopes will hold quite a good sized package.

HEMMING TABLE LINEN

By Mrs. W. E. Wolfunden, Chicago, Illinois

When hemming linen in the French or old way, if you will rub the place where stitches are taken with any good white soap, you will find the work much more satisfactory; the soap removes the starch and softens the goods.

VARIOUS USES FOR SODA

By Mrs. L. S. Hostetler, Rush Lake, Canada

1. If butter that has an old or rancid taste and smell is thoroughly washed in cold water in which some soda has been dissolved, say one teaspoonful of soda to a quart of water, it will be sweeter and almost entirely free from that disagreeable odor.

2. A pinch of soda beaten briskly for a few minutes with mashed potatoes, just before serving, will render them white, light and fluffy, and also remove somewhat that old taste that potatoes sometimes have.

3. When cooking wild fowl, throw a bit of soda into the kettle when the meat is about half done, and you will not notice that "wild" taste.

4. Beans or meat of any kind will cook tender more quickly and evenly, if a little soda be added, when about half done. Never add *cold* water to beans after they have commenced cooking, as it hardens them.

5. Beef that should have been sold *sooner*, can be restored to its original freshness by soaking over night in soda and water, to which a little salt has also been added. Wash in fresh water next morning, and cook slowly, adding some soda when beef is about half tender.

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AN EXCELLENT STARCH

By J. J. Wadsworth, Nevada

Dissolve one tablespoonful of corn starch in an equal amount of cold water; pour over it a quart of boiling water; stir until transparent. The clothes iron smooth and stiff.

FOR VEGETABLE STAINS ON HANDS

Rub stain on hands made from vegetables with tomato. If out of season, use a little canned tomato. This is better than lemon.

—

TRY THESE

By Mrs. M. M. Dudley, Coggon, Iowa

To remove a porous plaster quickly, and painlessly, use an application of alcohol.

To cleanse linoleum, first wash in cold tea, then polish with linseed oil.

To slip the rod of a freshly-starched curtain into place, dampen the hem.

—

SOUR MILK

By Lucy A. Leist, Lancrster Ohio

In winter it is almost impossible to have sour milk without a bitter taste. By the following method, I find I have no trouble to have a supply at all times, and it is as well-flavored as in the summer time. Fill self-sealing glass jars with good sweet skimmed milk, fasten the cap down tight, without the rubber ring, and keep in the cupboard or any warm place in the kitchen, and in twenty-four hours it will be ready for use.

—

A NEW WRINKLE IN APPLE PIES

By Mrs. G. O. Hatch Belfast, Maine

After lining a plate with pie paste, put in a small cup of sugar, two heaping teaspoonsful flour, a little salt, a spoonful of caraway seed—or any spice preferred. Mix these ingredients lightly with the fingers, and spread all over bottom of plate. Add a few dots of butter, and fill plate with sliced apple, over which pour a little molasses, and cover with top crust. Bake slowly for an hour or more, and you will have a delicious pie.

BORAX USEFUL TO THE HOUSEWIFE

By Lila I. Dunbar, Mason City, Iowa

1. Borax will exterminate cockroaches.

2. When washing lace curtains, use a tablespoonful of powdered borax in the rinsing water.

3. To whiten palm leaf when it has turned yellow, scrub well in water softened in borax; then rinse in borax water, using a teaspoonful of powdered borax to a basin of water.

4. To polish nickel plate, scour with pulverized borax, using hot water, a very little soap and rub dry with clean cloth.

5. To wash red table linen or red flannel, use a tablespoon of pulverized borax to every pailful of water.

6. To remove stains from table linen, use borax when washing; do not boil but bleach in sun.

7. For discoloration on infants' teeth, clean every day with borax. Apply with soft cloth dipped in borax either dissolved in warm water or pulverized. It will also heal and harden the gums.

8. For moth patches on face, add teaspoonful of pulverized borax to a basin of water when washing face morning or evening.

9. To whiten porcelain sauce-pans, throw in tablespoonful powdered borax and let boil.

10. For cleaning paint or woodwork around doors, throw two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax into a pail of hot water.

—

ROLLED OATS COOKIES

By Mrs. Earl Paxton, Hayesville, Ohio

One cup of granulated sugar, one cup of butter and lard mixed, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, two cups "rolled oats," two cups flour, one cup chopped raisins. Add nuts if you wish.

FLAVORING FOR SOUP

The tender leaves and small ends of celery should never be thrown away. If dried, they are found excellent for flavoring soups.

—

VIOLA CREAM

By Mrs. S. G. Brock, Macon, Missouri

One of the most delightful preparations for softening and healing chapped hands, and for other toilet uses is made as follows: Nothing excels it. Three cents' worth of gum tragacanth, five cents' worth of bergamot, ten cents worth of glycerine, ten cents' worth of bay-rum. Dissolve the gum in one pint of soft water over night, then mix all together and pour into small glass jars. This leaves the skin soft and velvety as soon as applied.

—

A DUST PREVENTIVE

By M. W. D., Whitebear Lake, Minnesota

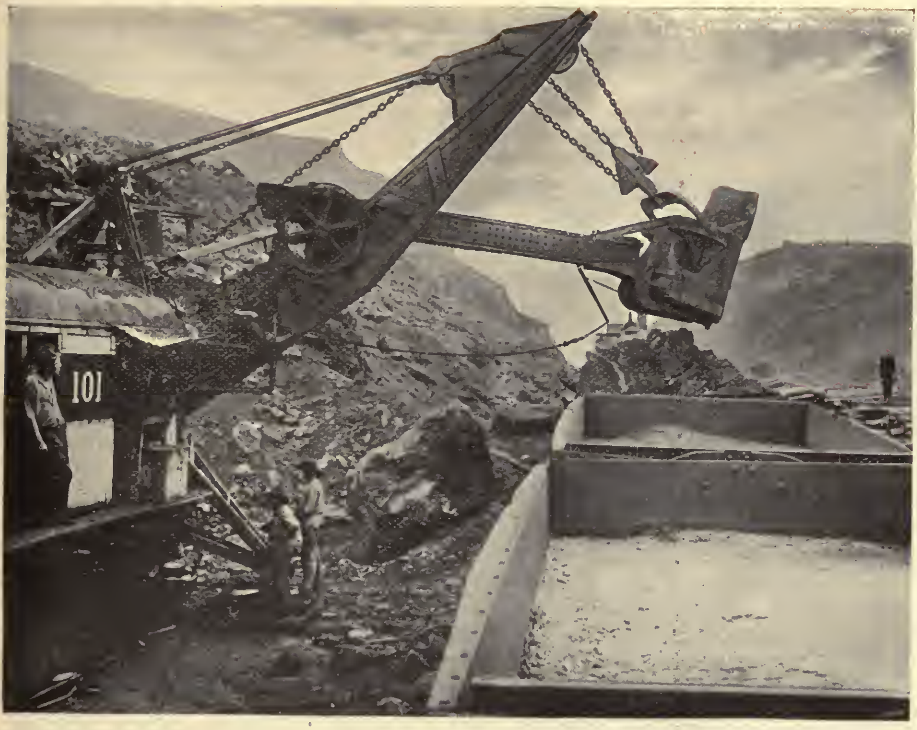
To sweep up the dirt under a carpet without raising a cloud of dust, remove the carpet with care; tie a cloth securely around the broom, as for sweeping down walls; then sweep carefully, occasionally beating the broom out of doors. The cloth will take up and collect the dirt, without causing dust.

—

ECONOMIZING GAS

By N E D., Lawrence, Mass.

In using a gas stove, if one wishes to economize heat, a few bread crumbs put into broths and soups will cause the liquid to boil, when otherwise it would not. When using the simmerer, a paper folded around the kettle will aid still further in utilizing the heat.



STEAM SHOVEL AT WORK IN CULEBRA CUT, SHOWING LARGE ROCK IN MOUTH OF SHOVEL

"MOVING MOUNTAINS"

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PANAMA CANAL"

THE faith that "moves mountains" referred to in Holy Writ, is certainly expressed in visible form on the Isthmus, where steam shovels remove the *"evidence of things hoped for and the substance of things not seen."*

It was at Pedro Miguel I first saw a trainload of dirt dumped. There are probably from thirteen to fifteen large flat cars with the side-boards used only on one side, and between the cars are iron aprons, making them "vestibuled," as it were. Since the regular flat cars have been put into use, workmen have not been content with the original equipment, but have added an eighteen-inch apron, cast in shops on the Isthmus, increasing the capacity of the cars.

At the foot of the lock, the Bucyrus steam shovel equipment was at work. The great shovel is a plough-like contrivance which digs into the side of the mountain like the snout of a big alligator, and then swings around and dumps its load of dirt and rock on the flat car, shaking itself like a monster licking its chops, to get rid of the mouthful and be ready for the next bite. These shovels, four times full, fill one of the great flat cars, and a record has been made, I am told, of having a car filled in two minutes. Shovel Number 114 is pointed out as the one which the President mounted, in order to have a chat with the steam-shovel man. The way they handle this "big dig" is a caution, though they seem to dip into the strata as easily as a child lifts a spoonful of porridge from his bowl.

On Shovel 205, I stood for some time with its operator, John McGovern, watching him dig out the walls of trap rock, into which the machine seemed to burrow like a great plough.

THE STEAM DRILLS AT WORK IN BAS OBISPO CUT

Shovel Number 215 made one straight run of three miles by its own power through the Culebra Cut. The shovels are fixed for the next drive while the loaded cars are being switched, so as to allow of the shovel getting a new purchase and being ready for another train. Bucyrus shovels have steel teeth, and while I stood watching, a great rock got in between them. Superintendent Loulan came along and showed us a new trick in dentistry; by hooking the chain around the stone which defied the use of mallets to dislodge it, with its own power, the steam shovel drew the stone from between its teeth.

* * *

Later, I met Mr. Sampson, superintendent of the Bucyrus Shovel Company, who had just finished setting up the sixty-third machine. There are ninety-five ton, seventy ton, and forty-five ton shovels. There were twenty-four of them at work that day, and the rest were waiting for flat cars. An attempt has been made to use the old French cars, in compliance with the first instructions to utilize as much as possible of the French equipment; but when the American flat cars arrive, and the full efficiency of the plant is demonstrated, bulletin records may be expected that will be a surprise, and will prove that lost time is being recovered. At every turn there is that air of brisk, quick action so characteristic of American methods which realizes that to gain is often to "throw away."

Mr. Sampson has had a wide experience of work throughout the tropics, and insists that nowhere has he found work being done with more thorough system, or better results. A comparison between what was done with steam shovels at Hayti and South American points, and the speed secured by the Isthmian shovels was exhilarating. Mr. Sampson seemed to have no doubt but that the 50,000,000 yards would be taken out at the rate of nearly a million yards during each dry month. The slides on the Culebra cut, which caused some apprehension, were simply a matter of more dirt to dig, and getting back to the rock,—doing a little more digging than was originally scheduled. The French began on the top and hoisted out the dirt, bucket by bucket, whereas the workers are now beginning at the center and digging down and hauling the dirt away on minimum grades.

The shriek of the whistle, the lines of signals, and the improvised towers and mounds of the railroads all spoke of activity and the American ambition to keep moving is certainly animating and expediting the work on the Isthmus. The Jamaicans with red bandana handkerchiefs did effective flagging.

We stopped some time in the pit at Pedro Miguel, and looked at the toe-wall stakes, which show where the dam is to be located. In some instances the red-covered slope stakes on either side are set twenty or thirty feet behind the regular stakes, in order that the shovels shall not disturb them. Here, too, one of the little lakes is located in which the French did centrifugal dredge work, because they considered it would be easier than to excavate dry dirt. The pictures of these scenes in the Culebra cut had a wonderful effect in interesting investors, by proving to them that there was already actually "water in the canal," to say nothing of what was in the "stock." The French policy differed radically from that now followed; they were determined to rush on for results, and threw preparatory prudence to the winds; but with us careful preparation is made for the workers so that the work may be pushed forward without hindrance, when once fairly begun.

A STEAM SHOVEL AT WORK IN BAS OBISPO CUT

* * *

There are five dams, and it is interesting to go along the prism of the canal and look at the different elevation stakes. "How much more must they dig?" "Are they down to the bottom yet?" are the common questions. The visitor usually wants to see the holes from which the dirt has been removed, and this is why the interest circles just now around the Culebra Cut.

The picture showing the line where the French left off digging and where the Americans are now at work satisfies any sane person that the work has proceeded with vigor, showing concrete results even at this early date.

* * *

Grass has grown high around the lakes, and on every side lies the unused machinery left by the French. A number of Belgian locomotives are being used, but they are of much less value than those of the "200" type sent in by the Americans, which do the work in practically half the time, and almost make one believe that he is amid the tracks at Pittsburg, instead of on the Isthmus.

On the Panama railroad every locomotive engineer is practically his own dispatcher, for the trains are run with all the speed and simplicity possible; the keen-eyed conductor has to do his own dispatching at the rear; while at the curves, on a high point, there is usually a Jamaican stationed with a bandanna handkerchief, which serves as a "block signal." The wonder is that so many trains are handled with so few accidents. The locomotives of the "200" type are used until a certain point is reached, when the trains are doubled, and a locomotive of the "600" type is attached, to take the heavy train to the dump. The whole trackage is arranged with a view to having all the heavy trains come down grade, and the empties up grade. The more one studies the system used in the Canal Zone, the more impressed he is that the genius of railroading is digging the canal. As one engineer expressed it:

ISTHMIAN CANAL

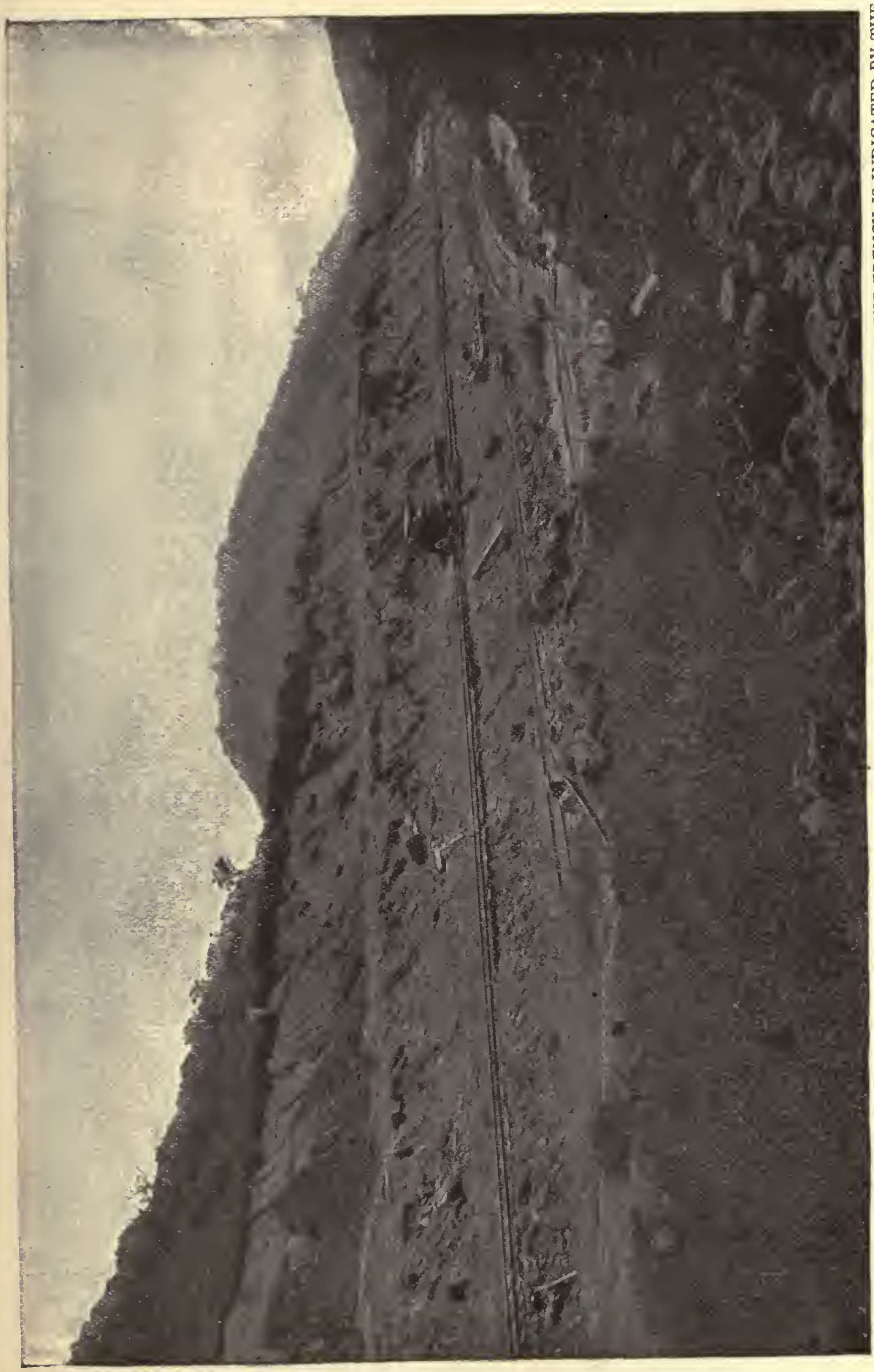
VIEW OF ENGINE WHICH COILS THE CABLE THAT DRAWS THE SCRAPER OVER THE DIRT CARS AT PEDRO MIGUEL

"It is no longer an impossible engineering proposition—the Panama Canal is now reduced to a great, easy dig."

Dirt trains, dirt trains everywhere, and if all this dirt represented red hematite from the Gogebic Range, the workers could not seek to dispatch it with more celerity.

* * *

At Pedro Miguel I "messed" in one of the bachelor quarters. Giving up a ticket, I passed in and sat down to as good a meal as



AND YET THEY SAY THE AMERICANS HAVE DONE NOTHING. IN THIS VIEW THE DEPTH OF THE WORK DONE BY THE FRENCH IS INDICATED BY THE POSITION OF THE MAN IN WHITE STANDING ON THE BANK. THE BALANCE OF CUTTING HAS BEEN DONE BY THE AMERICANS

I have ever eaten. On the table was a large pitcher of iced tea, and there were soup, beef, three kinds of vegetables, rice pudding and coffee on the bill of fare.

Here I learned that for the American workers the bakery turns out every day over 40,000 loaves of sweet and wholesome bread, though I understand that these are not eaten until the following day, the men using bread twenty-four hours old.

Quinine is always accessible; for there is no gainsaying the fact that the malarial mosquito culex is sly and it is well to be careful. August is considered the most unhealthful month of the year; but the year's health record and death rate would make a favorable comparison with any American city.

ITALIANS RUSHING OUT ROCKS TO REPAIR BREAKS IN PANAMA RAILROAD

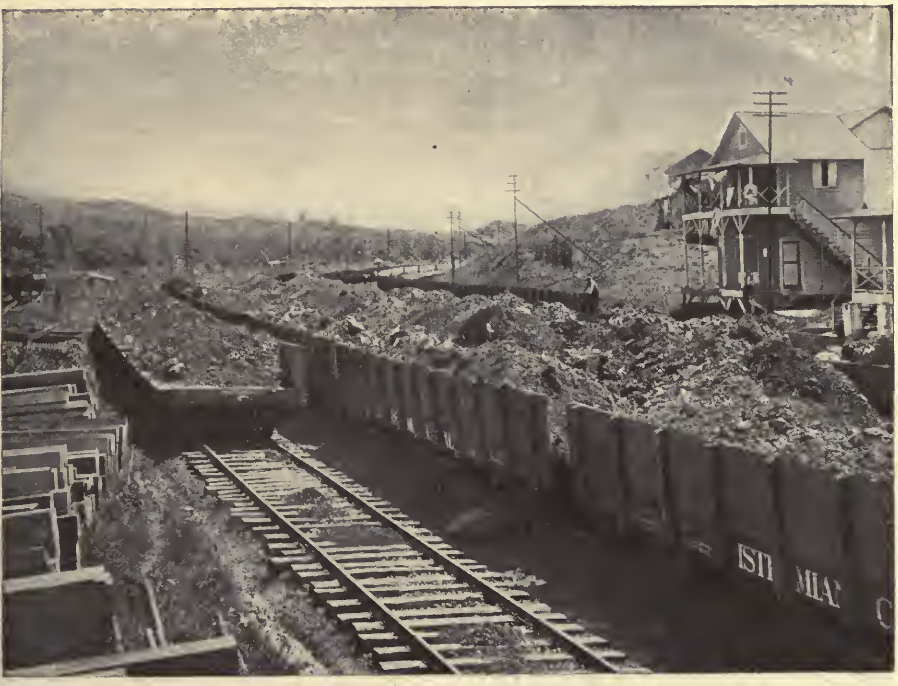
The late Dr. Finlay of Cuba, discovered the fact that yellow fever was spread by mosquitoes. He expounded his views, but was laughed at as the "crazy Cuban," though he lived to see his theories recognized as facts. The splendid tribute paid to him by Colonel Gorgas must have been gratifying.

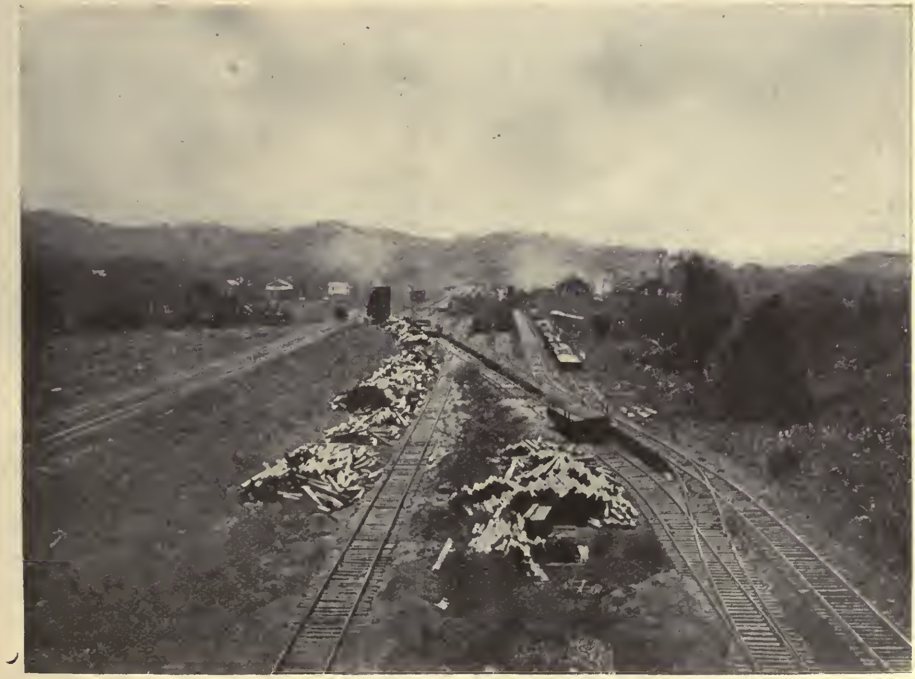
Of course we were there during the dry season, but during those five days hardly a mosquito was seen, and the officials sent by the Peruvian government to study the extirpation of the dangerous species of mosquito had to secure one from the laboratory of Colonel Gorgas. I am simply stating a fact, when I say that this pest has been practically banished from the Canal Zone.

The sun was yet high when the work for the day was over, though some work is done in the cool of the evening, when an overcoat would not be uncomfortable.

Returning with the evening, and looking out over the beautiful waters of the Pacific—"the sapphire spangled, marriage ring of the land"—one could not fail to notice that the crescent of the new moon hung horizontal instead of perpendicular, and how bright and large the stars were! The "dipper" stood perpendicular, and the splendid Southern Cross replaced more northern constellations.

Like most tropical races, the people on the Isthmus are very fond of music, and it is said



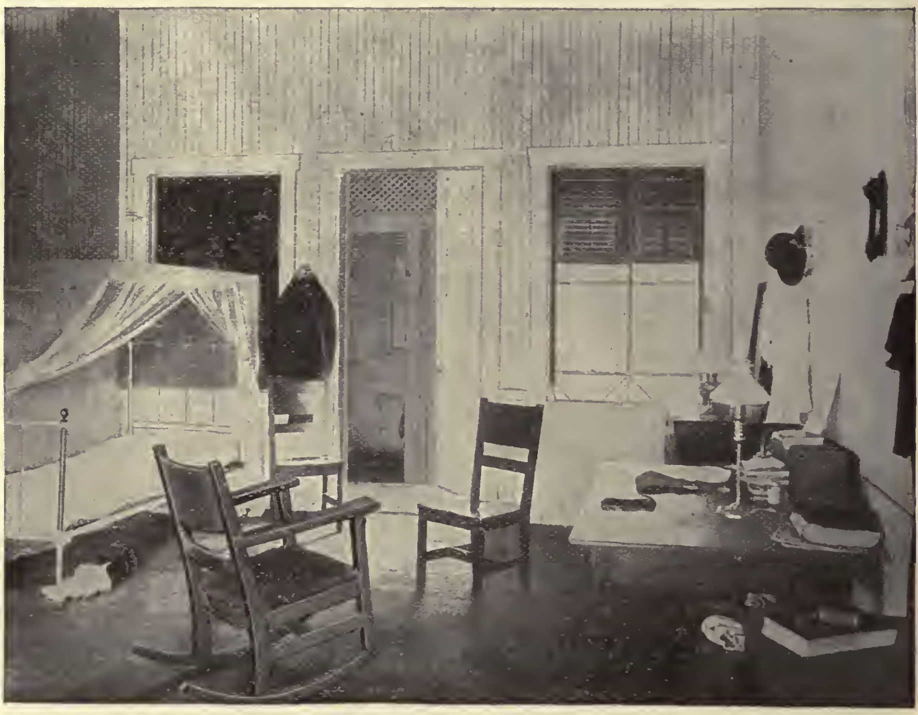


VIEW OF SECTION OF RAILWAY YARD AT LAS CASCADAS. THIS IS THE CLEARING HOUSE, ON THE ATLANTIC SIDE, FOR THE TRAINS OF SPOIL FROM THE CULEBRA CUT

VIEW OF SECTION OF RAILWAY YARDS AT PEDRO MIGUEL. THIS IS THE CLEARING HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC SIDE FOR THE TRAINS OF SPOIL FROM THE CULEBRA CUT in many of the South American revolutions—in times of political agitation the people are called together in the park by means of music, and while this appeal is being made to their emotional side, the leaders of the insurrection are quietly captured and hustled off to be shot to the ghastly accompaniment of musketry.

* * *

Catching a dirt train, we went up to Paraiso, which is the Spanish for "Paradise," where the married quarters are located. It was fascinating to go in and have a chat with some of the young people during the noon hour, and the quarters of the older Benedicts were distinguished by the liberal number of baby carriages on the verandas.



ROOM IN BACHELOR QUARTERS AT CULEBRA

* * *

Up through the cut we passed, and saw the narrow places where they hung out the American flag, when greeting the President's arrival. A scene that will never be forgotten by the boys on the Isthmus was the review of the marines by the President, attired in white, at Camp Elliot, while the band played the stirring music of the Star Spangled Banner.

After a long and strenuous walk through the cut, we boarded the pilot of a locomotive, to go back to the mess-hall at five o'clock. There in the bachelor quarters, we saw the young men returning from their work. They jumped for their razors and brushes, and then, after a good shower bath, and a change into white suits, shoes and hats, they went off for dinner, and afterward dispersed about the verandas for a quiet smoke or a chat behind the screens. Everybody was reading, of course,—while the picture was being taken. A wealth of periodical literature is kept on hand, and one might suppose that the magazines were the National, but that was not so in all cases. After an evening on the veranda, they retire to the bachelor quarters, and that is where the boys have good times—you can see that by their faces. If you look closely at the picture presented, you will notice a bottle on the bureau. It is not whiskey, but bay rum, used after shaving; and the owner of the bottle told me that it was almost impossible to keep it filled when a Jamaican negro was anywhere near. Before he knew this, he noticed with surprise how his bay rum steadily diminished and diminished, no matter how tightly he corked it to prevent evaporation. But after a while he "got intelligent," and filled the innocent-looking bottle with kerosene—he has not since been annoyed by the vanishing of the contents.

SPANISH LABORERS AT LAS CASCADAS. ITALIAN FOREMAN IS SEEN FACING THE CAMERA ON THE EXTREME RIGHT

On a rack you may observe a bunch of neckties and collars. Every man buys neckties of varied hues, as fancy dictates, but the boys appear to be like the early Christians and have "all things in common," so that each one has an unlimited variety of collars and neckties to draw from. I heard one young fellow remark that it was impossible to keep a supply of clean collars, because everybody borrows from everybody else, and all have the impression that someone else has some to lend.

* * *

We also visited the negro quarters in the old French cottages, but remarkable improvements have been made illustrative of twentieth century advancement.

* * *

Our attention was held by laborers returning from work, some in Spanish attire—bright colored shirts with yellow handkerchiefs, blue-banded hats and white corduroy trousers, baggy at the knees—because if you keep the knees cool you will always be cool—at least so they tell me. They look like the chorus in a comic opera, or like brigands or gypsies, but these Spanish workers have a close rival for picturesqueness and industry in the Italians.

After making the rounds at a rapid pace, with Supervisor Jeffreys, I began to feel "bushed." The work began at seven in the morning, and ceased at eleven in the forenoon, and then began at one and was continued until five. We came upon Mr. Brown, one of the track superintendents. He was on his way up the Cut, with a hand-car, so in we jumped, and made the trip with him. The Panama railroad itself does not run by the Culebra Cut, so that one cannot see the work from the railway train. In fact, it is impossible to inspect the work thoroughly in any way but by going on foot, as even in Engineer Steven's motor car there is danger of getting in the way of the dirt trains, so that the motor car has not been used much. However, Superintendent Brown's hand-car answered all purposes. As we went up the Cut, passing by the shovels on either side, I noticed that they were working on four levels, and that one shovel would be on the summit of another and the lower one went just as quickly as those above. The way in which Superintendent Bierd's track hoisters did the lifting of the track was a caution. Instead of laying new tracks, they move them around like a boy playing with a toy circular railroad. Watching the work on the Culebra Cut, it

NEGRO QUARTERS AT RIO GRANDE

seemed as though every color under the sun was in the formation of the earth at this point. There was a gray rock, which looked like granite, but in the rainy season a strata which now looks like stone steams like a fermenting vegetable formation. Then there is a trap rock, which gives a great deal of trouble in drilling, but the work was being pushed in indurated clay.

We passed up to Contractors Hill. Here, on November 10, was made the famous blast in which twenty-six tons of dynamite were used. The blasting is chiefly done after five o'clock at night, and after eleven at midday, when the men are away from the place, so that accidents are avoided. Holes are drilled for the required charge and dynamite put in for a drill, and it is wonderful how a whole hill can be shattered by carefully regulating the quantity of explosive. Once shattered, the shovels come along and pick up masses of stone and earth which four or five men could not possibly remove, so that fine blasting is not required as in the old days. I stood on the earth just before the shovel came crunching along, like a mighty monster hungry for its prey.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT INSPECTING STEAM SHOVEL NEAR ENTRANCE TO CULEBRA CUT

* * *

The summit of the hill at Culebra Cut is 650 feet, and in order to get to headquarters, it is necessary to climb the side of the cut.

I scaled the hill with Superintendent Jeffreys, and from him learned an important fact in hill climbing—keep the feet flat. Breathless and perspiring, like Trojans, we reached the summit, passing the club house and the Administration Building. Here were also the executive offices. Everything suggested the buildings of some great exposition —and the Canal indeed will be an exposition of American achievement.

From the summit of Culebra Hill, we could see the old town with one side of its street already eaten away by the cutting. Here were the old French "tipping" dump cars, and here also we saw the hospital car on its daily tour over the Isthmus, but there were no passengers that day from the various receiving hospitals.

GROUP OF OFFICERS' RESIDENCES AT CULEBRA—CHIEF ENGINEER'S HOUSE ON HILL AT RIGHT

In the modest home of Superintendent Stevens, at Culebra, I found a man who, even when enjoying the diversion of solitaire, or looking over his birds and butterflies, never forgets the work on the Canal. Night and day his mind appeared to run on propositions that would bring out more dirt.

In old Culebra, too, I ran across old Monsieur Desnay, who came there a wild young man, and still remains, rather enjoying the isolation of his life, and now, an old cobbler, he taps boots and shoes and talks about the distinction of his family name, for he is of the family which Jeanne d' Arc ennobled with great deeds, and probably the only man of his name on the Western Hemisphere.

While every move made on the Isthmus is calculated with a view to the greatest economy consistent with good work, yet everything is done with an eye to the fact that it must last out the *next six years*, which gives an air of permanency to the arrangements. At Culebra, I secured my psychological clue; for in six years from the day and date in which I was walking out and down the prism, I calculated that I should be able to ride in a steamship on the finished canal in practically the same spot; for if the present plans are utilized, it will mean fifty million cubic yards more to move, which includes the dirt to be taken from the land slides and other contingencies of a like nature. On close figuring, the actual work, utilizing the full and present efficiency of the plant, may reach 1,000,000 yards a month. Its removal must take four years, add another two years for the rainy seasons, and the many other delays that are sure to crop up, and you have a period of six years. This prophecy was endorsed by everyone with whom I talked, and also by those who planned the temporary structures; for there is a general understanding that everything must be built to last at least six years or until the canal is opened.

* * *

Superintendent of Buildings, Mr. Belding, is a busy man, and as soon as his orders are issued for a structure, the clang of the hammer is heard in the land, and the dwelling goes up like magic.

The roofs of all the buildings are usually of corrugated tin, but a quantity of other roofing has been ordered. During the rainy season the roof is an important consideration

BACHELOR QUARTERS AT CULEBRA—NOON HOUR

Many people on the Isthmus insist that work really began on February first, when they began to pour proteids into the workmen, and Jackson Smith inaugurated a vigorous commissary campaign. The houses are built bungalow style, and have large living rooms, and each house has its pantry and shower-bath and is equipped with water and electric lights. The bath is a daily necessity in Panama, and neglect in regard to it is one of the reasons for the great fatality from pneumonia among the Jamaican laborers. They persist in sitting in the damp clothes they have worn during working hours, and refuse to bathe daily. Of course quinine is used, and is necessary, although many claim that they have not taken any. There may be a time when you can get along in the Isthmus without medicine—but not yet. The one great thing to remember is that you are in the tropics, and in order to keep your health it is necessary to be careful—dissipations and indulgences that may be harmless in moderate latitudes, are not safe here, but to the temperate there is no danger in the climate

MESS HALL AT CULEBRA, IN WHICH MEN ARE ALLOWED TO EAT WITHOUT THEIR COATS

It is generally agreed that pavements and sewers are at the foundation of improved sanitary conditions, for in the rainy season they will carry off the filth with the water, so that this wet season will be regarded as a sort of house-cleaning time, rather than a period to be dreaded in future years.

* * *

I saw a native family of six children, with their father and mother, all living in a one-roomed hut, but they were a picture of contentment and unity. The good mother could speak but little English, though the children were able to explain to me that out of their father's earnings they had already saved some money. The smaller children were playing with bottles and tin cans, labelled "Campbell's Soup" and "Devilled Ham"—dainties probably never tasted by them,—and lo and behold in appropriate admiration, a "Whitehouse Coffee" can was given a post of honor. They were having a delightful time with these improvised toys; everything in the way of bottles, cans or chromos charms the natives. A red handkerchief is a treasure.

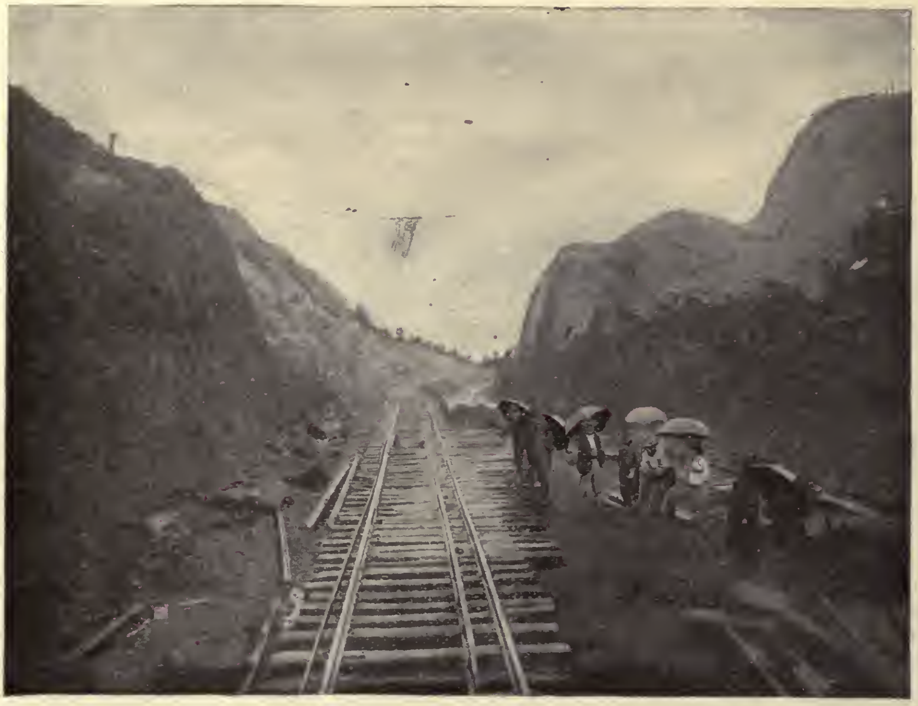
Empire is situated on one of the most beautiful town sites I have ever seen. It was originally Emperado, the Spanish form of the word Empire. Here the disbursing office is located, and the street leading up the hill, with the well-kept lawns and sprinkling of royal palms, is certainly a scene to delight the heart of the seeker after the picturesque. We walked up the hill with Lieut. Foley who was looking out for news or mosquitoes. The handsome club house building was nearly finished, and the street circling the bachelor quarters indicated that the engineers had an eye to beauty even if it were only in a temporary dwelling. It was necessary to have board walks on nearly all lawns, on account of the wet seasons, and it was wonderful to see how much could be done with a machete, an implement which is used for all purposes by the natives. Turn from all these improvements, and contrast them with the jungle near by and at once it is apparent that rapid advance has been made in sanitation. The day will come when the Zone towns will rival Palm Beach as a resort.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT REVIEWING THE MARINES AT CAMP ELLIOTT. THE BAND IS PLAYING "STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

Just a moment in the Panama jungle. Stepping from the beautiful Americanized town site into the forest, lo! on every tree hung a curtain of moss, reaching from the topmost limb to every outlying branch and twig. Above was a tall water vine, about two inches in diameter. In order to obtain the water, it is only necessary to cut at the top and bottom, when the liquid flows out, clear and cold. Here orchids and rare air plants may be seen which, in comparison to those he cherishes in his best orchid house would drive the orchid fiend to despair. These air plants fasten on every available spot; on every stick of timber, or anything that will give them a hold.

The soil here reminded me of the hematite hills of the Gogebic Range, or about Birmingham, or the battle fields of Virginia.

The jungle is not all beauty. There are dark pools where the alligators hide, and sunny swamps where they bask, opening their cruel jaws to swallow—no, they don't get men, but they are obliging, and consume many mosquitoes, which seem attracted to their destruction as moths fly to a candle. The bold native method of catching alligators is adventurous. A strong stick is sharpened to a fine point at both ends, and when the creature opens its jaws to snap, the stick is thrust in, and as he closes his mouth the points pierce the roof and tongue, and after that he has certainly "got the hook."



DISPLAY OF AMERICAN FLAG ACROSS CULEBRA CUT, WAITING FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN

It is said that many a veteran alligator reposes in the little lakes on the canal, having something like forty feet of water in which to dwell for the present time, but they are already doomed; for they will be destroyed when these places are drained.

* * *

Speaking of alligators—every able-bodied American feels bound to kill one, and they promise to disappear from the Isthmus as completely as the bison has vanished from the West, but, unlike him, they will not be regretted. Alligator skins are not considered worth a great deal, though I remember that I paid a good price for an alligator bag in Boston.

Empire is a busy place. Of course there were a few "too frequent" beer saloons, referred to by the President, and the entrances put forth a tempting invitation to the eyes and hearts of Americans in the form of the Stars and Stripes. Out on the hill, outside the town, is an old French house in which Superintendent Bolich lives. It has a history, and speaks of the early days when the French dreamed of luxuriant life in the tropics—dreams that were so rudely shattered, though they left behind them many footprints of real progress and enduring work.

* * *

The superintendent is a little man, full of activity and brimming over with energy, and his dwelling affords a good view of the important work which he superintends.

We climbed over the cobble-stone pavements to the summit of the hill, and a beautiful view met our gaze as we looked down toward the Culebra Cut. It was interesting to have Mr. Bolich point out to us where the mountains of earth had already been removed, and his enthusiasm concerning the prospect for the future was contagious.

Down the river from Empire are the shops at Gorgona, where twenty-one sheds shelter the shrieking iron horses. Here is also a large brass foundry in operation, and on up the cut a compressed air plant furnishes power for driving the drills. It is even thought that the time will come when compressed air will also be used for operating the mammoth steam shovels.

At Empire we saw "House Number Fifty," where the President alighted from the train and rushed immediately to inspect some of the abuses on which reports had been made, but three months is a long time on the Isthmus—since then great changes have been made, and many more improvements are progressing.

On Bas Obispo hill the government calculations were somewhat disturbed. A tank had been carefully provided to test the rainfall for information on the reservoir calculations. It was necessary to ascertain the rate of evaporation exactly, and the gentleman in charge was astonished to find remarkable records being made over night in this matter, but for some time thought that probably the sun was becoming hotter and shot his rays directly down on the tank, but the evaporation continued at a rate that not even the torrid sun of the tropics could account for. It became so singular that the man in charge decided that something must be done, so he watched and discovered that a solitary mule found his way to the summit of the hill night after night, and calmly quenched his thirst, aiding evaporation very materially—so the mystery was explained.

MARRIED MEN'S QUARTERS AT CULEBRA

When it is realized that fifteen feet of water fall in one season, it can be understood that there is certainly a rainy season in Panama, where the fall is not measured by inches, but by feet. One solid foot of rainfall is a good deal, but fifteen feet is almost unimaginable. This is the season when mud and rain coats form the topic of conversation, but I was told that the showers come regularly and usually occur in the afternoon.

Across the Isthmus extends the Oil Pipe Line of the Union Oil Company, an indication of pipe line activity. This work was certainly rushed to completion.

Over hill and dale, through swamp and lake, the pipe line runs, its contents crossing

VIEW OF CULEBRA CUT, LOOKING TOWARD THE PACIFIC. ARROWS INDICATE DIFFERENT LEVELS

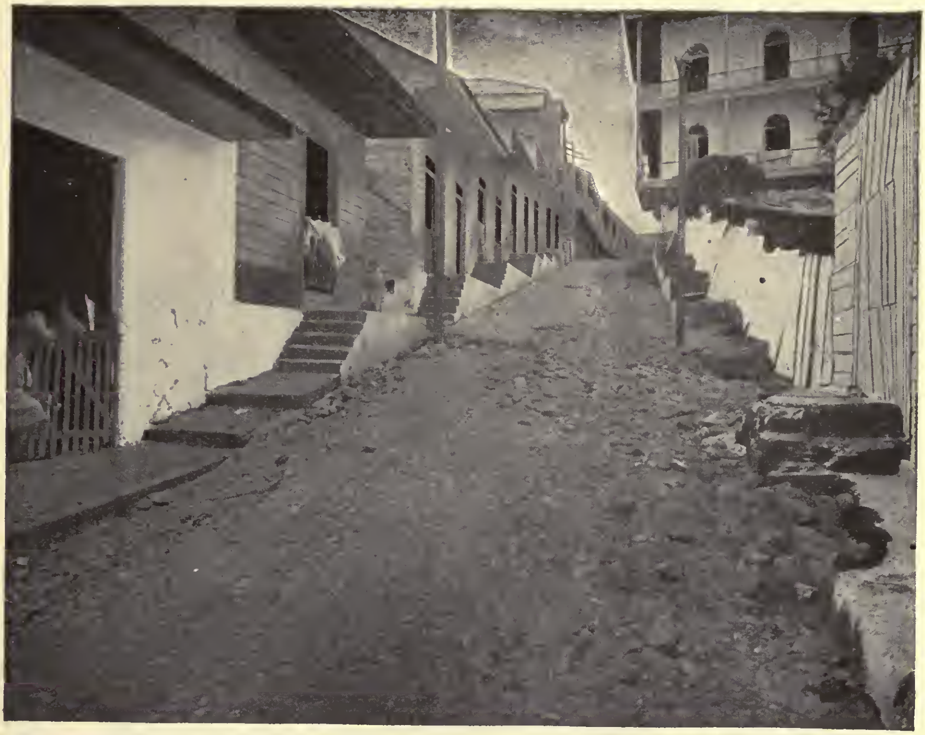
the Isthmus in a steady stream that would defy even a minimum canal water rate. Every mile or so there are water gates, which offer material for the exercise of the wit of the humorous traveler in passing, who speculates as to whether the water is in the stock or in the oil or in both. Whatever else may be said of the new Union Company, it must be admitted that it has made a record in laying this pipe line across the Isthmus, which has been done at a rapid pace.

* * *

Previous to the making of arrangements by the United States government for the feeding of the laborers on the Canal Zone, some curious cases came to the knowledge of the hospital corps and other officials. One Jamaican had been in the habit of buying five cents' worth of lard, and, putting a little sugar on it, licking it up from his hand, announcing after this performance that he had partaken of a "meal." Another Jamaican was brought into a hospital ill, and it was found that he was faint from lack of food. He was asked when he had last eaten anything, and replied that he had fasted for forty-eight hours. His pockets were searched, and twenty dollars discovered. The natural inquiry was: "Why did you starve with so much money about you?" which elicited the reply: "I could not bear to break it, sir."

* * *

These instances, and others, came to the attention of the authorities, and they realized that, if they were to have work, they must "pour in the proteids," meaning beans and other substantial foods. It is said that the government's interest in the feeding, housing and general care of the workmen has done much toward obtaining the best class of labor direct from Spain and Italy, and encouraged the interest of the authorities in these countries



STREET SCENE IN PANAMA, SHOWING TYPICAL CONDITION OF STREETS BEFORE PAVING

HISTORIC EPILOGUE *of* PANAMA

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PANAMA CANAL"

WHEN, in 1513, Vasco Nunez de Balboa with infinite labor, poled his crude batteaux up "El Rio Lagartas," or Alligator River, for such was the primal christening of the swiftly-flowing Chagres, and, crossing the ridges of the western Cordillera, saw before him great savannahs and the majestic Pacific, he pressed onward until he entered its shallows and claimed that fair land and the great South Sea as a fief of the crown of Castile. Two years later, Captain Tello de Guzman was sent to explore these shores from the Pacific, and finding a little Indian fishing village, called in the native tongue Panama, (abounding in fish) gave that euphonious name to the new country. Don Pedro Arias Davila, governor of Castilla del Oro, by which term the whole Isthmian territory was then known, settled a colony here, in 1518, which became so important a haven and mart of commerce that the emperor, Charles V, made it a city, in 1518.

The early travel to and from the Gulf of Mexico was chiefly by canoes and barges, poled up-stream against the swift Chagres to Cruces, whence mules and horses traversed the fifteen mile trail to and from Panama. In due course of time, the mouth of the river was fortified, and a garrison detailed from Panama to protect the trade. Puerto Bello, further east, was however, a better harbor and more easily defended, but so very pestilential that it was known as "the grave of the Spaniard," and only a remarkable traffic in gold, silver, pearls, cinchona, and like valuable merchandise carried by caravan from Panama to meet the galleons of the yearly plate-fleet reconciled merchant and mariner to a brief season of great profit and wild hilarity, such as men can enjoy and appreciate even when their comrades are dying by scores and hundreds.

* * *

On the Gulf Coast the land was called Darien, and many now living will recall the time when the geographies spoke only of the "Isthmus of Darien."

For a century and a half, Panama grew in size and importance, worried at times by the English captains, who, like Drake, threatened her Pacific coasts and captured Peruvian plate ships, and even the great Manila galleon, or with Hawkins and others harried Cartagena, Puerto Bello and Nombre de Dios along the Caribbean; but it was not until 1670 that Henry Morgan gathered at Hispaniola the Brethren of the Coast, French and English corsairs and it is said half a dozen cruisers from New York and New England, and, with twenty-four vessels and 2,200 men, essayed to reach and capture Panama. Captain Bradley, with five ships and 800 men, took Chagres, or rather the stone castle and twin batteries which from a lofty hill commanded the estuary and roadstead, and Morgan, leaving here his fleet, took to his boats with some 1,200 picked men. Unable to row against the rapid stream, and unused to poling their heavy yawls and longboats, they took to the river banks, and for nine fatal, terrible days fought with the jungle, its insects, tropical heat, and starvation. The Spaniard had stripped village, field and granary of food and cattle, and only an occasional and deadly flight of arrows from some impervious ambuscade proved that relentless foes knew of their coming and would show no mercy. On the seventh day, a few stray calves and dogs were slain and devoured, and on the ninth, from a hill, still called "El Cerro de los Buccaneros," they saw the great South Sea, and rich meadows abounding in herds, and far away the strong walls and tiled roofs of Panama.

PAVING WITH VITRIFIED BRICK IN PANAMA. LAID ON A CONCRETE FOUNDATION

* * *

The Spaniard, instead of awaiting attack, and trusting too much to a numerical superiority of at least five to one, attacked in the open, and, under the deadly aim of the long guns of the buccaneers, the attack became a repulse, the repulse a rout, and the rout a massacre. That very night, Panama surrendered, and after rapine and pillage had done their horrible work, the greater part of Panama was destroyed by a conflagration. Two million dollars in money and bullion, beside pearls, costly drugs, gems, etc., were carried back to Chagres, and there divided among Morgan's followers. Panama was rebuilt, and in 1737 was again swept by a great fire.

Rebuilt in 1741, it boasted of many stone buildings, governmental and otherwise, of which a branch of the Lima Inquisition was a prominent feature. The business and methods of transportation remained much the same until, in 1849, the exodus to California made "the Isthmus Route" a favorite one. The New York steamship line established landings and offices at Colon, or as it was then called, Aspinwall. Hence a railroad was slowly constructed up the Chagres Valley at an awful expenditure of money and life, "A man to every tie" was the local estimate of the victims to yellow fever, cholera and malarial poisoning. In 1853, it had only penetrated to Babicoa, whence, after a stay of one night, the Indians poled the great canoes up to Gorgona, whence a fifteen mile ride on mule back brought the traveler into Panama, no longer the entrepot of Peruvian and Colombian commerce.

Later on, Panama became a state, and Chagres and Aspinwall were forgotten in the new name Colon.

NORTHERN AVENUE, SHOWING A PORTION OF THE COMPLETED INCLINE

* * *

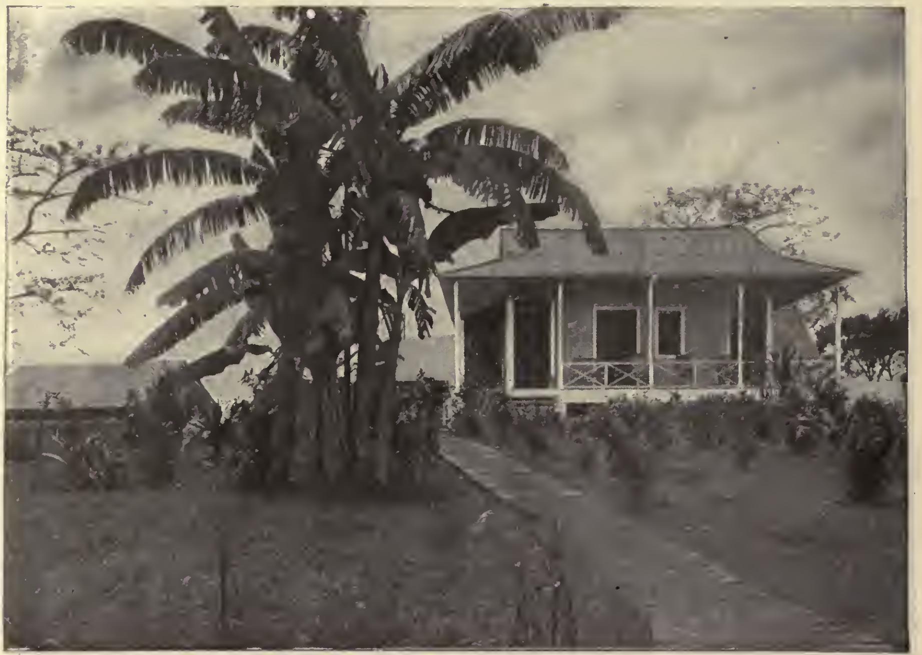
Little was done in the way of canal exploitation until, in May, 1878, Lieutenant Lucien N. B. Wyse and his associates secured from the government of Panama exclusive privilege to construct and operate a canal. The International Congress of 1879 gathered 135 delegates, mostly noted engineers, eleven of whom came from the United States. M. Ferdinand D Lesseps, then at the zenith of his fame, was the leading spirit, and it was decided that

A GROUP OF TYPICAL SPANISH LABORERS ON THE CANAL. THESE WORKMEN ARE THE SOLUTION OF THE LABOR QUESTION IN THE CANAL ZONE

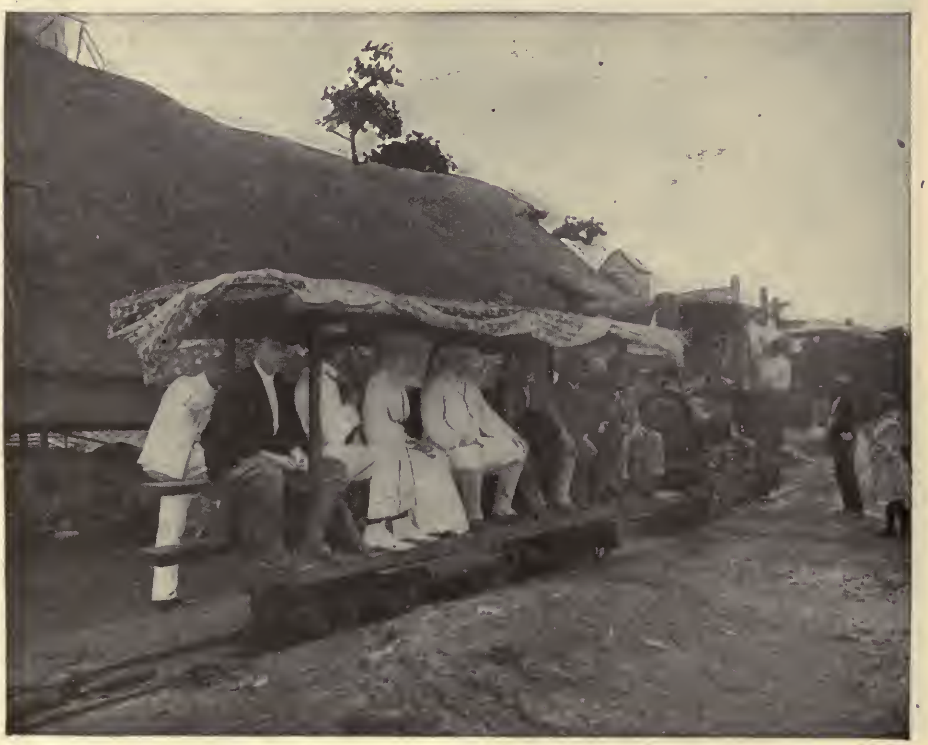
a sea-level canal between Colon and Panama could be built in eight years, at a cost of $217,000,000. The "Compagnie Universelle du Canal Inter-Oceanique de Panama," organized under De Lesseps as president, and paid Wyse and his associates $2,000,000. Work began in 1881. In 1892, $260,000,000 had been expended, only a small part of the work done, and the live assets were only set at $140,000,000. The company re-organized in 1894, with a capital of $13,000,000, had its concession extended to 1910, the cost being then estimated at $102,400,000. On June 30, 1899, the company having expended $8,000,000 to little effect, looked to the American government as a purchaser for $40,000,000.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY ON THEIR SPECIAL

"THERE'S A CHIEL AMONG US, TAKIN' NOTES; AND FAITH, HE'LL PRINT 'EM."



RESIDENCE OF THE SURGEON AT COROZAL



THE PRESIDENT ON A PANAMA OBSERVATION CAR

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS, ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, CULEBRA, CANAL ZONE

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—1, J. F. Stevens, Chief Engineer; 2, H. D. Reed, Executive Secretary; 3, W. G. Comber, Division Engineer, La Boca; 4, E. P. Shannon, Secretary of Chief Engineer; 5, W. G. Bierd, Manager Panama Railroad; 6, Jackson Smith, Manager Labor Quarters; 7, Captain Shanton, Chief of Police, Canal Zone.

SECOND ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—1, J. G. Holcombe, Division Engineer, Municipal Engineer; 2, Colonel Gorgas, Chief Sanitary Officer; 3, Joseph Ripley, Assistant Chief Engineer; 4, F. A. Maltby, Principal Assistant Engineer; 5, W. G. Tubby, Material and Supplies.

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—1, E. J. Williams, Disbursing Officer; 2, D. W. Bolich, Division Engineer, Culebra; 3, R. Arango, Division Engineer Met. and River Hyn.; 4, H. L. Stuntz, Local Auditor; 5, G. D. Brooke, Superintendent Motive Power and Machinery; 6, W. M. Belding, Master Builder.

The PERSONNEL *on the* ISTHMUS

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PANAMA CANAL"

IN reviewing the impressions of a trip to the Isthmus, after returning home, the one thing that has left a lasting impression is the splendid personnel and *esprit de corps* of the workers on the Isthmus—for *workers* indeed they are.

The following is a list of the present members of the Commission:

Mr. John F. Stevens, Chairman and Chief Engineer; Colonel George W. Goethals, U. S. Army; Rear Admiral Mordecai T. Endicott, U. S. Navy; Brigadier General Peter C. Hains, U. S. Army; Benjamin M. Harrod, Civil Engineer; Colonel W. C. Gorgas, U.S. Army, Chief Sanitary Officer; Mr. Jackson Smith, Manager of Labor and Quarters.

Upon the re-organization after the retirement of Mr. Stevens, it is understood that the following will be the composition of the Commission:

Colonel George W. Goethals, U. S. Army, Chairman and Chief Engineer; Colonel W. C. Gorgas, U. S. Army, Chief Sanitary Officer; Major George du. B. Gaillard, U. S. Army; Major Wm. L. Sibert, U. S. Army; Mr. Jackson Smith, Manager of Labor and Quarters; J. C. S. Blackburn.

In addition, there will be appointed a naval engineer whose name has not been announced.

His long life of activity in railroad construction and the management of men, fitted "Big Smoke" Stevens to be a leader, and to inspire the work spirit on the Isthmus. His popularity was of the kind that finds results in work, rather than in words. He found an organization in the condition of a hastily-retreating army on the Isthmus, but he re-organized his lines with practically the same men and rallied one of the most effective working forces to be found anywhere. The Jamaican labor with which he had to deal when he arrived in Panama, calls up memories of Kipling's stirring description of the drill sergeant in Egypt who made "rifle men from mud," and "Held 'em, held 'em, held 'em in the charge that won the day."

CHAIRMAN JOHN F. STEVENS

With characteristic modesty, Mr. Stevens always tells you that the credit is due to his predecessors for the work which they accomplished, and also to "the men behind the shovels."

There is that little quiet-looking man, who might easily pass unnoticed in a crowd, but who has charge of that most important division the Culebra Cut, and wears the title of division engineer, Mr. D. W. Bolich, and yet when he stands on a knoll and looks out, up and down that cut, he seems to know every rock and crevice and take mental measure of every shovelful of dirt. When he said "*the canal will be finished in six years*," I felt that I was talking with a man who knew whereof he spoke.

No less an authority than James J. Hill said that the great problem of the age was transportation, and this problem is of vital importance in canal construction. A Western railroad man, who has been accustomed to driving snow ploughs over a single track in the Rocky Mountains, came to the Isthmus and organized a train service that is second to none in transporting dirt from the shovels to the dump. His name is M. K. Jones, and he is superintendent of transportation.

A tall, lean, lank Irishman, an honored graduate of the Boston Institute of Technology, and a practical engineer, the man who led and organized the dumps—though he is no "Jim Dumps" by any means—is L. K. Rourke, superintendent of tracks and dumps. With the tracks and dumps in order, the transportation problem is simplified, and digging goes on apace.

The sixty-three alligator-mouthed shovels, steadily munch away and devour ledge and appetizing provender from the ditch, with the assurance that what they have bitten off will be duly taken care of, and the excavation goes gaily on in charge of Joseph Little—little only in name—who has charge of all the shovels.

MAJOR GAILLARD, ONE OF THE NEW ENGINEERS

When a worker has been on the Isthmus

VIEW OF ANCON HILL
VIEW OF PANAMA AND BAY FROM ANCON HILL

for over a year, he is accounted a "pioneer;" and one of the early men who loves to talk of the previous canal work is F. B. Maltby, the division engineer of the Colon district, recently promoted to be assistant engineer. He came direct from a Mississippi river improvement campaign, and with hard, dogged work has placed the survey and appraisal on a firm basis. During the absence of Mr. Stevens, he had charge of the work, and when I saw how the work is inspected on the new traveling crane, I made up my mind that Mr. Maltby might be a man from Missouri, for, climbing over the tall iron beams, he seemed to have a glance for every pole and rivet.

SECRETARY JOSEPH B. BISHOP

William Gerig, who suggested the Sosa-Corozal Lock that saved the government millions of dollars, goes right ahead with the work, and draws his modest salary with undaunted enthusiasm.

The man who paved the streets of Panama, completed the water system of the Isthmus, and established the splendid system of sewerage that enabled the sanitary department to push their work rapidly, is J. G. Holcombe, division engineer.

To transform the old square, box-like Belgium locomotives into machinery that will move, was the task of George D. Brooke, superintendent of motive power, the master mechanic who provides the mechanical sinews for the activity on the Isthmus.

With villages springing up on the hillside almost as swiftly as the mysterious dwellings in the "Arabian Nights," William M. Belding, the master builder, is kept busy, and if he had the contract for King Solomon's temple, he could not be more exacting in the requirements for the thousands of good carpenters from the West Indian Islands, who have been educated to American methods; and wherever carpentering is done on the Isthmus you feel that the sound of saw and hammer are as eagerly listened for as the sweetest music evoked from the keys of the piano or organ.

Walking through the large warehouse on Mount Hope, one finds an assortment that rivals even the catalogue of Sears & Roebuck for variety, and if the government ever issues a list of what is provided for the use of the Isthmian workers, they will require several volumes larger than Webster's Dictionary. The man who accounts for these millions of dollars' worth of government property, and keeps the various divisions supplied with material, is Walter G. Tubby, chief of division of material and supplies.

SUPERINTENDENT M'GUIRE AND WIFE

LADIES SITTING ROOM TIVOLI HOTEL
DINING ROOM, TIVOLI HOTEL

ENTRANCE HALL, TIVOLI HOTEL
TIVOLI HOTEL

The head of the department of law and government is Richard Reid Rogers, general counsel, who, with H. L. Shontz, has kept the legal department of the Isthmus in smooth working order, while D. F. Mutis Duran officiates as chief justice.

Dashing here and there, is a tall fellow, astride a small Panama pony, which necessitates curving his long legs at the knees,—Captain George R. Shanton, chief of the Zone police, and a picture of military activity.

CLOSE VIEW OF THE PRESIDENT IN HIS PANAMA UNIFORM

Dr. H. C. Carter, director of hospitals, and Dr. J. C. Perry, chief quarantine officer, direct the efficient corps in charge of this branch of the work.

The local board of civil service commissioners, in charge of John J. Baxter, secretary of the local auxiliary department, is under the supervision of H. L. Stuntz.

As I sat watching the boys working, I noticed a young fellow from Mississippi, with a tin can near his desk, and seated close beside him was a Massachusetts boy chewing caramels and munching away as happy as if on a class party holiday on Harvard Campus – the two marked the differentiation of chewing taste.

It will interest the ladies to know that most of the young men have, in some corner of their domain a number of photographs of lady friends. They may be behind the most quiet canopy nettings, or in some other secure spot, but search long enough, and in every case, sooner or later, the little array of photographs will be found, indicating that most of the young men on the Isthmus let their thoughts stray "far, far away" at times, a fact attested by the amount of mail matter that leaves the Zone on Monday mornings—those bulging mail bags tell a story of the Sunday letters.

When you find the spirit of comradeship existing so strongly among the workers on the Isthmus, you realize what an important influence the visit of the President had on the land work. By that visit, every worker was impressed with the thought that he was engaged in an undertaking which has an absorbing interest for the President of the United States, and for every American citizen.

THE MODERN RAILROAD

BUILDING TO MEET MODERN CONDITIONS

By Irving W. Humphrey

CIVILIZATION is enriched because men of active minds are sometimes forced by circumstances to idle dreaming. Some of their biggest ideas have come to them when they have been forced to lay aside their activities for a time and muse.

Men of master minds are averse to idleness, and would not from choice be in a situation which compels it, and were they not, against their wills, at times left alone with their thoughts, the world might be deprived of the best product of their brains.

A few years ago, a busy man was traveling alone. He had left New York early in the day, and his destination was Chicago. The monotony of the journey wearied him. He was tired of riding—tired of looking from the car window—tired of thinking of his affairs—he chafed under the enforced idleness. In his effort to beguile the time, he had exhausted the columns of the daily papers, and he longed to be at his office, where he might be doing instead of idling. He listlessly perused the time-table. At such a time, it is a sort of satisfaction to compare by the map the distance one has gone with the balance of the wearisome journey.

ALEXANDER C. MILLER
PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO-NEW YORK ELECTRIC AIR LINE RAILROAD

The train was speeding between Syracuse and Rochester, and the traveler's first thought as he glanced at the map was "Why should I be traversing country so far out of a direct line between my starting point and destination?"

This was the inception of the idea of a direct railroad between New York and Chicago, and the man was Mr. Alexander C. Miller, now president of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad—a practical railroad man, who was and had been for thirty years connected with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

He fostered the idea, and it grew upon him. When it had taken definite form, he confided in a few of his intimate business associates, which resulted in a corporate organization to put the plan into execution. Many months were spent in preliminary work—planning, engineering and surveying. After some deliberation, a most unique and, as subsequent events have shown, a perfectly feasible plan of financing the enterprise was decided upon.

Today, this great railroad is no longer a visionary thing—it is in actual process of construction. Early in September the first shovel of earth was turned, and on February 2 of this year, the first spike was driven. Last summer, the announcement of the enterprise was first made to the public, and no project of recent years has aroused such widespread interest as has attended the first operations. When the plan was revealed, the railroad world was agog. The idea seemed audacious—not because it was impossible—but because of its significance. It was startling because a thing of such necessity had not already been done. It thrilled when the boundless possibilities of the plan unfolded themselves as the mind dwelt upon the idea.

Every day people are becoming more and more impressed with the fact that there is urgent need of a direct railroad which will adequately serve the business interests of

America's greatest centers—New York and Chicago. There are 4,000,000 people in one city, 2,000,000 in the other—still more millions in their tributaries, and these cities are adding hundreds of thousands to their populations each year, and yet there is no direct railroad between them.

The only lines in operation take long, winding courses, for the purpose of getting traffic from other cities. In fact, when they were planned, the city of Chicago was hardly worthy of consideration so far as railroad traffic was concerned. And at that time, twenty miles an hour was considered high speed. The shortest line between New York and Chicago goes 161 miles out of a direct course, the next shortest 230 miles.

THE DRIVING OF THE FIRST SPIKE

BY PRESIDENT JONATHAN D. PRICE AT LA PORTE, INDIANA
FEBRUARY 2, 1907

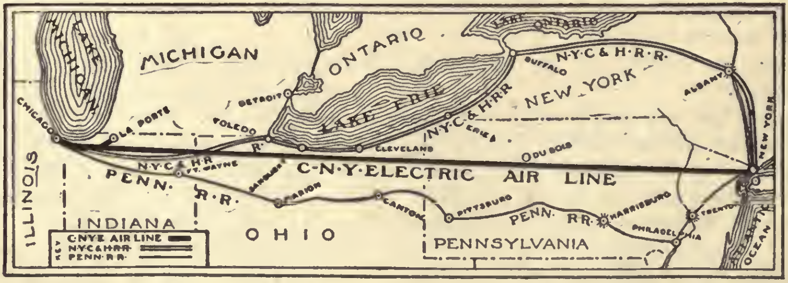
The commercial interests of America's largest cities demand something different, and the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad will meet that demand.

The conditions which exist today are appalling—the railroad facilities of the country—particularly those between Chicago and the Atlantic seaboard, are terribly inadequate. Because of congestion, shipments invariably suffer delay, and our commercial activities, which are dependent upon transportation facilities, can see no progress until relief is found.

The condition is a serious one, and is known to officials and traffic managers, but the people at large, who are indirectly affected, have no idea of how the demands upon the railroads have exceeded the limit of their abilities. President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, says: "The railroads are simply swamped." In a recent letter he stated: "The railroads everywhere are taxed beyond their power. The people of the United States, therefore, are face to face with the greatest business problem that has ever threatened the nation."

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, in a recent address to the students of the Harvard University, said: "We have the best and largest railway system in the world, but it is not adequate. We need 70,000 more miles of track, in order to carry our freight." Harriman, the great railroad king, says:

"Within the last seven years, the railroad


LAKE MICHIGAN
MICHIGAN
ONTARIO
LAKE ONTARIO
LAKE ERIE
N·Y·C & H·R·R·
BUFFALO
NEW YORK
ALBANY
CHICAGO
LA PORTE
TOLEDO
DETROIT
N·Y·C & H·R·R
ERIE
CLEVELAND
DU BOIS
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PITTSBURG
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HARRISBURG
PHILADELPHIA
TRENTON
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ATLANTIC OCEAN
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
OHIO
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C·N·Y·E· AIR LINE
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VIA NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES 980 MILES VIA PENNSYLVANIA R. R., 911 MILES

VIA CHICAGO-NEW YORK ELECTRIC AIR LINE RAILROAD, 750 MILES traffic of the United States has doubled." Statistics show that during this time, when the demand has increased so rapidly, the percentage of increase in trackage has been the smallest for thirty years.

The organizers of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line seem to have the most advantageous plan for relief yet advanced, and it is being applied where it will be of the greatest good to the commercial interests of the nation. Their plan of financing the enterprise is to have the people build and operate the railroad. There is no preferred stock—there are no mortgage bonds, and all of the shares will be in the hands of the people. It is simply a great partnership—the organizers and the largest investors will profit according to their holdings, the same as the laboring man who owns a single share.

This great enterprise which is to span the country between its two greatest centers of population, has been made possible by the perfection of the electric locomotive, whose speed, economy and practicability have been demonstrated beyond all doubt. The electric locomotive is a reality, and it is safe to assume that within a few years all of the railroad traffic of the country will be moved by electricity—that the noise and smoke of the steam engine will be a memory—that motive power will come by wire direct from the coal mine or the waterfall.

The electric engine has almost limitless speed possibilities. It propels the heaviest trains at great speed, and starts and stops without shocks or jolts; but the most conspicuous benefit is its freedom from smoke, cinders and the suffocating gases inseparable from the steam locomotive, where coal is used. It is the consensus of press and public opinion that the future of railroading will be controlled, shaped and expanded by the electric locomotive. Railroad officials and engineers agree that nothing since the application of steam as a motive power has approached it in importance.

Some of the country's greatest railroad systems have installed electric engines in their service, and practically all have taken action looking to the ultimate adoption of them; but the principal benefit they hope to derive is in the abatement of the smoke nuisance. They can never maintain with safety the speed of which the electric locomotive is capable, because their lines are not sufficiently straight. The wreck of an electric train on a sharp curve of one of the steam lines, which has recently installed electric engines, demonstrated this fact.

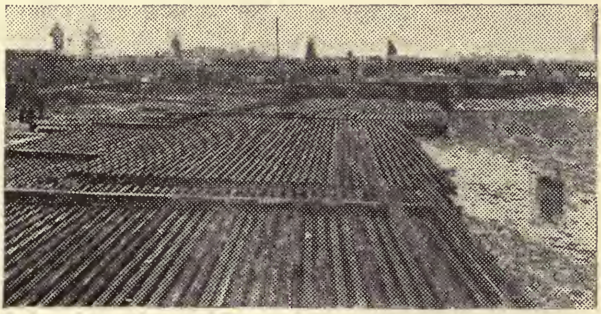
The trains of the Air Line Railroad will maintain a speed of from seventy-five to one hundred miles an hour, with far greater safety than trains now make thirty miles an hour on the present roads with numerous curves.

VIEW LOOKING EAST ALONG THE RIGHT OF WAY OF THE AIR LINE RAILROAD

A glance at the map printed on the opposite page shows how the new air-line route reduces the distance to 750 miles, which is 161 miles shorter than the shortest now in operation. Its trains will make the trip in ten hours—one-half the schedule time of the fast trains of today. It means not only greater speed, but far greater comfort—that the entire trip may then be made in daylight hours, or a business man may leave his home city late in the evening, be transported while he sleeps, and breakfast in the other city. He may there spend a full business day, attend the theater in the evening, and breakfast at home in the morning. It will also mean true sleeping car comfort. The straight, smooth road-bed, the absence of curves, of shocks and jolting, will insure such quiet, restful sleep as never has been known in the annals of railroad travel.

The new electric road is sure to have an enormous patronage. As soon as it is in successful operation, it will be the logical route for the United States mails, for despatch is of first consideration with the government. It will command all of the passenger traffic it can possibly carry, because of its advantages of speed, comfort, convenience and the saving of time and money. There seems little reason to doubt that the success of this railroad is as certain as the permanency of the cities it will join.

The interests of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad are the interests of the communities through which it passes, and it has, therefore met with hearty support instead of opposition. The same force which has surmounted all obstacles so far, will also overcome any other difficulty that may present itself. Organized capital wields a tremendous power today, but it is dwarfed to insignificance by the mightiest of all earthly powers—the power of the people. This is a people's enterprise—the railroad is being built by and for them, and with the people behind the project no force on earth can stop it.



A CONSIGNMENT OF STEEL RAILS FOR THE AIR LINE AT LA PORTE, INDIANA

There is no bonded debt. As money is received from the sale of stock, it is put into construction work; and today the thousands of ties and the thousands of tons of steel rails which are either laid or scattered along the line ready to be put in place are owned free and clear. And this will apply as well to the large amount of machinery and steel bridge work for which contracts have been awarded. For miles, ties and rails are already laid, and as soon as the weather permits, the work will be pushed with greater expedition. The line of the road in Indiana which is now the center of operations, will present scenes of tremendous activity during the coming open season. Thousands of additional men will be added to the present forces; the company's orders being to engage men for the work as fast as they can be secured.

The little city of La Porte, Indiana, which has been brought into national prominence by this enterprise, is an interesting place to the traveler of these days. Near this point the first shovelful of earth was turned, the first spike driven, and La Porte is now the division headquarters of the construction company for the first section of the Air Line.

The par value of the stock is $100 a share, but in order to stimulate public interest, and thus facilitate the work of raising funds to push operations forward, the company adopted the method of offering certain allotments of stock at prices much below its actual value. The present allotment is being sold at forty-five dollars a share, and it is being taken rapidly. The company is doing everything possible to make it easy for people in moderate circumstances to join in the enterprise; for it is the desire of the organizers that the people and not the millionaires should build this road. Shares may be paid for—four dollars and fifty cents down, and four dollars and fifty cents a month, for nine months, and no interest is charged on deferred payments.

A most interesting periodical, The Air Line News, devoted to the enterprise and its progress, is being issued monthly, and it is distributed without cost by The Hancock Company, which is the general sales agent of the stock. Its offices are located in most of the large cities, the principal ones being in the Old South Building, Boston, The Flatiron Building, New York, and The Temple, Chicago.

Another distinctively novel and ingenious feature of the enterprise is that it will be earning profits long before it is completed. In this way:—At present the energies of the entire construction force are centered on the first division, a stretch of 100 miles of track, extending from Chicago to Goshen, Indiana.

As soon as it is completed, it will be put in operation, and will constitute a complete railroad in itself, apart from its more important function as a part of the great trunk system.

Operations will then be commenced immediately on the second division, and so on, until the great railroad is completed from end to end. By this method, the railroad will help build itself; for the profits from the operation of the first division will go into further construction work.

No project of recent times, not excepting the Panama Canal, is of greater significance than the building of this first direct intermetropolis railroad; and that the people are alive to its importance is manifested by the widespread response which followed the annoucement of its organizers. They offered the people the opportunity to join the enterprise, and they are seizing it in great numbers. The story of the great project traveled fast and far, and today it has stockholders in every state and territory of the Union, and in many foreign countries. The probable result will be that thousands of present-day wage earners will gain a competence for life, from the profits which their small investments will yield.

As an economic question, the control of our railroads has been the subject of agitation for many months. When Hon. William J. Bryan expressed himself as being in favor of government ownership of railroads, the view was endorsed by many of our citizens, irrespective of party. The reason of this support cannot be attributed so much to a confidence in the policy as to the readiness of the people to grasp at any remedy for the prevailing inefficiency of our railroads. Whether Mr. Bryan's plan is expedient or whether this taking over of the railroads by the government would simply open up another avenue for political plundering and legislative corruption, without giving the needed relief, is problematical.

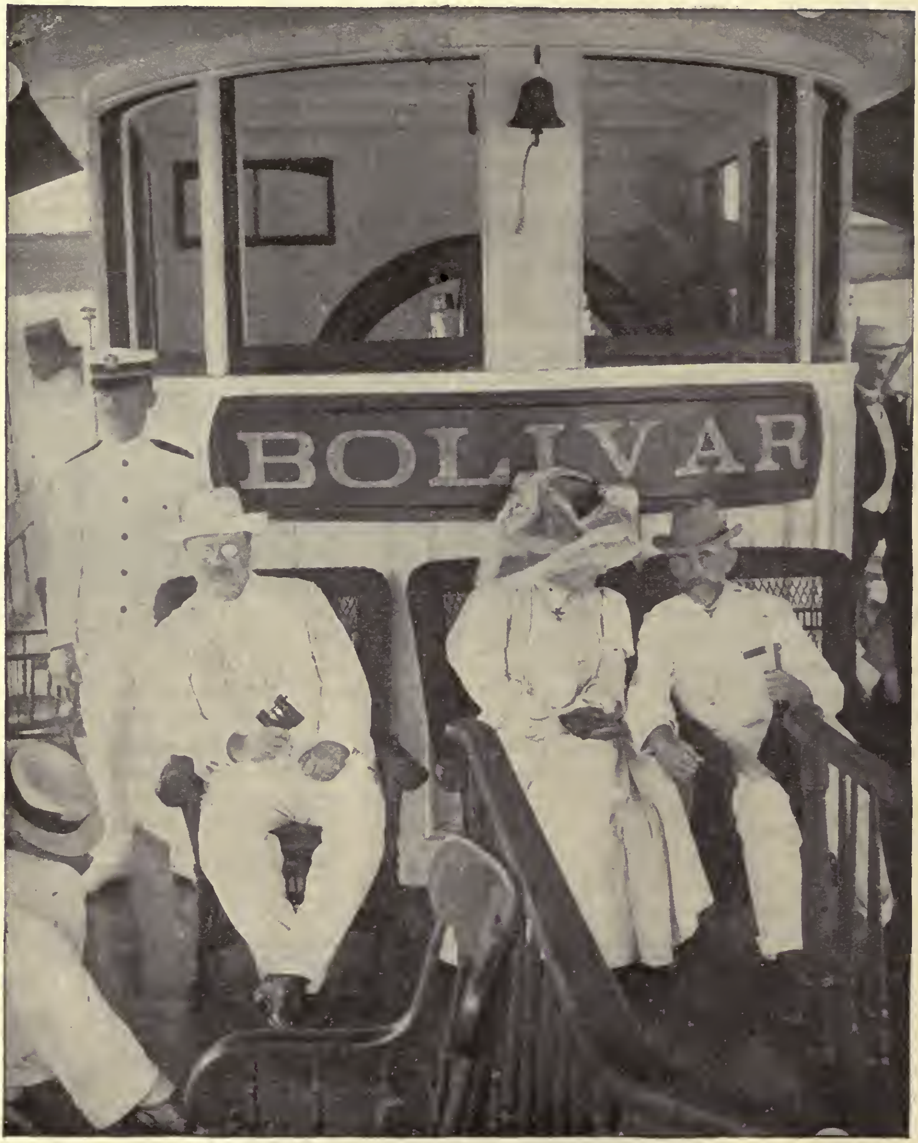
In a recent interview, Mr. E. H. Harriman expressed the feeling that there should be a closer bond between the people and those great corporations which serve them. He said "the people should own the railroads" and thus create a more intelligent interest in their management and profits.

The projectors of the Air Line have taken the initial step in this direction and their plan seems to be the most rational solution of the problem of railroad control yet advanced. It promises better facilities and service, and fairer treatment of the public than does either the present system or government ownership.

* * *

The Twentieth Century will witness great progress in our commercial development, and in every branch of human activity, but it will see no greater advances than will be made in transportation methods. The construction of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line seems to herald the dawn of a new era in railroading, in which the most audacious fancies of the traveler will be realized.

1910
C. N. Y.
E.A.L.



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, "THE BUILDER," ON HIS INSPECTION TOUR OF THE PANAMA CANAL. PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT AND MR. BISHOP, ON THE LAUNCH BOLIVAR, CRUISING THE PACIFIC END OF THE CANAL.

MAKING AN INGERSOLL WATCH

By Bennett Chapple

MAKING a close observation of Yankee ingenuity, and touring this country for information, a group of foreign business men were asked to name what they considered the most astonishing American achievement. The party was at that time en route on one of our magnificent fast-flying trains; it is said the leader solemnly pointed out of the window to a country signboard, nestling among the green trees beside the right-of-way. All turned to look: it was, "The Ingersoll Dollar Watch—Guaranteed."

"We can understand," he said, "some of your great engineering feats and daring achievements in a land where old-time methods are brushed aside, and everything gives way to the clink of the Almighty Dollar, but in this case you Americans have made the dollar 'tick' as well as clink."

It is an astounding fact that the output of the Ingersoll watch has today grown to such a figure as to almost equal that of all other watches combined. "The Ingersoll" has become a necessity in the marts of trade—it is no longer regarded as a fad, and the greatest problem that now confronts the manufacturers is to keep up with the growing demand. Ten thousand watches per day will not supply this market in another year, and the manufacturers have special machines ordered now, that cannot be delivered until the middle of 1908; and but for their foresight in ordering this delicate machinery one or two years in advance of the market, these manufacturers would be overwhelmed by the demand outrunning the production long before this. The essence of Ingersoll success is found in the steady automatic operation of hundreds of these most elaborately complicated machines that perform, with human-like skill, the most delicate tasks.

The making of machinery of this type is highly specialized and cannot be expanded readily to meet such conditions of increasing sale as surround the Ingersoll Watch. Examples are pointed out where a single one of these machines is now performing the work of twenty-five or thirty simpler machines, each requiring an operator, and as a rule the automatics need only one operative to a group of three or six. Such an illustration goes a long way toward answering the oft-asked

There's only one way to "size up" the Ingersoll Factory,—that's to walk around it.

"poser":—How in the world can such a watch as this be sold for a dollar?

Showing one-half the room containing 100 automatic machines.

Consequently, by carrying the development of its machinery and methods to more refined points, this factory has overcome obstacles of increased cost of material, which in other enterprises has frequently resulted in increased prices to the consumer, and in the face of these circumstances the prices of Ingersoll Watches have constantly been reduced, or what is more important, the quality has been vastly improved, so that the small and highly refined mechanism now produced, bears little resemblance to its somewhat crude and clumsy predecessors.

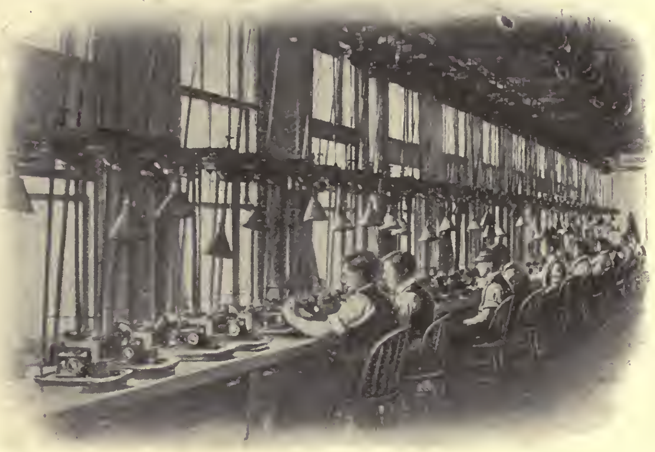
In this same process, labor conditions at this wonderful factory have constantly improved, not only in the way of a constantly increased wage, but the analogy of improved quality of the watches is followed out here in improved hygienic and sanitary conditions of the factory, which are of the highest modern type. This in turn has attracted to this factory a class of operatives, which might be likened to the "400" of society. "Jobs" in this factory are so much sought for that, as a rule, a comfortable waiting list is in evidence, and it is the rule that when other factories are searching for help, the Ingersoll factory is turning people away.

Again, the Ingersoll policy is seen strongly in reference to competition, because this policy has produced such a voluminous product and requires such extensive and highly developed facilities, as to in itself constitute a bulwark against attack. This daily output of 10,000 watches, might be likened to the full load of a four-horse truck, which can be moved at a minimum cost, but those who are not in a position to load the wagon fully, so to speak, can neither make a profit nor do good work.

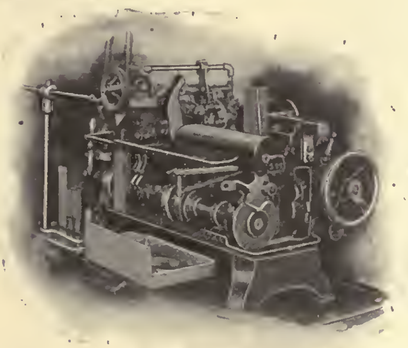
The steadily increasing output of Ingersoll Watches has made it necessary to frequently enlarge the factory. Each new building or wing is lettered according to the time of its construction. The first erected was letter "A," then came "B," then "C," and so on, until nineteen factory additions in all have been made, down to and including the letter "S." It will be seen that the firm will come to the end of the alphabet before many years have elapsed. These various buildings now occupy a big tract — a city block of land, comprising two acres, and being five and six stories high, the aggregate floor space amounts to over eleven more acres. An interesting fact illustrating the vastness of this

A stamping machine in operation, showing the "bites" it has taken from the metal strip.

factory, is that a watchman whose duty it is nightly to make one complete round, is required to travel twenty-two miles. The immensity of such a factory considered in connection with the smallness of its individual product — a watch — is naturally striking, but is readily accounted for by the collective immensity of its product, and the fact that absolutely every item of the watch's construction is made out of raw material in this plant, requiring immense presses, furnaces, vats, power machinery, etc., that one might expect to find only in the manufacture of bulky products.


Eighty-eight Automatic Pinion Cutters in charge of ten operatives on "trolley chairs." These machines turn out complete polished cut steel pinions for the small size Ingersolls.

At this factory in Waterbury, Conn., many designers, model makers and mechanical experts are always busy. No sooner do they solve one problem than they set to work on another, and each year sees many changes in the constant striving after perfection in the manufacture of the Ingersoll Watch, and not only the machinery but the watch itself receives the benefit of this constant study. In this respect the Ingersoll occupies a unique position, as it is distinctly an evolution, whereas other watches have followed substantially beaten paths for a decade, while the Ingersoll has made a constant warfare on conditions that to it were new.


A compact little automatic machine that does the work of a hundred hands.

It has been, and is today, advertised by certain watchmakers who have felt the pressure of Ingersoll competition, as a clock, and in a sense the Ingersoll frankly pleads guilty. It was a clock when it was conceived that by clock methods a worthy watch could be made at prices that would surmount competition, but fifteen years of development have revolutionized these clock methods, retaining only the element of immense production and economical methods, but introducing all the refinements of middle-class watches, so that it can now answer conservatively and truthfully this argument: that whether clock or watch, the Ingersoll offers the only economical low priced watch opportunity, and leaves little room for those endeavoring to sell any but the really accredited high priced regular watches. The medium grades give no better performance or durability than the Ingersoll, while involving all of the expense for repairs, and a greater liability to disarrangement and dissolution than so-called regular watches.

It is a recognized fact that the smaller the watch, the harder it is to make, and this is especially true of a watch like the Ingersoll, yet it has been made smaller and smaller each year, until the climax was reached in the 1907 new "Midget" Ingersoll, a "lady's size" time-keeper, perfect in every detail, yet scarcely one-tenth the size and weight of the first Ingersoll watch which created so great

Staking Pinions. "Staking" is the watch factory name for riveting or swaging; one of the indispensable hand operations, with tools of the simplest kind. In the course of time the operators become very skillful and turn out vast quantities of product to keep pace with the "automatics."

a sensation in 1893 at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. A reduction equivalent to nearly ten per cent. per year in the size of the watch speaks much for the inventive and mechanical genius devoted to perfecting it, and as a result the output has increased at nearer ten times this ratio.

Because Americans are interested in all success, the description that follows of the Ingersoll factory and its thousands of whirring machines will appeal to their appreciation of achievements, even if they have never seen the inside of a watch. In the Old World, each man is sufficient unto himself or his work, and seldom knows or cares for outside interests, but this spirit finds little lodgment in the breast of the strenuous American who, like the man from Missouri, wants "to be shown." American women, too, will be interested, for at least three-fourths of the skilled 3,000 operatives at the Ingersoll factory are girls who are independent and happy in their work, as they move about light, airy rooms, over floors clean as that of a ballroom. They don their blue gingham aprons for a good day's work at good wages at employment not too irksome for them, leaving the heavier and more exacting work to the men.

"A third arm"—an example of one of the simple devices that are the very antithesis of the automatic machines—and yet almost as important. It is simply a hammer rigged to a foot lever, thus leaving operative both hands to feed and remove work from the "staking tool."

A great door slides open, and we step into the "Automatic" Room, where it seems that a million little belts are reflecting flashes of light, as they swiftly fly around wheel and shaft. This is the heart of the Ingersoll mechanical plant, because here are made all the turned parts, like screws, collets, studs, pillars, and stems, of which the watch is so largely made up. In this room is probably as great a concentration of investment as in any manufacturing room of its size; in it are many automatic machines of the most expensive type, varying in cost from $300 to $2,500, according to the intricacy of work accomplished. The plain turnings, requiring but two or three operations are relatively simple, but a machine to make an irregular piece with perhaps a slot in the end and an internal thread or an operation entailing the automatic transfer of the part to another portion of the machine—such a machine is equipped with so many cams, gears, slide rests, turrets and special tools as to be very costly. The principle of all automatics is to make the finished part complete without human interference, generally working from the round brass or steel rod, twelve to sixteen feet long, from the end of which the tools take successive bites, until it is all eaten. The "turret" is the essential feature of the most common type of automatics. This is situated in front of the work, with three to six tools shaped for their respective functions projecting from it; first one tool is presented to the revolving rod, quickly performing operation number one, and the tool quickly recedes, while the turret revolves slightly presenting the next tool, and so on to the final operation, which is to cut off the completed piece, after which the rod feeds through just far enough for a repetition of this series of operations. While some machines produce thousands of turnings, others more costly labor industriously ten hours and yield but a few hundred, and when the 126 parts of a watch are multiplied by 10,000, the number now made, daily, 1,260,000 is the result, and the demands on this department may be realized. Some of the pictures you might suppose were taken at noon hour, and that the few men were idling but you forget these are "automatics," and that, as the men are needed only to occasionally put in a new rod or fill an oil tank, they can care for from six to twelve machines.

Truing a balance wheel, by an expert, skilled by years of practice.

Now, just a moment to contrast this with the old methods, as still practiced in Europe; this contrast at once answers the question, "How can you do it for a dollar?" and explains why Ingersoll Watches are rapidly spreading over Continental Europe. In Switzerland, for instance, the fountain head of watch making, these same parts are crudely turned, (where ours stand inspection down

Wheel Cutting Room—Where millions of "teeth" on watch wheels are cut daily. Men and women operatives work side by side in the great rooms, with all the decorum of a social gathering.

Plate Drilling with gang-drills running at inconceivable speed and drilling eight holes at one instantaneous operation.

to one-thousandth of an inch) largely on foot lathes, with simplest hand tools. This, and later operations of fitting, are largely done in the peasants' homes, and from these the parts are collected and assembled and finished in what is called a factory, the largest of which could be placed in any of The Ingersoll "wings." There children are early trained to this work, in fact, this is a large part of the school education—and all from the viewpoint of hand work. There, each part is especially fitted, as perfectly as may be, to its reciprocating neighbor. Here, bushels of a single part are made so exactly alike that any of them will fit any of a similar number of another part; in other words, the American system of interchangability is nowhere so highly typified as in an Ingersoll Watch.

In another room, the process of stamping is intensely interesting, as showing economy of effort in the accomplishment of results. Here are the great stamping machines, which eat up the long, flat metal sheets faster than a hungry boy devours bread and butter, and there seems to be as much enjoyment in the "bite." Underneath the machines are wooden boxes, into which the bands, fronts, backs, wheels, plates, and other parts of the watch drop with a merry clink, three or four at a time. A man operates this machine, feeding the long metal strip into its champing jaws, while the debris is garnered into a large box at the rear, to be melted over and fed through again. There is no waste, and the particles too small to be picked out by hand, are separated by magnets.

In the Pinion Drilling Room are the machines for making the famous lantern pinion, another distinctive and very necessary part of the Ingersoll Watch. These pinions are a part of what is known as the "train" of the watch, but I should prefer to call them the track upon which the wheels run. This constitutes by far the most concrete difference between Ingersoll Watches and any other. The lantern pinion is, and always has been, a feature of clocks, and when competitive advertising endeavors to fasten on the Ingersoll Watch the clock stigma, it is frankly responded to, admitting the allegation, and emphasizing it as a reason for the great Ingersoll success. The lantern pinion is only one-tenth of an inch in diameter, with needle-like projections on either side, but the outer edge of the disc, small as it is, is automatically drilled at one time with eight tiny holes into which are inserted eight tiny pinion wires fifteen one-thousandths of an inch thick,

Pinion Drilling Machines, turning out 50,000 pinions daily.

the whole resembling the old-fashioned lantern, with its wire protection—hence the name. Little brass trays resembling finger bowls, contain the pinions (a single tray was said to contain nearly 20,000) as they go from one operation to another, and, finally, when the fifteen different processes are complete, they are inserted upright in the holes of a wooden tray resembling a sieve, because they are so tiny and close together they might otherwise easily be lost.

The machinery of another room adjoining is a marvel of automatic development. Here we are confronted with a battery of eight little machines that are executing the most accurate and intricate turnings, practically without human intervention. Without this little army, there would be needed fifty or perhaps one hundred times the amount of space, and, assuming the hand methods that would take their place, hundreds, or even possibly thousands, of working people; and the Ingersoll Dollar Watch would be no more possible than is a practical flying machine today.

The workmen sit in little movable chairs on a small, iron track, which is a good illustration of the elimination of hand labor to which the Ingersoll Watch has so much contributed, even to the convenience of getting quickly to each of these machines, resulting in the introduction of a trolley chair, which switches the operative from one machine to another expeditiously, and saves him all effort in locomotion; thus he can take care of a larger number of machines (six or eight), putting in new material, watching closely the work of each machine, and remedying disarrangements that sometimes occur. As each part is inserted in the first machine at the same time he starts the machine, he pushes the sliding chair to the next machine, and so on, to two or three machines, or until the first machine has finished its operation—when—zip, slide—the operator whisks back to the place from which he started, and goes again down the line, repeating the action every minute of the working day. This collection as partially shown in picture (page 3) is one of the most concentrated factors in Ingersoll Watch manufacture, as these machines not only economize beyond all conception, but further do work of such microscopic accuracy as to present possibilities of quality in watch mechanism quite out of the question with hand work.

In the Mainspring Room where each girl knows exactly what she has to do, and here as elsewhere there is no lost time, as each girl vies with the other for supremacy.

The long line of Upright Drills, which perforate the plates turned out by the stamping machines, are gauged with perfect accuracy.

Assembling Room where all the parts are taken from various receptacles and carefully placed in position between the plates and ready for the adjusters to perfect into running movements.

Here the plates come in cardboard trays, to the skilled operators, to be drilled and broached, and in the twinkling of an eye eight separate perforations in the back plate and nine in the front plate, as well as the bridge, are completed, and each one of these must not vary a fifteenth-thousandth of an inch. To appreciate this, the machine must be seen, as the little pivots or studs that revolve in these holes, are little larger than a hair. It is marvelous to contemplate this accuracy, considering the rapidity with which the work is done. One of the prime essentials in boring these infinitely small holes, is the inconceivable speed of each of these drills, which by successive "stepping down" in the belting, are made to run at the rate of 23,000 revolutions per minute.

SIZING CRYSTALS

The fitting of crystals is very intricate as they depend wholly on the exact fit of the sharp edge into a minute grove in the bezel; as neither glass nor bezel have any perceptible spring, the fit must be perfect, and as the crystals vary in diameter, they are sorted into different sizes by using a micrometer gauge and bezel grooves varied to match these sizes

Important in the construction of reliable watches is the making of springs, and at the Ingersoll factory the Spring Room turns out an average of five miles of springs each day. Of course the source of power is the mainspring, which when wound up, has a strong tension that starts with the mainspring arbor, to which is hooked one end of the mainspring, and is communicated through the spring to the driving wheel, which is a part of the barrel enclosing the mainspring. The teeth of this wheel are meshed with the pinion of the center wheel, on which the hour hand is mounted; then, in the same way, on the center wheel to the second, third and fourth wheel, which is also called the escape wheel. This excursion from the center wheel which carries the hands, is made through these various wheels making up the train, primarily to actuate the escapement mechanism which regulates this power, and produces the accuracy necessary to make the exact series of motions that go to make up a twenty-four hour day without the loss or gain, possibly, of more than one or two seconds.

Associated with this department is the balance wheel, which is placed on a little device and sent spinning around. If it "wobbles" or does not run true, a little tap here and there by an expert who has spent years in learning just when, where and how much to tap, sets the wheel true in an incredibly short time and prepares it for the attaching of the hair spring. The "timing" of the hair spring, ensures the accuracy of the watch. Each little wheel, with the tiny hair spring for its motive power, is set in motion beside a master wheel, which has been set to run two hundred and forty movements to the minute, and marks the time for the operation. If the new spring moves too fast or too slow, it is shortened or lengthened until the two beat in perfect unison, even to the smallest fraction of time that the human eye can discern. This process is carefully watched by an inspector, who "O. K.'s" the work, and rejects all not found perfect. On one sheet which I saw him pass back to the operator all but five in the entire list were marked perfect, which speaks well for the Ingersoll accuracy in a matter so vital and important to a reliable watch.

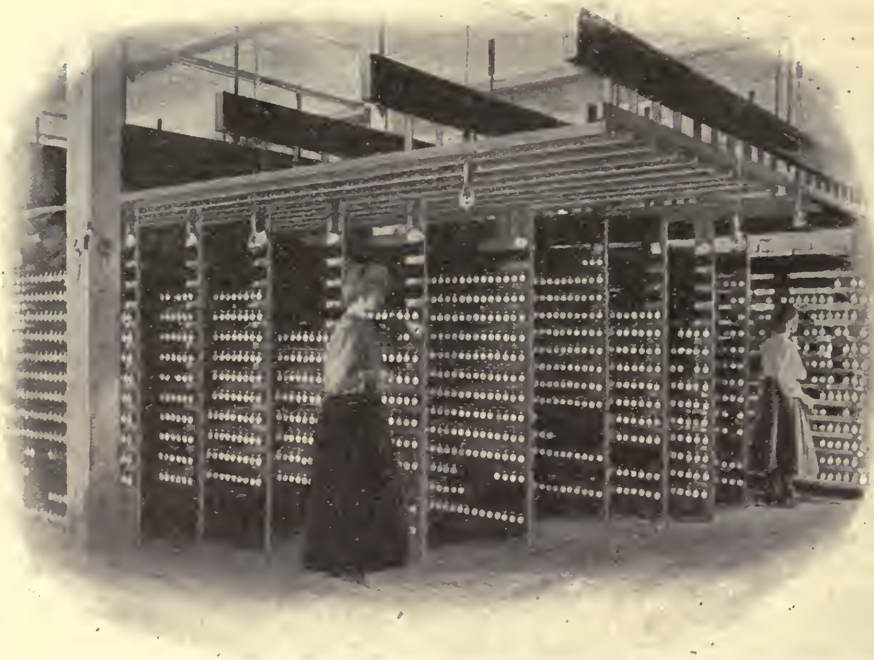
The great Assembling Room marks the beginning of the new watch. From the various departments the finished parts come, to be put together, and the efficiency of the foregoing work is put to the test, in bringing forth the harmony of the whole. Here again the nimble fingers of the girls are employed in assembling the different wheels, barrel, mainspring, escapement, etc., between the front and back plates, and they set the tiny pillar screws that bind together the frame of the watch, leaving the whole watch complete in itself, without the case, ready to be taken to another department for the perfecting of the escapement and general adjustment, which must be attended to by an expert.

AFFIXING DIALS TO PLATES

This interesting process cannot be rushed, as it requires much pressure with heat, and a moment's rest when pressure is on, to insure perfect work.

The adjusters and escapers are the first inspectors of the complete watch. They set the movement going, and note its working parts, remedying any slight defect or throwing it out entirely, if it should prove faulty. There is little consideration given by them to a watch which does not "come to time." It is ruthlessly thrown back to make room for others. Should a watch run too slow, or too fast, it is given a "try out" for twenty-four hours; how these men knew where a watch "was at" without dial or hands, was more than I could fathom, until I was let into the secret, which was a little timing hand attached to the front of the frame, which points to a little pivot, indicating the half-hour — any half-hour — and if it failed

Adjusting Room. These are the highest paid operatives. Their work is to impart the breath of life to the movement—to transform it from inanimate brass and steel to a living truth-telling thing whose span of life may be ten or twenty years.



Showing the corner of one of the timing racks where over 100,000 watches are being tested every day.

to point exactly on the half-hour, the movement was adjusted until the desired end was attained.

The Plating Room finishes all the metal parts before being sent to the Assembling Room. When the metal parts leave the mechanical operations, they are first dipped in acids to thoroughly clean off oil and other foreign matter. They are then placed in the large electro-plating tanks, and the metal, whether gold, silver or nickel, is deposited on the outer surface by the electricity which, passing through the anodes and then the solution onto and through the parts to be plated, carries with it small particles of the metal. Here are great vats that call up visions of the witches' cauldron, and with odors as unappetizing. Various parts of the watch are exposed in the different solutions—there are some for putting on gun metal, some for silver, and even for gold. Thousands of tiny wheels strung on wires look like clusters of golden grapes, and these are hung from rods across the middle of the tanks. The platers lift one after another of these wires, watching to see that the parts are taken out of the bath at the proper time. The watch cases are dipped fifty at a time, and are piled high in drying racks. The next process is to polish the parts, making them bright and beautiful as when exhibited for sale. This polishing is done on rapidly-revolving wheels, called "buffs," made of many thicknesses of cloth, and using various polishing compositions, according to the character of finish wanted.

The Finishing Room brings to a climax the romance of the evolution of a perfect watch, for here the works and case meet for the first time, and are united for all time—it is the marriage of the watch case to its "better half," and they are guaranteed to dwell together in harmony for one year, under the Ingersoll guarantee—and that's a pretty good starter for their married life. Trucks are piled high with cases, watches and movements, and when properly "united," they are taken from the finishers to the Timing Racks, where the watch is put on its "mettle" to demonstrate once and for all its reliability under all circumstances and viscissitudes.

Approaching the Timing Racks is like coming near a great beehive. The hum of thousands of ticking watches can be distinctly heard, as they all tick in unison. Here they are tested in the different positions in which they may later find themselves. First on their backs for twenty-four hours, then hanging up for five days, then on their sides for another twenty-four hours. When it is comprehended that 10,000 Ingersolls come out of this factory a day, all of which have received at least fourteen days' continuous timing, it will be seen that on the various timing racks there must be at all times at least 140,000 watches, which gives you an idea of the immensity of just one department. Having passed this rigid test, they are sent on to the packers, and from there out into the world.

Allowing the pencil a little license, see what is involved in the multiplication of the 10,000 watches made, by the number of distinct parts in each watch, viz., 126, and you find 1,260,000 different pieces to be produced daily in justification of having a big factory with three thousand people; and if you are not tired of figuring, consider that each of these parts has from one to twenty separate and distinct operations, so that, if this averages ten to each piece, you would have 12,600,000 operations per day; and this is rather conservative, because, taking a wheel with seventy-two teeth for example, the operation of cutting of these is counted as one.

In summing up, I ask myself, "What features of the Ingersoll factory are most striking as accounting for its success in beating the whole world in making low-priced watches? I would say first *expedition!* Everywhere, things seem to be on the jump. I can't say I saw anyone hurrying unduly, in fact, I was astonished to see work being so rapidly handled without the appearance of rush; on the other hand there were many at work adjusting machines and devices, but not the operatives; *they* were turning out watches! and things that I had conceived to be the subject of great care, deliberation and labor I found either quietly dropping from an automatic, or being put through by an operative on the "two in the air" plan. So after two days' wandering around this plant, I just begin to see how it's possible to make a little on 10,000 Dollar Watches a day, because everything is geared up so high—but all this convinces me that it couldn't be done on a smaller scale, or without a system so rare as to make system the second element in this success. The whole thing must pull together without a hitch, and this is not "automatic" work, but involves an army of employees, superintendents, department foremen, division foremen, bench foremen, etc., who divide this inconceivable responsibility so as to actually give this great industrial institution the general appearance, of one of the automatic machines itself.

The simplest operation is shipping the watches, yet 10,000 a day require several men and three double trucks to handle.

THE HAND AND THE HAPPY HABIT

By the Editor

SOMETIMES it is well to step aside from the old ruts of contemplation and spend a little time observing some of the little things we are wont to overlook, or perhaps pass over as commonplace. It is often surprising what a wonderful significance such little things have. I know of no better place to prescribe for such diversions than on ship-board, where a busy man is, for the time being, completely marooned from his every-day affairs. One thing that especially impressed me on a recent ocean voyage was the aversion of most people to soiling their hands. Everyone seems to instinctively avoid dirty work, regardless of the fact that the good Lord who made the work permitted the dirt to go with it, for some good reason, and in order to accomplish the work, it is essential to handle the dirt also.

In conversation on board ship, one lady, speaking from her own experience, insisted that the real objection to housework was the innate dread of soiling the hands.

Then I recalled my grandmother's proverb, "Clean dirt is no poison," and how she told us , "The only dirt we need be ashamed of is the kind that soap and water won't wash off."

There is a story told of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the talented author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," one of whose hands was slightly larger than the other—a fact noted once by a young friend of hers.

"Do you know why?" said Mrs. Stowe, "well it is because in earlier days, before my books were successful, I was the family bread-maker, and I kneaded much more with the right hand than the left—I never regretted having to do that work, because while bread-making my mind was free to wander where it would, and I kneaded into those loaves a great many of the ideas and thoughts that later made the pages of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' a success."

Many brain-workers find rest in using the hands when the brain is weary, and I am told that a great deal of nervousness may be worked off into intricate crochet and knitting patterns. Probably this accounts for the popularity of fancy work among women who have no settled occupation, and even among many active business women, who like to have a piece of embroidery or knitting to "pick up" in an evening when they are too tired to read. Who does not remember the charming picture of Grandma, the family referee and confidant, sitting peacefully knitting in the corner? Those wrinkled, beautiful hands! "They're neither white nor small," but what a story they could tell if they might write all they have done during the long and busy years of Grandma's life! Whistler's most famous painting, that won a prize in the Paris Salon, was the portrayal of his mother's hands.

Perhaps you are saying that all this has no connection with my topic, but you know the Happy Habiters have hands as well as dispositions. How often one finds elderly men, aimless and crochety for want of some occupation akin to Grandma's knitting.

* * * * *

EVERY pair of hands has a mission, and is cultivated, or adapted to the doing of some one thing well, and if you will stop to think, you will remember that there is something that your hands can do especially well.

There must always be a difference in individual hands, just as there is in individual heads Two stenographers of equal capacity will pick up letters in a different way, one taking them deftly, and the other in a hesitating manner. Who has not noticed how much more neatly one clerk will do up a package than another, though both may be equally well trained in other ways. I often think that if these peculiarities could be followed up and investigated, we should find that one pair of hands had been trained, and the other not. You remember how, in his description of the inventor who sought to take out a patent in the "Circumlocution Office," Dickens speaks of the "plastic thumb" of the practical worker as compared with the idle white hands of the young aristocrats in that department.

The old custom of the cavalier kissing the hand of a lady, in token of respectful affection, was a tribute to the dignity of the human hand. It seems a pity that this indication of courtly respect to womanhood should die out; but the same fundamental idea has lead to the decorating of the hand with rings or bracelets, whereas the savages use nose rings, ear ornaments and anklets. Nothing could be more useless than a bracelet, yet it serves to call attention to a beautiful hand, and wrist, and vouches for the fact that we have not outlived our love for the beautiful, but are always ready to pay tribute to it.

* * * * *

ALL honor to the hand; whether it be the horny hands of the workman who needs no other proof of the hours spent in honest toil, or the long, clever fingers of the violinist, the skillful hands of a Paderewski at the piano, or the light impress of trained fingers on the valve of the horn; all are needed to produce the symphony of everyday life.

No one will forget that the all-important event for this nation, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, was "done by hand," a phrase that has come to be regarded as the hall mark of value for a product, because the term "hand made" simply means that it has had the careful attention of a human mind, as distinct from the general oversight given to machine-made articles.

The "hand" is found, even in business correspondence, "Yours of the 27th at hand," once meant that it had come from the hand of the writer, through the hands of the courier, and reached at last the hands for which it was destined.

* * * * *

IN the pages of Holy Writ what is more sacred than that touch of the Divine Hand, whether it was laid on the heads of little children, or used in the merciful healing of the sick—there was always the personal touch. This may be the reason why, in the institution of marriage, the hands play so prominent a part.

The signing of wills and all important documents must be done "by hand," and we always have a significant statement for something especially important, "Witness my hand," the human hand that carries out the human wish.

* * * * *

VISITORS from foreign countries remark on the distinctive American hand—the long fingers, the narrow palm that indicate the nervous tension of the new homogeneous race of the West, for what is true of the hand of the individual is true also of the hands of a nation.

In fact, hands—Heigh ho! I suddenly catch sight of the "hands" on the mantel clock, and they point to an hour long past bedtime. An admonitory voice is in my ear, and I hasten to shake hands with every Happy Habiter and say "Good night."

Which brings me around again to the Happy Habit idea—I often feel, in receiving so many letters from subscribers, that as I read what their fingers have penned I clasp hands with them all, and my chief wish is that I might jump up as I come to the end of each letter, and really feel the personal touch of the writer's hand in "the grip" of the Happy Habit order, whose members have determined to scatter sunshine and happiness in every possible corner of the earth.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WE have always felt the National to be a sort of democratic institution. The readers have done more to bring about the substantial success of today than any other one factor. I am going to lay a proposition before you.

We find that we cannot produce such a magazine as we desire and sell it on the news stands at the present cost of materials, at ten cents, because the more we sell the larger will be our losses each month. The price, beginning this month, will be fifteen cents. We were led to take this action after hearing from a great many readers, but we would like even a more general expression of opinion direct from subscribers.

Would you, individually, be willing, as a subscriber, to pay $1.50 per year? Those who are paid in advance will not be affected by this change until the expiration of their present subscription, when the change of price will go into effect on their renewal. We have also been asked to give all subscribers the privilege of renewing for an additional year at the old price of $1.00, and this we will do with the understanding that they send in this renewal before July 1, 1907.

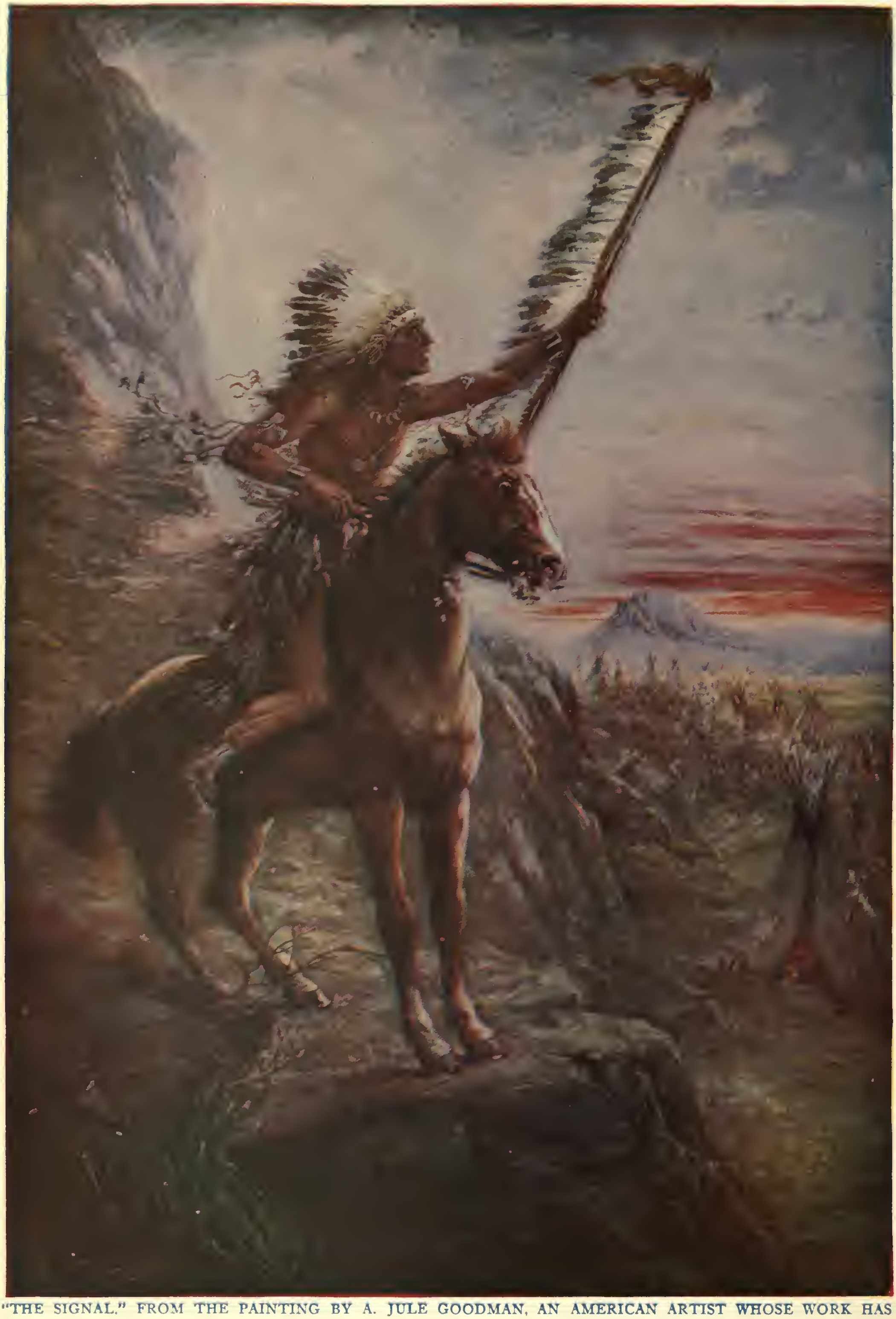
From the letters of appreciation which we have received during the past three months, we believe that the value of the magazine is determined at $1.50 per year, and we are a good deal in the position of parents with a swiftly-growing family. As the children grow and delight our hearts, we find they require more shoes and stockings, better clothes and more of them, and the family has to be educated and cared for in other ways, so now we feel that the time for the National Magazine to provide for its growth is at hand. It is hoped that our readers will readily respond with this in view, which means a pledge on our part to continue the growth and improvement and give you what you are paying for. Send in your subscriptions and those of your friends at the old price before July 1, 1907.

* * *

How are you getting along with your Pleasure Book? Have you kept it up? Have you something on record for every day in the year thus far? Have you written about some little pleasure you have daily enjoyed? We hope to have a collection such as will not be equalled in the world. We are offering $50 in prizes for the best diaries sent us for the year 1907, and from these we expect to make a collection that will be enjoyed when put into book form. Just look about, and find that little pleasure for every day, and put it down, and have your book as complete as possible.

* * *

THOSE first days aboard the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, bound for Panama, calling at Kingston, Jamaica! It is never an old story on board ship, for there are always new faces and new friends — sea-mates are ever the same. There were not many in the steamer chairs enjoying balmy breezes that day; for the cosy, steam-heated library or staterooms were more attractive. A few *table d'hote* rounds, and the passengers began to look at each other steadily and say "good morning," or give that little nod of the head which is permissible on ship board without a formal introduction.



"THE SIGNAL," FROM THE PAINTING BY A. JULE GOODMAN, AN AMERICAN ARTIST WHOSE WORK HAS ATTRACTED WIDESPREAD ATTENTION IN EUROPE

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVI MAY, 1907 NUMBER TWO

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ACTIVITY in national affairs at Washington does not cease with the adjournment of Congress. No sooner had the cedar chests of the congressmen been packed for their homeward journey, and the last goodbyes said, than there came a delegation of railroad presidents to confer with the chief executive in reference to the financial situation. As the magnates come and go in the quiet, modest little office on Executive Avenue in Washington, it is grimly remarked that at Uncle Sam's corporation headquarters the fact is manifest that while other corporations may reach large proportions, the people, represented by the governmental corporation, have rights which all other corporations must respect. Uncle Sam's corporation is the real thing.

The railroad presidents marched through the swinging doors, diagonally across the lobby, laying aside their hats, and entered the President's office—all ready for a talk. Many of these conferences mean the clearing up of many mystifying matters, and in the transaction of large affairs recent events have proved that there never was a time when the efficiency of personal conferences was more understood and prized than it is today.

Much correspondence may pass on certain rigid points, but a look, a glance, or even a mannerism, may serve to put an entirely different construction upon acute situations where misunderstanding might occur if communication were confined to the written word, even though it be conveyed through the dictated message of the typewriter. So now there is practically one continuous Congress in session, for when the railroad presidents complete their work, there will be something new on the executive schedule.

* * *

BUT after all, the one thing for which May time is notable in Washington is the newly wedded twain; for the popularity of a bridal trip to Washington continues unabated, and, in fact, this year it seems will be largely enhanced by the opportunity to visit the Jamestown Exposition, via steamboat down the historic Potomac.

The more people of various sections of the country visit Washington, the greater is the tendency toward federalization, for whatever may be said on this question from an academic or economic standpoint, the trend of the times is toward federation, and a closer relationship exists directly between the people and the government than ever before. This was evidenced in Secretary Root's speech on the occasion of his plea for centralization which brought to the surface the oft-recurring question of state sovereignty, and the inevitable necessity for interchange of thought by means of travel was never more apparent than it is today.

* * *

THE farmers of the United States may be gratified to learn that they have in the secretary of agriculture an official who has served the longest term in office of any member of this branch of the executive. On

March 5, he will have served ten years, and he made a significant remark the other day when he insisted that he was what "they call 'a hayseed.'" You will notice that he did not forget to state that it was "what they call" a hayseed—at any rate, he certainly has the happy faculty of getting at the "seed" or meat of the proposition at hand. When you go to see him, and he pushes off his glasses and lays them on the table, you may rest assured that you are about to hear something "worth while." When he was informed that a certain great corporation would "get ahead" of him, he remarked:

Photo by Wyatt

WAR GOVERNOR FREDERICK HOLBROOK OF VERMONT, AT THE AGE OF NINETY-FOUR YEARS

"We have laws; we have petit juries; we have grand juries; we have a department of justice; we have courts—and we have penitentiaries," he concluded, a little grimly.

One cannot remain long in the presence of Secretary Wilson without realizing that he certainly understands successful and up-to-date farming. He is an optimist, and even during the most stormy days of the Department, nothing seemed to phase the imperturbable evenness of his temper. In some of his ways, he is like the sturdy old Scotch sea captains, and he does not lack the canny Caledonian shrewdness. When he discovered that his appropriation fund for building was insufficient to carry on his plans, he shrewdly had two buildings erected just far enough apart to make it necessary to connect them by means of another wing—a standing and irrefutable suggestion of just what was needed. No congressman could look upon those two buildings without realizing that the clever farmer from the Iowa prairies knew how to handle his proposition, even if it involved a frontal attack upon the congressional susceptibilities—and those two buildings stand as a memorial to show that the secretary knew what he wanted and what he ought to have.

* * *

WHEN it is known that there is a river and harbor bill pending, there is a general rush towards the old library portion of the Capitol, where the Rivers and Harbors Committee have their quarters. Here Chairman Burton, surrounded by maps, blue prints and sketches, awaits "with the gloves on," all comers among the hordes in search of appropriations; yet there are few men who have a clearer conception of the needs and interests of the rivers and harbors of the country. One of the important measures brought up was the improvement of the Gulf ports of Louisiana; for as the Panama Canal approaches completion, the importance of deepening the Gulf ports becomes more and more apparent. The large lines of transportation must be greatly changed to meet the situation, when many ocean steamship lines ply through and radiate from that narrow neck of land which connects the two Americas.

* * *

THE National Board of Trade had its annual meeting in Washington recently and it was attended by over seven hundred delegates, representing every state and territory in the Union, and also many large commercial bodies. The keynote of this convention, which was honored by the presence of the president at its closing banquet, is exploitation of foreign trade with Europe, South America and other countries. The business men, the leaders of great industries of the country, all concerned in the wage or salary proposition, know that strenuous efforts must be made toward building up a foreign trade, in order that the high pressure of industrial and manufacturing production may be maintained, that the scare-crow of "hard times" may never flap his wings about the factories, the shipyards, the shops and the offices of the United States.

HON. JOHN C. SPOONER OF WISCONSIN, WHO RECENTLY RESIGNED HIS SEAT AS UNITED STATES SENATOR

A HALF hour at the Patent Office convinces me that there is justice in the claim that the number of examiners should be increased and that more room is required there. When it is remembered that about 220 examiners are employed to look up the vast amount of information needed for 17,353 cases, giving each man a very large average of cases per day, it will be seen that it is impossible for them to get around to do the work; and it is said that, in some instances, the work is ten months behind, and in other divisions they are a year in arrears. The Patent Office is simply flooded with work.

It may be asked what is the matter—the fact is that the work of this department requires intelligent men capable of examining the merits of an invention, and persons who are equal to passing the difficult examination and doing this work may command much higher salaries than are offered by the government; in short, the pay is not sufficient to hold the right class of men for any length of time in the civil service.

The examination division deals with the vital interests of many important industrial enterprises, and it is greatly to the loss of the whole country that the important work of American inventors is tied up in a way which must sooner or later involve litigation. It is contended by experts in the work that a thousand, instead of 200 examiners should be employed; and that they should be established in quarters adequate for the work. Thirty-nine divisions now attempt to cover the business of the Patent Office, whereas there should be sixty.

Some cases involve more than a hundred pages of typewritten explanatory matter or specifications, requiring the attention of experts. The pay at the present time for the examiner is $1,200, a totally inadequate salary to hold fully competent men. As a result, the most valuable men soon find positions of greater promise and profit, and much less worry, over-work and discomfort. The Patent Office now has a surplus of $7,000,000, affording an income last year of over $327,000, and there is no good reason why more examiners, higher salaries and better quarters and facilities should not be provided.

* * *

AFTER an arduous and exceptionally interesting and successful career in our diplomatic service as ambassador, both in Russia and Italy, Hon. George Von L. Meyer was recalled by the President to enter his Cabinet on the fourth of March, last, as postmaster-general of the United States of America.

ARLINGTON HOUSE—A BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE CONCERNING THIS HISTORIC PLACE BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER OF THE NATIONAL. (SEE PAGE 175)

Those of us who knew the recent ambassador in years past, are exceedingly gratified that his ability in the public service has been thus recognized and appreciated. His knowledge of men and affairs, acquired in the government of the city of Boston, and in the general court of Massachusetts as speaker of the House, combined with a practical business training, should stand him in good stead at his present post.

MRS. VON L. MEYER
WIFE OF THE NEW POSTMASTER GENERAL

MISS JULIA MEYER
DAUGHTER OF THE NEW POSTMASTER GENERAL

MISS ALICE MEYER
DAUGHTER OF THE NEW POSTMASTER GENERAL

He is one of those men who know how to make friends and establish enduring and pleasant relationships. This was demonstrated by the exceptionally cordial friendships formed while ambassador, not only with the king of Italy and the emperor of Russia, but also with the emperor of Germany and men of affairs on the Continent.

* * *

I MET John G. Carlisle in Washington recently, looking over the scenes of earlier days. His clear-cut, almost classical features seem to be growing somewhat more rigid than during the days when he enjoyed so prominent a position in the House of Representatives. He is now a "Noo Yo'ker," practicing law as an attorney in Gotham; and he was in Washington for the purpose of seeing that Senator Smoot's term of service in the Senate was cutshort. Mr. Carlisle remarked that "Washington had no more attractions for him," and added that in the days he spent there he saw very few of his old acquaintances. "How swiftly turn the tides of political fortune," mused the erstwhile legislator, wiping the band of his silk hat.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE OF INDIANA ENJOYING AN AFTERNOON ON HORSEBACK

THE work of the state legislatures lingers long after Congress has adjourned. It is always interesting to observe the interlacing of the state legislative functions with those of the nation. In Wisconsin this year the legislature had hardly commenced its work when it was confronted with the necessity of selecting a successor to Senator Spooner.

Over in the Capitol—not long since partially destroyed by fire—the state senate sits behind roll-top desks in temporary quarters, and the assembly in the old chamber, with their votes closely canvassed as to who will be who in the senatorial contest, promising a session of deep interest. The beautiful new capitol which is to be erected, and the work on the old building formerly absorbed the attention of the senators, but now seem to be superseded by the demands of the senatorial campaign.

* * *

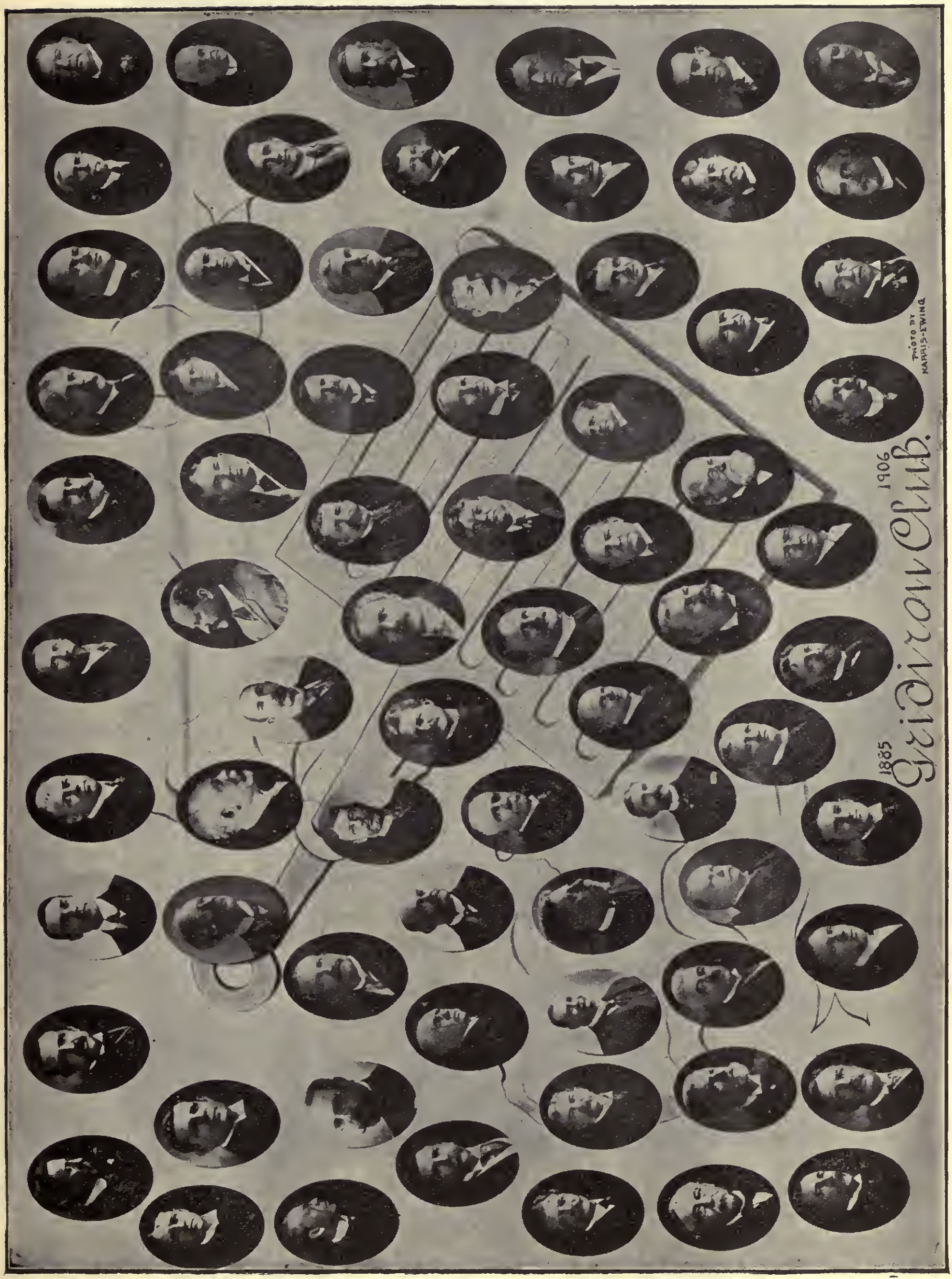
THE committee room of Senator Lodge has an interesting history; it was formerly the Senate Naval Committee Room, and was decorated by a famous Italian artist, who did most of the work on the Capitol, in Pompeiian style. He left a few panels unfinished, which have been finished one by one; there is something suggestive of ancient times in the rather lurid hues of these mural decorations.

In an old closet recently renovated, were found some curious documents, signed by the father of Senator Mallory of Florida, who was a United States senator before the war. The papers chronicle the proceedings of a court martial, the lengthy report being all painstakingly written with a quill pen. It indicates the fierceness of the controversy between a chaplain in the army who was high church, and a commander who was low church—but the proceedings seemed to be little more than an expanded discussion of theological questions.

This room is now handsomely fitted up with mahogany, which is especially appropriate for its present occupants, for mahogany is one of the great products of the Philippine Islands. In few committee rooms are more perplexing problems discussed.

* * *

PASSING along Pennsylvania avenue, late one evening, I noticed that many of the lights were still burning on the fifth floor of the building where the office of First


1885 Gridiron Club. 1906
PHOTO BY HARRIS-EWING

Assistant Postmaster General Frank Hitchcock is located, and thought I would drop in to see how he was getting along with his "overtime" work. I found him buried almost to his ears in papers pertaining to matters of interest to the 378 postal districts.

In addition to his many other duties, Mr. Hitchcock hears the pros and cons of all postmasters' cases needing consideration, and this branch of the work alone involves no small amount of labor, for the total personnel of post offices of all classes, including postmasters and assistant postmasters, amounts to 205,288 persons, and all appointments are made by this unassuming, smooth-faced young man, who has long since won a reputation as a very efficient government official.

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL

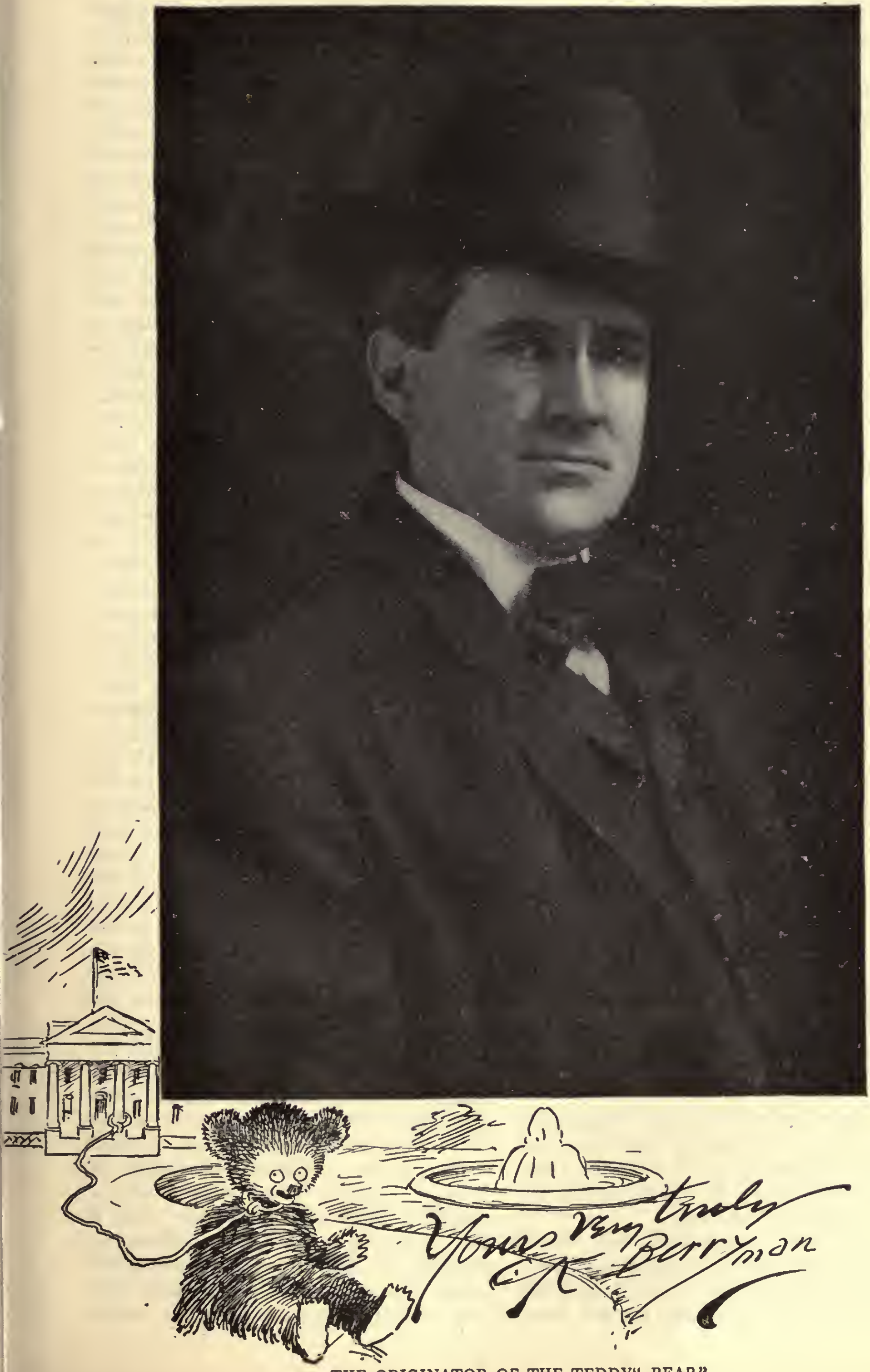
Anyone acquainted with Mr. Hitchcock's work in connection with the Republican National Committee, who also understands the multifarious duties involved in the administration of the Post Office Department, will agree that his experience is quite equal to all that is required by the office which he now holds.

The Post Office Department has for some time past been managed on a strictly systematic business basis. There is a business-like air in the whole department, which gives the impression of some great commercial organization rather than a governmental department. I observed that the little note heads, whose appearance is familiar to many of us, being the size of an ordinary memorandum sheet, are much used and before Mr. Hitchcock was a pile of these containing details of the service of 65,600 postmasters. The system inaugurated by him is attracting a great deal of attention. Hereafter appointments are to be made rather on the rating and record of the competitors than by "pulls," and the department is careful to see that the post office work has the strict, personal supervision which is promised by persons accepting these appointments.

Columbia electrical commercial vehicles are being used for the mails in the cities, such as Baltimore, and Milwaukee. Special accommodation being provided for carrying and gathering the letters, so that the service may go on in transit, and by the time the letters reach the post office, they are properly assorted for farther distribution.

The annual report recently issued is one of the most interesting documents I have ever had the pleasure of looking over. It indicates how the revenue of $168,000,000 was collected, showing an increase of $15,000,000, and this unprecedented gain is being more than maintained. The need of larger administrative force and additional field agents is concisely presented, and it is set forth that the enormous number of resignations from the service show that the pay is insufficient in comparison with salaries to be gained in other pursuits; the Post Office Department cannot retain the class of workers which it ought to have, but is losing the best members of its force for lack of suitable remuneration. The large number of voluntary resignations is certainly another problem for the consideration of the administration.

It is interesting to see how Mr. Hitchcock handles the work, apparently unhindered and undaunted by obstacles, and toiling while other folk are abed. I observed that each letter, when presented in person, is stamped to that effect, not being accorded a written answer but promptly disposed of and kept distinct from correspondence received by mail, which needs some response. Thus an ac-



Yours very truly
C. K. Berryman

THE ORIGINATOR OF THE TEDDY" BEAR"

curate record of even the smallest transaction is maintained on file and readily referred to, and it is wonderful to note how the application of rigidly tested business methods has accelerated the handling of the post office work.

To see those large baskets standing about the room, filled with hundreds of bundles of papers, all of which must be acted upon in some way, gives some idea of the magnitude of the task performed by a sturdy, young official, and it looks as though Mr. Hitchcock would add distinction to the bright record left in the post office archives by George B. Cortelyou as postmaster general.

* * *

THE United States is likely to adopt an idea from the practice of Mexico and Liberia, where the names of cities and towns are engraved upon their postage stamps. It is now proposed to issue stamps for the 6,000 presidential post offices, each bearing the names of the office whereat the stamps are issued, these names being printed after the stamps are engraved. This looks like a step in the right direction, and among other advantages will make it much easier to trace a letter by the stamps, and make a more equitable showing as to the volume of business at the various post offices.

* * *

IN a stately Gothic building, surmounted by a spire, on F street in Washington, are located the quarters of the Interstate Commerce Commission. A I stood beneath the latticed windows, I thought:

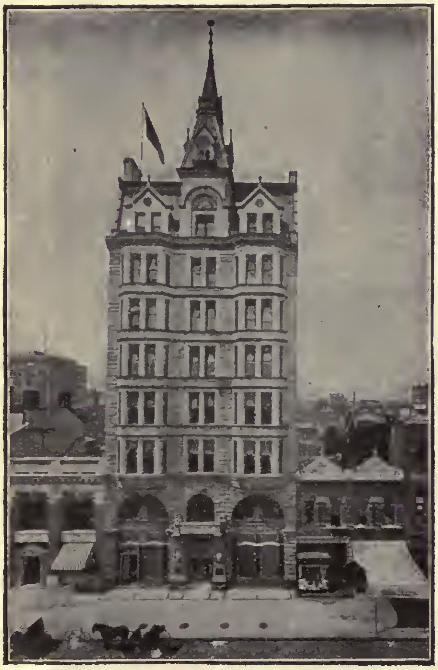
"The power of the railroads may be immense, but here all railroading is controlled."

Entering the building, I stepped into a big elevator and quickly reached the fifth floor, where I found the energetic gentleman whom I had come to see, Mr. Knapp, chairman of the commission. He was seated at a flat desk covered with papers, and, while smoking a fragrant cigar, studied the subject of "car shortage." Not being a big shipper, these two words had no especial meaning for me, but I soon discovered that they indicate a situation of such gravity as to call for prompt action, though it is difficult to fix the responsibility for the tangle. Among the reasons for the present congestion of traffic, are lack of sufficient cars, inadequate tracks and motive power, delays in loading and unloading, and, in many instances, terminals far too small for the requirements of present-day commerce. I was surprised to learn that the average mileage of a freight car is only twenty-three miles a day, despite the fact that the practice of allowing a car loaded on one line to go through on other roads to its destination is quite general. The need for this accommodation on the part of the various railroads is evident, yet the larger roads are beginning to find it essential to change their policy in this respect, owing to the fact that the cars are not unloaded and returned to them within a reasonable time, and one of the largest and best equipped systems states positively that at the present time eighty per cent. of its cars are beyond its control on other roads. It is also stated that cars are sometimes pirated from these larger systems, and kept in use on the smaller roads for local traffic. As far as an uninitiated onlooker can judge, it looks as though there were cars enough to very nearly handle the work, if they could be kept moving on something like schedule time, rather than kept standing idle loaded with merchandise, for which the shippers and consignees are making vain search.

CHAIRMAN KNAPP, OF THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION

From what I could learn, it seems that the commission is hardly vested with sufficient authority to adequately cope with this blockade in shipping, as, aside from safety appliance requirements, Congress has not yet actually exercised any control on the railroads. Congress is now seeking a remedy for this congestion, and hopes to find it in the passage of a well-considered law on the subject of reciprocal demurrage. Meantime, the commission makes careful examination of all complaints, and constantly endeavors to get at the reason for this singular state of affairs that has caused the situation known as "car shortage."

The importance and work of the Interstate Commerce Commission have developed to a wonderful degree in the past few years, and especially since the rate law went into effect; and I doubt if any more powerful commission has ever been established by the government. The correspondence which is poured in upon this commission is tremendous; but it does not seem that they are afflicted with a large number of visitors, as I noticed that in the waiting room the chairs had an unused appearance. It was almost as good as a summer vacation to see the charming pictures of the beauty spots on the various railroads in the United States and Canada, and if I were in doubt as to where to spend a week or two, I should pay a visit to the Interstate Commerce Commission and study the landscape scenes photographed and hung on the walls of their building.


THE SUN BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C., WHERE THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION HAS ITS ROOMS

The commission itself consists of Hon. Martin A. Knapp of New York, chairman; Hon. Judson C. Clements of Georgia; Hon. Charles A. Prouty of Vermont; Hon. Francis M. Cockrell of Missouri; Hon. Franklin K. Lane of California; Hon. Edgar E. Clark of Iowa; Hon. James S. Harlan of Illinois. Mr. Edward A. Moseley is secretary. They keep 200 assistants busy looking after the transportation rights of the people.

Many people think that out of this commission will some day evolve a Department which will control not only all the railroads, but will represent their ownership, provided Uncle Sam ever invests in such property; but the more one sees of the efficiency of this commission, the stronger is the conviction that just now Uncle Sam will do well to leave this work where it is; for he surely has his hands full without involving himself in any more ownership problems—but this is a matter open to discussion.

* * *

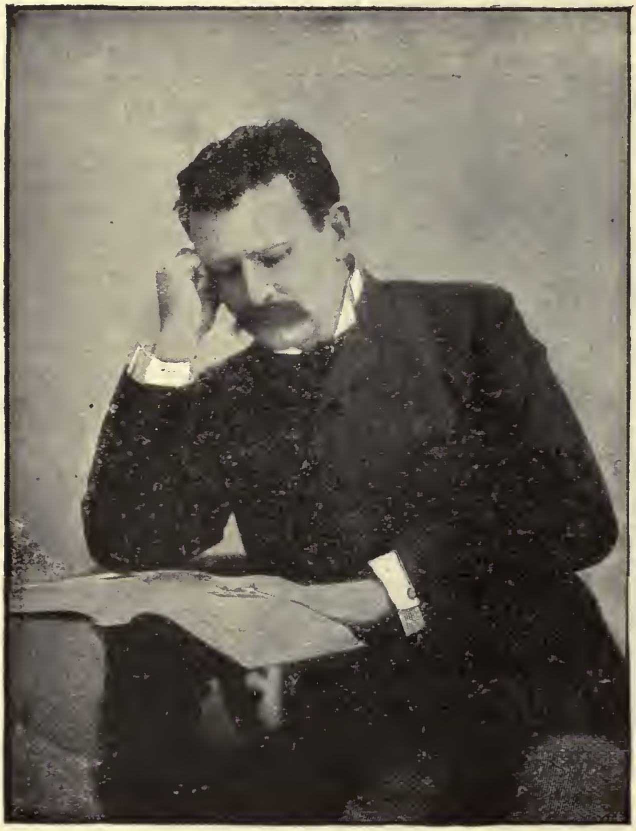
WITH one fell swoop, by simply rising to their feet, the House of Representatives carried the amendment of the legislative bill, which carried with it an increase of salary for the vice president, speaker, members of the cabinets, senators and representatives.

This amendment which was passed here by a standing vote, was stricken out by the Senate, but it was returned to the Senate and will promptly become a law. The Vice President will have an increase of salary from $8,000 to $12,000 a year, and the Speaker the same. The Cabinet officials will receive $12,000 a year each, and the congressmen and senators will have $7,500, instead of $5,000.

In connection with this amendment, an incident was related of the time when Abraham Lincoln put in a bill to the Illinois Central railroad for $500, for legal services. Payment was refused, and the young backwoods lawyer went to David Davis, another attorney, to ask his advice concerning the matter.

"Lincoln," he said, "you are a fool. You ought to have made your bill $5,000. Do that and you'll get paid."

According to this advice, the figures were changed, and suit began. One of the interesting records on the archives of Illinois today tells of the $5,000 paid for the services of Abraham Lincoln as attorney—a little anecdote which indicates the value of "knowing how."



E. A. McDOWELL, ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST LIVING COMPOSERS

* * *

Another incident told concerns Senator William M. Evarts of New York. A case was passed to him which had been carefully worked out for a year or more by a prominent attorney in Vermont, for which he received a thousand dollars. It was then sent to Senator Evarts for his opinion. He carefully looked it over, reaping the benefit of the work of the Vermont attorney, and "I concur in the above," was all he found it necessary to say, and the fee for this utterance was $10,000.

With stories like these rife, it is any wonder if the average American boy looks forward to selling opinions at a high rate, and even the boys understand that if the value of an opinion is hard to estimate justly, so is the value of a good public servant, who may be saving the government millions of dollars every year, while the one who is willing to work for smaller salary might easily lose a similar amount per annum. Ruskin says that the reason the world "honors the soldier is because he holds his life at the service of the state," and the same is true of the legislator. The same author declares "that is the proper reward of the good workman, to be 'chosen,'" and the fact that our senators and representatives are "the chosen" of the entire nation, indicates that they are usually the right kind of men. It will always be true that a man capable of making a really good legislator is equally fitted to fill many other honorable and more lucrative positions.

* * *

IN the Treasury Building, in a little room off the darkened corridors, the floors of which remind me of a checker-board "on the bias,"—as the dry goods people say—sits the captain of the watch, H. E. Cobaugh. The apartment looks like a small arsenal, with its array of rifles which are to all intents and purposes more for ornament than use.

The captain was gallantly entertaining some ladies, who approached him with a sympathetic sigh:

"Oh, captain, will those guns go off?"

"Yes, ladies, they certainly will go off—"

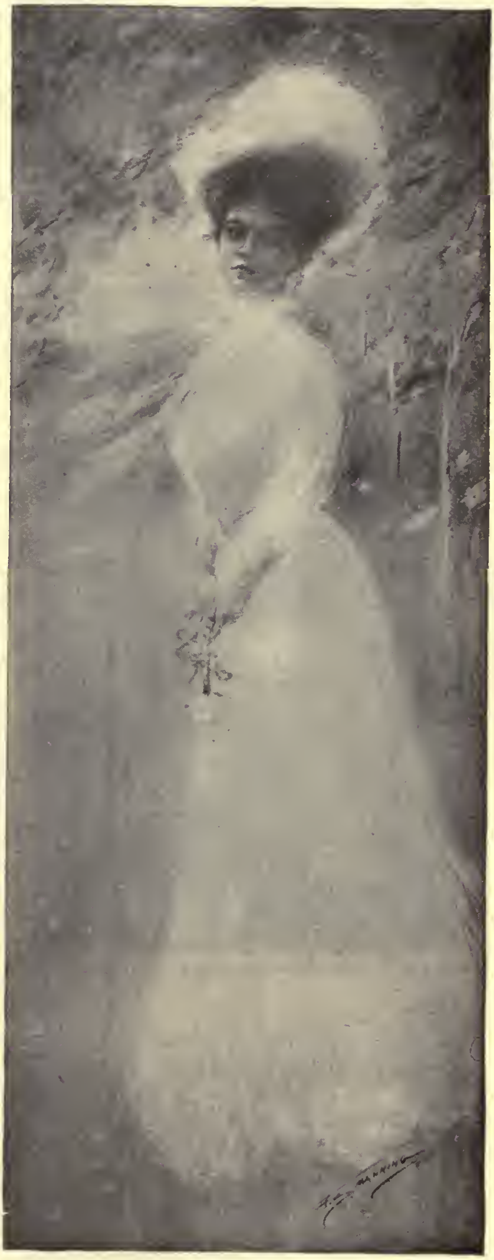
and as they shrank back he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "that is, if you carry them off."

In addition to this formidable supply of firearms, as a further protective measure, the building is honey-combed with burglar and fire alarms, and there are eighty-one men to guard the treasury of Uncle Sam, each one remaining on duty for eight hours at a time. The obsolete protective measure of rows of pistols may still be seen, reminders of the days when every clerk employed in the building was expected to go heavily armed. The alarms, however, make this no longer necessary, and officials are now at liberty to move about the building without a six-shooter in hand, in readiness for burglars who may be met with in passing up and down the corridors. In fact, Chief Wilkie, of the secret service, typifies a more effective precautionary system than could be afforded by many hundreds of six-shooters.

All the money in the treasury is counted every time a change is made in its higher officials. The last time this occurred was when Treasurer Charles H. Treat took office several years ago. It was then that a remarkable theft was discovered, which had been accomplished by a day laborer, who handled the bags of gold and found means to substitute pieces of lead in place of the precious metal as he passed it out to be weighed. He thought out his plan so well that the weight of the bogus gold was exactly the same as that of the specie removed from the bags, so that when these left his hands for the scales the theft was not detected. Since that time, every bag has been opened, and every piece of money counted, dollar for dollar. This, however, is not so heavy a task as might be supposed, for, strange as it may seem, a very small proportion of the gold and silver currency is actually located in the hands of Uncle Sam in Washington, but is distributed through the country in the reserve centers.

* * *

SPEAKING of railroad lines, the Pittsburg & Lake Erie, which runs from Youngstown, Ohio, to Pittsburg, is a road which earned, since its inception, $80,000 a mile, the largest earnings per mile of any railway in the world. Everyone who lives on this road speaks well of it, for in all the years it has been in operation not a single passenger has been killed. The officials put safety first of all, then comfort and convenience are considered and then speed. The passenger service is first class in every respect.



From a painting by F. S. Manning

MRS. FITCH, DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT EARLING, OF THE MILWAUKEE RAILWAY

The Pittsburg station of this road is unique. Located in a particularly smoky locality, it is constantly kept full of pure air—one feels, on entering, as though suddenly transported to some lovely country spot on a sweet spring morning. No matter how many people or how many trains are in the station, there is always the same impression of purity, and no offensive odor is ever observed. I was in the building for some minutes before I could explain why it impressed me as having a unique individuality, but I soon discovered that its distinction is pure air, the ventilation being performed by means of air blown in through dripping water, which not only purifies, but in summer cools, and in winter warms, the outer air before it is permitted to enter the station, so that the atmosphere is comfortable at all seasons and it is a delight for the traveler to wait there for his trains.

PETER A. PORTER, REPRESENTATIVE FROM NIAGARA FALLS

* * *

IT is always a pleasure to drop in and have a brief chat with Internal Revenue Commissioner John W. Yerkes, for he usually has a good story to tell. Recently he related one concerning the popular saying that every man who comes from Kentucky should be hailed as "colonel." In fact, I fell into this trap myself, and could not resist the impulse to use a military title rather than plain "Mr." When I called him "colonel," he promptly retaliated by turning around and addressing me as "general," a title to which I never even dreamed of aspiring. He then continued, grimly:

"The city of Washington is prolific in titles. It is seldom you find a man who may be addressed as a plain American citizen. It is General, Admiral, Colonel, Captain, United States Secretary, United States Commissioner, or what not, until it really seems to me that a time is coming when I shall not dare to pass even the iron doors of an elevator without hailing the man who operates it as 'Mr. Elevator Conductor.'"

He told a story of how, one day, when he was in Washington in conversation with a crowd of congressmen, Admiral Watson, whom he had known in the old days, entered. Mr. Yerkes was delighted to hear him call out:

"Hello, John, how are you?"

"I sprang from my chair," said Mr. Yerkes, "and almost hugged him. 'Admiral,' I cried, 'I can hardly resist the temptation to embrace you. Do it again. I am so tried of hearing myself called colonel that my given name is music in my ears.'"

Probably there is not one of us who does not know what it means to hear our own name unexpectedly—that name which our mothers called us—the name our fathers shouted in the early morning hours, when we longed for just one more snooze under the blankets—which of us can hear those names without being carried back, as if by magic, to the boyish days that seem so far away?

* * *

ONE of the bright-faced men recently met in Washington was Representative Herbert Parsons of New York, who is said to have been responsible for the nomination of Governor Hughes last summer. He seemed interested and enthusiastic in talking over the political situation of the Empire State; but when the reporters urged him upon the one question in which the public was, at that time, exercised,—"trial marriages,"— he said to them:

"You must excuse me. That is a question which I do not care to discuss."

So the reporters got no new information from Mr. Parsons; despite the fact that he is the husband of the lady who published a book on "Trial Marriages."

* * *

AT the Jamestown Exposition, the District of Columbia will have a replica of the White House, located in the Liberal Arts Building, which will contain interesting exhibits of national and local interest. The District of Columbia is beginning to realize that it should assume the dignity and privileges of statehood at the exposition which will so superbly reflect the glory of the United States at Norfolk during the coming year.

* * *

WHEN I smilingly announced to Senator Flint that the National Magazine had "pre-empted" a national appropriation for the commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, to be held in Boston in 1920, he said:

"Well, we will have to antedate you five years in Los Angeles, to secure a fund for the commemoration of the completion of the Panama Canal."

Of course he had the air of a man who had just had "inside information." If it is ever made known that the senator is looking after an appropriation for the Pacific Coast, numbers of people will begin to get ready for the grand charge, and when the Pacific Coast members make up their minds to have anything, they hang together in a solid phalanx.

It seems as though a large exposition commemorating a great project like the digging of the Panama Canal, would be a fitting monument of such an industrial triumph. Heretofore, we have been commemorating everything great that has passed by, but what could be more suitable than the remembrance or commemoration of some great, up-to-date event as it occurs. Or why not "dip into the future, far as human eye can see," and celebrate coming events—the great things that we expect to happen in 2020 or 2025? It seems now that the world may go on forever changing, but the exposition habit will be handed down from generation to generation unchanged. Once formed, it is never forgotten. Even during the past century, the man who could tell of the great expositions of the past was a welcome guest everywhere; and in coming years the man who has visited the Centennial in '76, the Chicago Exposition in '93, the Buffalo Exposition in '01, and the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1903—to say nothing of Charleston, Nashville and New Orleans—will feel he has a right to speak with authority in the matter of exposition round-ups.

An appropriation of $1,500,000 is already made for the site of the government building by the government, with the proviso that an equal amount be pledged by the Exposition Company, but the interesting portion of the bill—if it passes—is the clause providing that for nine years several commissioners are to serve at a fixed salary; which is looked upon as quite a productive fish pond for the contingent of "game ducks" —*i. e.* the congressmen who were defeated at the last election.

PROFESSOR JOHN MUIR, THE DISCOVER OF THE FAMOUS MUIR GLACIER, WITH A PARTY IN THE PETRIFIED FORESTS OF ARIZONA

* * *

AMONG the many young men in American public life who have worked their way up from the bottom rung of the ladder, is the Honorable Irving H. Chase. Though a Yale man of the class of 1880, he began his business career in the packing department of the Waterbury Clock Company, and has

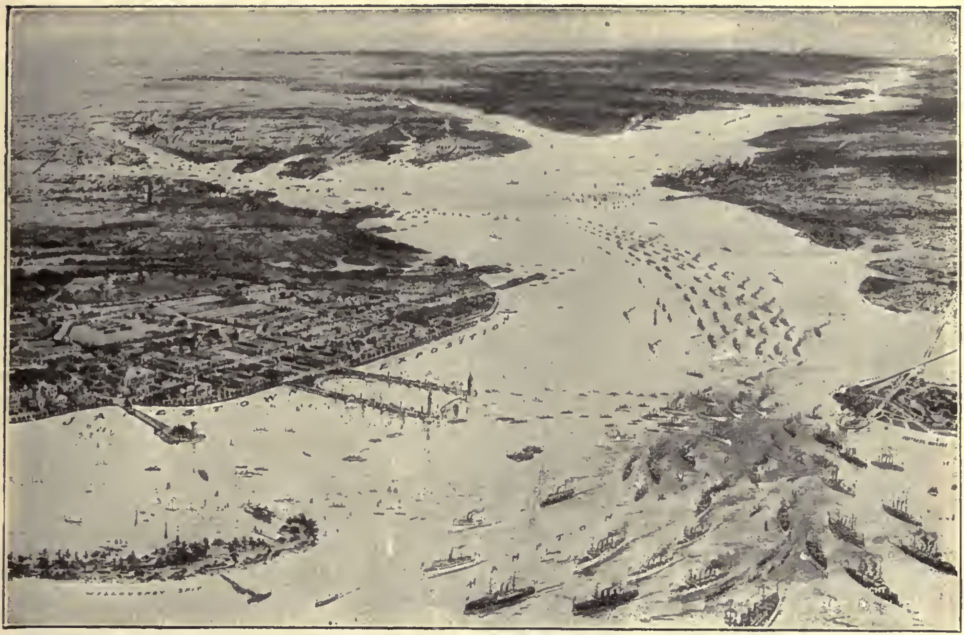
IRVING H. CHASE, STATE SENATOR FROM CONNECTICUT

MARK TWAIN'S DAUGHTER, MISS CLARA CLEMENS, WHO HAS A WELL-TRAINED CONTRALTO VOICE, HAS DECIDED TO GIVE A SERIES OF CONCERTS THROUGHOUT THE WEST

since risen to a controlling position in this great institution, being also identified with many of the largest concerns in his native city. His career emphatically disproves the opinion held by many people that a college course is detrimental to success in commercial life.

His college and business training and the all-round ability which aided Mr. Chase in his steady advance in business are now devoted with equal earnestness to the service of the people in the state senate of Connecticut. Upon his election to this governing body, he was placed on committees where his business experience could be applied for the benefit of his constituents, and as chairman of the Labor Committee, chairman of the County Committee, and member of the Corporation Committee, he is a valuable addition to the legislative force of Connecticut. With his thorough understanding of business methods and wide range of experience, it is believed by his friends that Mr. Chase's work during the coming years will justify the choice of the people, when they elected him to office by the largest majority ever given a candidate for the position of state senator from his district which he now holds.

MRS. SMITH MOTHER OF SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH OF MICHIGAN



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

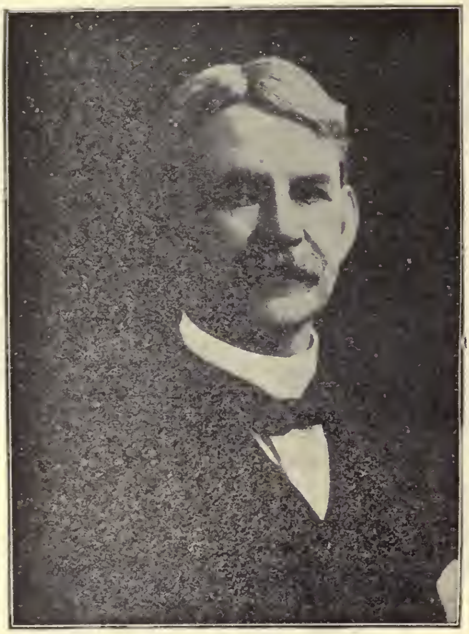
ON April 26, 1907, the turnstiles began to click in unison with whole batteries of cameras, for then the Jamestown Exposition was formally opened.

Entering Hampton Roads, past Old Point Comfort, a sweeping view of the Exposition grounds is obtained. Just beyond the Rip-Raps there is a glimpse of the cedar grove on Sewall's point, and of that great stretch of beach which will be the playground of millions of people during the next few months. What the Court of Honor was to the exposition in Chicago, the Eiffel Tower to that in Paris, the Cascades to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, the Grand Pier at Jamestown will be to the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition. As we steamed in, the vast stretch of water at Hampton Roads was a fiery blood-red, and the setting sun threw a wake of scarlet over the great Atlantic roadstead.

It was peculiarly fitting that this exposition should have been opened by the President of the United States, in whose veins courses the blood of both the North and South. Few such events have ever held a closer personal significance to the chief executive of the nation.

A vast multitude had gathered by sea and land. With all the proverbial goodnature of an American throng—they jostled and laughed, but the onlooker was impelled to contrast this scene with that of 300 years ago, when three tiny ships felt their way into these same waters, after a tempestuous voyage in quest of an undiscovered land. There is a romance about the settlement of Jamestown, which makes that portion of the old school histories and geographies especially attractive.

The spacious boulevards and walks impress the visitor with the idea that he is a guest visiting some rich estate, rather than a mere spectator at an exposition. For to the very borderland, the 400 acres are hedged with Virginia creeper, clematis and American Rambler roses in full bloom, giving the idea of private, carefully laid out grounds rather than land fenced in from the general public. It would not be accurate to say that everything was completed for the opening—that would be unheard of in the history of expositions—but everything needful was ready for the great occasion.

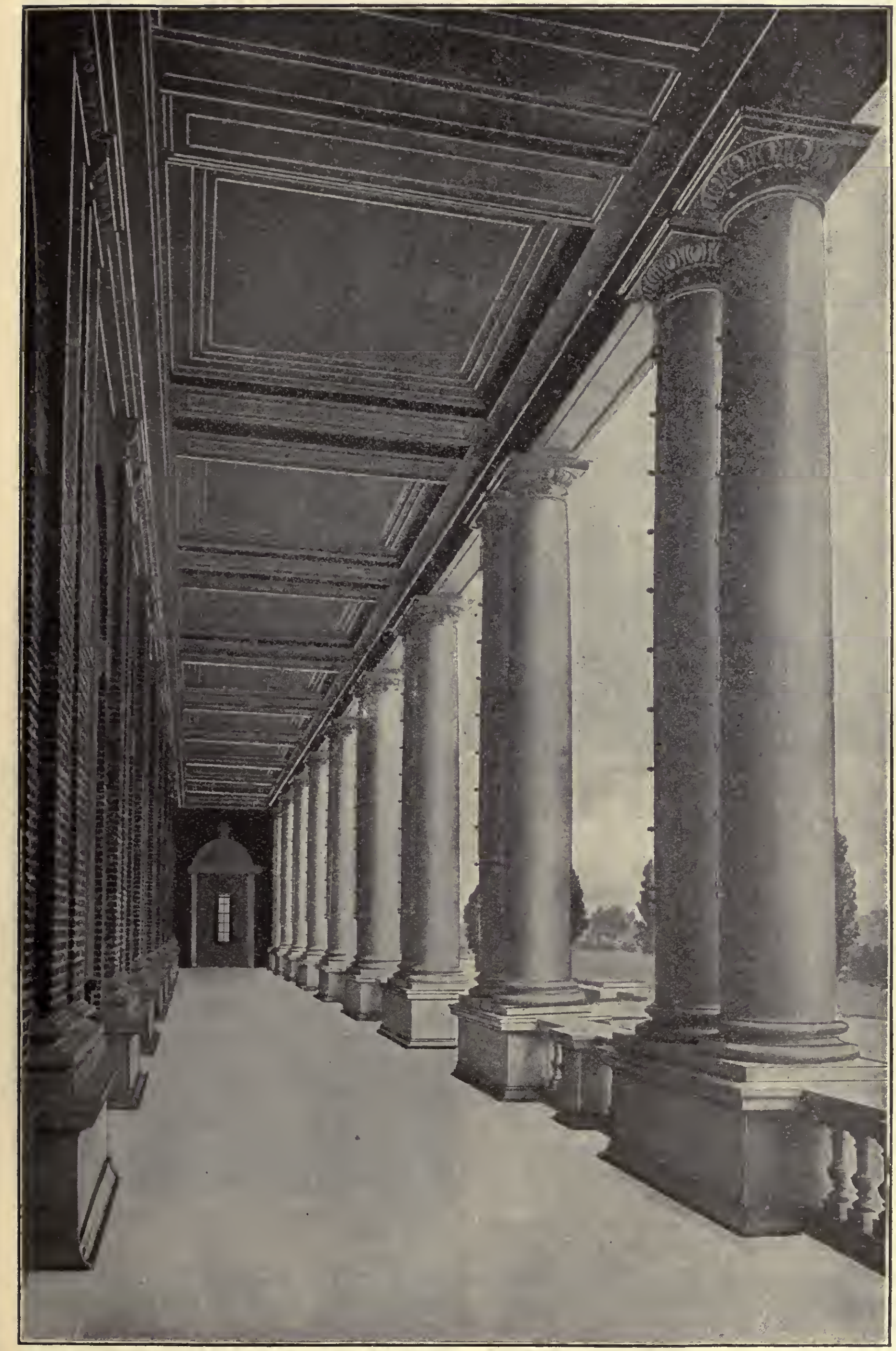

MR. HARRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER, PRESIDENT

Three years ago, in the earliest inception of the idea, I visited the Norfolk Exposition grounds and talked with Secretary Shepperd and General Fitzhugh Lee. The General was then the prime mover of the exposition, and was enthusiastic as to his ideas of what could be done with this spot—prophecies which, alas, he did not live to see realized. Having visited the grounds at different times, and witnessed the gradual crystalization of his plans into substantial facts, I naturally feel a peculiar interest in the Exposition as it stands today.

Driving about the grounds during the dusty days of the previous month, I was well cared for by the hospitality of that gallant Southern gentleman, Colonel Hodges, who went everywhere to see that nothing was lacking for the maintenance of the old Virginian spirit that always demanded the best to set before guests. I found myself sitting on the steps of the Administration Building, with my eyes full of sand, and yet I felt that there was not a moment in the entire life of the Exposition that I desired more to witness than that home stretch of preparation, when every workman and even every animal, seemed to realize the responsibility that rested upon all concerned to make the most of every minute of time that remained. The government work on the tower of the buildings was being pushed night and day at that time.

I was accompanied by the dear, old dad with whom I have had many a pleasant jaunt, and it was indeed interesting to hear him relate his experience when attending the first international exposition ever held, in the world famous Crystal Palace, London, England. In those days, and even as late as the Centennial, these events were held in such glass houses erected for the purpose, which suggested the necessity for nursing the tender exposition plant, which has since been boldly transplanted into the open air and become a hardy, flourishing tree, grown to a splendid and vigorous maturity, that needs no glass houses, possible targets for stones, but rather demands the

C. BROOKS JOHNSTON, CHAIRMAN BOARD OF GOVERNORS



Copyright, 1907, by the Jamestown Official Photo. Corporation, Norfolk, Va.

VERANDA OF THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS

substantial buildings that suggest at a glance the colonial hospitality of the old brick manor house of a by-gone day. From under the glass case has sprung forth a growth fitted for freedom and open air, forming a fitting alliance with Nature, for all the lavish beauty of the Virginian Maytime will make this exposition a meet commemoration of the landing of the courtly Englishmen from the stately halls of King James, who came to build a great English empire on American soil at this place.

T. S. SOUTHGATE, GOVERNOR OF EXHIBITS

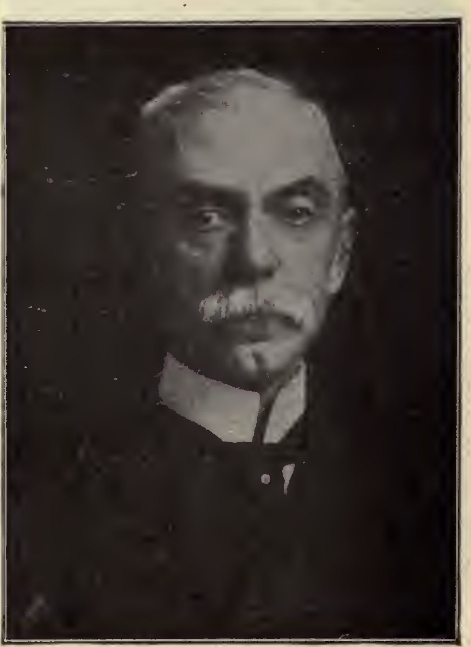
As the people poured past in throngs, the good father indulged in reminiscences of those English days of hazel nuts and toffee, contrasting them with the peanuts and pop-corn of the present day to say nothing of chicklets.

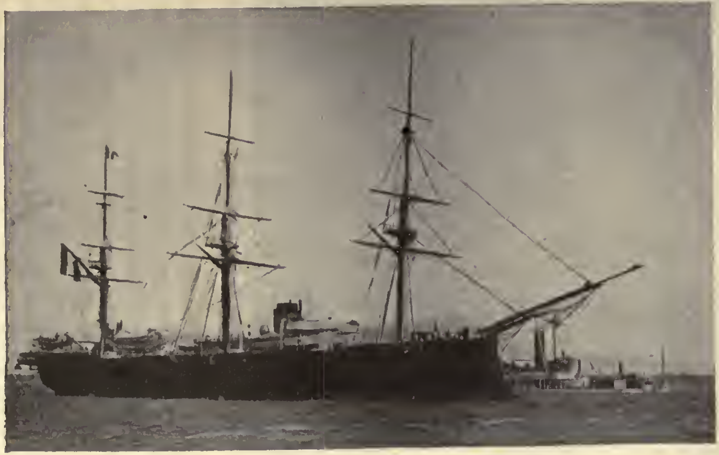
The Pure Food Buildings have a popular name, for if there is one thing the people are determined upon it is to have enough food, and have it pure, and these buildings will furnish many a valuable object lesson to persons not to be reached in other ways. The structures are not lofty, but are well adapted for exhibition purposes—like the Chinaman's skillfully arranged show-window, where everything is in plain sight.

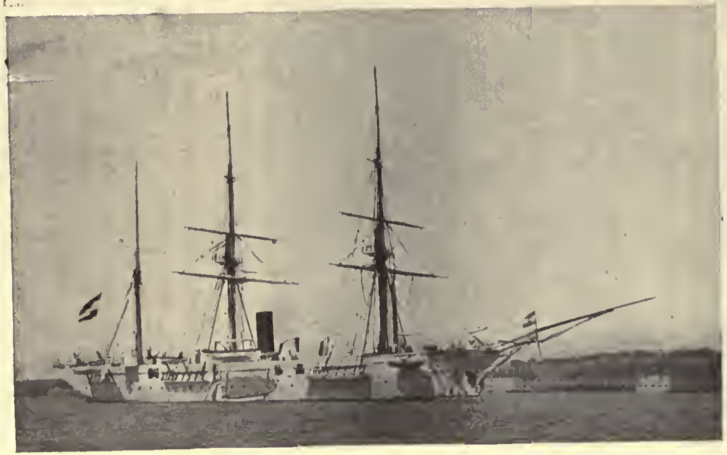
Far up the river is the site of Jamestown, where the first permanent English settlement was made in 1607, during the times of James the First of England, whose name was given to this earliest colony on American soil. Here, among the throng, was a suggestion of the old cavalier spirit of the times of Charles and James the Second, forerunners of the stately Southern gentleman with his long locks, for, as everyone remembers, in those early days men wore flowing "love-locks," and closely-cropped hair only came into vogue with the Cromwellian "roundheads."

Looking down upon the lagoon, in the center of the pier, across from the Administration Building, over Raleigh Square, a view is obtained that will not soon be forgotten. From this point the waters of Hampton Roads may be seen where great naval events will be witnessed. Near at hand, were cannon balls, mementos of that great naval duel which took place in these waters, and also a contrivance for carrying hot shot, a rare relic of those old-time battles.

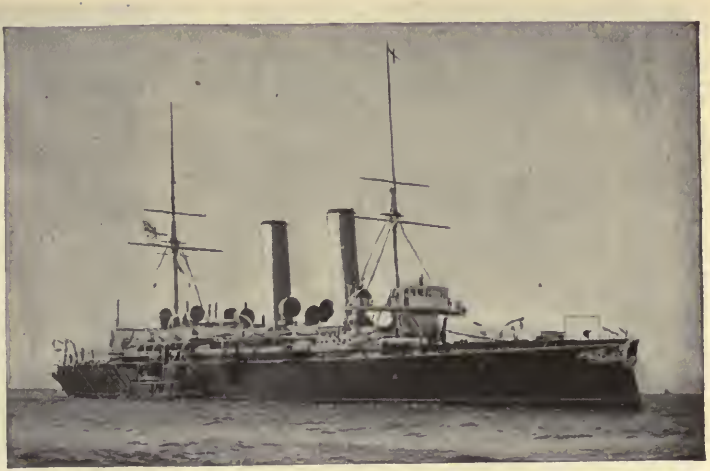
Skirting the beach was a dignified row of buildings, and among the shrubs on either side stood the towers of Independence Hall and the old State House, a replica of that in Boston; these two buildings stand out as prominently at the Exposition as they do in national history. Who can visit these scenes

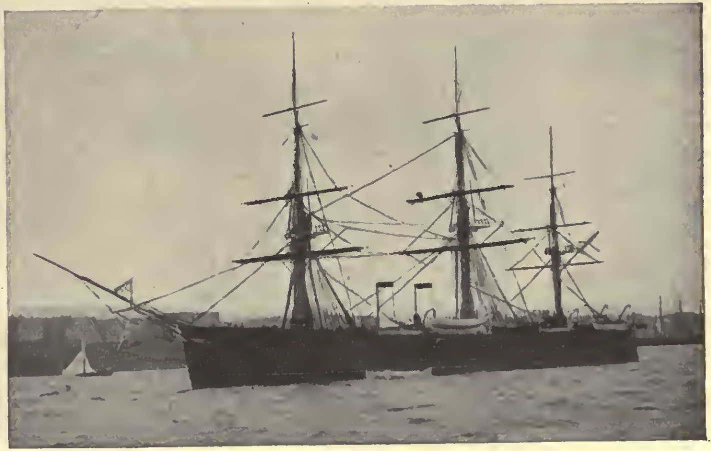

J. TAYLOR ELLYSON, GOVERNOR OF HISTORY AND EDUCATION





THE FRENCH WARSHIP ARETHUSE
THE AUSTRIAN WARSHIP FRUNDSBEKG

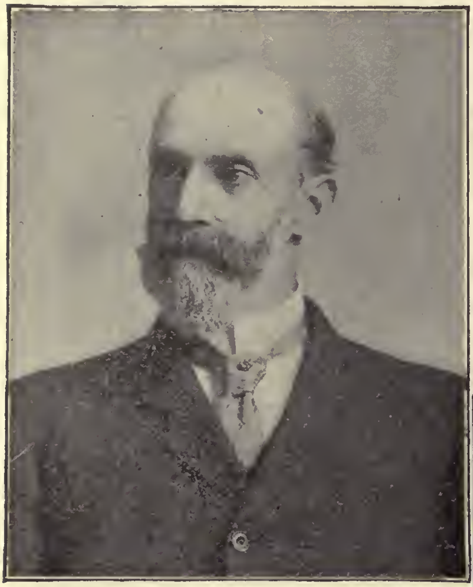




THE ENGLISH WARSHIP BLAKE
THE RUSSIAN WARSHIP GENERAL ADMIRAL

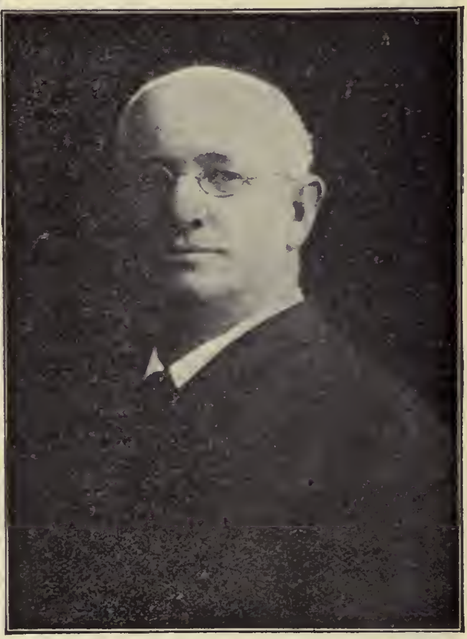
without finding the pages of dry and dusty text books illuminated into living facts!

Around the site of the Exposition cluster the cities of Norfolk, Newport News, Berkley, Portsmouth and Hampton. Opposite Old-Point Comfort, and historic Fortress Monroe, which has played its memorable part in the history of America. Within twelve hours' ride of this point where then, three tiny frigates, voyaging courageously to unknown lands and unknown people, straggled up the river, 21,000,000 people now dwell and within twenty-four hours' ride are 39,000,000, or considerably more than half of the population of the United States—can anything in history ever parallel the growth accomplished in these three centuries, from April 26, 1607, to April 26, 1907, all radiating from this little town. Exactly three hundred years ago, the vessels entered between the two capes, one of which was called Henry, after the Prince of Wales, and the other Charles in honor of his brother. Perhaps the same sand dunes were there. Once inside the harbor, after the long, tempestuous voyage, small wonder they looked upon the point of land which they had first seen and called it "Comfort." A few days later, they proceeded up the river, where they landed on May 13, on what was then a peninsula, about thirty-five miles from the present site of the Exposition. This was first called Fort James, later James City, and now Jamestown, but instead of being a peninsula, it is now an island.



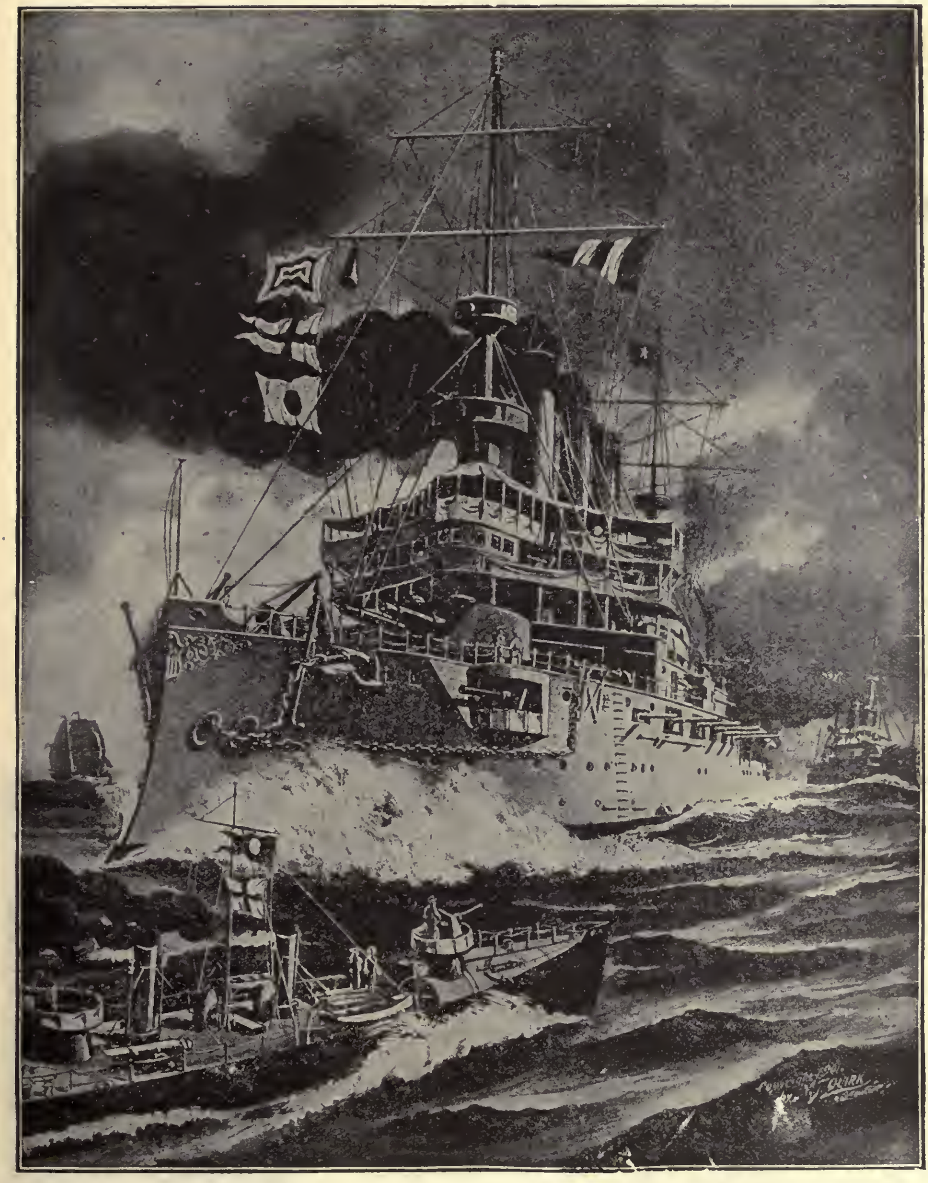
BARTON MYERS, GOVERNOR OF EXPLOITATION

The cry of the program boy and the eager expectancy reflected in the faces of the throng passing into the grounds, indicated that while a dreamy reverie of three hundred years ago might suit the taste of poet or writer, the sturdy American citizens are quite ready to study the different programs of events, which map out gatherings of gaiety or interest compressed into every calendar day from April 26 to November 30, 1907. Each hour at the Exposition is filled with something of vivid interest, either recreative or industrial, but the naval and military reviews of the Exposition will perhaps be a predominating feature, and carnivals and regettas without number are being provided for the people's holiday.



C. S. SHERWOOD, GOVERNOR, CONCESSIONS AND ADMISSIONS

Any one who ever watched a sea-gull flit over the face of the waters has been impressed with the feasibility of aerial navigation, so with hearts as stout to master the unknown as animated the fearless followers of Captain John Smith, when they entered the wilds of Virginia, the aeronauts, not content with the conquest of the land by our race, apparently aspire with adventurous spirit to



UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP MAINE IN HOLIDAY ARRAY

plant the Stars and Stripes even on the stars, and claim them for Uncle Sam.

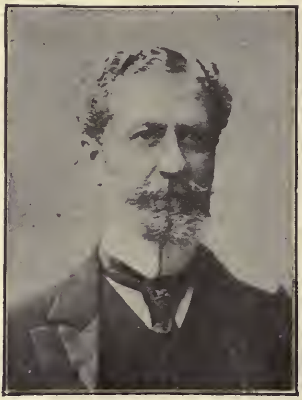
The international and national conventions and congresses are far from being the least important feature, and include events which will be landmarks of the future for every man, woman and child in America; for where in this country is there a man, woman or child who isn ot associated with some church, lodge, union or organization, in which he feels a close interest, and where is there a man, woman or child who has not at some time or other worn a badge or button of distinction at some public fete or gathering?

Scarcely has the foot of the visitor touched the walks and avenues of the grounds, than he feels that there is an air of permanence in contrast with the ephemeral character of other expositions; for all this array of state buildings along Willoughby Avenue will be later transformed into homes, club houses, hotels, or put to other uses that will continue the mission for which they were created—to be something more than mere temporary rendezvous.

Behind the Administration Building is the now famous Lee Parade Grounds, with its spacious green sward and lines of apple trees, all in blossom.

F. B. DAVISON, CHIEF OF CONCESSIONS

What a tribute to Robert E. Lee, the loved son of the great South! Near at hand, was a model military camp, like a great army, encamped where thousands of soldiers will be stationed for months. It is a singular fact that now, for the first time the armies of foreign nations are peacefully encamped upon our soil, something entirely without precedent and that brings closer and closer the dreams of the millennium. How fitting that at Jamestown, in the United States, 25,000 soldiers, the *corps delite* of almost every national army, should mingle in peace and harmony. There has been no similar gathering since the Field of the Cloth of Gold, when the armies of the French and English nations met peaceably together; but then each king intended that his military pageantry should impress the foreign nation with an idea of his strength, with a view to the suppression of future hostilities; but the military display of today has been arranged for in the same spirit that we dress in our best to pay a friendly visit to our neighbors—merely desiring to show our respect and friendship for our host or hostess.



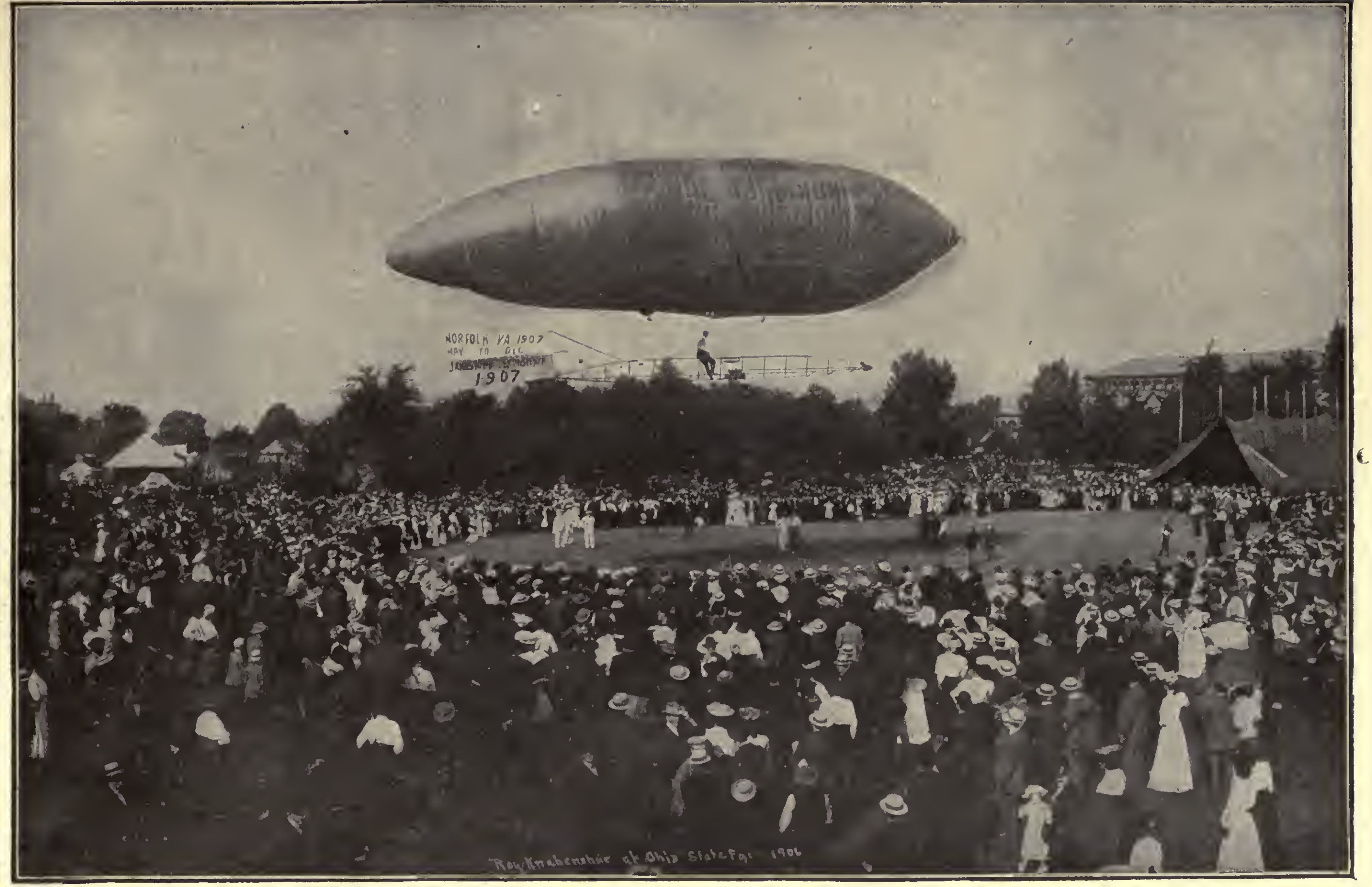
CHARLES W. KOHLSAAT, COMMISSIONER GENERAL

Yes, I entered at gate 103—that is hundred and three, not twenty-three. Colonel Hodges sat astride his horse, the flags were the reminiscences of the beacon fires that had been lighted on the previous nights to burn up the remaining brush, the odor of which still lingered in the air suggesting the early spring days of farm work at home.

The last of the hazy days of April had passed, and May, with its genial warmth had come. Hampton Roads was dotted with craft that seemed smoking the pipe of peace, as their funnels poured out volumes of luminous haze presaging a season of prosperity such as was betokened by the peace pipe that ended a merciless Indian feud in old days. The sawmill in the cedar grove had just ceased buzzing, and the popular old Pine Beach Hotel, just outside the grounds, had thrown wide its doors and was welcoming its guests, while the Inside Inn, with its deep, shaded verandas and quaint trellis, adorned with pillars of live oak, made one long to linger here and look out upon this scene which had fascinated the explorers of long ago.

G. F. SHEPPERD, SECRETARY

The War-path had been blazed, and spielers were there; their whoops ring out above the chatter of the merry throng, who pass to and fro—and all this almost on the very spot where the three frigates had passed by to land their first settlers on the shores of the James river, granted to them by royal charter, signed by a hand long since crumbled into dust.


NORFOLK VA 1907
MAY TO DEC
JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION
1907
Roy Knabenshue at Ohio State Fair 1906

ROY KNABENSHUE IN HIS AIR SHIP. HE WILL BE AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

REPLICA OLD STATE HOUSE
MASSACHUSETTS BUILDING

LIKE A MANSION OF COLONIAL TIMES
VIRGINIA BUILDING

REPLICA OF INDEPENDENCE HALL
PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING

SISTERHOOD OF STATES

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

WITH Virginia as the hostess, the Beach Boulevard at the Exposition grounds is lined with buildings representing the various states of the Union. The general character of the architecture is colonial, and many of the structures are interesting examples of reproductions of historic homes and ancient buildings of historic association.

In a splendid mansion of the colonial times, Virginia, mother of the states, held sway, like a gentle dowager looking well after the younger people clustered near her.

Pennsylvania's Independence Hall, stands stalwart among the trees, a monument of the Declaration of Independence, with echoes of the Liberty Bell in 1776 suggested.

Maryland is represented by a reproduction of the home of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, whose sprawling signature on the Declaration of Independence remains to this day a monument to his integrity and determination.

Washington's headquarters at Morristown, where the darkest cloud of despair of Revolutionary days hung over him, has been reproduced to represent New Jersey.

The first stone mansion west of the Allegheny Mountains, called Adena, is the rendezvous of the Ohioans.

Constructed from the rough timbers, taken from Fort Boone in Kentucky, a reproduction of this military domicile of Daniel Boone is where Kentucky will dispense her hospitality.

The historic Talmadge home at Litchfield, Connecticut, is reproduced here. The old State House of Boston stands out proudly, overlooking the sea, and appears as natural as it does resting on its own ancient site on State Street, Boston, and you find yourself looking for the circle of cobble-stones which marks the spot on which the Boston Massacre was enacted.

That rarely, picturesque old Langton House at Portsmouth is reproduced, to represent New Hampshire home life.

Rhode Island's dainty colonial home recalls suggestions of a summer spent at Narragansett Bay, and one can almost imagine Roger Williams standing on the threshhold, and hear his welcome, "What cheer?"

Dainty little Delaware has just a cozy, homelike place, such as one would expect to see among the peach groves of the good old state.

Missouri's home with all the dignity that has come to it since it had the World's Fair, seems to stand in careless attitude, reminding the passers-by of what she did in those wonderful days, "When *we* had *our* fair," and still insists with zest that she must "be shown."

West Virginia, the great undiscovered state, whose resources of recent years have re-awakened attention and exploration in the Alleghenies, has an hospitable colonial mansion, about which seem to cluster many of the old Virginian traditions.

North Dakota has a generous-sized, old-fashioned, green farm house, where you can almost smell the bacon and eggs frying, and imagine yourself munching the sweet, wholesome bread of No. 1 hard wheat.

T. J. WOOL, GENERAL COUNSEL OF THE EXPOSITION, ONE WHO STARTED IN EARLY TO GRAPPLE AND MASTER THE PROBLEMS OF EXPOSITION BUILDING

Louisiana has a building redolent of the old-time creole spirit, suggesting the glories of the First Empire and the memory of the great Napoleon.

A splendid tribute was paid to President Roosevelt by the state of Georgia, in building a model of the old Bullock home, in Cobb County, where the President's mother formerly lived. The rooms in this building were furnished by the twelve leading cities of the state, and the building was erected by popular subscriptions, taken exclusively in the state of Georgia.

R. H. SEXTON, CHIEF OF CONGRESSES AND SPECIAL EVENTS

A. M. WHEELER, CHIEF OF THE MANUFACTURING AND LIBERAL ARTS

These buildings are all on Willoughby Boulevard, and overlook the Willoughby Spit, and their broad verandas invite real Southern hospitality. On these open-air resting places, and in these buildings, will gather many a happy family in reunion; after years of separation, brother will meet sister, and sister brother, and parents and children will be united. The whole scheme of the state buildings is especially appropriate for this exposition, considering the reason for which it is instituted; for the state homes are certainly the bulwark of the nation, as they are of the exposition. This array of quaint buildings will foster the fraternal spirit, and lead it to blossom to its fullest fruition in the genial warmth of the friendliness of reunion.

The exhibits of the various states were originally intended to go into the one building, called the States Exhibit Building, occupying a prominent position near the Lee Parade Ground, but the capacity of this erection was so overtaxed that the Graphic Arts Building near-by had to be utilized for the overflow of the state exhibits. In these two buildings, the visitor may see the trophies brought home to the exposition by the numerous members of Uncle Sam's ever-increasing family.

O. D. BATCHELOR, GENERAL COUNSEL OF EXPOSITION

* * *

One of the unique features in advertising the Exposition is the various personally conducted newspaper excursion parties from all parts of the United States which will call at the Jamestown Exposition throughout the coming summer. Already, 800 papers have parties arranged for, varying in size from two to fifty persons, all of whom are to visit the Exposition as a result of some popular contest in which they are prize winners. Two thousand or more newspapers have the work in process. In some small cities, three papers are at work, each sending representatives to the Exposition. This plan has been exploited by Mr. Samuel S. Snyder, now chief of exploitation. He began the work in a modest way, and now has papers interested in almost every town in America, from the Mexican Herald on the South to the "La Petrie" in Montreal, from Honolulu to Winnipeg: Key West to Bar Harbor. Thousands of newspapers have been running large space copy for some time past, which has attracted wide attention and created much interest in the Exposition. A ten weeks' contest in papers of moderate circulation, represented in a half-million columns of newspaper matter, has been printed in all of the 2,691 counties of the United States, and 7,000 towns and cities.

MR. S. E. SNYDER, CHIEF OF EXPLOITATION

On the walls of Mr. Snyder's large office hung a map showing the places where the newspapers were at work sending on delegates, and the map of the United States looked exceedingly populous with red dots emblematic of the good, red corpuscles of enthusiasm which have been stirred up in building up the attendance for the exposition.

Over one hundred and fifty conventions will be held during the season, at which it is anticipated that a million delegates will be in attendance.

REAR ADMIRAL NEVILLE

Elaborate arrangements have been made for the aeronautic contest, for ever since the days of "Darius Green and his flying machine," there has been no abatement of interest in the subject of aerial navigation.

A large balloon that will lift a ton,has just been purchased by Uncle Sam, costing $12,000. This is one of the nine balloons owned by the War Department, and it is said that the lifting power of the balloon is required in order to experiment with them in heavy explosives.

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LEE PARADE GROUND
CONNECTICUT BUILDING
NORTH CAROLINA BUILDING

It is thought the test of this balloon will be made at Norfolk.

For a year past aeronauts in all parts of the world have been preparing for events scheduled to come off at Norfolk during the Exposition. Ray Knabenshue and other well-known aeronauts have been making experiments in different parts of the country, and never made an ascent without an advertisement of some kind for the Jamestown Exposition. Among the other aeronauts who will be at the Exposition is Charles J. Strobel, who made the flight around the Capitol at Washington.

THE GERMAN FLAGSHIP ROON

Among the prominent visitors expected is Sir Thomas Lipton, who will come in time for the yacht races. The three cups for these events are to be presented by President Roosevelt, the Kaiser and Sir Thomas Lipton.

* * *

From the opening days, amid the blossoms of apple and peach trees and the sweet magnolia, to the time when the chrysanthemums bloom in the last days of November, there will be one continuous carnival of flowers within the historic grounds at the Jamestown Exposition, where the Virginia creeper climbs, hiding even the great fence which encloses the Dream City.

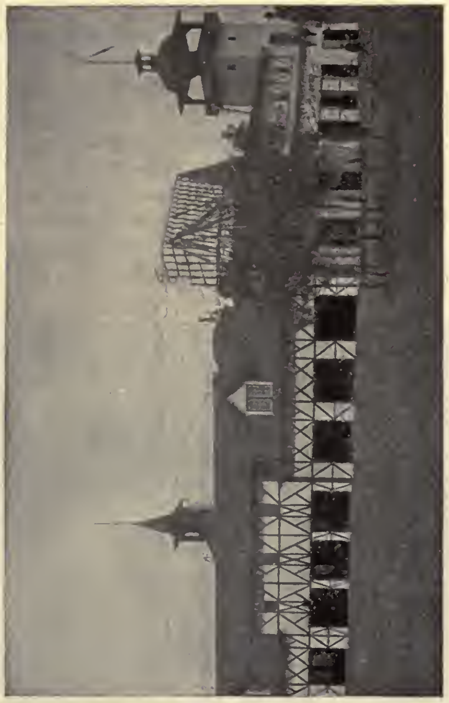
THE UNITED STATES YACHT MAYFLOWER

* * *

In 1619, at Jamestown, the first legislative assembly in America gathered, consisting of twenty-two members, two from the eleven boroughs then organized, called the House of Burghers, and even then was manifest the principles of the declaration of the rights of 1776. A century prior to the Declaration of Independence, there was an insurrection lead by Nathanael Bacon Junior, a protest against the subversion of law and tyrannous use of power on the part of men sent out by the mother country. Here the seeds of democracy took root, and the colonists insisted on making their own laws and electing their own rulers, reflecting the spirit that afterwards founded the republic.

REAR ADMIRAL ZIMMERMAN, COMMANDER OF THE GERMAN SQUADRON AT JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

From that time to this, there never has been any cessation in the struggle for good govern-



THE SWISS VILLAGE

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' BUILDINGS

ARTS AND CRAFTS VILLAGE

PALACE OF COMMERCE

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ment, and, although we may proudly look back upon the achievements of the past, the sober student realizes that there are yet problems to be met and heavy responsibilities to be shouldered,—even in the hey-day of our prosperity and power.

Fitting it is that the prominent feature of the Jamestown Exposition should be a naval display, as the settlements in Virginia took place after peace was declared between England and Spain, after the destruction of the Spanish Armada. From that time, Spain lost her control of the seas, and the title, "mistress of the seas" was evenly divided between England and the Netherlands. It is due to this fact that the colonies of that time, settled on the Atlantic coast, were composed exclusively of English and Dutch pioneers, rather than of Spaniards, who had years before conquered Mexico and South America—so the English colonization of America was due largely to the destruction of the Spanish navies.

Since 1898, there has been a new responsibility thrust upon the American people, and since that time the navy has assumed its rightful place. With the Philippines, and a coastline on the Pacific; with Panama and Honolulu and Porto Rico; to say nothing of the Atlantic coast, the student of history will observe that the date 1898 has developed interests which increased the necessity for a navy commensurate with our national expansion.

It is right that at last, the American people, who have been supporting this great armament on land and sea, should have an opportunity to inspect that for which they have been paying large sums; but how characteristic of the present time it is that this inspection should be made on a peaceful occasion, rather than during some carnival of war? Clustering around this display will be a friendly sentiment that will do more for peaceful international relationship hereafter than could ever be accomplished by the most astute diplomats. The event is interwoven with the pacific and economic sentiments of our country, and has an influence both educational and patriotic.

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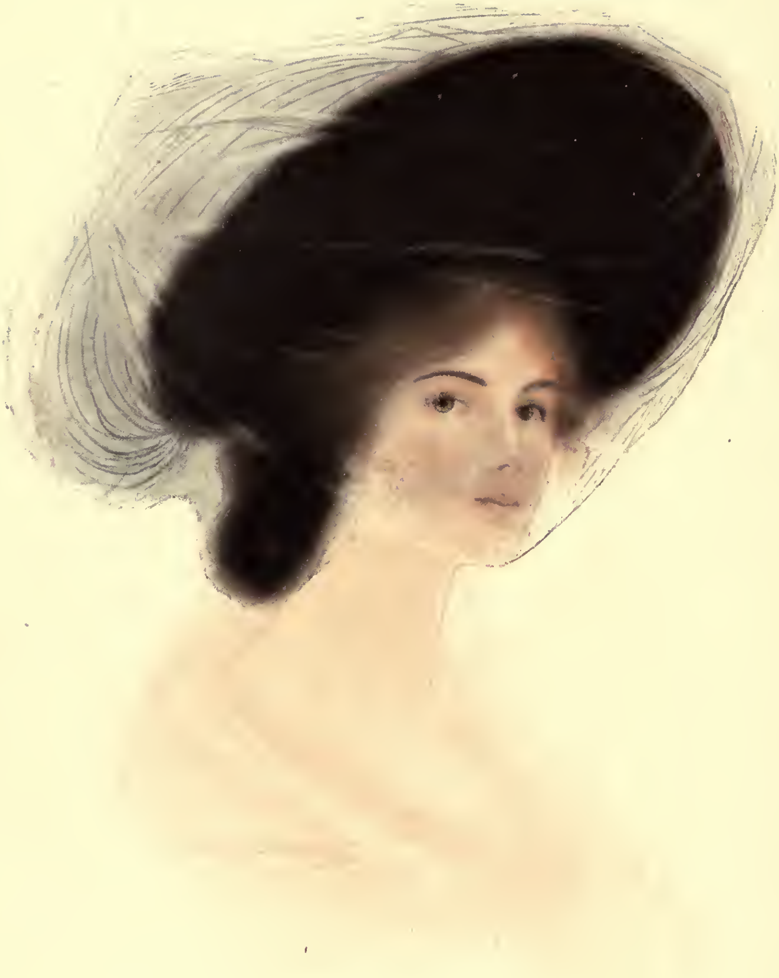
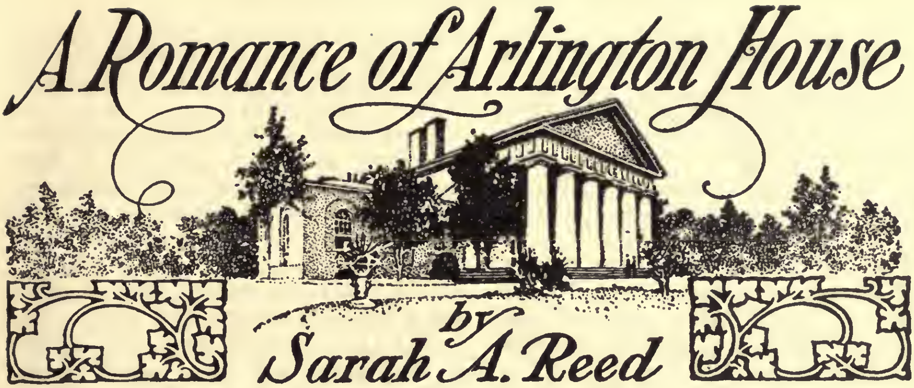
A GLIMPSE OF THE STATES EXHIBIT BUILDING IN EARLY SPRING DAYS



Lovingly your own

Virginia.

A Romance of Arlington House



by Sarah A. Reed

THE PROLOGUE.

THIS little prologue is not written as an apology for the publication of these old letters, but because the letters themselves have a history that may perchance enhance their interest. The letters were written at Arlington in eighteen hundred and twenty-four, and therefore are closely associated with the beautiful old place that is now one of the sights of Washington.

I first saw Arlington House in the early seventies, when it was simply a dismantled and deserted home; for it was not then easy of access, and its associations were too intensely sad to attract those in search of diversion.

The sunshine and beauty of a May morning had tempted me to accept the invitation of the army officer in whose home I was a guest, to occupy the seat beside him in the light one-seated buggy that stood at his door ready for a trip to Arlington, which for him was in the line of official duty.

My friend had served all through the war whose sorrowful memories were, at that near date, so vivid and personal. And as we drove along he told me much about the condition of Washington during those hard years between sixty-one and sixty-five.

I knew little or nothing about Arlington, and listened with much interest to his account of a visit he had made to the mansion soon after it had been abandoned by the Lee family. The grounds of the great estate soon became a camping-place for the Union army, and a temporary hospital was erected near the entrance; and Arlington soon became a favorite drive for President Lincoln when he wished to escape from the turmoil that always beset him at the White House.

My friend told me that the President often spent an hour or two walking quite alone up and down the grand porch that overlooks the river. One can imagine what conflicts between hope and fear were fought out in the secret of his own thoughts as he walked and meditated, quieted and soothed by the beautiful views that met his eyes whenever he lifted them to look across the sloping lawn down to the wide river and the hillsides beyond.

One day Mr. Lincoln's quiet meditations were broken in upon by General Meigs, who was then in charge of the hospitals about Washington. Standing beside the President, Meigs began to talk of his own close intimacy with Robert E. Lee, when they had been officers together in the army that Lee had forsaken. He said: "I loved him as a brother, but I can never forgive him for being against instead of with us now; and whatever the issue of this war, he should never again enjoy this estate. I am just now in great perplexity as to where to bury our dead. Let us settle forever the question as to whom this land shall belong, by making it a resting-place for the Union dead."

Mr. Lincoln hesitated, looked out over the beautiful grounds and up at the stately mansion, and shook his head.

"Why not?" said Meigs. "Is any place too good for the men who have given up home and all to fight that the Union may be sustained?"

As Mr. Lincoln turned away, without having granted General Meigs' request, he saw standing near a squad of men in charge of the bodies of a number of soldiers who had just died in the hospital. The sight touched his heart, and turning abruptly, he said: "Do as you wish."

General Meigs at once ordered the graves to be dug on the sloping lawn. And so was inaugurated the Soldiers' Cemetery at Arlington, where sleep now "Beneath the low green tent, whose curtain never outward swings," so many of our nation's heroes.

While my friend had been giving me these reminiscences of Arlington, he had driven swiftly out of Washington along the rough streets of Georgetown, and came out upon the acqueduct across the river.

"But beyond is Arlington House. Isn't it unrivaled for beauty of situation? George Washington Custis was an artist, and he certainly chose the finest point on all his vast estate for his grand mansion. He was very proud of the house, which was modeled after the ancient temple of Theseus at Athens; and in Mr. Custis' day it was the mansion par excellence in all this part of the country."

"Yes," I said, "and I think the estate ought to have been kept for his descendants, and not desecrated by being made a burial place."

"Desecrated," said my friend, turning to give me a piercing glance from his deep-set gray eyes. "Why, I might think I had a Southern woman beside me. How can you, a loyal Unionist, call ground desecrated because it holds the sacred dust of men who gave their lives that you might have a country that is fast becoming one of the foremost nations of the world?"

I blushingly accepted the reproof, but said that I was moved by sympathy with the Lees.

"Yes," said my friend, "that is sentiment: but from my point of view, there is justice in this place belonging to the nation. The place was bought in by the government when it was sold for delinquent taxes; but after the war the claim of the Lee family was recognized, and the appraised value paid to them. I used to go to Arlington when I was a boy, and the one thing I remember about George Washington Custis was his intense love of his country — a love that had been planted in his heart and fostered there by his adopted father, whom we all delight to name as 'The Father of his Country,' and I verily believe that Mr. Custis would rather the home he was so proud of should be national property, than to have it in hands that had borne arms against his country, even though they were those of his own grandchildren.

"But here we are at Arlington. Let us forget the question of right or wrong, and enjoy this lovely drive."

Lovely indeed is the road that winds under the shadow of great trees and through deep ravines until it emerges from the natural forest into the lawns and gardens that surround the house. But trees, grand old oaks, stand all about the house, while a great level terrace in front and overlooking the river opens out a panorama of surpassing beauty. We stood for a few moments charmed into silence by the magnificent view that took in the city with the great dome of the Capitol, and the glistening whiteness of the President's mansion, while rising above it all, clear-cut against the blue sky, gleamed the great white column that stands as a perpetual reminder of him whom a grateful nation still delights to name as "first in the hearts of his countrymen." The broad Potomac, cutting its way through the hills, opens a far-extended view, giving even a glimpse of the old city of Alexandria.

Seeing how absorbed I was in the charming landscape, Colonel Benton said: "I will leave you here for an hour or more, while I attend to my business. You will find the door of the house open, and if you choose, you can go within and meditate on the wrongs of the Lee family;" and with this parting thrust at my loyalty, he left me.

I stood for some time enjoying the picturesque and varied beauty of the scene. But when I turned from the enticing landscape, I found plenty to admire in the grand old mansion. The tall, massive columns of the portico would attract anyone's attention, and must have excited wonder in the early days of the Nineteenth Century, when so few people had an opportunity to look upon such a perfect reproduction of Greek architecture.

As I walked across the broad marble pavement of this portico, I thought of Mr. Lincoln, and of the sharp, stern contrast his life with its crude, bare childhood and youth of toil and deprivation, presented to that of the man who had built, lived and died in this stately mansion. But the contrast does not stop here, for he is today remembered as a gentle, kindly gentleman, but one who made little use of the splendid opportunities afforded him, but simply drifted on with the current; while the other man, rough-hewn by the force and stress of a life of toil and hardness, stood like a great rock boulder in the pathway of disunion, and is today honored by the reverent affection of a grateful people—one whose name will go down into even far-remote history as the saviour of his country.

I neither met nor saw anyone as I walked for a few moments up and down the great portico, and when I stepped within the broad hall, I met only quiet and solitude. The large, lofty-ceiled rooms had scarcely an article of furniture in them. The only things I found interesting to look at were several large pictures, battle scenes; and in each one General Washington was the central and conspicuous figure. I had heard that Mr. Custis was something of an artist, and so I realized that even this deserted home held some of his work, left doubtless because the pictures were a part of the walls on which they had been painted.

As I stood there alone, I pictured to myself the now bare rooms as they must have looked when filled with the handsome furniture of the olden days, and the whole house full of life and comfort. Many illustrious men and women had walked about on the floors that now gave back a doleful echo to my solitary footsteps.

I was tempted to go out into the sunshine, to escape the ghosts of memory that haunted the old house. But the broad stairway at the end of the hall seemed to invite further explorations; so I passed up to a wide, roomy upper hall, only to find all the doors that opened into it locked but one, and that admitted me into a small room above the front door. It had evidently been used as a writing room. The broad window-seat gave one a place to sit and look out over the glorious landscape.

An empty book-case and writing-desk were a part of the room, built in, so they could not be removed. Still, there was so little to interest me that I decided that I would rather await my friend's return out on the lawn. As I turned away from the window, I heard the sound of footsteps in the hall below, and so knew that I was no longer the sole inmate of Arlington House. I had noticed on my way up stairs that the stairway was decorated with a hunting scene; and, as I supposed it to be another of Mr. Custis' pictures, I stopped on the second landing to give it a more careful inspection.

As I stood with my back toward the lower stairs, I took a step backward in order to get a better view of the picture, and in doing so brought my back against a lady, who, like myself, had stopped on the landing to look up at the hunting scene. My movement had been so sudden and unexpected, that it threw me into her arms, which she had outstretched to save herself from a downfall. It was a rather embarrassing situation, but my apologies were received so graciously that I soon felt quite at ease with my chance acquaintance. And, as we walked out on the lawn together, Mrs. Burke told me that she was a long-time resident of Washington, and that she had often been at Arlington when it was the beautiful and hospitable home of Robert E. Lee and his charming wife, who had made it one of the most delightful homes in or near Washington.

Then she said: "I came here today in search of what, for a better term, I may call an old landmark; and yet that does not quite express my meaning. I have been reading over some old letters that I have just discovered in a secret compartment of an old desk that once belonged to my grandmother. These letters were written at Arlington, away back in the twenties. They tell of various men and women prominent in the history of our country, but their especial interest is in the account they give of a visit of General Lafayette to Mr. Custis. Then, too, between the lines at first, and openly at a later date, I found a sweet little love story; and the love story part has brought me all the way to Arlington this morning; for I want to find if there still remains on one of the window-panes of the little room above the front door a mark placed there over fifty years ago. Will you go up stairs and help me in my search?"

You may be sure I was nothing loath, and on one of the little diamond-shaped panes we found a delicately-traced picture of two rings interlocked, and each marked with a tiny initial.

"There it is," said Mrs. Burke, "just as it is described in the old letters. How remarkable that it should have remained there through all the vicissitudes that have passed over this old house."

Of course I at once expressed my interest in the old letters, with their glimpses into bygone days, to which was added the interest of a romance. And so effective was my curiosity upon the kindly nature of my new found friend that it resulted in a call from her the very next day, and an invitation to spend a morning in her home, listening to the reading of the letters from Arlington.

My story would grow too long if I were to yield to my inclinations and tell you still more of this delightful chance acquaintance of mine, and of all that we came to be to each other in the years that followed our first meeting on the old stairway at Arlington. But now we are only concerned in the fulfillment of her promise about the letters.

When I went by appointment to her lovely home on I street, I found her awaiting my arrival. And first of all, she led me to the old desk that had so long been the repository of the letters, saying: "One seldom sees, nowadays, anything so quaint and beautiful as my grandmother's desk." And the desk fully justified her praise, for besides the quaint and peculiar beauty of its form and the beautiful inlaid work that covered it both within and without, the woods had a finish that only long years of care can give.

When I had admired the desk to my friend's full satisfaction, she said: "Now you may try to find the secret compartment, and if you succeed, you will have proved yourself a far better discoverer than I; for, although I knew that there was a secret compartment, I have only recently, and then quite by accident, discovered it."

It is hardly needful to say that, although I looked over and touched every part of the desk, I quite failed to find the secret so carefully guarded. Then my friend laid a finger on an innocent-looking little panel of inlaid wood, and under her touch it folded itself back and revealed an inner compartment, closely packed with letters.

As Mrs. Burke handed me a package, she said: "Will you look and see how wonderfully they have been preserved? I think it is, in fact, due to the honest ink and paper used in those olden days."

The packages were marked in a fine, clear handwriting, "My daughter Virginia's letters from Arlington."

We took the packages into the sunlight of the deep window that filled the front of the room, and for an hour or more I listened to the reading of letters then more than fifty years old, with as intense and eager an interest as if they had come from some near and dear friend. Now and then, Mrs. Burke paused in her reading to help out the story they told with facts that had come down to her in family tradition.

When the last letter had been read, and the last explanation given, I drew a deep sigh of satisfaction and said, "What would I give to have those old letters."

"Nothing you could do or give would bring to you these letters," said my friend. "But why do you want them? Is it not enough to have heard them read?"

"No," I said, "for if I had them, I could weave out of them such an interesting story of the olden times."

My friend sat very quiet for a few moments, and then she said: "Strangely enough, I have had the same thought about these letters. I believe they would interest many people. I have a perfect right to give you copies of them to use in the way you wish, for they are mine, not alone by the right of discovery, but also because I am nearest of living kin to her who wrote them; but if I give them to you, it will have to be under a sacred promise not to use them until certain conditions have been fulfilled, and it may be years before you could use them.

The promise was given, and has been faithfully kept. In due time the copies came into my possession, and found in my desk a seclusion as inviolate as that of the old desk in which the originals so long reposed. But now the restriction has been removed, and Virginia Colton's letters, written eighty-one years ago, are free to seek a wider circulation.

I

Arlington, October 2, 1824.

Dear Mother—As Caesar is to carry this letter to you, I much fear that, in spite of his promise to hold his tongue until you have read it, he will, true to that garrulous nature of his, have given you his own highly-colored story of our adventures before you have read the account I am about to write for the edification of the dear home circle at Wyndham Manor.

Lest the roll of Caesar's eyes, and his many and mysterious exclamations, may have unduly alarmed you, I make haste to bid you remember that "All is well that ends well," and I am here under dear, kind cousin Mary's care, not one whit the worse for the accident that befell us yesterday afternoon.

We spent the night of our first day from home at Uncle John's, and took an early start for Arlington yesterday. Such a lovely ride as we had through the woods, the grand old trees arching over the road most of the way, and wild flowers and ferns fairly brushing against the carriage.

I longed to have you with me, for I know how you would have enjoyed it all. Chrissie got her share of pleasure out of it, and every now and then I made Caesar stop, so that Chrissie and I could walk a little way and gather some of the flowers. We had a nice lunch, that we ate under the trees beside a wayside spring, while the horses rested and had their noon meal.

We found the road rather rough, but in spite of the swinging and jolting of the carriage, I fell into a doze, following the example of Chrissie, whose black head had found an uncertain and uneasy resting-place on the side of the carriage, when we were suddenly aroused by finding ourselves in a confused heap—Chrissie on top, and I against the carriage window. My first waking sensation was feeling the warm blood on my cheeks from a cut on my forehead, and we were shaken up and down by the plunging of the horses; but it was soon over, for our good horses obeyed Caesar's frightened calls, and the carriage stopped, half-righting itself as it came to a standstill.

Caesar managed by dint of much pulling, to get the carriage door open, and then poor, dilapidated Chrissie and I crawled out. We soon found that the only serious harm was to the carriage, that lay on its side, one wheel fast in a deep rut, and the axletree broken. We were in the midst of a dense forest, a long way from Colonel Dean's, where we had stopped to water the horses. Caesar looked at me in a dazed way, while Chrissie wrung her hands and wailed in true darkey fashion. So I had, as father would say, to rise to meet the situation.

It was well on in the afternoon, and I judged that we must still be some distance from Arlington. We could not spend the night in that lonely place, so I sent Caesar into the woods to find a pole to pry the carriage out of the rut. As I stood considering what we were to do, Caesar called from the woods, with quite a joyful ring in his voice: "Miss Virginia, I tink I hear a horse coming up the road;" and looking up, I saw not one but two horsemen on the brow of the hill, at the foot of which our dilapidated carriage blocked the way.

They evidently saw us at the same moment, and, quickening the speed of their horses, were soon beside us. One was an army officer, as I could see by his uniform, and the other his black servant. The young gentleman at once sprang from his horse, and, handing the bridle to his servant, came forward, cap in hand, saying: "I am Captain Worthington, of the United States army. It is a part of my commission to protect and defend her citizens. I seem to see a case in hand."

The captain looked so handsome as he stood making his little speech; that, would you believe it, mother dear? my first thought was not of the carriage, but of my own appearance, with the blood stains on my face and my hair falling down my back. But Caesar, who had run back from the woods, was ready, in his own voluble way, to tell the tale of our misfortune.

I interrupted him to ask how near we were to Washington, or rather, Arlington. At which remark, the captain's face lighted up, and he said: "Can it be that you are the Cousin Virginia Mrs. Curtis is expecting? I, too, am on my way to Arlington, and we must devise a safe conduct for you and your maid." But looking at the carriage as he spoke, he said: "I doubt if you can get there in this vehicle." Well, I can't go into details, but after what Captain Worthington called "a council of war" with the two men servants, it was decided that his man Peter should stay with Caesar, and look after the carriage and horses, while Chrissie and I rode Peter's horse, following Captain Worthington as our guide to Arlington.

We had to go rather slowly, and it was eight o'clock in the evening before we saw glimmering lights in the distance, and Captain Worthington gave the delightful information that we were nearing Arlington. I wondered to myself if he was as glad to be relieved of his self-assumed position as rescuer and guide as I was over the prospect of a welcome from dear Cousin Mary.

You can easily imagine the commotion our arrival occasioned, how many questions were asked and answered. I talked on rapidly and excitedly, until I suddenly became aware that Captain Worthington was letting me do all the talking, only watching me with a merry twinkle in his eyes. So I stopped short, and complained of being tired; whereat Cousin Mary sent us off to our rooms, and when we met again at the dinner, that had been long delayed by our late arrival, I simply made the captain tell the story of our adventures.

Well, Caesar is here now, and the carriage will be repaired so that he can start home tomorrow, and he will be the bearer of this long letter, and I will write again in a day or two. What a great, grand house this is, and so full of interesting things! I shall have so much to write about. And just to think that I am to be here with General Lafayette and his son!

Did I tell you that Captain Worthington is very handsome? But he is not young. Cousin Mary says that he must be nearly thirty years old. You and father must write and thank him for his kindness to your shipwrecked, or rather, carriage-wrecked, daughter. And don't forget to invite him to Wyndham. That is the least that you can do to show your gratitude that I did not perish alone in the wilderness.

The little Mary, as we have always called her, is little no longer, and she is a beautiful girl.

Well, this letter must come to an end, but not until I tell you that I learned last night why Captain Worthington is a guest at Arlington. He has been appointed aide to General Lafayette while he is in this country, and he is here making arrangements for the General's visit; and he and Mr. Custis go to Baltimore day after tomorrow, to meet the General and his party and escort them to Washington. Only the General and his son, George Washington, are to be guests at this house; the others stay in Washington.

I am going out horseback riding this afternoon. Mr. Custis has promised to show me over the plantation. He wants me to see his wonderful sheep and the famous Custis spring. I hope Captain Worthington can go with us.

Cousin Mary sends love, and says to tell you that you are going to miss the event of a life-time in not being here during General Lafayette's visit. That makes me realize how unselfish you were to send me in your place. But, oh, how I shall enjoy every moment, and you shall have full accounts. Love to pater and my little brothers, and all the servants, especially dear old Mammy. Tell her that Chrissie does credit to her training, and she, too, is having no end of enjoyment.

Lovingly, your own
VIRGINIA.

II

Arlington, October 5, 1824.

Well, mother dear, I wish you were here in this cosy writing room. You will remember that it is at the end of the second-story great hall. There is so much to tell that my pen can never jot it all down.

We have just seen Mr. Custis and Captain Worthington off for Baltimore, and Cousin Mary has had her hands full getting the house ready for her distinguished guest. Mary, the second, is busy with her lessons, so your daughter is left to her own devices, and what better can I do than tell you what has happened since my first letter started homeward.

Yesterday the weather was just perfect, and that suited our plans wonderfully well, for Mr. Custis had proposed the night before that Captain Worthington should be my companion on a horseback excursion through the park and over to the old mansion that was the home before Mr. Custis built this grand house. We made an early start, and had a glorious ride. The Captain is most gallant and charming. You would never believe that he was not Southern born; but he tells me that he is a New Englander—born in Boston. I told him all about Wyndham and you dear people this morning, and he seemed very much interested. Then he said that he had only faint, shadowy memories of his father and mother. Both had died when he was very young, and he had been adopted by his mother's brother and had taken his uncle's name.

Did I tell you how tall and handsome he is—a typical soldier, devoted to his profession? You should see the gallant attention he shows Cousin Mary. I can see that he has quite won the heart of Mr. Custis. A soldier always suggests to him the dear grandfather he so delights to talk about. Indeed, the Captain is in high favor with all the family, and Cousin Mary has invited him to stay here all the time of General Lafayette's visit. She argues, and quite rightly, too, that Captain Worthington ought to be near the General, and not over in Washington.

It will be nice to have him here; don't you think so? But, there, I forgot that you are in Wyndham, and can't judge what is best for Arlington. Only this seems to be what father calls "a self-evident truth."

But how I am running on about other things, instead of telling you about the lovely winding road under the grand old trees. One could ride for hours just around Arlington plantation, for there are hundreds and hundreds of acres, and so much of it unbroken forest.

We did ride longer than we intended, and Mr. Custis told us that he had been waiting for us for over an hour. But he wasn't one bit cross, and was as good-natured and kind as if we had arrived on the very minute. I ran up stairs, and had my riding-habit off in no time, and joined the gentlemen as they started off on foot for the spring Mr. Custis is so proud of. It is on the hillside near the river, and there is a great flow of clear cold water. Mr. Custis has built a large pavilion near the spring, and placed seats on the ground under the great trees, so that it is a most attractive spot. And only think, everybody, high and low alike, is free to come there and spend the day.

Cousin Mary says that Mr. Custis is always going down to welcome and visit with the people who come to picnic at his spring-house, and he thinks nothing of supplying all deficiencies from his pantry.

Hospitality is surely his crowning virtue. He says that he learned it all at Mount Vernon, where General Washington (grandfather as he always calls him) was ever polite and cordial to a poor wayfarer as to his most aristocratic guest.

I shall know all about the great Washington soon, for he is constantly referred to and quoted. From the spring-house we went across the beautiful fields to look at a flock of Merino sheep. These sheep are, next to Washington, Mr. Custis' special hobby. He thinks that he has started a movement that will make America the great wool-growing country of the world, and that in time we shall manufacture better wool goods than can be produced in any part of the Old World.

He was most enthusiastic on the subject, but he directed all his conversation to Captain Worthington, doubtless considering it beyond me. He talked so long that we were late for lunch; and right after lunch Captian Worthington left for Washington, where he had an official appointment with President Monroe.

As I had spoken to Mr. Custis of my interest in the many fine portraits that hang on the walls of all the rooms, he offered, right after dinner last evening, to show them to me, with quite a number of miniatures that he keeps in a quaint old cabinet that he inherited from his Grandmother Washington.

Captain Worthington returned in time for dinner, and such an interesting evening as we (that "we" stands for Captain Worthington and your daughter Virginia) spent looking on the pictured faces of so many Parkes, Custises and Washingtons. I fear that they are somewhat mixed up in my mind; but, anyway, I enjoyed it all, and I am sure it made Mr. Custis happy to discourse about his ancestors. He is especially proud of a very old portrait of a certain Colonel Daniel Parke, who is pictured in a rich court dress of velvet and lace, and Mr. Custis wanted us to notice that this old Daniel wore on his breast a medallion portrait of Queen Anne, which, family tradition said, had been presented to him by the good queen herself.

Then there was a John Custis and a John Parke Custis. The latter was really our Mr. Custis' grandfather; although in his talk he quite ignores his grandmother's first marriage; and grandfather with him always refers to General Washington.

He has a number of fine portraits of the General, one painted by Peale, and another by Sharpless, also several medallions of Washington's head done on copper. One had the heads of Washington and Lafayette side by side.

With each picture of Washington hung always one of his wife, so that one can hardly help feeling that there were many George and Martha Washingtons.

There is one miniature of Mrs. Washington, painted by Robertson, when she was the first lady of the land. It is very beautiful, and is Mr. Custis' special pride, although I think he is pleased and gratified when visitors admire his own paintings. They are all battle scenes, and always with General Washington in the foreground. There are three of them, and he has told me just what battles they represent; but I only remember that one was the surrender of the British at Yorktown. They are great big pictures, and rather overwhelm one. But mind, I did not tell that to Mr. Custis.

There is a lovely picture of Mr. Custis' sister Nellie, and one of our expected guest, George Washington Lafayette. Mr. Custis seems especially delighted that he is to have a visit from this son of General Lafayette, for they have always kept up a correspondence since they were boys together at Mount Vernon.

I did not know anything about this son of General Lafayette's being in Washington's family for so long. It seems he was sent to the United States when his father and mother were in prison, during those terrible days of the French Revolution, so for a time Washington had his two namesakes under his own roof.

But while I am telling you about family portraits, I must not forget the most treasured of them all, which is a miniature of General Washington painted on ivory. Mr. Custis said that his grandmother always wore it, and that after the General's death, she would sit for hours looking intently at it. She had it in her hand when she died, and he values it so highly that it is kept in a cabinet in his own room.

As Mr. Custis walked about with us from room to room, displaying his art treasures, he told us so much about his early life at Mount Vernon. He was just eight years old when Washington was made President, but he remembers all about the journey from Mount Vernon to New York, and he could tell so much about the life in New York and Philadelphia.

These reminiscences interested Captain Worthington even more than they did me, for I must own that I was not sorry when Mr. Custis was called out of the room, and I had a chance to question the Captain about his visit to the President. He said that he wished I could have gone with him, as I would have seen the White House, and perhaps called upon Mrs. Monroe. He said that I must surely be in Washington to witness the arrival of General Lafayette and his party. This I know Cousin Mary has arranged for. Won't it be fine? I can hardly believe that I am to go and do and see so much, and I am as happy as a bird.

By the way, that reminds me to tell you that Captain Worthington asked me to sing for him, and we spent two hours alone together quite absorbed in music. I played on Cousin Mary's harpsichord. The Captain has a fine tenor voice, and we sang song after song, until (I am ashamed to tell you) Cousin Mary had to come in and warn us that it was near midnight, and the breakfast hour had been set early for the next morning on account of the travelers needing all the daylight for their long journey on horseback. Cousin Mary said that I need not come down for the early breakfast, but I would not have missed it for anything. Indeed I was down in such good time that the Captain and I had a walk to the spring before the breakfast bell rang. And what do you think he said as we came back? Why, that he would miss me every hour he was away. Only think of your little girl being of enough importance to be missed by an officer of the United States army!

But that was just a polite speech. Doubtless he will not think of me twice while he is away. He will be all taken up with the grand folks he will be with. Cousin Mary says that it is a great honor for him to have this position of aide to General Lafayette, and that it was given to him as a reward for his skill and bravery in the war with the Indians.

Well, they got off, as I have already told you, in good time this morning. And now, before I close my letter, I will go and see if Cousin Mary has any message to send you.

Later.—It is two hours since I laid down my pen, but I found that I could help Cousin Mary, and then I was so interested in what she was doing, for she was washing with her own hands a set of China that is to be used during the General's visit, because it was given to Washington by the Society of Cincinnati. It has the Washington coat of arms on each piece, and a Latin motto beneath it. Then we got out and set on a side table a great China punch bowl that was presented to Washington by the officers of the French navy who came across the sea to aid in the Revolutionary War.

The silver tea-set that came from Mount Vernon is to be put on the sideboard tomorrow. Cousin Mary said that, so far as she could, she would use Mount Vernon things, as she felt sure it would gratify General Lafayette.

But I must stop writing, for I believe that I can make myself useful. Cousin Mary had no special message to send. She is all absorbed in getting ready for her visitors.

By the way, mother, aren't we some distant connection to the Lees? It seems as if I had heard father say that he was a cousin once or twice removed. And I remember quite distinctly how badly he felt when Colonel Lee died. Mrs. Lee, as you know, lives in Alexandria, and her youngest son, Robert, seems on most familiar terms with all the family here. Mr. Custis treats him as if he were his son, which, by the way, he may yet become, if the boy and girl attachment between him and Mary goes on. They are really quite devoted to each other.

I could fall in love with him myself, he is so handsome and witty and gallant, but Cousin Mary has forbidden me even teasing Mary, saying that she does not want any such ideas put into the children's heads. But I just wonder how she is going to keep them out. She says that Robert is just like one of the family now; but as he goes to West Point next spring, he will doubtless grow away from them. But I can't help seeing that Cousin Mary and Mr. Custis have already adopted Robert Lee into their hearts, and would be nothing loath to have him marry Mary when the time comes; so if they go on falling in love, or rather keeping in love, their love story will run smooth. I wonder how it will be with mine, if I ever have one?

Love to pater and the boys, and Mamma, with your own share always from your

VIRGINIA

P. S.—It would seem as if this letter was long enough, without a postcript. But I want you to see to it that father writes to Captain Worthington. He is so lazy, dear old soul, that he will put the writing off on you. Don't let him do it. Tell him how brave and handsome the Captain is, and how highly he is esteemed.

(To be continued.)

AH, SWEET IS TIPPERARY!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
When the feathered folk assemble, and the air is all a'tremble
With their singing and their winging to and fro.
When queenly Slievenamon puts her verdant vesture on,
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance,—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the mists are rising from the lea;
When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all beguiling,
And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;
When the shadows and the showers only multiply the flowers
That the lavish hand of May will fling;
When, in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays,—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When life, like the year, is young;
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom breaking,
And love words linger on the tongue;
When the blue of Irish skies in the hue of Irish eyes,
And love dreams cluster and cling
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure, half of pain,—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

[*Christian Register, May 16, '06*] —*Denis A. McCarthy*

THE SOMERSET OAKS

By Maurice Smiley

"THESE muffins are as cold as Pharaoh," growled Teddy Cooper, discontentedly.

"Try some of the toast," suggested the doctor smiling behind his hand.

"Burned to a crisp," snapped Teddy.

"Some of the omelette, then," purred the doctor, with a malevolent urbanity that was terribly exasperating.

"A new form of the yellow peril," snarled Teddy, "designed especially to menace the digestive organs."

The doctor knew the symptoms. Mrs. Millington must have thrown Teddy hard. That's the way it turned out sooner or later with all of them. But this case promised some pathological features of more than ordinary interest—to one who had been thrown as hard as any of them, in his time.

"Some rolls," said the doctor, tentatively.

"Are these rolls?" asked Teddy, sarcastically. I thought they were pepsinized sandbags."

"I can at least recommend the waffles," quoth the doctor, gravely.

"Look like chunks of asphalt full of hoofmarks," said Teddy pettishly. "Hang it all, doctor, can't you give me some advice that is worth taking? What are doctors good for if not to give advice."

"As a physician," answered the doctor, in his professionally sepulchral voice, feeling Teddy's pulse before Teddy could throw anything at him, "I can only give you this piece of general advice adapted to your specific case: Take your medicine. Don't let everybody see the soreness. When we were boys, we liked to show our stubbed toes to the other fellows. We used to make them pay us marbles to look at them. One marble for a stone bruise and three for a nice big splinter. A good rusty nail would have brought a small agate. But that sort of thing doesn't go when we lay aside our galluses for suspenders and put on pajamas instead of jumpers. Go in for anything—golf—"

"And drip slowly away to a slimy remnant of what used to be a man?" asked Teddy, breaking in. The doctor had spoken with a whimsical earnestness that was not all banter. Teddy couldn't run the risk of being "moved." That would be emotion. The Somerset links were the finest in the state.

"Then try motoring."

"On these infernal corduroy roads?" Teddy flung in.

"Tennis, then."

"The sissiest game that was ever invented. Why don't you suggest croquet or ping-pong?"

Teddy was a crack tennis player and up to a few days before had been the most enthusiastic of motorists. He had all but camped on the links. But that was before he had contracted what the mess called "Millingtonitis," which, like most technical terms, was too long but quite expressive.

"And is it not written," said the doctor, irreverently, "that after Cooper of the Infantry, another shall reign in his stead? Let's see, Teddy, who is it anyway?"

"It's Lowry," answered Teddy miserably.

The doctor whistled.

"Lowry, then? An alien line, too. What we should call in another domain of human activity, a rank outsider."

Lowry was a civilian and was naturally looked upon by the post fellows as an usurper, a mere pretender to the throne.

"Yes, and you know he's engaged to Cousin Nell, besides," said Teddy, resentfully. "She's away off there at the presidio and doesn't know how Lam is cutting up here. I've half a mind to but a flea in her ear," he concluded, vindictively.

"And make yourself riduculous?" said the doctor, "It doesn't amount to anything. It's like the measles. Just let it take its course and he'll soon forget he ever had it. No danger in the world, my boy. In a month you yourself will be laughing at Lowry, for is it not written that after Lowry of the civilians another shall reign in his stead? Think of the fun of watching a new brother ride the goat. Take your medicine. But first have a piece of this cantaloupe."

"The cantaloupe, be blamed!" says Teddy.

All of which is preliminary, to show how matters stood.

* * *

The Somerset club was a sort of auxiliary to the post. Some called it the Ladies Auxiliary, and others the Women's Relief Corps, for the reason that in the country house colony there were always such charming girls, while with few exceptions, the feminine portion of the post contingent was confined to dignified matrons and "buds."

Isabel Millington was the post widow. From her name you would imagine that she was tall and willowy, statuesque and soulful, like one of Henry James' heroines. Nothing of the sort. She was absurdly petite, to begin with; and to end with, her feet, if she wore shoes as large as 2's, were on the narrowest last a cobbler ought to stick to.

In addition to her size, which badly needed augmentation, Mrs. Millington had reduced the art of flirtation to a science. It was a game with her, a sort of game of highest five, for generally there were only about half a dozen eligibles at the post and one of these generally didn't count. So the highest five in her favor had just one fluffy little dream in blue and white and bewildering shades of other colors, just two baby eyes and one rosebud mouth, and one deliciously snubby little nose and one quivering little chin to divide up between them as the spoils of war.

Five weeks was a record reign, for Mrs. Millington was fair—divinely fair in one way. When she threatened to break the record with Bobbie Holmes, we thought she was in love at last. The coronation ceremony was always the same, as presented by Mrs. Millington's court etiquette. Men came, they saw and were conquered. Many called but few were chosen. Those who were selected ran their little course, spent their furloughs—and their income—basked in the sunshine that hedged about the queen—

Then the muffins got cold.

The doctor diagnosed it ponderously as sympathetic refrigeration.

"Simultaneously," he explained, "with the frigidescence of the pedal extremities of any given lady, there is a synchronous frigidation of the muffins. Divested of therapeutical technicalities, when the lady gets cold feet, nothing tastes good."

Just now Lowry's muffins were piping hot. To do him justice, he had begun without any serious intentions. He had come—to spend the summer in the mountains. He had seen—because Mrs. Millington was the prettiest to *be* seen in the mountains. He had been conquered, because, in the mountains at least—he inclined to Riley's whimsical heresy: "In fact, to speak in earnest, he believed it adds charm to spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm. And he found an extra flavor in the widow's mellow wine that made him drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of"—his.

Of course he loved Nell tremendously. He worshipped her immensely. It was all settled long ago between them. Where was the harm in enjoying himself for the summer? Nell wouldn't hear anything about the little affair and if she did he could easily square himself.

But however indulgent Nell Ferriss might be, Lowry failed to count on the fact that Teddy was her second cousin and that he was the victim of involuntary abdication. You must always calculate on the effect of cold muffins.

* * *

How or why Nell ever decided to attend the Somerset Oaks was a mystery to Lowry. Ostensibly it was to visit her cousin—her second cousin — and incidentally her fiance on her way east. Possibly Teddy had mentioned something about The Oaks. Possibly he had mentioned something about her fiance. But on general principles, when one's fiance gets mentioned—in the possible way Teddy mentioned Lowry—one gets wonderfully interested in affairs like The Oaks—and in one's second cousin. That is, if one is a woman.

The Somerset Oaks was always run about the middle of September. It was a small affair seen from the Presidio, but it was The Derby to its patrons, with a dash of cotillon and Horse Show thrown in. It was both a function and an event. The colony and the post vied to make it a gentlemen's sporting function and a ladies' social event, of the first magnitude.

The lady who nominated the winner received a valuable favor. Every gentleman rode his own mount and was "nominated" by some "ladye faire" under whose auspices he rode.

This year the favor was a riding whip with a handle of solid gold. The committee paid

$500 spot cash for it and Lowry swore that Mrs. Millington should have that whip. She had nominated him, passed over the officers of the line and had taken him, the rank outsider. To be sure, he was a crack rider, and had a mount that was the equal of any nag in the stud.

It was just a week before the Oaks, when Lowry was swearing what he would do when he delivered the whip to Mrs. Millington, that he received the following telegram from Nell:

"Mamma and I will arrive Aug. 27. Have nominated you for the Somerset Oaks. Nell."

All of which was perfectly *au fait* under the rules. Anybody who had the entree could nominate any eligible candidate for the Oaks.

The deuce of it all was that Mrs. Millington had nominated him first!

* * *

When you are between—not His Satanic Majesty and the unfathomed ocean—but your sweetheart and a widow, you are, in the parlance of the pavement, "up against it."

Lowry found it so. He realized, the morning after Nell's arrival, just what sort of a mess he was in. Nell had been a bit "tiffy" the night before. She had heard a few things during the first hours after her arrival; she had also seen a few things; and what she neither heard nor saw she surmised—knowing Lambert so well by experience, and post widows by observation.

Nell was freezingly obliging in releasing Lowry from her nomination for the Oaks. True, she made a virtue of necessity. But she did it in a way that made Lowry very uncomfortable.

"So sorry to have suggested anything awkward," she remarked, politely. "Of course you had no idea I was to be here."

What a quantity of sarcasm a woman—a jealous woman—can put into a simple observation!

"If I had had the slightest idea," began Lowry tenderly, "that you were coming, I should have refused the nomination of any other woman on earth."

"It is nothing," said Nell chillingly. "I shall nominate Mr. Dailey. He has asked me to."

Dailey! Dailey of the artillery, who had been edging around Mrs. Millington of late, and who had a nag that Lowry honestly believed could come pretty near to beating his own.

"Oh, very well," he replied stiffly.

"I want that riding whip," remarked Nell, a bit maliciously, "and it is my honest opinion that Mr. Dailey will ride figure 8's around Nig."

Nig was Lowry's handsome black mount.

"We'll see about that," muttered Lowry savagely. The lovers were nearer to a quarrel than they had ever been before. But Nell was so viciously sweet about it, that Lowry couldn't quarrel with her, without putting himself obviously in the wrong. If she would only give him an opening. But she was a woman. No woman will deny herself the pleasure of being pugnaciously nice with a man instead of quarreling with him—not if she loves him.

We've got to take the wind completely out of Lowry's sails," said Teddy to Dailey. The two had gravitated naturally into a conspiracy—Teddy because he was a has-been and Lowry had made him so; Dailey because he was a would-be and Lowry was keeping him so.

"I don't know how it's to be done," said Dailey doubtfully. "My horse is better than his, but he can beat me handling a mount. It's too close for comfort."

"I've got an ace up my sleeve," said Teddy confidently. "We'll make Lam look ridiculous in Mrs. Millington's eyes and in Nell's. It will be a bitter pill for him to swallow, but it's got to be done, for Nell's sake and for yours—and for mine, too," he concluded vindictively.

"Let's see your ace, Ted," demanded Dailey.

"Just this," replied Teddy coolly. "Clipper (that was Dailey's mount) is going to get sick, have the actinomychosis, epizootic, the slobbers or anything; and you are going to ride what is to all outward appearances the scraggiest-looking cayuse in the State of Colorado!"

When Teddy explained the scheme, Dailey laughed like the fat man in the front row of a minstrel show.

* * *

It was Lowry himself who had unwittingly tipped his own hand and given Teddy the ace he held.

Lowry soon became aware of the alliance to beat him, and this, added to the trouble he was having in paying sufficient attention to both the widow and his fiance without making either of them or himself ridiculous by either slights or undue zeal. Then he worried about the qualities which the practice try-outs developed in Dailey's mount. Little by little he became convinced that it would be a neck race. What he wanted was a sure thing.

He thought he had it when, one day shortly before the great event, he witnessed a little trial of speed between Wagner and a stranger who was ambling the road on a rickety old nag that looked as though she might be a lineal descendant of Rosinante. Shaggy and scrawny, unkempt and unclean, with a saddle that might have come down the ages and a bridle with "blinders" eight inches wide, the animal looked as though she had spent her life hauling ore and was about used up.

But to the surprise of Wagner and Lowry himself the "rancher" completely out-distanced the speedy mount of the army officer and gaily waved his hand as he swept past the discomfited aspirant for the Somerset Oaks honors.

Wagner didn't press the matter any further, but Lowry did. He found that the rustic rider was do less a personage than Jim Downing, a well-known horse trainer whom Lowry had known in the east and who was simply having a little fun with the smart set by pitting some of the horses he was training near the city against the army and club cracks. What looked like a broken-down draft horse was one of the speediest in his stud.

The upshot of the matter was that, for a quid pro quo, Downing obliged his old friend by agreeing to let him have the speedy animal that had beaten Wagner so ingloriously. Lowry's conscience hurt him at the thought of "ringing," but then, all's fair in love and war—and horse racing. He wanted that whip not because he wanted Mrs. Millington, but because Mrs. Millington wanted it and he would show Nell that the man she had nominated wouldn't come in "one-two-twenty."

It might have worked out that way if Ted and Nell hadn't been out riding that same day and met Wagner, and if Wagner hadn't told them something of his adventure; and if Teddy hadn't smelled a mouse, and if Jim Downing hadn't been gallant, and if the whole affair hadn't been such a good chance to trail a comparatively fickle swain's colors in the dust and bring him back in sack cloth and ashes to the side of his own true love.

As Touchstone says, "great virtue in that 'if.'"

And, as Jim Downing said: "When it comes to a widow and a sweetheart, I am with the sweetheart every time."

And, as Teddy said: "Besides, you know you only agreed to rent the horse you were riding. You didn't guarantee to rent him the swiftest nag in the stud."

And, as Nell said: "I don't care a rap about the old whip. But I don't want anybody else to have it. That is, I don't want Mrs. Millington to have it. Besides it will serve him just right. So there."

And, as Mrs. Millington said: —but that was after it was all over; and that belongs to the next chapter.

* * *

It was a motley scene upon which the September sun looked down "on that pleasant morning in the early fall." Perhaps nowhere else in the country could it have been duplicated.

It was a truly western event. All the eastern millinery and the imported social features could not rob the Somerset Oaks of its distinctive character. While the entries were confined to the membership of the club and while the leaders were they of the smart set, yet for the sake of an audience and by way of picturesque variety, the Oaks was always open to the public. Anybody who behaved himself was eligible to attend. The line was drawn at fire-water and shooting irons.

Nothing of that kind was permitted. But while the grand stand was reserved for the post and club guests, the "hoi polloi" had full swing in the "bleachers." They came on every variety of horse-flesh known to mountain, field and plain—bronchos, mustangs, child's size mules, just plain horses, burros; every conceivable style, size and shape of equine that could stand on four legs.

Cowboys came with their picturesque "chapps." Civilians came from the city in business suits. Ranchers came from the surrounding mesas in their Sunday best. A few stray Indians sidled in with immobile faces and gleaming eyes.

These were some of the high lights and shadows out among the common herd. In the grand stand was a bewildering maze of color that produced a striking ensemble—officers in "fatigue;" ladies in stunning gowns. The air was electric. It was vibrant with many whisperings and big with that which was to come.

Down in the paddock directors, committeemen, contestants, stablemen and messengers were getting ready for the big event.

There were six entries, the army having the long end of it so far as members were concerned. Dailey of the artillery, Teddy of the infantry and Wagner of the cavalry represented the three main branches. It was Holmes of the engineers that gave it the preponderance. Eddy of the club and Lowry as the guest of both sides completed the half dozen.

The psychological moment arrived at last. The judges were in their stand. The mile oval wound like a huge ellipse of ribbon around the central space. The riders took their places. The track was cleared. Stablemen and outsiders generally scampered out of the way. A pistol shot rang out on the air.

The racers were off and the eyes of the West were upon them!

Wagner's magnificent black took a length lead at the quarter, with Dailey a second and Lowry hugging Dailey's flank. If Lowry hadn't been behind he would not have noticed that Dailey was riding a strange steed. It made him a bit uneasy, despite the fact that he knew that he himself was astride Jim Downing's crack racer. Lowry's own mount had been "spruced up" a bit for the occasion and did not look nearly as dilapidated as when he had run away from Wagner.

The horses wound in and out as they neared the half, now one and now another leading. But the race had narrowed down to Wagner, Dailey and Lowry and the hum of excitement rose to a subdued roar as Lowry shot into the lead at the half. Dailey with a splendid spurt crept up to Lowry's neck and the two had a wrestling match clear to the three-quarter post, Wagner evidently being out of the running or saving himself for the last quarter.

The grand stand stood up as the trio swept into the home stretch. The bleachers howled as Lowry forged ahead and began to use the whip. The grand stand was about half divided, but shouted and shrieked with the swaying fortunes of the riders.

Mrs. Millington could not resist a triumphant glance toward Nell as Lowry drew steadily ahead half way down to the wire. Nell turned a bit pale but gave no other sign of emotion. Even when Dailey, without using whip began to gain, gained some more, overtook and passed Lowry—even then she did not seem to be so very happy in the foreshadowed defeat of her lover. Women are queer creatures.

And when, amid a pandemonium of cheers, waving hats, yelling cowboys, shrieking women and frothing men, Dailey swept under the wire, with Wagner a poor second and Lowry hopelessly distanced; when Dailey, with a proud smile, handed Nell the trophy of the race; when Lowry, red of face and terribly cut up, leaped sullenly from his horse and stalked away; when Mrs. Millington turned an angry red and rose to leave the stand—when all this happened and Nell had secured the triumph which humiliated her lover in the eyes of the post and the club and the multitude—she cried. Women are queer creatures.

She recovered herself sufficiently to thank Dailey with a wan, little smile. When Lowry came rather sheepishly into the stand, having changed his riding clothes, there was an eager wistfulness in her face that took away all the sting of Mrs. Millington's direct "cut." The widow deliberately turned her back upon Lowry and began a lively conversation with Dailey, who had joined her at Lowry's approach.

"Take me home, dear," Nell whispered and Lowry obediently and penitently did so. Nell wouldn't have been human if she hadn't held the whip a trifle conspicuously, but then Lowry was so repentant that she could afford to be nice about it, and he knew that he was forgiven long before they reached the club house. Possibly there was a "Now-will-you be-good?" insinuation in her voice at times. But then a woman would, away down in her heart, rather have penitence than chocolate creams or an Easter bonnet. Lowry was cured, that much was certain.

It was on the club steps that evening that, in token of complete forgiveness, she laid the trophy down and, as it were, delegated the control she had acquired over Lowry.

That is, she gave him the whip-hand. And he kissed it. Then he—but that is none of your affair. This story deals strictly with what concerns you.

An awkward silence fell upon the smoking room when Lowry entered. The doctor was telling a story or something. Lowry just caught the concluding words.

"And after Lowry of the civilians, Dailey of the artillery reigned in his stead."

THE OTHER SELF OF JIMMIE THRUMS

By Archie P. McKishnie

HAVING re-lit his well-seasoned briar root, Jimmie Thrums threw his long legs across the library table, and with a sigh of content let his gaze stray down the long, closely-written manuscript on his knees.

Having finished the reading, he stroked his thin cheek thoughtfully, and let his mild blue eyes wander to the window and out across the lawn. Mechanically, he fished in his vest pocket for a match. His pipe had gone out again.

Jimmie at length awoke to the realization that he had not another match on his person. There were some just beyond his reach, on the mantel, but—well, it certainly is a bore, sometimes, to have things just beyond one's reach, especially when one has just settled down to enjoy a quiet, restful think, as Jimmie had.

So, beyond casting a longing glance toward the mantel, and packing the cut-plug home with a long, inky finger, he resigned himself to his fate.

Well, he had finished writing "The Romance of Miss Wayburn," that was some consolation in his extremity, at least; still, he wished very much for just one match.

He looked across to the window again, and saw a little bow-legged man coming up the path, with a spade on his shoulder.

"Must be the new gardener," thought Jimmie. "Wonder if he will pass this way. He's coming! He's coming! 'If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear.' He's coming! He's coming! 'If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear; For tomorrow'—Hello!—"

For a narrow-chested man. Jimmie had a pretty strong voice, and he having sent the hail through the window, the man approaching had no difficulty in hearing it.

He came to the window, and, looking in on Jimmie, grinned and nodded in a friendly way.

"Come in!" said Jimmie cheerfully.

The man looked down at his muddy boots, and up at the window, and grinned again.

"Can't you make it? Climb up the porch pole."

"I ain't much of a climber," said the man. "Besides, my boots be not any too clean."

"Ah!" said Jimmie. "Is that so? Can't climb, eh? Too bad! Everybody should learn climbing and swimming, and all that sort of thing, you know. Try it, anyway. Never mind about your boots being muddy. Just get hold of that post, and think there's a mad dog or something after you. You'll make it, all right."

The man gave a quick glance over his shoulder.

"I'm not doubtin' I could make it all right, if I had to," he said, "but seein' I don't have to, what's the use?"

Jimmie picked up his pipe and sucked away at it thoughtfully.

"Well, you have to in this case, you know," he said at length.

A look of wonderment crossed the man's sun-burnt face.

"Did I hear you say as I *had* to climb in, sir?" he asked respectfully.

"Yes, I said it. You see, it is quite necessary, compulsory, in fact, that you climb up the porch-pole there and come into this room through the open window. It would be better for you to come quietly; for any resistance on your part would but tell against you," Jimmie added, by way of afterthought.

The man put down his spade, and proceeded to seek a toe-hold in the brick wall.

"You see, you don't know what you can do until you try," said Jimmie, as the gardener's head and shoulders were thrust laboriously through the window. "'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.' That's from the old copy-book. Ever read the copy book? Sit down."

"No sir, I never read nuthin', sir, seein' I can't read nuthin'."

"Would you mind—or, no, I think I understand you. You can't read. That's it, eh?"

The caller nodded.

"Might you be the son of my new master, sir?" he asked respectfully.

"No, I'm not," answered Jimmie, pleasantly. "I'm only the son's friend. See?"

"Relation, sir, no doubt, sir?"

"No. Maybe will be, though," said Jimmie, closing his eyes resignedly.

"Well, sir, I should be goin' now, seein' as I have been here some time now, and there bein' so much to be done, sir."

"Oh, no! Just sit still and rest. It's all right, you know. By the way, will you kindly hand me that box of matches on the mantel? Thanks. Now light a cigar. You'll find a box of 'em in that drawer on the right. Fill your pockets. Take the whole box with you. I see you enjoy good cigars."

* * *

John Forbes, coming into the library, found his friend sleeping peacefully in his chair. Between his heels, on the table, reposed the pipe, where Jimmie had tossed it. On the floor were scattered sundry pages of "The Romance of Miss Wayburn."

He went to the door and whistled softly. A tall, dark-haired girl came forward gleefully and looked into the library.

"Well," was all she said, and then she came forward swiftly, and looked into the sleeper's face. As she did so a tender light crept into her eyes, which her brother, standing a little apart, did not see, and she herself was unaware of.

"John," said the girl softly, "he's tired out."

John gave a little chuckle.

"Tired out! Him? Why, Chick, what does he ever do to tire himself out?"

"Works."

"Eh?"

"Writes, then. He writes and thinks and thinks and writes until his poor head must be nearly bursting."

"Yes, he writes, all right," said John. "I'll admit he is an—Lord's sake, where did all the mud come from, do you suppose?"

"And there is a broken flower-pot over by the window, and there's mud on the window-sill, too. Wake him, John. Someone has been in the room, and maybe drugged him!"

"Gad, I'm inclined to think you're right, Chick. See, they've swiped all my imported cigars but one. I say, Jimmie! Wake up!"

He grabbed the sleeper by the shoulder, and shook him vigorously.

"What's matter?"

Jimmie opened his eyes and glanced about the room.

"Say," he said softly. "He's got away."

"Who has?"

"Why, him, of course. Say, folks, you should have seen him scaling the porch pole."

"Jimmie," said Miss Forbes sternly, "you are just too awful for anything!"

"That's where the mud came from," said her brother, laughing.

"Say, he just ate those cigars."

"Eh?" said John. "Ate my cigars, did he? Hang me, if I don't have a mind to eat you for letting him at 'em."

Jimmie looked at his friend reproachfully.

"He did me a favor, John," he said gently.

"Oh, did he, now? In what way did he favor you, pray?"

"Matches," said Jimmie, reaching for his pipe.

The girl leaned across the table and laughed happily.

"Poor old lazy-bones," she said.

"You mean that you called him in order that he might hand you down the matches?" asked Forbes, who had been examining his book-shelves, to see if any of his pets were missing.

"Well, you see, John, I couldn't reach 'em from—ah—this position; so you see it was either he had to come in, or I had to get up."

"Who was he?" asked the girl.

"Well, well, that reminds me that I neglected to ask him his name. Very careless of me. Say, now, he didn't leave a card on the table there, I suppose, eh?"

"Oh, he might have been a thief or a murderer, or—" Miss Forbes fixed her big brown eyes on the author's face in horror.

"I don't know," said Jimmie, returning the gaze innocently. "He might have been all of those things and a lot more. One thing I am certain of: he was not very polite."

"Why didn't you throw him out?" said Forbes warmly.

"I couldn't very well, seeing that I had invited him in, you know. Besides, I would have had to get up, you see, John."

"Oh, lordy, but you're the limit," sighed John.

"So I put up with him," explained Jimmie.

"In what way was he impolite?" asked Miss Forbes.

"Well, I'll tell you. After he had smoked a few cigars, and told me all about his family—seems there's some trouble in his family—and found out how much I was and wasn't worth, and a few other unimportant things, it occurred to me that he would make a good subject for my specialty."

"Your specialty?" asked his hearers, together.

"Yes. My specialty is inflicting my stories on unsuspecting individuals, you know."

"Well, go on."

"So I proceeded to read him 'The Romance of Miss Wayburn.'"

"And he wasn't a good subject after all?" laughed Forbes.

"I don't know. I can't really say. Fact is, I went to sleep shortly after Miss Wayburn lost her heart to the school teacher."

"Well, everything considered, I can't say that I consider he is very much in, even if he did steal my cigars, Jimmie. I recognize the man, though. It was Wemp, the gardener."

"Ah, is that so? But say, he didn't steal the cigars, you know. I gave him the cigars, John. I'm sure he is welcome to the cigars, but it wasn't just the most polite thing in the world, his taking advantage of me in that way while I was alseep, was it now?"

"Nor was it very polite in you to go to sleep when you had company," said Miss Forbes.

"He didn't happen to forget his spade, did he? Neither of you discern a spade anywhere in the room, I suppose?"

"A spade! Good gracious alive, what are you talking about?" cried the girl. "John, dear, ring for ice. I believe the poor fellow has had a sun-stroke."

"I guess maybe he left the spade outside," said Jimmie reflectively.

Forbes came over and stood beside his friend.

"Say, you're the thinnest, homeliest, laziest beggar I know, Jimmie," he said.

He ran his fingers through Jimmie's light thin hair until it stood in little bunches.

"I couldn't coax, hire or threaten you to go to the links this afternoon, I suppose?"

"Too warm," said Jimmie, feeling in his vest pocket.

"All right," laughed John. "So-long, old sleepy-head."

"Has he gone?" asked Jimmie after a time.

"Yes, he has gone," replied Miss Forbes.

"Would you mind calling him back just for a minute? I won't detain him."

"John! Oh, John! Jimmie wants to see you a moment before you go," cried the girl, running to the hall.

"Well, old bean-pod, hurry up! What is it? I'm late," cried John, striding in.

"I wanted to ask you, John—by the way, would you mind handing me my tobacco-pouch off the window, over there? Thanks awfully. That's all this time, only be a good boy, John, and don't stay out too late, and—"

But John, with a muttered something, and another jab at his friend's hair, was already away.

* * *

"I'm concerned about John," said Jimmie, withdrawing his feet carefully from the table, and looking gravely at Miss Forbes. "The fact is, I am beginning to worry about John."

"Let me fix your hair," said the girl.

She came over, and smoothed it down with her little fingers. It took quite a time, as John had mussed it unmercifully, she said. Even after she had put it in much better order than it had known for some time, Jimmie protested that he knew it wasn't any more than half-smoothed yet, and wanted to know if, as John's sister, she didn't feel in duty bound to make as good a job of it as she possibly could.

"You've got lovely hair," said the girl, mischievously.

"Too thick and curly almost," sighed Jimmie.

"And so black and glossy!"

"Yes, I know, but I'm not the least bit proud of it. I could not be less proud if I had no hair at all."

They both laughed.

"You'll be in a position to understand what it means to have no hair at all one of these days, if you persist in writing all night, the way you have been doing. See if you don't," said the girl.

"Then I'll get married, and give my wife something to ever regret."

"Oh, a woman doesn't care what kind of hair the man she marries has, so long as she loves him, you know," laughed the girl.

"But when it comes to a hair-pulling match, how will she stand the handicap, Chick?"

"What are you worrying about John for?" asked the girl, ignoring the question with feminine tactfulness.

"I'm afraid he's lost it," answered Jimmie promptly.

"Lost what, pray?"

Jimmie turned his mild blue eyes upon the girl's face.

"What does a fellow usually lose when he plays a game of chance with a—say, Chick, you know Jack's girl, don't you?"

"If you mean Flo, why of course I know her."

"Well, you see, I think she has captured so much of your big brother that if she were to keep what she has of John, and John has to retain what he has left of himself, there wouldn't be much left for us. See?"

"Why can't you be sensible?"

"All right, I'll try to be. The fact is, we're going to lose John, you and I. That seems to me an assurance. What we have to do now is to harden our hearts to the inevitable. Flo Graylow is a sweet and beautiful girl. She has won our John. Lots of girls do win Johns, by the way. It's the way of the world that Johns should and must be won by some beautiful girl or other. Do you follow me?"

"As nearly as it is possible for anybody to follow you, I do."

"Good. Then what I was going to propose—"

"But I don't want you to propose."

Jimmie crammed his hands in his pockets, and took a turn around the room.

"Gad, Chick, I don't know but what I shall propose, then, seeing you don't want me to," he said at length.

"If you won't be sensible, I'll leave you." There was a beautiful rose color on Miss Forbes' cheeks as she spoke.

Jimmie seated himself on the corner of the table.

"Chicken," he said softly. "Come here, Chicken."

"I won't, so there!"

"Of course you know that I was only fooling. I really didn't want you to come."

"I know you didn't," and the dark head went down until the face he watched was hidden.

"Then, knowing I didn't mean it, be true to your sex and come, anyway."

"I'm going to leave you. I just hate you, Jimmie, I just h-hate you, so there!"

There was a simultaneous rush for the door, and Jimmie's long legs won him the day. He got there first.

"You see, Chick," he said, as he held her close to him, "it's no use. You've got to have me. That's all there is to it."

"There's nothing about you worth having, so now!" came in tearful, muffled voice from the region of Jimmie's coat lapel.

"Gad, but there is, you know!" cried Jimmie, straightening up.

"I really think that I might marry you—if you would show me," she whispered, her face still bent.

"Done! Here's where the other self of Jimmie Thrums comes in. Goodbye. I'm going out to do something startling."

Jimmie picked up his hat.

"And worthy, Jimmie."

"Yes, Chick, and worthy. Good-bye."

* * *

"I tell you, the referee did not give a fair decision."

"And I tell you that I don't consider that you know a fair decision from any other decision. What do you know about the game, anyway?"

John Forbes wheeled upon the speaker, his mouth drawn down to a thin line and his eyes gleaming dangerously. A companion laid a hand on his arm and whispered in his ear.

John looked irresolute for a moment; then he smiled. When he spoke again all trace of anger was gone from his voice.

"I learned and played the game in England," he said.

"Well, you're not in England now, you know, and we don't want outsiders putting in their oar here, you understand?"

"Any man has a right to demand fair play. I believe that is universal."

"A man wants to know what he is about, though, before he exercises the privilege."

John bit his moustache. The insult sank in. "Perhaps I know the game better than you think I do," he said. "Besides, I am not exactly an outsider. I am a member of this club."

"Well, who cares if you are?" said the other with a sneer, as he reached for his coat. "Your being a member gives you a right to the tables, but hardly that of interfering between gentlemen when playing. If you know how to play billiards, show somebody; don't make the referee out a liar, as you are trying to do."

"I maintain that the referee did not give a fair decision," said John, firmly.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," remonstrated the manager of the club, coming up. "We can't have this discussion prolonged here, you know."

Jimmie Thrums got up from his seat, and strolled over to where the men stood.

"Might I beg a match of you?" he asked of the man who was putting on his coat.

"The porter will no doubt accommodate you," said the man, shortly.

"Well," said Jimmie, "that's funny. Do you know, I took you for the porter. You look like one."

He turned his blue eyes on the one addressed and smiled innocently.

The laugh that met his remark was instantly suppressed as the man wheeled quickly and struck at Jimmie. It was a straight arm punch, and one under which it looked as if Jimmie must go down.

But Jimmie was calmly helping himself to some matches from the box above the fireplace when his would-be assaulter recovered his equilibrium.

"Say," he said, cheerfully, "you shouldn't lunge that way, you know. Those punches are all right, if you know how to give them, but I see that you don't."

He had lit his pipe, and now puffed away contentedly.

Before Jimmie knew it, John Forbes had linked arms with him and had pulled him into the lobby.

"In Heaven's name, are you crazy?" he asked, as he bundled Jimmie into his overcoat. "Now the best thing you can do is to clear out."

"Clear out?" asked Jimmie blankly. "What for?"

"Because this man Stark will break your long person into small pieces if you don't. You've insulted him."

"Did you say his name was Stark?" asked the other.

"Yes, his name is Stark. He's manager of the Wilson Mills, and a rough one. He is to be expelled from the club."

"Is he?" said Jimmie thoughtfully, pulling on his gloves. "On account of that affair with—?" Jimmie lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

"No, not that. She was only a common gardener's daughter. You see it's because he has been proven a cheat."

"So, that's why, eh? I suppose that little girl was as much to her father and mother as though she had been a society belle. It would have hurt just as much, eh, John?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Forbes, impatiently. "Hurry up, Jimmie, and clear out."

"I don't really think I want to go, old man," said Jimmie, pulling off his gloves. "I like this place first rate."

Just here Stark and two companions came into the lobby, their overcoats on their arms.

They were speaking in undertones, and laughed as though they were pleased at something.

"I say, Forbes," cried Stark, catching sight of the friends, "any time you want to lose another fifty, let me know, will you?"

A deep flush overspread Forbes' face, but before he could frame a reply to the other's jibe, Jimmie spoke.

"If you would allow me," he said, bowing gravely, "I would like to say that I have a new fifty dollar note in my pocket that I would like to wager."

"Have you really, now?" asked Stark, with a wicked sneer.

"Yes, sir," answered Jimmie modestly. "I'd just love to bet it, no matter if I did lose."

Stark's companions laughed.

"He's game, anyway," said one.

"Innocence abroad," answered another.

"Well, I'll bet you I can beat you one game of English billiards, for say one hundred a side."

"Gentlemen, I protest!" cried Forbes.

"Very well," said Stark. "It was your verdant friend who suggested it, you know. I am privileged to call all such bluffs, I hope."

"Oh, I am not bluffing," said Jimmie, removing his coat. "We used to play a little billiards in the Y. M. C. A. rooms over home. I got so at last I could beat Jake Jones. Jake was a street-car conductor, and I've seen him make as high as ten billiards without a miss."

"Really, now, that was certainly exceptional," laughed Stark. "Well, if you're not bluffing, suppose we get started."

The four men passed back into the billiard room, and it was not long before a goodly number were gathered about the table to witness Stark trim a new one.

"What in thunder has got into you?" said John, drawing Jimmie to one side. "The shark has your money already."

Jimmie looked thoughtful.

"If I thought that, I'd withdraw," he said hesitatingly.

"But you can't withdraw. It would be a disgrace. It's got to be good-bye one hundred. Oh, Lord!"

"Gad, you're enough to make a man nervous, John. You haven't got a match, I suppose?"

"Heavens! You're not going to smoke now, are you?" cried Forbes.

"Just a puff or two, just a puff or two. I might as well enjoy my pipe while our friend is enjoying the pulling of my leg for a clear hundred. By the way, John, you're not betting on the game, I suppose?"

John looked at his friend blankly.

"I see you're not," said Jimmie, producing from an inner pocket a snug roll of bills, and pressing it into Forbes' unwilling hand. "Now, John dear, noble, unselfish friend, I want you to bet every cent of this money on him." Jimmie nodded towards Stark, who, coat and vest off, stood talking lightly to some old cronies and chalking his cue. "There's five hundred in that bunch, old man," he said gently.

Forbes laughed in spite of himself.

"It's no use, Jimmie. I couldn't get a taker if I was to offer ten to one. Everybody knows Stark will win."

"Hang it all!" Jimmie stroked his chin in vexation. "I never thought of that. I suppose they do."

"Yes, they know he will win."

"Well, there's only one thing you can do, then, Johnnie. You must bet on me."

"Oh, Lord!" said Forbes, weakly. "What a fool you are! Do you think I'd do it?"

"You've got to do it. It's my money."

"But you'll lose it all, Jimmie; lose every cent of it."

"I'll take a chance."

"But I tell you, I won't be a party to this robbery."

"Very well, then, I'll bet it myself," said Jimmie reproachfully.

"Well, of all—See here, Jimmie, if you must be a fool, I'll be your bookie. I can get better odds than you can."

"All right. Bet it all, John. Or, no. Perhaps you'd better keep back a dollar or two. I've just remembered that I have some letters to post."

* * *

"I said that I would play you for ten thousand dollars," said Stark, hoarsely.

The billiard room was now packed to the doors, members of the club having been attracted to the place through having received the tip that Stark had at last met his Waterloo. About the table was a clear space of four feet. Tobacco smoke hung heavy in room. The chandelier lights gleamed dimly through it.

Jimmie smoothed down his thin hair thoughtfully, and felt in his vest pocket.

"Will you play me one more game for ten thousand?" Stark's face was haggard and drawn. His black hair hung across his eyes, and when he brushed it impatiently away one could note the tremor of his hand.

"Really, do you know I don't want to win any more of your money," answered Jimmie, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "You have lost heavily, you see, and I will say that you have been a game loser at that. No, I don't think that I want to play you for that amount."

He looked Stark straight in the eyes as he spoke.

"You have won more than that amount from me," said the other, coming close to Jimmie, so that his words might not be heard by other ears. "I have only about ten thousand left in the world. Give me the satisfaction of either retrieving or of losing."

There was almost an appeal in his tones.

"Gad, old man, I will!" cried Jimmie, after some thought.

Everybody crowded as close to the table as they were allowed, when it became known that the final game for such glorious stakes was on.

It could be seen that Stark was playing his best. Jimmie, on the other hand, seemed to have lost interest. When half time was called, and his marker came and whispered in his ear, Jimmie glanced at his string and smiled as he noted, seemingly for the first time, that his opponent was far in the lead.

All his old confidence and swagger had returned to Stark. He looked over at Jimmie with a sneer on his dark face.

"Your streak of good luck seems to have deserted you, my friend," he said, with a sinister smile.

"Well, I must try to lure her back," answered Jimmie pleasantly.

The game was now on again; the crowded room was silent, save for the sound of the balls striking together.

Jimmie was playing now, and playing his very best. Gradually he gained in points, until he was again even. Now he was ahead, and gaining steadily.

Eight points from the end, the two men looked into each other's eyes. On the one's face was depicted baffled rage and utter hopelessness. On the other's was pictured a childish pleasure, such as a boy might wear after winning a game of marbles.

Stark turned and attempted a difficult shot, only to make a fluke that told its own story to those who played and understood the game.

He was beaten.

He turned slowly and handed his cue to the referee. The referee nodded to the stakeholder.

Stark had lost all he owned to Jimmie Thrums.

Jimmie walked away from the table, good-naturedly acknowledging the congratulations of many of the by-standers. John Forbes found him standing on the sidewalk, just outside the door.

"By the powers, but you're a wonder, Jimmie, and no mistake," he cried, seizing his friend's hand. "Come along, now, and we'll get away before we get into trouble."

"I want to see Stark for a moment," said Jimmie. "Here he comes now."

"I trust you are satisfied that it was a fair game," he said, advancing and holding out his hand.

Stark was alone. He looked dazedly at Jimmie; then, seeming to understand, he took the hand extended to him in his own. "I'm satisfied," he said shortly, and turned away.

"Poor devil!" said Forbes, as he watched them. "He has lost everything."

Jimmie laid his hand on Stark's arm.

"Let me come with you," he said gently.

"No, I don't want anybody with me, you least of all," replied the other, shaking off the hand.

"Well, I'll come anyway, so lead on"

"See here," said Stark, as they walked slowly away side by side, "don't you think you've done enough? Why don't you go away and leave me alone?"

"I'll tell you why, as soon as we get to your rooms. I think your rooms are somewhere hereabouts, eh?"

"You seem to be pretty well posted," said the other with a hard laugh. "Yes, here they are."

He produced a latch-key, and opened a door off the street as he spoke.

The lights turned on, Jimmie cast a critical eye around the room. It was beautifully and artistically furnished.

"Nice rooms you have here, Mr. Stark," he said. "Don't suppose you'd mind my smoking up a bit. I see you have a cigar."

"Smoke or do anything you please. These rooms and furniture don't belong to me, so I don't care."

Jimmie lifted his eyebrows. "Oh!" he said.

"They are yours now," said Stark.

"Gad, I guess you're right," said Jimmie with a laugh. "Funny, isn't it, my asking if I might smoke in my own rooms? Say, have a fresh cigar?"

He handed a couple of cigars to the other man, and lit his pipe.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Jimmie, after the two men had smoked in silence for a time.

"Eh?" cried the other, rousing himself. "Do? Oh, I don't know. That is, I don't choose to tell."

"No? Well, I wish you'd let me know."

"Well, I will tell you, then. I purpose taking the quickest route I can get out of it all. Now, you've got it."

"Umph!" said Jimmie slowly. "Now, you wouldn't mind doing the little job somewhere else, I suppose. You see, as these rooms are mine, now, I just wouldn't like the idea of occupying them after a chap committing suicide in them. See?"

"Say, you are certainly a cold-blooded devil," said Stark, almost a look of admiration in his eyes.

"No, simply practical," said Jimmie. "But why polish yourself off in that manner? It's very old-fashioned, you know."

"Well, what would you suggest?" asked the other, looking away.

"Why, I should say, get married," said Jimmie. "I see you have some sweet faces on your mantel—pardon me, on *my* mantel—there, and it should be easy. Just as good as suicide, anyway. Better, I would imagine—in some respects."

"See here, say what you have to say, and don't jest with me!" cried Stark, springing up and walking up and down the room.

"Well, I will. I think you should marry, and I think you *will* marry. I think it's the very best thing you can do, and when you've taken ten minutes to reflect on it, you'll be of my opinion. Now, I have a proposition to make to you. I want you to marry, and if you will agree to marry the girl I select, I am willing on my part to give you back the little fortune I won from you tonight. Now, keep quiet and listen, and don't say a word until I am through. On my part, I promise to select for you only such a young lady as you have met. She won't be old or homely, or anything of that sort. She will be something quite the reverse, and you can bet all the money you don't happen to possess that she will be a *d*——— sight *too good* for you."

Jimmie stopped to light his pipe, and waved the other a protest when he attempted to speak.

"On after thought, I will make a part of the little fortune over to your wife—or, no, I'm hanged if I do. I really think you would use the woman bearing your name square. Now, get your thinking cap on for ten minutes. I must go at the end of that time. I've got things to do. Fact is, I'm going to get married myself."

Jimmie put his long legs on the table, and smoked contentedly. At last he came to himself with a start.

"All right," he said. "You've had fifteen minutes—five more than you needed."

The other man came over slowly, and held out his hand.

"Will you take it?" he asked huskily. "Do you know, I could have killed most any other man who talked to me as you have, especially tonight. I'll be frank with you. I had intended doing away with myself, and—well, you are right. There is a little girl whom I have treated shamefully, and her face has been before mine for the past two hours. She is, as you say, far too good for me, but perhaps I could learn to be better. I see you have learned who she is, and I understand what your object is. Do you know, there are two of you. The one man I played with and lost. Your other self I play with again now, and win. For, as God is above me, it is a win to have my eyes opened, as you have opened them."

Jimmie took the other's hand.

"That is all right," he said cheerfully. "You really think, then, I have accomplished something extraordinary? Good-bye. That's what I set out to do. It had to be done!"

SLEEP

AT night within the realm of quiet sleep,
There always do I find with joy my own.
The hopes and ideals that with day had flown,
There penitent back to my bosom creep.
There bright up orient skies of slumber steep,
I see the horses of Apollo blown.
There from the lark of dreams aloft and lone,
Sweet song comes dropping from the baldric deep
Upon my ears. Yet oft in its hushed street,
Startled and thrilled I catch with bated breath,
The dim surrurus of some phantom strife.
Oft with its spectre crowds, on hurrying feet
I press, pursuing in its bourne of death,
The pomp and the vain circumstance of life!

Edward Wilbur Mason

LIL' MISS

By Edith Tatum

"THE very idea of a sane man tempting Providence in any such style! You are a bigger idiot than I thought you were, Bob."

"Thank you," I replied meekly. Dr. John took his feet down from his desk and wheeled his chair around to get a good look at me.

"Why on earth don't you listen to reason? Tramping down South!—and in August!" he continued in intense disgust.

"I'm not as afraid ot germs and microbes and malaria as you are, thank Heaven!" I retorted, thinking wickedly to myself that I wish I could get sick and die.

"Well," he went on, not deigning to notice my remark, "you are a willful man, and must have your way, I suppose; but I should think your cousin Daisy would feel a little hurt at your going away just when she is coming."

"She doesn't care a continental—it's a matter of perfect indifference to us both."

John looked surprised and puzzled, but I thought best to say no more on the subject. You see I was pretty hard hit—or thought I was. I had always been under the impression that Daisy would marry me some day; in fact, she had half-way promised as much the year before I graduated—that was before she became acquainted with John—so of course I felt very ill-used when she announced flatly and decidedly that she did not intend to marry anybody, and certainly not me! So, finding her obdurate to all my pleading, I had dark visions of suicide and sudden death—anything to get out of my misery and bring my naughty little cousin to a bitter too-late repentance.

Then, quite accidentally, I found out Daisy's secret—she was in love with John! It is my opinion that girls are always inclined to love tragic young men with histories; and John being unusually handsome, in a dark, tragic way, and his history unusually sad, of course Daisy's interest and pity were mightily aroused, and I suppose the loving was only a very short step farther.

John was my best friend. I met him at college—we roomed together—and afterward, when his wife died, and he was so awfully broken up, I persuaded him to come to Newmarket to live. It was all very sad about his marriage. It was about the time he graduated that a terrible epidemic of yellow fever broke out in New Orleans, and in spite of all persuasions to the contrary, he went down there to make a study of it. He boarded with a fine old Southern family, and in a very short time fell desperately in love with Hortense, the youngest daughter, a little seventeen-year-old girl. It was a mutual affair, so when the fever got so bad, and the family decided to leave the city by carriage and go out into the country, the girl was heartbroken at leaving John. The night before they were to go, she and John were quietly married. She begged and pleaded with him to let her stay, but she was such a frail tiny thing, he was afraid for her, and insisted on her going with her people.

Soon after they left the city, he took the fever in its worst form; only his iron constitution and good nursing brought him through. All that time, he received no letters from his wife, and could hear nothing of the family; so as soon as it was possible he went in search of them. The country people were so panic-stricken, he could get very little information from them; but from here and there he at last gleaned enough to know that the whole family had died of fever, though he never found where they were buried.

I didn't blame Daisy for loving him; I loved him myself. That was why I decided to clear out entirely for a while—to let him know that I had no thought of Daisy myself; then, perhaps, he would find out how dear and sweet she was, and let her love console him for the past.

So I went, and, really, I enjoyed myself very much. I always liked the "communing with nature" kind of thing, and the rural South was all new to me. I spent about ten days in Alabama—sketching from life, and writing a little—and after staying a day or two at one of the resorts on the Gulf Coast, I plunged into the 'wilds' of southern Mississippi.

One morning, after having spent the night at a pretty, clean-looking mill-house with a very sociable miller, I started out early, taking the 'big road' as they call it. The road led toward the southeast, and was cool and shaded; there were birds everywhere, and everything was altogether lovely, but somehow, I wasn't tuned up to the occasion. I had various queer feelings that caused me considerable uneasiness—John could have classified them all immediately, I knew, but I wasn't a doctor—you see, for some reason, I didn't feel quite as keen about making Daisy repent as I had. I didn't improve any as the day wore on, and I was wondering what I had best do, when suddenly the road opened out, and I came upon a negro cabin in a little clearing. A quaint-looking old negro man was sitting under a big magnolia tree, making baskets.

"Good morning, Uncle," I said politely, though my teeth had begun to chatter, and I was feeling decidedly ill.

"Mornin', Marster," he responded.

"What is your name, old man?" I pursued from force of habit. "Your face is familiar, but I can't quite recall your name."

The old fellow grinned, and nodded his head at me. "I is Sam—Mars Hubbut's Sam; but I disremembers ebber seein' you befo', Marster." He looked at me keenly, then hastily dropped his basket and started toward me. "Whot's de matter, Marster? You 'pears lak you got er ager."

"I don't feel very well," I began, then a green and brown and yellow darkness came upon me. After that I had one of those strange, jumbled-up nightmares, like I used to have when I was a child; it lasted a long time, and in it I was very miserable, and then I woke up. But just at first I wasn't sure whether I was awake or not. I was in a bed in a dim, cool room, where the ceiling was away up over my head, and the walls were so far off that I couldn't see them for the shadows. There was a delicious fragrance of roses coming in from somewhere, and such a blessed stillness! I lay very quiet, to enjoy it all. But soon I began to think, and then I remembered about getting sick. But where was I? The bed I was in was of mahogany, beautifully carved, with four great posts that lost themselves in the gloom over my head; the sheets on it were fine, soft linen. "I must be at an old-time Southern mansion," I thought. I had seen so many of them—relics of a past age—my thoughts broke off very suddenly. Was I dreaming again, or seeing visions? There had appeared before my startled eyes something white against the background of shadows. As I gazed at it, wonderingly, it slowly took definite shape, and drew a little nearer my bed. It was a girl, very small and ethereal-looking, in some kind of cloudy white dress; her hair was a tangled mass of dark curls, and she looked at me wistfully with a pair of big gray eyes. There was something very child-like and pathetic about her; I felt a tightening around my heart and in my throat. I tried to lift myself on my elbow and speak to her, but I could not move just at first, and then she disappeared.

Turning my head restlessly on my pillow, I found a negro man standing by my bed. It was old Sam, the basket-maker.

"Why, hello, Sam," I said with a weak attempt at a smile.

He chuckled delightedly. "So you knows me dis time, does you, Marster? You sho is better dis mawnin'."

"Sam, who was that in here just now?"

"Dey ain' been nobody in hyer Marster. I's been settin' rat hyer at de haid er de baid all de time. You wuz jes dreamin'. You been seenin' er heap er things sence you been sick."

"Where am I, Sam; and how long have I been sick?"

"Now, Marster, de doctor say Sam wuzn't ter talk ter yer ner let yer talk when you sho' nuf waked up, but jes gib you dis ter drink and tell yer ter go rat back ter sleep."

He went to a table and fixed me something, and brought it back, raising my head and holding it to my lips as gently as a woman.

"You're a good nurse, Sam," I murmured drowsily.

"I sho is, Marster; I's nussed all de Hubbuts fer yers an' yers. I nussed Mars Tom Hubbut in de harspital endurin' er de war. I larnt er heap den—but you jes go rat on ter sleep."

Feeling very comfortable and languid, I settled myself for a nap, vaguely hoping I would have that dream again. But I was disappointed, for when I woke up there was no one there but old Sam, who made me swallow some horrid stuff he called broth, and then the doctor came.

I liked the doctor very much, personally, but I wasn't impressed with his medical knowledge—you see, I was used to John. I found out from him that I had a very bad form of "the fever," and that I was at The Glades, the home of an old Major Tom Herbert and his wife; also that I mustn't talk, as my fever was rising. Soon after that I went off into that strange jumbled-up nightmare state again. When I came to myself, there was a streak of sunshine coming through a crack in the blinds; it hurt my eyes and troubled me, so I called fretfully to Sam to close the blinds tighter. There was no answer. "Sam, are you there?" I repeated feebly.

Something white flashed across the room, and the offending sun was shut out. I closed my eyes, to accustom them to the darkness. When I opened them again she was standing at the foot of the bed, regarding me with the same wistful, wondering glance. We looked into each other's eyes for a long time, and I suppose it was because I was weak and ill, but I had an insane desire to cry; she looked like a child someone had mistreated.

"I'm sorry," I whispered to her. I have wondered since why I said just that—it was instinct, I suppose. She smiled at me, and it was wonderful how it changed her face; it discovered to me how very beautiful she was. Then—she was gone, and I heard old Sam moving the bottles on the table, and mixing something in a glass.

"Sam!"

He was by my bed instantly. "Sam, who was that in here when you came in?"

"Dere wan't nobody in hyer, Marster; you wuz jes havin' one er yo' dreams." And he smiled at me indulgently. I didn't argue with him, but I was not satisfied, for I knew I had not been dreaming.

Later in the day, old Major Herbert and his wife—a lovely old lady—came in to see me, but I scarcely gave them an after-thought, my mind was so occupied with the vision I had seen. I was fairly possessed by it, and could think of nothing else. That day when the doctor came, he looked grave,and quizzed me about myself—suggested that it might be well to notify my home people that I was ill, but I gave him no information whatever. I was determined John should not have the satisfaction of saying, "I told you so," and I knew I would be all right in a few days.

I saw *her* often after that, for several days; she usually came when Sam went to his breakfast, and again when he went to supper, and I began to look forward to those times as if my very life depended on them. I would lie hour after hour, wondering about her, but I never spoke of her to Sam again, and somehow, he never seemed to see her.

One morning, after I had begun improving, and could bear more light in the room, she came in with her hands full of roses. I saw her clearly for the first time—the small white face with its dusky tangle of curls, the big gray eyes, the tender, drooping mouth—and I thought her the sweetest, loveliest, daintiest little mortal on earth.

"Won't you give me a rose, please?" I said, smiling at her.

She came to my bedside and handed me one with a shy answering smile.

"But you've never told me your name," I continued, innocently, holding the rose close to my face.

"No? How rude of me!" Her voice was the most delicious part of her, I had never heard anything like it.

"My name is Lil' Miss." She looked at me confidingly.

"'Lil' Miss'?" I repeated in surprise. "Is that all?"

She gave me an odd, frightened look, and repeated it half whisperingly to herself—"Lil' Miss—Lil' Miss Herbert, yes, that is all. Don't you like it?" she questioned me anxiously.

"Better than any name I ever heard," I answered fervently.

"Well, good-bye now, I mustn't stay any longer." She kissed her finger-tips to me with a sudden, unexpected coquetry, and was gone.

I heard Sam coming, so I hid my rose hastily under my pillow. I was in love at last, I told myself; really in love this time, and no mistake; and in some strange way the knowledge made me foolishly happy. I smiled idiotically at Sam when he brought me my medicine.

"Now tell me, Sam, who is Lil' Miss?"

I demanded of him coaxingly. My question had an odd effect on him; he started and stared around the room as if he expected to see a ghost, his hand trembling so that he spilled my broth.

"Go 'long, honey," he half-whispered, "hit's jes de feber—de doctor say yo' mustn't talk."

"You old hypocrite," I said, laughing in spite of myself. "You know I haven't had any fever in three days!"

So Lil' Miss was a mystery! I thought and puzzled in vain—it was beyond me; I only knew I loved her.

When the doctor came again, I sent Sam from the room on some small errand, and when we were alone I asked him the same question, as unconcernedly as I could.

"Say, Doctor, who is Lil' Miss?"

He looked at me a moment in surprise, then glanced apprehensively around the room.

"They are such peculiar people," he said, lowering his voice;" they can't bear to be discussed—but you won't let on that you know anything about it? Well, it was this way:—the Herberts had only one child, a girl, and several years ago she went wrong. It was a terrible blow to them—the disgrace and all, and they were fearfully hard on her; the poor little thing killed herself, and then they suffered doubly from remorse. It was soon after that, I think, that this little creature wandered here; they took her in and cared for her for their daughter's sake—they have some kind of feeling about it; treat her just as if she was their own child; shield her from gossip and strangers, and so on—it's a strange case."

"But who is she?" I spoke with difficulty, there was such a tightness in my throat and a pain almost intolerable in my heart.

"Nobody knows; she has had some terrible grief or trouble, and it has left her weak here," and he tapped his forehead significantly. I turned my face away with a half-suppressed groan. I understood the mystery now, and the innocent, hurt expression in the sweet gray eyes. My hands clenched in impotent rage and agony. Some man had done this thing—how I longed to strangle him!

When I turned my face back to the doctor, he started up and felt my pulse anxiously.

"You aren't as strong as I thought you were," he exclaimed; "I have been exciting you too much!"

"*John*," I whispered between chattering teeth; "send for him—the address is in my coat pocket."

For a day or two I was very ill. I knew it, and was glad. Once, way in the night, Lil' Miss came and stood by my bed, looking at me with wide, sorrowful eyes. "It is always this way," she whispered to me; "they all die and leave me."

She put her soft, cool hand on my forehead, and I took it down and kissed it.

"Come often, won't you? You poor little thing," I begged; and she nodded and smiled back at me as she slipped away.

One morning—I don't know what day it was, for I had lost all account of time—I was alone, and wondering why Providence had let me live, when Lil' Miss flitted into the room like a little white moth. I held out my hand to her, and she came and took it in her's an instant, then she sat down in the doctor's chair by my bed.

"Where is my rose this morning?" I asked, speaking gently, as one would to a child.

"It is raining," she said, with a shiver; "Lil' Miss is afraid when it rains."

The door at the end of the room opened and closed, and she sprang to her feet, ready to run.

"Don't go," I pleaded, putting out my hand to detain her; "it is only Sam." But it was not Sam. A tall, dark man came toward us, walking uncertainly, as one does coming into a dimly-lighted room from out of doors.

Lil' Miss, poised like a bird ready for flight, gazed at him with frightened, troubled eyes. I raised myself on my elbow to look at her; for her face had changed from that of a hurt child's to a tender, loving woman's—*the soul had come back to it.*

"*John!*" Her voice thrilled through the room—the voice of one who sees the gates of Heaven opening.

"Hortense!" he answered in a hushed tone of intense wonderment. Then he took her in his arms, and they clung to each other in a long silent embrace. I pulled the cover up over my head.

So he had found her! Neither of them needed me any more. Why had God let me live? I answered my own question with silent laughter that was half hysterical. Of course I must get well and go home to console Daisy!

"LEFTY"

By Edward S. Pilsworth

"ANYONE supposed to be reclining here?" inquired the cow-puncher.

"No one; help yourself," replied the man with the Vandyke beard, moving over. "I have been wishing for some time that somebody would take it."

It was the seat ahead of me, on the Limited west, and the next stop was the point at which I descended, for my destination was the terminus of the little branch that started from that place.

The two men had fallen into conversation, and the murmur of their voices blended into the general rattle of the car, and the noises of the train. Brooding over the impossibility of Maggie; my present penniless condition; and the burden of my awful secret, I was gazing at the nape of the whiskered gentleman's neck, when he turned on a sudden to his companion.

"Are you all cowards out here?" he asked, with indignation, "to let one dirty villain ride rough-shod over you?"

"Well, not to say cowards, which might be extreme, but kinder careful. My shroud ain't got its trimmings yet; consequential, I have no yearnings to appear afore celestial choruses in a condition of dishabile, as it were. 'Sides, Lefty's no short horn. He's got a gang, you bet."

"Nevertheless, it seems strange to me that one man, or one gang, if you prefer it so, can terrorize a whole county."

"Nary terrorize about it. This Lefty person shorely shoots permiscuous, when his nose paint gets a bilin'; but he ain't killed nobody, so far. That is, nobody what counts. Such individuals as railroad agents and express sharps, and other gents what's paid for it, he shoots up some; and I ain't denying that the stranglers wouldn't take up a good excuse and send his soul on high; but he plays a square game, with the cards all up."

"Why, good Heavens, didn't you tell me just now that he burnt a whole Mexican family in their home, and shot two of them down while trying to escape?"

"Aw, shucks. You don't calculate as we'd string up a white gent for a family of greasers, does yer? 'Sides, the ornery old cuss didn't have no right to make remarks about him."

"He's a blood-thirsty, callous, cruel brute, and if I were sheriff, the man should hang."

"Well, I guess maybe you're right; he's all that, and more. But you ain't sheriff, nor I ain't sheriff, and so long as the gent don't stack the cards on us, we ain't got no holler coming."

"Grand Junction," shouted the brakeman, and as this was where I changed to the branch, I departed, leaving the two men still wrangling over the turbulent Mr. Lefty.

The operator at the Junction proved to be a man of approachment, with a most affable exterior, and, as I afterward discovered, the kindest of hearts. He made me welcome till my train was ready, and detailed, with much tergiversation, the many drawbacks of my new position. The loneliness, he said, was simply terrible. The line had originally been built to tap a mine, since abandoned, and one combination freight and passenger train was the sole allowance for the twenty-four hours. It went up in the morning, and came back in the afternoon, furnishing all the accommodation for the twenty-one miles of track. He further informed me that mine was the only depot on the line, and that, if a man was really pushed for time, he could make a quicker journey on horseback. He then introduced me to the engineer and conductor.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Dawson," said the conductor. "I guess, if you are ready, we might as well be moving. We don't keep no absolute schedule, but there ain't no necessity to run too wide of the mark."

I signified my willingness, and ascended to a seat, falling into reverie as the train jerked along. I had not thoroughly realized before the elemental nature of the country and the people among whom I was now to live. The effect of the opium was also wearing away, and the usual black reaction taking its place. That was my secret, and the reason of my appearance here, for it was a last wild effort to overcome my intolerable appetite. I was, at this period, a confirmed opium eater, subject to the regular medley of vivid and ponderous hallucinations. The agony of an internal complaint had led me, in despite of my better judgment, into the thrall of this most deadly drug. It was not until I became unexpectedly cured of the disease that I realized to the full the measure of my captivity. Then began a fierce conflict, in which I was continually worsted, my resolution proving incompetent to the strain as long as access to the drug was possible.

My sweetheart, Maggie, was anxious for our marriage, but I was not the man to drag her down with me, and impoverished in purse and ambition, I had applied for the position in the Western wilderness we were now approaching. I was hoping that the impossibility of supply would force me to a discontinuance. In the meantime, I carried with me a small quantity for present use, resolving that when I had used this up I would either die, or be my own man again.

I discovered, on my arrival at the terminus, that the only other person connected with the railroad was a one-eyed Irishman, Mike Flanagan, who combined the duties of porter, baggage master and hustler of freight.

The town itself was a typical Western one: a few stores grouped around a ramshackle depot, and a rift of violet hills closing the distance.

"I hope you'll enjoy the town, sor," said Mike, "But I doubt it like the divil."

"Anything particular the matter with it?" I queried.

"Oh, nothing much. With cow-punchers, an' road agents, an' hold-ups, it's a very nice town, so it is, bedad."

"Well, I came West as much for my health as for any other reason," I said.

"Glory be to God. Will you listen to him? He's come here for his health!" And he moved away, shaking his head in a very doleful manner. "'Tis more likely he'll lose what he's got, poor bye," I heard him mutter.

The pessimism of the Irishman amused me, it was so thorough. I commenced on my duties the next morning, which rolled up a goodly list: ticket agent, train dispatcher, telegraph operator and freight agent, but I discovered afterward that the titles were most of the work. Flanagan and myself spent most of the day swapping lies, and I found the Irishman to be a very likeable person. He had a curious habit of winking his one eye, that imparted a look of most whimsical drollery to his face.

For the first few days, while the laudanum which I had brought with me lasted, the *ennui* of the town was not felt, but when that was gone, a deep depression settled upon my mind. This, of course, was the natural tendency of the drug, but heightened by the inexpressible dreariness of my surroundings. Forbearing the society of my fellow-beings, I spent the most of my time in the railroad office, steeped in the depths of a black despondency. Most of my meals were sent me there, by the people of the "hotel."

Flanagan reasoned with me. "Ye'll be having the blue devils, if ye hang around by yerself, so you will," he would say, with a wink of his one eye. "What is ut ye do be doing? Drinking on the sly?"

"I am sick, Mike," I would answer, and then the good creature would dissolve in sympathy, and for a while I would try and brighten up, but with his departure a leviathan voidness would surround me, and I would struggle futilely with my shame. Had I been close to civilization, I would have incontinently deserted and given up the fight, but the distance prevailed, and I stuck to it.

Mike had three principal topics of conversation; the "ould counthry," rattlesnakes, and road agents, and the last for choice. A sneaking kind of admiration filled the old man's mind for the latter; for, brave as a lion himself, he had a brave man's admiration for deeds of daring. His favorite hero was a penniless gentleman who rejoiced in the name of "Left-handed Jack," usually shortened to "Lefty," in whom I recognized the man discussed upon the train. This person was, I gathered, a cold-blooded, ruthless and fear-defying character; a typical Western bad man.

One evening, when my despondency lay heaviest, my supper was brought by a stranger —a tall, sinewy, supple man, with a clear blue eye that shone and sparkled curiously; they looked more like bits of glazed china than like eyes.

"The reg'lar grub-hustler ain't feelin' none too peart," he volunteered. "He's kinder locoed over something, so I fetched it over."

"Thank you," I said, "will you kindly place it on the table?"

"Sure," he returned, looking around the office.

"I am much obliged to you," I continued, thinking perhaps he was looking for thanks, "and sorry to have caused you trouble."

"Not at all. One gent to oblige another. You don't look very fresh yourself. Rather off your feed says you?"

I had not said it, but admitted the truth.

"Take a good swig of that coffee," said he. "Coffee's good for most any trouble. I special recommends that brew," and kindly picking up a chair with his left hand, he placed it near the table, motioning me to advance. Then reaching around to his left pocket, he drew forth a plug of tobacco, and bit off a chew.

"Well, s'long," said he, and after I had returned his salutation, he opened the door and passed out. "I tell you that coffee is surely O. K." I noticed that he used his left hand to turn the knob, although he had to loose the door to pass through, and turn around to shut it.

I sat in cheerless contemplation, an immensity of shadow settling upon me, and ponderous weights crushing my soul. Black! My flesh crept with horror at the blackness of my thoughts.

In an effort to subdue these feelings, I took my seat on the chair placed by the stranger, and took a pull at the highly-recommended coffee. It was soaked with laudanum. At the same moment a glimmer of color in the corner of the window caught my eye, and I saw the stranger watching me. With a rush, the meaning came plain; the kindly stranger was Lefty, and he had anaesthised the coffee, for some ulterior purpose.

I, the opium debauchee, was to be made helpless with a little laudanum in a cup of coffee! The banal ineffectiveness of the method was amusing, and I almost laughed, till I remembered my left-handed friend was watching through the window. This swung the vision to that of a desperado shooting a poor telegraph operator full of holes, and I objected strenuously to that conclusion. The very fact of the drug being in the cup, and the sip I had taken, cleared the turbulent commotions from my mind, and though my very being was bursting through me with desire, I left the cup alone, and thought. For some reason it was better to have me drunk than dead; and it is a grim sidelight on the bandit's character, that I never figured on the humanity of the question.

Mayhap my not drinking might arouse suspicion, and taking up the cup, I sipped the brew. As I drank the relief came, and to the late black dejection an optimistic elation succeeded. If they desired my insensibility, it was only through counterfeiting it that I could arrive at any knowledge of their purpose. So thinking, I simulated a gradual syncope, and selecting a place for a theatrical fall, rolled carefully beneath the shadow of a protecting table.

Scarcely had I placed myself, when the door was pushed open, and after a rapid furtive look around, Lefty entered. I noticed, from between my half-closed lids, that he had a revolver in his hand, This he placed upon the table, and then striding over, kicked me in the ribs. The pain, so unexpected was it, nearly forced a cry from my lips, and but for the stunned feeling, and the wild desire for revenge that such causeless brutality evoked, I would assuredly have done it. This act, more than all the tales I had listened to, exposed the callous nature of the man. As I lay and watched him, I imagined that death was gleefully dancing in my direction, but I now convinced myself that I was mistaken.

Turning on his heel, he strode over to the telegraph bench, and I heard the call for the junction.

"How is the Limited East?" he asked, when they answered.

"On time," came the answer.

"There is a rancher starting on horseback to make it. Signal for stop."

"O. K." ticked back.

Cutting loose all further talk, the ruffian turned, strode toward me, and taking a flask from his pocket, dashed some whiskey in my face, drank what was left, and laid the bottle by my hand. He then swung on his heel and departed. A minute later I heard the clatter of a horse, and judged he was on his way to the hold up.

The plan was very simple and also most effective. A stop for passengers; train crew unsuspicious; an uncoupling of the express car, and the job was done. No excitement, no red lights, none of the usual theatrical blood and fire.

In the meantime, if any person came into the office, I was only dead drunk; and if the laudanum was too strong and I died in reality, why, what matter?

And I was an opium-eater. All these cleverly laid plans fell to bits, on the shame of an unfortunate wretch, who was using the office for a Keeley cure. The strong dose of the drug had cleared my brain; a sparkling effervesence filled my body; I was bathed in an ambient lucidity.

Allowing a reasonable time to elapse, I called up the junction.

"You seem busy tonight,'' he ticked.

"The last message was a fake.'' I returned. "There is a plan to hold up the train. I was drugged, but caught on.''

"What?"

"Get away from the instrument; you may be watched; and listen. There is a plot afoot to hold up the train, although I do not know how many are in the gang. Probably some are already there. But Lefty is the leader. Call up the division headquarters, and have them fill the train with armed men; they can capture the gang. Better say nothing to your crowd, they may be in on it. The train can be stopped at Addison.''

I heard him do it, and for me the tension ended. I went out and hunted up Flanagan, bringing him back to the depot. First I detailed the events of the evening to a running accompaniment of "Ah now," "Be jabers you say," "The currse of Crom'ell on the dirty hound;" and then we settled to a game of twenty-five, while awaiting the news.

It came, in an agitated call for me.

"Go ahead," I replied.

"The whole gang trapped. Train filled with armed men who grabbed them as they entered. No chance for a fight. Lefty gobbled with the rest. Kid Cavendish one of them. Over twenty thousand dollars on the bunch. You're a rich man. Shake. Hooray! Come down out of your God forsaken desert and stand a drink.''

"Bet your life," I answered.

I loosed the ticker, and like a bolt from the blue sky, it struck me. Maggie! Independence! Hooray! I could return East and marry her. I was rich, and in my elation I began to dance.

"What the divil's the row," queried Flanagan, whom I had totally forgot.

I explained the whole matter to him, even to my reasons for coming West, and the good fellow rejoiced at my luck, even while sorrowing at my departure.

"But," said he, "she'll soon cure ye. And may ye live happy till the time comes to put you under the daisies."

His prophecy was correct. Maggie's gentle influence has weaned me completely from the habit, and we have now been happy together for some time. So far, she has expressed no regrets.

THE GREATEST EVIL

A PERSIAN LEGEND

By F. E. Fenton

SO runs the tale: before a Persian monarch came
Three sages, two from diverse climes, a Hindoo one,
A Persian and a Greek, tho' all well known to fame.

These sages equal all in point of learning's weight;
This question keen discuss'd: of all the evils that
Humanity afflicted which seemed to them most great.

"Naught worse than poverty which can old age oppress,"
The Greek set forth, "for what when nature's fires wane low
And chill the body grows, occasions more distress

Than lack of food and warmth; this evil do I hold
To be the greatest that can ever man befall.
Zeus preserve me from this fate when hoar and old."

"Pain with impatience borne," so answered Indra's sage,
"Seemeth to me far greater, for what will be will,
So 'gainst the Gods decree it profits not to rage,

And he who hath no fortitude but curses pain
And turneth not his suff'rings to the best account,
Can never hope the blessed Nirvana to attain."

Spake the Persian then, with loving pity in his tones,
Compassionate his face for ev'ry woe of man;
"Of all the many ills engendering moans

Oh, king! the greatest evil that I can conceive,
Is the couch of death, devoid of one good deed
In life, the darksome way to lighten and relieve."

LITTLE BOY JIM

By P. A. Connolly

OUT of the angel land he came,
Little Boy Jim.
Without any clothes, not even the name
Of Little Boy Jim;
Left all the brightness of heavenly skies,—
Just borrowed enough for his heart and his eyes
And, maybe, some nectar for tears when he cries.
Little Boy Jim.

Plucked from the golden street a brick,
Did Little Boy Jim,
Got a big angel that knew the trick,
Cute Little Jim,
To turn it into a heart of gold,—
The angel scoured Heav'n to get the best mold,
And put in a piece of his own heart, I'm told;
For Little Jim.

And he had it tuned in a perfect key,
Little Boy Jim,
To keep it in constant harmony
Wise boy, Jim.
And all the time that he is away
The Heavenly choir will sing and play,
But he hears the echoing melody,—
Lucky Boy Jim.

That is the reason a part of each day
Little Boy Jim
Ceases his baby prattle and play,—
The angel in him
Is list'ning, while into his eyes will creep
A wistful look so tender and deep,—
The angel voices are singing—Ah sleep
Little Boy Jim.

BON HOMME RICHARD 1779

BATTLESHIP OREGON 1898

FRIGATE HARTFORD 1863

THE ARMY AND NAVY

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

UNDER the direction of Secretary of War Taft, the United States army will participate in the events of the Exposition, and the maneuvers promise to be of as interesting a character as those of the Kaiser, held annually at Potsdam. The National Guard will be there in full force, to reveal the reserve military strength of the nation.

To cap the climax, on the historic grounds at Jamestown will tread the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Corps of Boston. Organized in 1638, and still occupying historic Faneuil Hall, Boston, as an armory, this ancient corps of the United States will land, in all their historic dignity, at Jamestown, in October, to do honor to the occasion. This gathering at the Jamestown Exposition promises to be one of the most successful field days yet held, and the Ancients, in their multi-colored and multi-epochal equipment, representing a uniform of every war from Colonial to Spanish-American, will be mingling with the battalions of the French and English encamped at the Inside Inn. The Ancient and Honorables will leave Boston in light marching order, by Pullman car, on October 5, and the campaign will extend over just seven days. The corps have visited Norfolk before, and have tasted the sweets of Virginian hospitality.

Admiral Harrington is in immediate charge of the naval program. At a given signal, 20,000 men launched boats from the ships at anchor off the Exposition grounds, and pulled for the shore with might and main. On board the ships, the bands played, all echoing the same air in unison, and altogether the harbor was one of the most inspiring spectacles connected with the Exposition at that time. The broad roadstead of Hampton Roads was cleared of all other craft, and the curtain of night was suddenly lifted on a wonderful scene in a play, as it were. The searchlights burned calcium after dark, reminding one of the poet's vision of the night when he

> "Saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
> From the celestial walls."

* * *

"POETIC and picturesque" are the words that fitly describe the Jamestown Exposition, for here is not only beautiful scenery, but many a romantic figure, apparently just stepped from the pages of history. The ideal, roving sailor, with his wide collar and low-necked blouse, his trousers broad at the boot tops and narrow at top, his roley-poley gait and his sailor cap with little floating ribbons is no longer a familiar figure on our ships, nor may he be found in the merchant marine as of old. The "jolly tar" of romance is only found today treading the deck of the war ship.

Hampton Roads was indeed the Field of the Cloth of Gold for the meeting of the navies of the world in 1907. While looking out over the sunlit waters, upon the proud prows of the anchored fleet, one cannot but admire the stately form of the frigate-rigged Russian battleship, the peculiar armament of the Japanese destroyer, the massive, almost bull-dog appearance of the English navy, the solid and substantial equipment of the German ships—and yet in all these vessels it requires the trained eye of an expert to detect the characteristics in naval architecture of the different nations. There is a similarity in armament on sea, attributable to the fact that the requirement of the universal highway of the nations is always the same—there is no variation produced by the conditions of climate or soil. These ships are all built for the sea, and all must, therefore, possess the same fundamental principles, but this array has not the fierce frown of the dogs of war, but is rather a peaceful display such as has never before been witnessed at an international exposition. Here, within these historic waters, near the shores where the colonial frigates touched, in one glance is flashed upon the eye of the visitor the history of the nations for three centuries past.

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LEE PARADE GROUND

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LEE PARADE GROUND

The slope and color of the funnels, the details of the rigging, the gay flags all have a meaning of their own, and while Americans must feel a thrill of admiration when they see the Stars and Stripes at the stern of one of the White Squadron ships, yet each flag is full of interest. Although every nation may have its ships built in the same yard on the Clyde, in Germany, or the United States, yet recent experiences in naval combat have more than ever emphasized the fact that while these ships may have their distinctive peculiarities, they all belong to one great sisterhood of craft, and their fighting qualities depend largely upon the men behind the guns—those to whom Admiral Dewey so aptly gave the credit of the famous victory of Manila.

Off in the distance lay the President's yacht, "The Sylph," and the government yacht, the

SOME OF THE WARSHIPS THAT WILL APPEAR IN THE NAVAL PARADE AT JAMESTOWN

Mayflower, which has been on many a voyage; carrying the same message of goodwill which was brought to the rock-bound coast of the new country by the old Mayflower of long ago, when she sailed into Plymouth.

One never tires of looking at ships, even at anchor—but how much more exhilarating to see that great line of vessels sweeping in from the Point, like some school of mighty leviathans lingering about for a sociable holiday, and "taking their pastime" in their native element.

It will certainly be a naval year. It may safely be promised that more people will visit war ships in the year 1907 than in any previous period of the world's history. Who can ever forget the first visit paid to a great vessel, especially if it be a war ship?—to tread the decks and look from the bridge and the conning tower of the vessel which has seen service in all parts of the world! Many a young lad will visit a war ship for the first time, and awake the old spirit of "wanting to go to sea," which manifested itself in our forefathers, and which has been at the root of exploration, adventure and the advancement of ages past.

With this great panorama of the world's navies lying off the pier, it is not to be wondered that the interest in this exposition is very keen throughout all the states of the Middle West; for the things which the farmer boys have been reading about all these years—the story of such careers as that of Paul Jones, Perry, Farragut and Dewey—will here be brought home in vivid, realistic, moving pictures. Jack Tar, with the tattoo on his arm will have all the charm of novelty for many of the visitors to the Exposition, who have hitherto met him only on the printed page.

STATES EXHIBIT
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ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STATES EXHIBIT PALACE

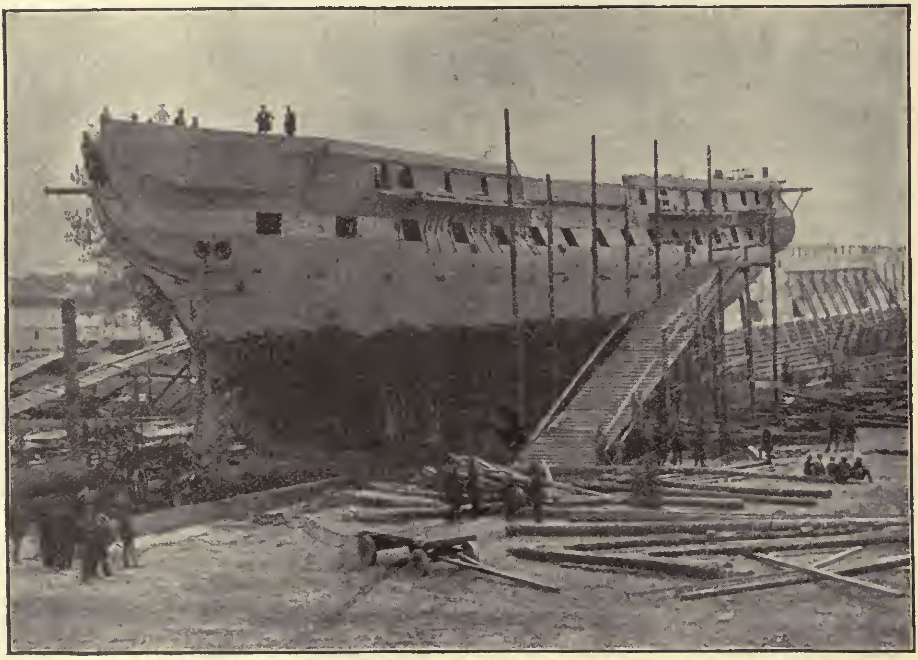
Looking out over the moonlit waters at night, imagination for the moment brings back the glamour of the sea stories of our youth, when the boom of the cannon in fancy's ear was almost as loud as reality, and we seemed actually to feel the keen edge of the pirate's sword. Now we read the story all over again in the wig-wagging signals of the naval craft, like deaf and dumb people talk-

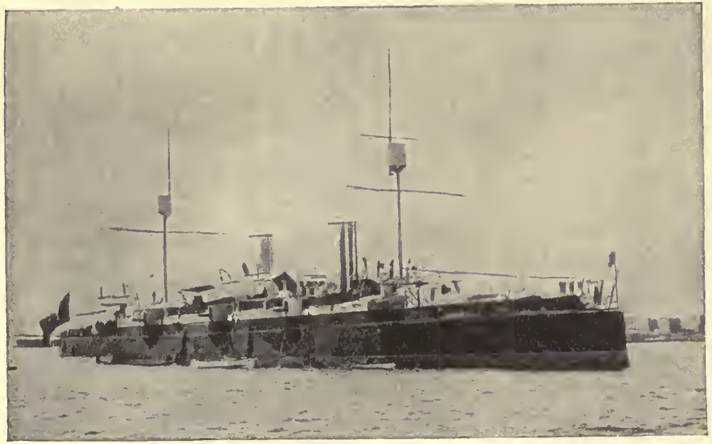
BATTLESHIPS OF EVERY NATION TO BE GATHERED TOGETHER IN PEACEFUL PARADE ing by signs which have become a universal language; and at night the story will be carried on by the searchlights, the great nocturnal cameras, throwing pencils of light athwart the waters.

Naval features of the Jamestown Exposition surpass those of any other ever held. What would the Exposition authorities at St. Louis and Chicago have given to have had a real, live warship moored within the grounds? At Chicago, you will remember, there was the battleship "Illinois," built of brick, lying on the sands of the lake, and it will be recalled how the management of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition tried to get a real war ship, with yellow funnel, up the Mississippi; but at Norfolk the maritime feature is a large part of the ensemble, and craft of all kinds, from the shrill-whistled motor launch and white-winged, bird-like pleasure yacht to the great war ships, each a castle in itself, flit about the harbor or lie at anchor, and Hampton Roads is teeming with life and activity, and forms the veritable foreground of an exposition picture which will illuminate the ter-centennial celebration of an important event in the annals of history

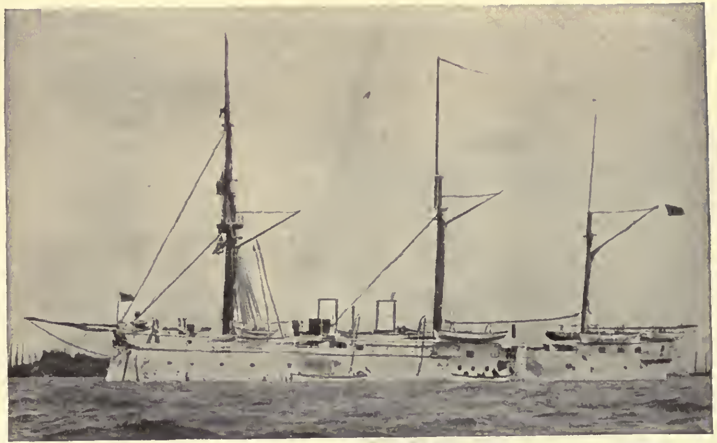
YES, here we are, wandering down the canoe trail, catching just a glimpse of Flirtation Walk, and looking upon those placid waters overhung with trees, where the canoeists are apt to linger during the twilight of noonday—and sometimes a little later.

On the Warpath are to be found the festive spielers—characteristic type of American life—and they had already begun work. The fight of the Merrimac was portrayed; the earthquake disaster was duly represented; and no prominent event of recent or ancient times was overlooked by these exhibitions, from the ranch of the West to the trail of the adventurous spirits in the wilds. It is now generally understood that whatever else the people insist on having at an exposition, they must be provided with amusement; and while every small city has its rendezvous, with a "shoot the chutes" or a "loop the loop," and sundry other Coney Island inventions; at the expositions the public spirit is even more clearly manifest—it has been said that at these great universal fairs the American people first discovered their real sense of humor, aptly illustrated by the Bedlam noises of the Midway Plaisance in Chicago.


"OLD IRONSIDES" ENTERING THE DOCK, MAY 27, 1858, AT KITTERY, MAINE



THE ITALIAN WARSHIP GIOVANNI BAUSAN
THE ENGLISH WARSHIP DREADNAUGHT



THE SPANISH WARSHIP NAVARRA
THE FRENCH WARSHIP JEAN BART

THE OLD CHURCH TOWER AT JAMESTOWN

A DAY IN OLD JAMES CITY

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

EVERY returning visitor from the Exposition will be met with the question:

"And did you really go to Jamestown?"

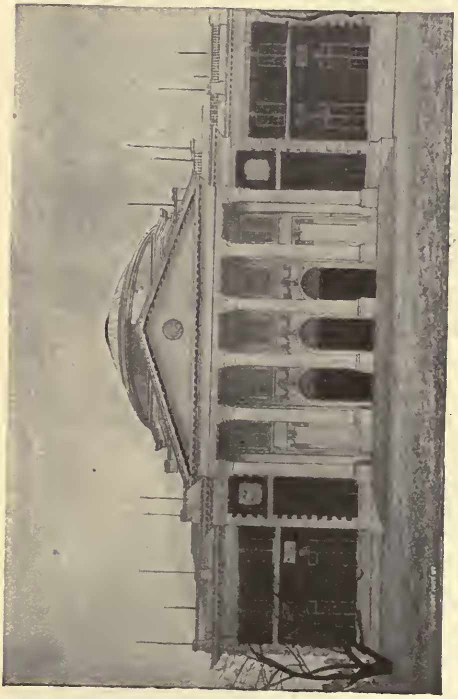
At first there is a twinge of disappointment in the fact that poetic sentiment is not gratified by having the exposition at Jamestown, the actual historic ground itself; for it is not being held on the spot on which Captain John Smith and his followers established the first permanent English settlement in America; but, in a few hours, by ferry to Newport News, and by rail to Williamsburg, Virginia, you may revel in historic scenes, and memories of "ye olden tyme."

I made the trip in the evening; for I was determined to be able to tell the National readers that I had actually been in Jamestown and rocked in the cradle of the Republic; and Williamsburg is certainly next door,—being seven miles away. A night in old Williamsburg is certainly one to be long remembered. About sunset we reached the ancient capital of Old Virginia; driving up from the station, Lord Dunmore's cellar was pointed out to us, which recalled scenes depicted by Washington Irving in his "Life of Washington." There was the old Bumton Parish church, with its white spire glistening in the trees, and its old ivy-covered walls within which a half-dozen presidents of the United States have worshipped. There was the old Whyte House, that stately, square brick mansion, wherein General Washington had his headquarters during that memorable Peninsular campaign which brought the Revolutionary War to a successful close.

* * *

We passed on up the wide street to the Williamsburg Hotel, a stately, ancient mansion with wide verandas and pillars in front, which served at one time as second court house; for this street formerly divided two counties, each having its own court house; here the railroad once ran, but that was too much for the traditional pride of Williamsburg, and they no longer have a railroad in the center of their best street, but hold it at a respectful distance.

Williamsburg is now a city of 2,500 people, though for nearly a half-century after the war it was the boast of Williamsburg that for fifty years not a new house had been built, a nail driven or a paint brush used, whitewash being the only permissable thing in improvement. Now the city has an acetylene



AUDITORIUM OF EXPOSITION
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING

PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS
MINES AND METALLURGY BUILDING

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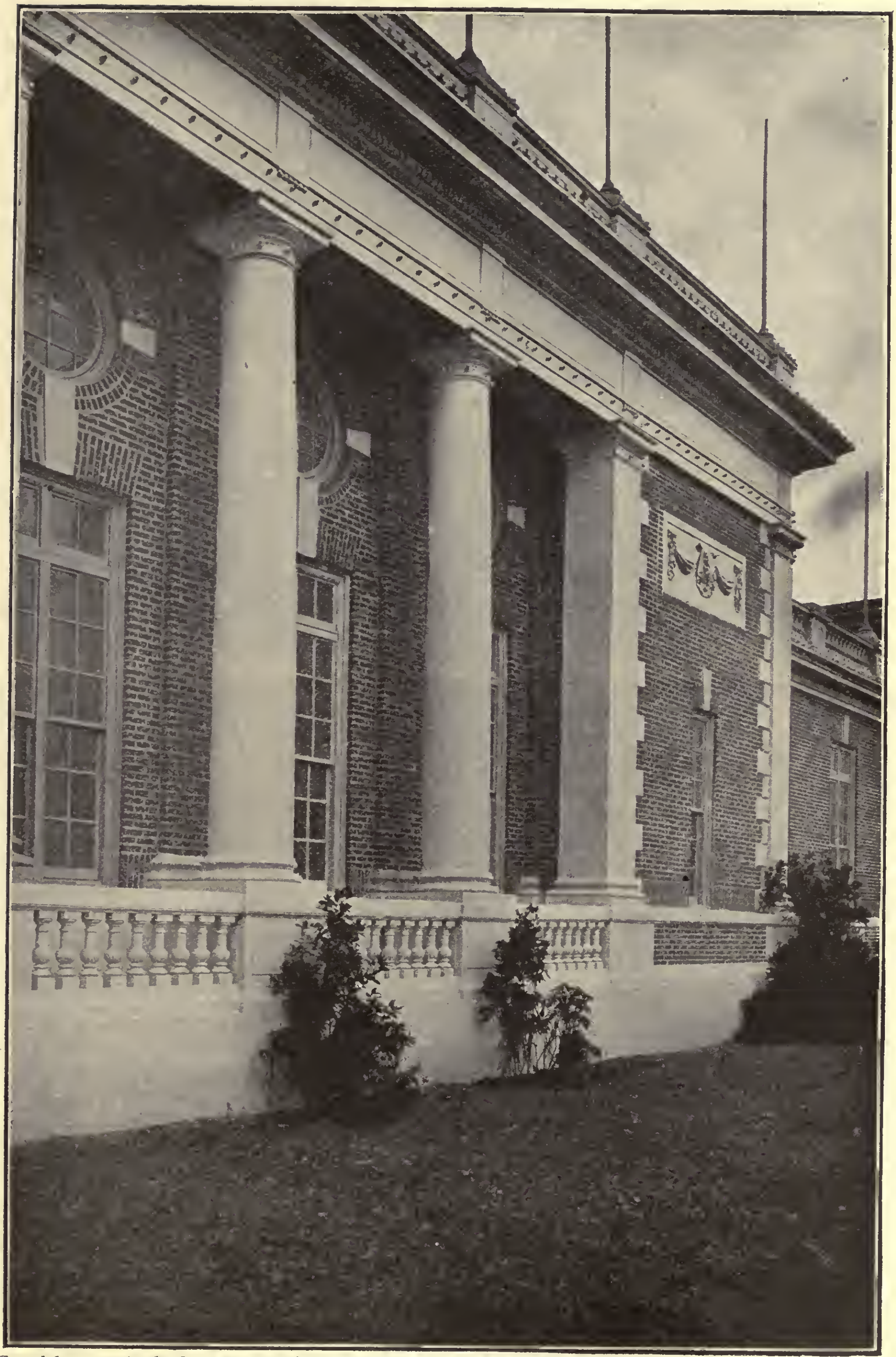
lighting gas plant, and a road is being built to connect with the historic old town of Jamestown. The striped convicts with ball and chain who were at work on the roads made a rather pathetic spectacle.

After one of those delicious suppers of Virginian ham and eggs and hot biscuits we looked out of a window of the hotel in the old "Powder Horn," a tower-like structure with peaked roof, wherein powder was stored in old days, but which is now adorned with stained glass windows as in memory of a remarkable past. Sitting on the veranda, we had pointed out to us the home of Justice Blair, appointed to the Supreme Bench by Washington; the home of Chief Justice John Marshall, where Jefferson, Madison, Munroe and Tyler gathered during the halcyon days of their college careers. The foundations of the Burgess House may be seen at the end of the street,—in which Patrick Henry made a famous speech. The Palace Green still remains as sacred and as protected from the invasion of the builder as in those days. One could fancy coaches hurrying by in the shadows; for this was once the capital of Virginia, and here are still many tokens of that fact.

On this street is the famous William and Mary College, located on a triangle, in the center of which a time-blackened statue, still faces the old ivy-covered college building. Standing among the trees, I observed the weather-worn bulletin board, with generations of papers pasted upon it,—perhaps a scrap still remained of the notices that had been posted from time to time in the days when Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Tyler were students. One could fancy those boys looking over the new rules that announced some change in the studies or lecture hours. These college boys of the eighteenth century, bred with the spirit of independence, passed from the consideration of those innocent notices to the creation of the Declaration of Independence, and such interpretations of the Constitution as only Justice John Marshall could make. On the left of the college are the dormitories, and on the right, in entering the campus, is the home of President Lyon C. Tyler, the head of the college, son of President Tyler of the United States, and also author of that well-known book, "The Cradle of the Republic," which is accounted one of the best works extant on the early history of Virginia.

CHRIST CHURCH AT WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA



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VERANDA OF THE STATES EXHIBIT PALACE

There are new streets and new cement walks in Williamsburg now, and even the irrepressible roller skates are in evidence, suggesting the happy boyhood days at old Jones' pond, where the black bass continue to bite in the good old-fashioned way, and the rare skating days of winter are quite as welcome. Here the old mill still grinds the grist. No wonder that the boys who attend the William and Mary College recall the historic, happy days of their youth.

In driving through the country, one sees on each old plantation a family burying-ground, surrounded by brick walls, now overgrown with trees. A large number of these old plantations are now owned by sturdy Wisconsin farmers, who believe in large, comfortable red barns, spacious square houses and artesian wells of pure and plenteous water; they are making a success of farming on the land of this old peninsula, where every foot of ground is replete with the story of by-gone centuries. The soil is clay,—real rich, reddish-yellow, Virginian clay.

* * *

On the evening of my visit to this quaint old city, we attended service in the Bumton Parish Church, and I paused for a moment before entering, to look at the picture the moonlight made of the ancient edifice and its surrounding churchyard. Inside, the pews are very high, and it is just possible for a grown person to look over them when seated. They recall those fascinating Southern stories of bright eyes seen in church, which I could never quite understand until it occurred to me, while in this old church, that the eyes and head-gear were about all that the young gallant could see of his fair lady, unless he was in the same pew—and then—well, that is entirely different.

One pew is preserved for the descendants of Pocahontas, and here is also shown the first communion set ever used in Jamestown, and the font in which Pocahontas was baptised and transformed from a beautiful Indian princess into the wife of that sturdy colonist John Rolfe, though her heart may still have been beating with regret for the lost John Smith, whom she supposed to be dead. Today her children have an organization which meets annually; the famous John Randolph of Roanoke was a direct descendant of Pocahontas.

This historic old building has been restored at a cost of $25,000, and is practically the same as in the early days. It is built in the form of a cross, has ivy-covered gables, and emphasizes the fact that however violent the spirit of revolution may have been in by gone days, there was always a tender respect and reverence shown for every house, and even every brick, that spoke of "old homes across the sea." Some of the views about this old church are very similar to scenes in Merrie England.

No, we are not at Jamestown, yet. We drove in the early morning over the new turnpike now being constructed and picturesquely winding through stately old plantations and across fields which grow a crop of pine trees in twenty years. Under the vivid green of holly trees, and the dull green of the mistletoe nestling on the tree tops, we bowled along over roads where the coaches of the good old days had often been mired to the axles. Across a great marsh and a log bridge over the small arm of the James river, we come at last to the island of Jamestown, which was a promising peninsula in the days of 1607. Twenty-three acres of that historic ground has already been washed away, but a generous government has provided a wall to prevent further desecration. Here we stopped to breathe the April fragrance, and to look into the woods all afire with the blaze of the Judas tree. Out in the river stands the lonely cypress, and around it are the foundations of many buildings of former days. At the water's edge are the preserved foundations of the old country house or tavern, and next adjoining was the Ludlow House, and the next wing constituted the state house. The crumbling foundations have been preserved in cement, showing the outlines of the buildings, and the cellars have been excavated, and the original bricks are seen through a sash frame, giving the visitor a real glimpse of the identical bricks which the settlers used to build their frontier homes and capitol. All these objects of interest are shown by the caretaker, Mr. Leal, a Scotchman; a man who loves his work and holds forth as the postmaster and single occupant of the island except the Barney family. As lonely as his life must be out of season, he seems cheery enough on excursion days, when thousands of visitors flock thither. Fortunate indeed were we to hear from the lips of this sturdy son of Scotia the story of the early

THE PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING
PRESIDENT'S HOME, WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NORFOLK
WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, WILLIAMSPORT, VA.

English settlers. This tract of land is now under the charge of the ladies of the American Protective Virginia Association, to whom it was generously given by the late Mr. Barney, owner of the island.

The first glance centers on the historic tower, erected after the church was completed, to provide a point of vantage from whence the movements of maurauding Indians might be discerned; for those were stormy days of savage massacre. The plan of the tower was made by the three captains who commanded Raleigh's frigates, Susan Constant, Discovery and Goodspeed, which bore the settlers to Jamestown. To this ancient tower, erected in the old-fashioned way,—laying bricks one layer across and then one lengthwise,—clung the ivy brought from Westminster Abbey In the graveyard are names noted in the history of America. Under the roots of a great hackberry tree was the tomb of Mrs. Harrison, the lineal ancestress of President Harrison. Here, too, was laid Lady Francis Berkeley and Lord Yardley, and in the quiet of that Springtime forenoon it seemed impossible to realize that here on this island was not only the first settlement, but also at one time a thriving city of 3,000 people. The lines of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" came to mind, as I viewed the beautiful stretch of greensward, once covered with giant trees, to which the little frigates with their precious cargoes were moored upon their arrival.

RAILROAD SCENE NEAR NORFOLK

HOTEL LORRAINE, NORFOLK

* * *

A great many relics have been found here; old pot-hooks, beads, pieces of dishes that had apparently been brought from all parts of the world, and fragments and intact bowls of pipes which show that even the style of the churchwarden has not much changed in three centuries. The prevalence of gin bottles and pipes bespeaks the fact that in a later century Jamestown became a rendezvous for men in legislative array, seldom visited by the fair sex. I took one of those old pipes—not used perhaps for centuries—and cleaned and filled it, and sat down to have a good smoke, lapsing into reverie as I looked up and down the blue waters of the stately James river, over three miles wide, and eighty-five feet deep, with water enough for a man-of-war to anchor in. Off to the right was "Archer's Hope," and the famous old Pitch and Tar Swamp—with distances measured by "poles," instead of yards. Of course I bethought me that it was here that tobacco was first cultivated to any large extent, and here it was that English lassies were brought from the old country and purchased as wives for the splendid sum of one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco. As we sat and smoked, it seemed as though we could see the old stockade built out into the river about the city, to protect the people against the ravages of the Indians; for while Jamestown was the first English settlement, the people were unable to withstand the attacks of the Indians. In 1676, during Bacon's Rebellion, Jamestown was destroyed by fire, and twenty years later suffered a similar fate; after which the capital of the colony was removed to Williamsburg, and the state house was first called the Capitol, which is today the name for the stately pile at Washington,

D. C. The old church is being restored exactly as it was in early days of Old Virginia, and 2,000 "slips" from the ivy of the tower have been potted to sell. The restored edifice will be open during the exposition, and will appear almost exactly as it did in ancient times.

SCENIC ROADWAY—JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

The island is three or four miles in length, and was purchased some ten years ago by Mr. Edward R. Barney, of the firm of Barney & Smith, railroad coach manufacturers, Dayton, Ohio. Since the demise of her husband, Mrs. Barney, with her daughters, have continued to reside on the island, greatly fascinated by the historic associations of every foot of the soil which she owns. Every day new discoveries are made by the daughters, new theories advanced, and more light is constantly being thrown upon the early days of the colony.

The ruins of the old Ambler House still remain, with knotted and mouldering trees and here and there a ruined chimney telling their own story. Here lived Mary Carey Ambler, the first sweetheart of George Washington. He sought her hand, but was not accepted, because her father insisted that Mary must marry a man who could afford to give her a coach, and not a poor soldier surveyor who couldn't give her the luxuries to which she had been bred. The hand of the first President of the United States was refused because he could not maintain a coach for his wife. Today mayhap, it is an automobile that stands between a future president and his sweetheart.

We drove the length of the island to the Travis Burying Ground, and most pleasurable was that day of inspection of historic relics. Best of all, was a visit at the home of Mrs. Barney, where we looked over her rare collection of curios which showed traces of the earlier state houses and the glass factory which was established and operated by Venetian workmen. She has had a substantial wharf built upon the island.

The sites of various state-houses, dwellings and rendezvouses have been unearthed by the Misses Barney, who search for ruins with all the zest of an Egyptologist, and have traversed almost every foot of the island trying to connect missing links in the history of this historic plot of land on the river James.

The old hand-wrought nails are evidences of the durable character of the articles manufactured by the primitive workman of older times; and such evidences of colonial life are discovered every day. Here and there an old well, long since dry and filled in and abandoned may be seen, but such mementoes speak of the reason that the first settlers were attracted to Jamestown—the purity of the water. Now a modern artesian well pours forth its limpid stream to quench the thirst of the passer-by.

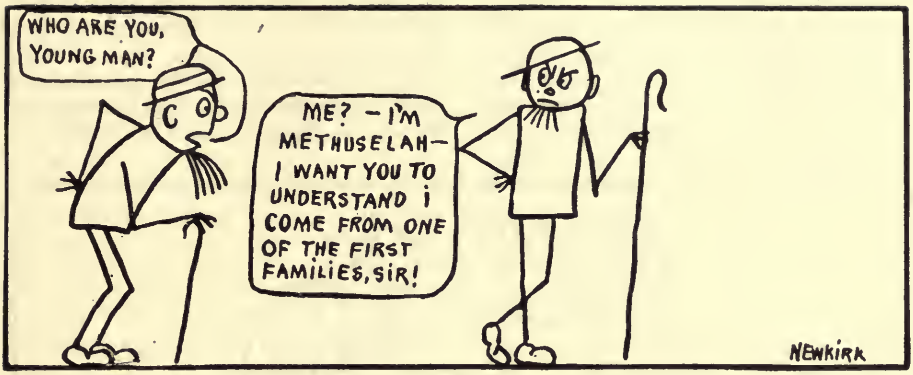
Between the Barney plantation and the land presented to the Historical Association is a narrow strip upon which monuments are to be erected. It does seem, to a passing stranger, that the government ought to own this entire stretch of historic ground, and build upon it hospitals and encampments for the soldiers and marines; for what more beautiful or more fitting location could be secured for a rendezvous of this description? At least leave room enough for a pedestal to the monuments.

The steamers plying up and down the river to Richmond remind one of the old days of transportation by water, which retains its picturesqueness as the steamer glides by the wooded banks of the James and sidles its way up to the wharf. Here we saw a great rock bass—no, I don't dare to give the dimensions or weight. Caretaker Leal, with his dog and cat, go a-fishing at night, and the dim and misty past is forgotten and he is brought into the busy, stirring spirit of modern times when there comes a lively nibble at the end of his line. The island reminded me of Madeline Island in Lake Superior waters, where Father Marquette landed some fifty years later than when the settlement was made at Jamestown. Here was the Panama of that time—for England was filled with torrid stories concerning the terrors of the new land, but the land companies were steadfast boomers. One Jamestown woman insisted that she raised figs on the island. Stories of Indian gentleness and of the possibilities of homes in the new Virginias were all disputed questions.

* * *

Somehow in the twilight of that noon-day, 'neath the shadows of the old ivy tower, methought of "Little Wanton," the pet name of Pocahontas, the Indian girl who brought the first message of goodwill from her stern chieftain father, Powhatan, to the sturdy home builders on the James.

And back to Norfolk again to the Hotel Lorraine — under the care of Mine Host Berry Dodson—with the exposition governors we reverize over the day at old Jamestown—a glimpse of three centuries ago never to be forgotten.


WHO ARE YOU, YOUNG MAN?
ME? – I'M METHUSELAH – I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND I COME FROM ONE OF THE FIRST FAMILIES, SIR!
NEWKIRK

BIOGRAPHIES OF FAMOUS MEN

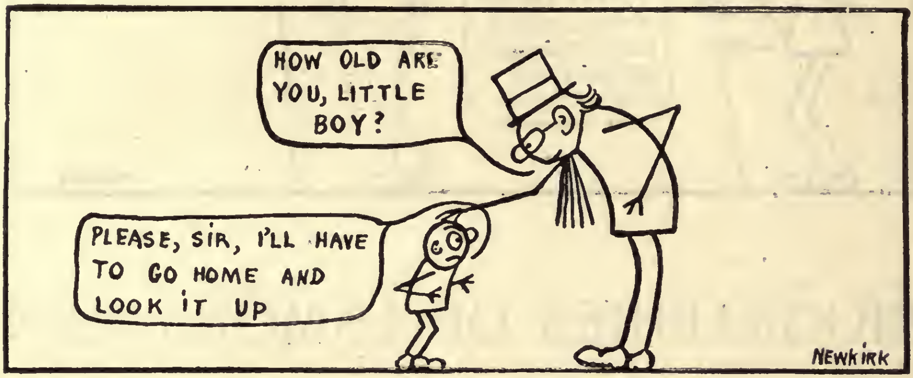
By Newton Newkirk

METHUSELAH

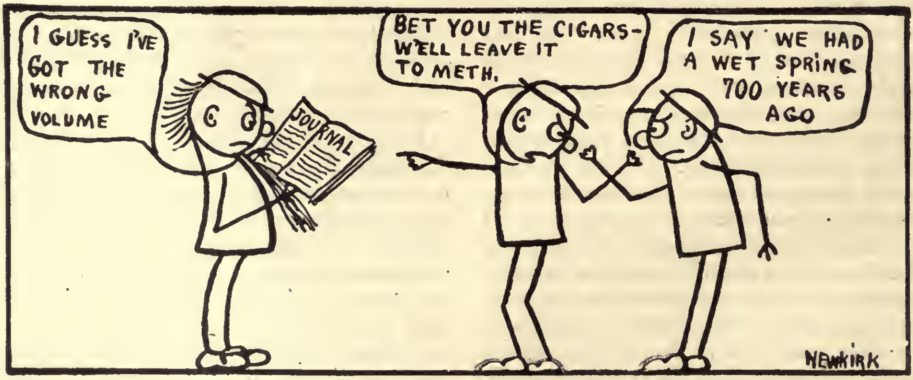
ARMED with no other weapon than the relentless probe of the biographer, I will now endeavor to pry the lid from the monotonous life of Mr. Methuselah, and thereby reveal to the ravenous reader a few incidents and anecdotes in the life of this great man which have never before appeared in print. I do not vouch for many of the statements in this biography. Most of them I got at second-hand, and they were almost worn out by being handed down from generation to generation before they reached me. Hearsay evidence is not always authentic. Truths concerning the life of a man who lived as long ago as did Methuselah are often distorted in the telling, until they do not at all jibe with the facts; so I merely set down these things here for what they are worth. (Please remit by express or postoffice money order—do not send personal check). If any reader can prove any of my statements concerning Methuselah to be erroneous, I will gladly make corrections in the next issue of the National Magazine. I have no wish to misrepresent Methuselah, who is not in a position to defend his good name.

Methuselah holds the long-lived record as the oldest inhabitant of all old inhabitants of which we have any knowledge. Methuselah was the son of Enoch, a distant relative of Adam and the grandfather of Noah who commanded the Oriental Squadron during the high water of 2349, B. C., or thereabouts, Noah being the first man to introduce a floating menagerie. Methuselah stood well in the community. It was worth something to be connected by family ties, even though remotely, with Adam, and his wife Eve, who was the real first lady of the land.

History does not record very many facts concerning Methuselah during the first three or four hundred years of his life, presumably because up to that age he was nothing but a little shaver, running about the house in kilts and scarcely worth passing notice. Unless I am in error, Methuselah was about ready to enter kindergarten when he was 300 years old. After he had finished his education, we may believe that time hung heavily on his hands. He didn't have much to do except to keep track of his birthdays. It is said he had a stick for the purpose and that for every year he lived he would cut a notch in the stick. When he had cut one stick so full of notches that there was no room for another notch, he would lay the notched stick aside and start in to keep books on a fresh stick. When Methuselah was stopped on the street by an old patriarch and patted on the head and asked how old he was, he would have to run home and add up the notches on his sticks before could tell. On one occasion he got snarled up in his accounts and lost track of his age altogether. He took this much to heart, but his mother told him to call himself 400 years old, whch according to her recollection was near enough, and go right on counting again.


HOW OLD ARE YOU, LITTLE BOY?
PLEASE, SIR, I'LL HAVE TO GO HOME AND LOOK IT UP
NEWKIRK

After he had a few hundred of them, Methuselah never made much fuss when his birthday came around. They were too numerous to mention. During the early centuries of his life his relatives made it a custom to give him birthday presents, but after Methuselah had passed the 500-year milestone and still seemed to be hale and hearty the giving of birthday presents grew to be monotonous and his relatives stopped the practice. Hundreds of years later Methuselah came to prize the birthday gifts he had received earlier in life, not so much for their intrinsic value as for their historic associations


I GUESS I'VE GOT THE WRONG VOLUME
JOURNAL
BET YOU THE CIGARS—WE'LL LEAVE IT TO METH.
I SAY WE HAD A WET SPRING 700 YEARS AGO
NEWKIRK

One biographer says that, in his young manhood, Methuselah kept a diary during a long period. In this he set down the weather conditions daily, and wrote blithely about his ambitions, joys and sorrows. He was glad he kept this daily journal because it proved valuable to him in after life when his memory began to go back on him. Disputes frequently arose among his neighbors as to the condition of weather on former dates, and such disputes were always settled by the weather observations which Methuselah had made in his diary. It was quite a common thing for a neighbor to stop Methuselah on the street and remark, "By the way, Meth.' what kind of weather did we have seven hundred years ago this spring?" Methuselah had merely to refer to his diary and whatever it said was received as final.

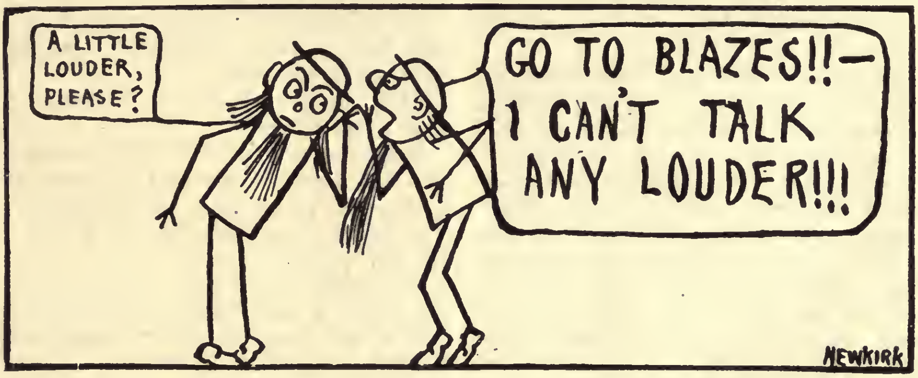
Enoch, the father of Methuselah, died suddenly at the age of 365 years. It was all Methuselah could do to remember his father at all, so young was the lad when his parent passed away, and by this bereavement Methuselah was robbed of a father's counsel and guidance.

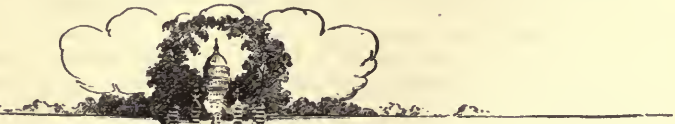
We are told that "Methuselah begat sons and daughters," but nothing is said of Methuselah's courtship and marriage. Who Mrs. Methuselah (*nee*), was; whether or not she came of good family; where she and her husband first set up housekeeping together, are questions which have never been satisfactorily answered and perhaps never will be.

While it is stated that "Methuselah begat sons and daughters," the only heir of Methuselah of which I can find any trace is Lamech. Probably the reasons why the names of the other children are not handed down to us, is that they would have taken up too much valuable space in history. It is quite possible that the "sons and daughters" of Methuselah referred to consisted of several hundred children in all.

The age of Methuselah did not begin to create much talk in the neighborhood until he had passed his 900th birthday. After that folks began to ask his advice about things. Jared, who was the father of Enoch and the grandfather of Methuselah, died at the ripe old age of 962 years and when Methuselah passed this age with eyesight so good that he could read small print without his specs and with unimpaired hearing, he was referred to in the newspapers as "our oldest inhabitant," or as "our oldest and most respected citizen." Methuselah's eyesight was so good that he could see a joke as far with the naked eye as any body in town —unless it was on him. Then he couldn't see it at all. His acute hearing was also remarkable. Old age very often brings with it deafness, but this was not true in Methuselah's case. After Methuselah had yelled himself hoarse trying to make his deaf neighbors understand what he said, it always comforted him to think that he himself could hear thunder when there was any.

The entire neighborhood was making plans to celebrate Methuselah's 1000th birthday when one day he was suddenly taken off in his 969th year. His neighbors had been so accustomed to seeing Methuselah alive that they could hardly believe the news of his death. The funeral was one of the largest ever held in that section The mere reading of the obituary, briefly covering the life of the deceased, required four hours. The sudden death of Methuselah merely emphasizes the fact, that while the patriarchs of old could live long, they could not live forever.


A LITTLE LOUDER, PLEASE?
GO TO BLAZES!!— I CAN'T TALK ANY LOUDER!!!
NEWKIRK



JACOB HOFFSTETTER, *Philanthropist*

By L. B. Kinder

TEARS of gratitude glistened in Jacob Hoffstetter's eyes as he stopped for the third time to gaze at the snug, well-built library that Andrew Carnegie had given to the twelve thousand people of Stratton. He tightly pressed two large books to a heart filled with love for this public benefactor whom he had never seen.

"Donnerwetter," he thought. "How goot it iss to make udders happy! I vish to Himmel dot Gott had gif me the opportunity or at least der money. Jacob Hoffstetter vould a philanthrobust make. He has a philanthrobust's heart."

He turned and nervously walked away, his good German face warm with kindly emotion; his heart exultant with the good therein, which he would have liked to render his fellows.

Rounding the corner, he passed into a broad and ill-lighted street that led to his tiny repair shop, over which he lived alone. Within a block of his destination, in the unlighted space between glimmering street lamps, his foot sank through a rotten board in the sidewalk. Books, breath and philanthropic impulses were scattered by the impact.

With first breath, Hoffstetter cursed the board. With the next, while groping for his books, he scored the person who would allow a sidewalk to get into such dangerous condition.

"Whose valk iss it, anyway?" he demanded peering through the picket fence at the shadowy outlines of a small house.

"Mrs. Baumgarten's!" he exclaimed with lessening choler. "Poor voman, she ain't got nobody to do for her since Hans died."

"Dot iss a bad place. A man might could brake his leck. I vill an hammer get und make it fixed. Such a sidevalk iss an unsafety to der gommunity."

Temporarily plugging the hole with a stone, he hurried home, whence he soon returned with tools, a lantern, and some short plank. He was not satisfied with merely replacing the broken board. Commencing at one edge of the widow's lot, he went over the sidewalk with his lantern, putting in new boards and patching small breaks. The task gave him unanticipated pleasure. As he sawed and hammered away, oblivious of the noise he was making, or the lateness of the hour, his face glowed with new-found inspiration.

"Ach Gott!" he asserted. "I, too, vill a philanthrobust be. Libraries haf I nicht to gif avay. But der labor of mien own handts can I bestow on them dot iss in vant of help. Perhaps I, Jacob Hoffstetter, can do as mooch goot mit vat I haf to do mit, as Andrew Carnegie, mit vat Gott has gif him!"

His musings were broken in upon by a high-pitched, rather frightened challenge from inside the fence.

"For vhy you make such poundings in front of mein house?"

Scrambling to his feet, the shoemaker turned the lantern toward the voice, revealing a white-clad, plump figure, who ejaculated.

"Vhy, Mr. Hoffstetter, vat in der vorld are you diding?"

"I'm schust a new board putting in your valk, vhere I vent t'rough mit mein foot."

"Oh, dot miserable valk!" moaned the woman. "Two veeks ago the city sent me notice dot I a new valk moost make, und I no money haf got—"

"You ain't vill needt a new one now. I haf der bad places fixed oop."

Bursting open the gate, the woman seized the lantern from the astonished philanthropist.

"Himmel, der rotten places are gone. It iss as goot as new, und all dot money iss saved!" she cried ecstatically. "Oh, Mr. Hoffstetter, how can I thank you? I ain't can tell it in words. But come—you moost have hunger after working. Yah. You moost—" whereupon, seizing him by the coat, she pushed him towards the gate.

"Donnerwetter, vat troubles haf I into got!" muttered the embarrassed Hoffstetter.

A few minutes later, however, when, basking in the vivacious widow's smile, he lunched on spiced coffee-cake, blueberry pie, limberger and coffee, he contentedly murmured:

"Ach Gott! It feels goot to be a philanthrobust!"

Such was the beginning of Jacob Hoffstetter's philanthropy. A few days later, he patched up Mrs. Baumgarten's fence, and despite her protests, hoed her garden and trimmed out her berry bushes.

His benefactions by no means stopped with the smiling widow. Timidly at first; then without hesitation, he lent a hand to those about him, whom he saw he could help. At work in his shop, and even after he had gone to bed in the room above, he would ponder over another's troubles, attempting to eliminate the unnecessary, that he might satisfy the least common multiple of his wants.

In the course of the summer, he re-shingled the shanty of a poverty-stricken old couple; spaded up a garden for a washer-widow with six children; stacked grain all one hot Sunday, to save a sick man's crop; and planted a flower-bed in a squalid neighborhood. His twinkling blue eyes seemed on the lookout for opportunities to do little kindnesses. "Frent, your shoe vants fixing," he would say to a ragged fellow mortal. "Come mit me, und I vill peg it oop for you. It vill cost you noddings."

All this gave him infinite satisfaction. His aid to Mrs. Baumgarten brought him pleasure. The rosy, bright-eyed, young-looking woman became inseparably associated in his mind with his benevolences. He craved her smile of commendation. By chance she had been connected with his first philanthropic impulse. Directly she was the inspiration, through whose prompting he achieved his ambition of being a public benefactor.

Early one morning in the spring following, she rushed excitedly into his shop.

"Oh, Mr. Hoffstetter," she gasped, waving a newspaper in his face. "Der vater vorks iss bust, und don't can be fixed for a veek!"

"Iss dot so?" he calmly returned. "I noticed dot there vas vater nicht in der pipes dhis morning."

"Vhat shall ve did?" she continued. "My clothes iss vashed, but rinsed nicht; und Mrs. Gardener's iss boiled, but vashed nicht, und Mrs. Nelson ain't enough vater got to vash breakfast dishes."

Laying aside hammer and awl, the shoemaker studied the paper.

"Der bump valve iss broke," he observed. "Und they don't can get a new one from der factory for two weeks. They vill install a small bump, und cut down the vater supply half. Dot vill take t'ree days anyway. The engineer don't can do nodding. Politics, Mrs. Baumgarten, politics,—dot's vat's the matter mit dot bump."

"To think dot it should on Monday break," moaned the woman. "Vat shall the vomans of this city do for to cook and wash? Und vhere vill the men get clean shirts to vear next veek?"

"It vill make mooch bodder," Hoffstetter assented.

"Mr. Hoffstetter, you can do most eferything," appealed Mrs. Baumgarten. "Can't you fix dot bump?"

"I used to vas once a machinist. For two years I vorked in a bump factory, vhere I hurt mein handt. Maybe I could do somedings und maybe nicht. Do you dink dot der city vill let me monkey mit dot bump? Nein. They vill laugh at me!"

"Laugh at you! If you could dot bump make fixed, they vould t'row their arms und hug you for pleasure. You moost try, Mr. Hoffstetter."

"I vill go und look at it," said the latter, slipping off his apron. If anything can be did, I vill done it."

At the pumping station, he found a group of city officials in fruitless consultation. Receiving permission to inspect the broken pump, he thoroughly investigated the break, while the disgruntled engineer and his subordinates discussed the trouble in low tones, and the others speculated upon the effect of the incident on the approaching election.

"Well, Hoffstetter," jocosely demanded one of the aldermen. "What do you think of it?"

"It's not such a bad break," the shoemaker answered. "Mit help I vill fix dot oop for you by tonight."

The laughter which greeted this statement was checked by his prompt retort.

"You know me, Mr. Yackson," he declared, turning to the alderman who had first spoken. "You know dot I don't smell, vhere mein nose don't belong. I learned machinist's trade by der old country. I vorked in der foundry at Pittsburg, vhere dot bump vas made."

"Let Hoffstetter go ahead and see what he can do; I'll vouch for him," replied the alderman. "It's a cinch he can't do any harm."

Late the same afternoon, careless people who had left their faucets open, were startled by the welcome sound of running water. Working diligently, the shoemaker, with the aid of two assistants, had patched up the broken valve, so that with care it would last until the new one could be secured. The officials were beside themselves with joy.

"Hoffstetter, you have rendered an unestimable service to this city," cried the mayor, warmly wringing his hand. "Any reasonable amount you may ask will be gladly paid you."

"I vant noddings," said the shoemaker, flushing. "I am gladt to haf did this for mein city."

"Nothing!" gasped the mayor.

"Nothing for preserving the city's reputation and saving her money!" exclaimed the chairman of the water works board.

"Nothing for preventing a water famine, with its miseries and its dangers of fire!" cried the president of the council.

"Noddings," repeated the shoemaker. "Andrew Carnegie gif Stratton a fine pooblic library. I lof this city far more than Andrew Carnegie. I haf no money to gif, but I haf der labor of mein own handst. Yacob Hoffstetter, also, iss a philanthrobust."

The men did not laugh. In the course of their political lives, each had sought his own gain, not necessarily at the expense of the community, though often through the power of their positions.

Next day's newspapers contained highly laudatory accounts of Hoffstetter's conduct, and the council officially thanked him. Nevertheless, he prized Mrs. Baumgarten's praise most of all.

"I can mein vashing finish tomorrow," she enthusiastically declared. "You iss a vonder, Mr. Hoffstetter. For smartness und gootness, you iss der limit. You moost come by me for Sunday dinner."

The pretty widow seemed to grow more attractive every day. His heart thrilled proudly at her frank admiration, but that he might be in love with her never entered his mind. With proverbial German thick-headedness, he ascribed his many attentions to an abstract desire to do good. The widow, however, read him aright, and patiently waited. When at length the frequency of his visits doubled, and he still remained silent, she justly became exasperated.

The following Sunday, Hoffstetter and his nephew Henry dined with Mrs. Baumgarten and her daughter. Clara and her beau disappeared soon after dinner, leaving the others to "do" the dishes. These washed and put away, the two strolled about the yard to look at the flowers.

"You ought to haf some new ahpple trees set oudt, Mrs. Baumgarten," asserted Hoffstetter. "Three of your trees haf died this vinter, und I see some more vat von't last anodder vinter through. There iss also a bad board in your front sidevalk. I vil' come over tomorrow und make it fixed."

"Mr. Hoffstetter," said the other firmly. "I don't can let you do these things for me no more."

"No. Not so! Vhy not?"

"Mr. Hoffstetter," she returned with sudden resolution. "Do you know dot efery-body in this part of town iss talking about der ofenness you come here?"

"Himmel!" gasped her visitor, astounded.

"I feel dot I have did wrong in letting you do so mooch for me. I knowed dot it vasn't right for me to let you poot on und take off der storm vindows und make der garden planted. I told Clara so. But I didn't know vhere to turn. You see dot a vidow voman iss so helpless und alone!"

She had played her widow's ace, but Hoffstetter blunderingly trumped it.

"Donnervetter! I vas glad to did these things for you, he earnestly answered. I luffs to help people in trouble. You know Mrs. Baumgarten, dot in a schmall vay I am a philanthrobust."

Her face reddened with vexation. Without a word, she turned back toward the house. Hoffstetter silently followed. He felt that she was justly angered, and that in some way he was wrong; but how, he could not imagine.

Suddenly she stopped, clutched his arm and tragically pointed to a rustic bench in the shelter of a clump of lilacs.

"Your nephew Hennie," she exclaimed. "Iss he, also, a philanthrobust?"

Incredulously Hoffstetter gazed toward the seat, where the young man sat with his arm about Clara's waist, and her pretty head resting upon his shoulder.

"Ach Gott, I told you wrong vhy I commt here," he cried, his eyes beaming with inspiration. "I am a philanthrobust no more. I am vat Hennie iss!"

Then, without further words, he clasped the willing widow in his arms.

THE LONG ARM

By Celia Myrover Robinson

I LOVE him!" sobbed my great-grandmother.

"Love him!" roared my great-great-grandfather. "Thou darest to tell me that to my face, huzzy? Scoundrel! Poltroon! Knave!"

The young man standing beside my great-grandmother made a step forward, and opened his handsome mouth to speak, but she slapped her hand upon it, and got in front of him, trembling in every limb from fright and anger. She turned a very beautiful and tearful face to the empurpled one of her raging parent.

"All my life," she said, between sobs, "I have been a good and dutiful daughter to thee, and thou hast been a good and indulgent father to me. Yet now, when I ask of thee the one thing wanting to make my life a perfectly happy one, thou refusest it. All my life thou hast granted all my whims, and now—"

She was interrupted by a splutter of rage from the chair, where, propped with pillows and bandaged of foot, my great-great-grandfather sat in durance vile, a victim to gout and ill-temper.

"Thou shouldst not marry him," he roared, "were he owner of all Virginia. Thinkest thou my daughter shall marry a traitor to his country? A consorter with scalawags and thieves! Thou art not worthy of the mother that bore thee, if thou thinkest so! As for thee, sirrah—"

The young man was white to the lips. He did not so much as glance at my great-great-grandfather. Instead, he turned his back upon him, and, bowing low, he took my great-grandmother's hand in his and laid it on his arm.

"Permit me!" he said, and led her to the door and bowed her out, and stood watching her with love shining in his face, as she went slowly up the stairs, with her flimsy, wet ball of a handkerchief pressed to her eyes, and her slender, disconsolate figure drooping like a broken flower. He stood watching her until she reached the curve at the landing, and then she turned and paused for an instant, and smiled at him through her tears, and he smiled back at her, and, in lieu of anything better, kissed his hand. Then he closed the door quite gently, and went back and stood before the old man, whose face was black with passion, and whose tongue was silenced by rage.

"My lord," said the young man, and the full tones of his voice were even, and exceeding courteous, "I have taken many insults from thee, and have held my peace and bridled my passion, because thou art a man of years, and the father of the woman I love. My Lady Nancy—"

"Thou young dog!" roared the old man, "take not her name upon thy lips again, or I swear—"

The even tones went smoothly on:

"This evening thou hast said to me that which no man can say with impunity. Wert thou a few years younger, thou shouldst eat those words."

"Dost thou threaten me!" cried my great-great-grandfather, struggling and half rising from the chair, only to fall back again with an oath and a groan. His face was distorted with pain as well as with passion. A look of pity touched the young man's face for a moment, and he was silent until the paroxysm was past; then he continued:

"My lord, I have a few words to say to thee this night, and they are soon said. I love thy daughter, and she returns that love. She has given me her promise, and I swear before Heaven, until she voluntarily withdraws it, I shall hold her to it. I intend to make her my wife. I have asked thy consent, and thou hast refused it. I warn thee fairly. I shall marry her, either with, or without, thy consent; with, preferably, without, if necessary."

The old man, spent with rage and pain, was lying back exhausted, in his chair. The face was livid, but the dark eyes were burning with a brilliant, angry fire.

"No traitor to good King George shall have the hand of my daughter, and that I take oath on," he said. "Until this low fellow, Washington, turned thy head, I did not look upon thy suit with great disfavor. But now I tell thee, once and for all, marry my daughter thou shalt not, unless thou givest up thy following of this scoundrel—"

"Gently, my lord," interrupted the young man, with the first note of anger in his voice.

"Thou shalt not marry her with my consent; an' thou canst get her without, then will I bid thee Godspeed, and declare thee the better man of the two. But, mark me, my young sirrah,—there be few men can outwit my lord Stirling, an' thou wilt find, to thy sorrow. An' thou canst snare thy bird, thou mayst have her."

The young man bowed grandly.

"I am beholden to thee, my lord," he said. "May I ring for thee?" And, touching the bell, which the old man was trying in vain to reach, he bowed again, profoundly, and followed the soft-footed negro servant who answered the summons, from the room.

My great-great-grandfather was one of the early settlers of Virginia, having been given a grant of land by the crown, and was a loyal adherent of King George. Besides his vast tracts of fertile land, he was possessed of a pretty daughter and a tempestuous temper. And the pretty daughter was possessed of, besides her dower of beauty and gold, a pretty will of her own. Whence it came that in the nature of things, she gave her heart to the wrong suitor, one Fairfax, a brave fellow, a follower of George Washington, and an open denouncer of the crown and its policy.

With the politics of those troublous times this tale has naught to do. It is but the story of a woman's heart and a man's wit.

As my lord sat in his chair, propped and bandaged and suffering, his thoughts were bitter ones. Hot-tempered, opinionated, prejudiced, narrow, but loyal, his one absorbing passion, next to that for his sovereign, was his love for his daughter. She had grown from babyhood beside him, with no woman's care, her mother having died when giving her birth, and he had been to her father and mother, and she had been to him his little ewe lamb, which he bore in his bosom, tenderly.

As he sat and brooded, with his head upon his breast, the soft spring day drew to a fragrant close, and the twilight fell. From the fields the call of the hands, returning from their work, came to him; and the notes of the birds, and the low of cattle. And the wind that stirred the dimity curtains brought a breath of the lilacs that lifted their sweet faces above the wide windowsill.

The old man's eyes closed, and a tear rolled down the ruddy cheeks. He sat sunk so deep in thought that he did not hear the door softly opened and closed, nor the footsteps that came lightly across the room; and so it was that he started violently, when he felt a light touch on his forehead, and, looking up, met his daughter's eyes.

"Dear," she said, "dear father!" And then she fell to sobbing, as she knelt beside him, with her arms about him, and her pretty yellow head on his breast.

The clinging arms aroused all the latent tenderness of his nature, but he did not respond to the touch, for he was sore wounded.

"Dear," she said, sobbing, "I have come to plead with thee again. An' thou lovest me, father—"

He put his big hand upon her lips.

"Hush!" he said. "I shall not speak to thee of this again, Nancy. I have given my final and irrevocable answer. Thou shalt never marry this man with my consent. An' thou canst marry him without it, well and good. But thou knowest me well enough to believe that he who outwits me need have a keen wit and a long arm. Now ring the bell, madam, for lights."

My Lady Nancy kept her room for the most part, in the days that followed, and my lord, having recovered from his gout and his rage, rode about his plantation in very good humor with himself, thinking to have put an end to all nonsense between the young people, and having faith in his power to prevent any further lovemaking or intrigue. Pretty Lady Nancy found herself under surveillance. Though her liberty was not curtailed, she needs must take all her walks abroad with her faithful mammy in attendance, who had her instructions to keep close watch on her young mistress, day and night. And orders were strict that young Fairfax be not permitted to show his countenance on the place.

As the days wore away, however, my lady became less and less moody, and when, now and then, her father heard a gay snatch of song, or her light laughter, he smiled, in his turn, and felt confident of victory. Which showed that he was ill-versed in the ways of women.

Now it fell out that about this time my lord's coachman was stricken with a low fever, then raging in Virginia. It was especially unfortunate, as my lord was planning a trip across country to the next county, by private conveyance, to the home of a kinsman, where, as a reward for her docility, he was taking Nancy to spend a fortnight with her young cousins. My lord did not brook interference in his plans, and fumed a good deal, and found that what before had been a wish had now become a necessity. Go he must; yet the servants were needed on the plantation, and even were this not so, there was none whose services he could trust, as this man who lay a-dying. They had planned to go on a Wednesday, and it seemed to my lord a shabby trick in Providence, that the man should have fallen sick the week before, instead of the week after the journey.

But early on Monday morning, while he strode chafing and fretting, about the wide verandas, from whence he could look down on the sweeping Potomac, came a man with a letter from good Parson Overby, one of my lord's chosen spirits, and a great leader in those days of fermentation.

The letter ran:

> "Dear Sir:—Hearing of your dilemma, and having in my employ a good and faithful fellow, who would, I feel sure, prove of service to you, I beg that you will do me the favor of allowing me to recommend his good qualities. Not only does he thoroughly understand horses, but is also brave and honest. He is at your service, my dear sir, until such time as you choose to dismiss him from it.
>
> "With my best wishes for yourself and my homage to my lady,
>
> "I am, sir,
> "Your Ob'd't humble servant,
> "James Overby.

The bearer of the letter was a tall, strongly-built fellow, with a dark, swarthy face, and closely curling black hair. A foreign-looking, silent man, and one whose appearance was no great recommendation. But the parson was one whom it was safest not to offend, as he was a power in politics as well as in the church, and his friendship was of value. He was a jovial fellow, who loved to cross his legs under my lord's mahogany and drink his wine; a man who could sing a song or tell a tale or drink a bumper with the best of them. He and my lord were most congenial and, while my lord did not think much of the parson's taste in servitors, he dispatched a messenger with a letter, thanking good Parson Overby for his courtesy, and early on Wednesday morning they set out, being accompanied by several trusty men on horseback, well armed, as were the squire and his coachman. For the spirit of lawless adventure had spread from the old world to the new, and a Robin Goodfellow is not a pleasant fellow to meet when one is alone and defenceless.

The fields were green with springing grain, and through the forest the flowers were blossoming in bewildering confusion. My Lady Nancy sat back in her corner quite demurely. There was a little flush on the sweet face, and now and then, as she glanced at the old, nodding negress on the front seat, beside the straight-backed coachman, she smiled a little wicked smile.

Her father, well content that his plans had not miscarried; that the new man understood the handling of horses; and that his old coachman was better of his fever; talked garrulously all the day; of politics; of the crops; of the latest fashionable intelligence from England; and now and then unbent so far as to twit my lady, gently with her own inconstancy.

"Ah, thou young jade!" he said, "thou art all alike. It is soon off with the old and on with the new! I doubt me not that thou wilt soon console thyself! And who knows? Maybe, even now, thou art traveling as fast as thou canst to thy destiny!"

She took his raillery in good part.

"Thou shouldst congratulate thyself, sire," she said, "on having taught me such obedience."

"Aye, thou wert ever an obedient lass," he said, patting her hand, "and knowest how to give in gracefully, when thou art beaten."

"Yes, when I am beaten," she said, softly, with a dutiful smile.

Night was just coming on, and they were about to enter a small clearing, when one of the outriders rode up to them:

"My lord," he said, as he reigned in his horse, "there is a squad of men just beyond this hill, to the left. There seems to be a half-dozen or more; they are riding this way, and I fear trouble."

"Nay," said my lord, "they are but travelers, like ourselves, I doubt not. If you are afraid of your shadow—"

"I am not afraid, my lord," said the young fellow, somewhat hotly, "but I thought it my duty to warn you. There! They are coming now."

He turned and pointed in the direction of a low hill, over the brow of which galloped six horsemen.

The coachman drew rein, as though to await orders, and the men on horseback drew closely around the carriage.

"Drive on!" thundered my lord, and they drove on.

The approaching horsemen came on swiftly, and as they drew near, it was easily seen that their coming boded no good. They were all well-built, sturdy fellows, the foremost among them, and evidently their leader, being a very giant. Their faces were concealed by masks, but they sat and rode their horses like gentlemen.

Their leader rode a little ahead and laid his hands upon the reins.

"Stand and deliver!" he said, and there was a laugh from his followers, and a note of mockery in his voice.

Every man's weapon was out now, on both sides.

My Lady Nancy sat up quite straight and pale in her corner, and did not flinch before the gleam of steel that flashed about her.

"Fire!" thundered my lord, and he aimed his own pistol at the leader. Then there was a laugh, a wild halloo, and a rush!

But not a shot was fired.

My lord's pistol gave a futile snap. Again and again he pulled the trigger. It had been tampered with.

"Fools!" he thundered to his men, "Shoot them down!"

But every man's pistol was in like condition to his own, and by the time they had reloaded, they were looking down the muzzles of their enemies' guns.

By this time my lord was out of the coach, and the coachman off the box; old mammy was quite awake, and rocking and praying in terror; My Lady Nancy stood as still and white as one of the sweet marsh lilies, her little hands clenched at her side.

But she was not beside her father, who was storming in impotent rage, closely covered by a revolver in the hands of the leader of the cavalcade; she was standing very near the coachman, in his blue coat, and she seemed half divided between laughter and tears.

Suddenly, as if at a signal, the masks were lifted, and the guns lowered.

And then my lord stopped in his tirade, his heavy jaw dropped, and he stood in silent astonishment, looking down the muzzle of Parson Overby's horse pistol. A shout and a ringing laugh went up, in which he could distinguish, he thought, the silvery peal of Nancy's mirth. He turned in her direction then, and swore a round oath.

She was standing beside the coachman, trembling a little, and her hand was on his arm, and she was looking up with a world of love and meaning in her eyes. He was looking down at her, and when my lord caught sight of him the old man started. The dark, swarthy face was surmounted by a crop of closely cropped curly yellow hair, which looked oddly out of place above the heavy, black brows, and in one hand he carried a black wig.

It was Hugh Fairfax.

"Thou art outwitted, my lord," said the parson, shaking with laughter. "All is fair in love and war. An' he could run away with his bonny bride he could have her, thou saidst. Well, he has run off with her under thy very nose, my lord. I am a good friend of yon Hugh Fairfax, in spite of his politics,—and of the little girl, and of thine, my lord. Thou hast been outwitted fairly; now give us thy hand, man, and thy blessing. He has her now, and he'll never give her back to thee I warrant. I know him well enow to say that. We are all thy good friends here,—thine, and his, and hers—here's the bride and the groom and the parson, and God's own temple, the green forest,—and her father to give her away. I doubt not Hugh has the ring and the license. Be a man, and own thou'rt beaten!"

And that is why my great-grandmother was married in Annersley woods, late one Spring evening, just as the sun was setting, and the air redolent of jessamine, and vocal with song; married in a little travel-stained linen gown and a little poke bonnet, and given away by my great-great-grandfather to his own coachman.

NO MORAL

By Horace Edward Buker

I LEFT the cab before it came to a stop at the Sacramento depot, and, grasping my satchel, raced for the platform, where the wheels of the Overland Limited were just beginning to turn. In spite of the best efforts of my rheumatic old legs, the rear coach passed from my sight behind the building while I had yet a hundred feet to cover. Realizing the uselessness of further effort, and possibly considering the undignified appearance I presented, I subsided into a walk, and mentally blessed the President of the Oriole Mines, whose useless repetition of instructions had detained me the necessary minute.

Someone was puffing close behind me, and turning, I discovered a young fellow who, like myself, had given over the chase. He smiled, possibly at the lope which I am compelled to assume when hurried, and remarked:

"I think we would much prefer the one-five train, anyway."

Now, I have never been in the habit of making casual traveling acquaintances, but I could not resist the good nature which rang with his words, and found myself replying with some commonplace, while he fell into step at my side.

In front of the observatory clock, at the station, I examined my watch and found it correct, barring a few seconds. He made the usual motion toward his vest pocket, then seemed to remember something, and entered the waiting room.

Had I not been attracted to an unusual degree by this young man's football build and frank, boyish face, it is doubtful if I would have allowed my mind to dwell upon the incident. Still, as I paced the platform and enjoyed my cigar, I found his engaging personality to be continually uppermost in my thoughts. I found myself to be the victim of one of those unaccountable friendships, which, on occasions, one feels for the veriest stranger.

Unquestionably, he was a gentleman—whatever his station in life, that fact was evident—and his apparel, though not stylish, would indicate that he was in fair circumstances. Still he carried no luggage, and it certainly looked as though his uncle had temporary possession of his time-piece.

I found myself glancing about among the groups awaiting the arrival of the local, hoping to catch another sight of my young acquaintance, but in vain. He had shown no disposition to force his company upon me, a fact which further disposed me in his favor. We testy old grayheads do not always wish to gabble with stray youngsters.

As the gateman called my train, I hastened to the ticket window, dropping my grip on the settle. I had just replaced my wallet, when I heard curses and scuffling in the room. I turned hurriedly and found my young acquaintance holding a trampish-looking man against the wall by the door, and bumping him vigorously. The fellow had my valise in his hand, but the boy gave him an extra jolt, and he let it fall.

Before I could hardly comprehend the situation, the thief slipped from his captor's grip, and crossing the platform, dodged behind some freight cars, closely pursued by several shouting boys.

"Hurry, if this is your train!" I exclaimed, securing my property, and leading the way. I took a seat in the smoker, and made room for him at my side.

"You did well to let the rascal go," I told him.

"I have no more desire than you to be detained here," he said, with a smile.

"You have made me your debtor," I continued. "Not considering the various shirts and socks and other necessary things which could be replaced at Reno, there were articles of greater value in that grip, the loss of which might have caused me great inconvenience."

"So you are bound for Reno, too," he asked.

"Yes; have you business there?" I inquired, hoping to draw him out.

He handed me his card, which indicated that one, Harold Brown, Attorney-at-Law, held forth at Marysville, California; then after a moment of hesitation, he said:

"I'm moving my shingle, which happens to be the total of my wealth, by easy stages, back to the good old Mississippi valley."

I felt that Reno was a mighty long way from his ultimate destination, but I simply handed him one of my Panatellas, and changed the subject.

We spoke of legal practice, and of my own profession, that of mining engineer, and by degrees I culled from his remarks the story of an unsuccessful fight for place and fortune. Brown was but another of those hasty young men who, not satisfied by moderate and slow success in their own country, turn to the over-heralded West, and find nothing but disappointment.

I studied his clear-cut face, topped by the wavy mass of brown hair, and my thoughts were not upon the youngster at my side, but upon a "Hal" of another day and generation. The mists of forty years rolled away, and I saw my chum at the stroke-oar, in the class-room; at his wedding—where I brought the ring and listened with every utterance piercing my heart, while the minister said the words which made me a bachelor.

I wiped my lenses, and glanced again at my companion. I could not now understand why I had not known him from the first. Why, the young rascal had taken his first steps to me; I had held him in my arms by the hour, and regaled his fancy with thrilling fabrications. That was long ago—before the old firm of Brown & Company had gone to the wall; long before I was compelled to get out and hustle, myself.

We were passing Auburn, where the clean little white cottages perched recklessly upon the green Sierra slopes reminded one irresistibly of the storied "Spotless Town." Through a great wooden sluice, which twisted and curved its way down the mountain, came rushing the clear, sparkling water from the peaks.

Brown took in the scene through the window, as the train slowed up.

"This place looks good to me. I've half a mind to try it," he said.

"Ride your ticket out, and get your money's worth," I said, and laughed. "This place is a noted health resort, and more crowded even than your old town."

He sank back in his seat with a laughing resignation.

This seemed to me the occasion for the delivery of a little advice, so adjusting my spectacles with a judicial air, I glared at him over the rims, and held his attention.

"The trouble with you, young man," I began, "is lack of stability. I do not question your knowledge, but you want to succeed too fast. I have known—ahem—a person very similar to you in temperament. He never could make a permanent success, just because of impatience. At last, in his declining years, he reached for the governor's chair, which he might have had twenty years before, but for his impulsiveness."

He gave me a glance of wonder and suspicion, but I returned it with assumed innocence.

"Now if you had remained at Minot—" I started, thoughtlessly, when the expression of his face changed suddenly.

"What do you know about Minot?" he gasped, and then I realized what a break I had made.

"Did you not mention some time ago that your home was there?" I suggested, blaming myself the while for a careless old fool.

"Perhaps I may have said something of the kind," he admitted, although I could see that he was puzzled.

We were nearing the crest of the Sierras, and darkness had overtaken us. Such glimpses as we could get of the rugged mountain scenery was far from satisfying, and as the youngster seemed disinclined for further conversation, I filled in the time by shuffling over a pack of letters and ostensibly scanning their contents.

The one in particular which I wanted did not seem to be among these, but at last I found it in my wallet, and surreptitiously re-read its contents. The envelope had been postmarked at the capitol of a state in the middle West, less than two weeks before, and some of the words penned by the governor's own hand were as follows:

"Should business ever call you north of Sacramento, I hope you will take time to call on Harold. He has a law office at Marysville, and from his letters I think he is doing well. Still, since my recent return to power and influence, I am sure that the home field offers him greater inducements. I have repeatedly written him to come home, but can hear nothing definite from him. The junior partnership in our largest law firm here is open to him, if he does not delay too long. Persuade him to come, if you can; for assured success awaits him here. And then there is the girl—Tommy Warner's daughter—who has been waiting for him to come back and claim her. They correspond, but the boy fails to toe the mark, and I can't understand it. Tell him who you are, and poke him up a bit, for the sake of your old chum and his dad." The imposing signature, familiar to state officials, was omitted, and just a scrawling "Hal" closed the missive.

I had a job marked out for me, but how to accomplish it was beyond my present knowledge. I knew the breed, and knew that they must be handled with gloves. And yet, as Fate had delivered the youngster into my hands, it was my plain duty to ship him back east as quickly as possible.

The young fool intended to allow the chance of a lifetime to slip through his fingers, just because he was too proud to acknowledge defeat. I did some tall thinking the next hour or so, and even when we stepped off the train together at Reno, I did not feel sure of my plan. Why the boy had chosen this God-forsaken hell-hole, I could not understand, unless that horrible yearning for the East had got him, and his cash wouldn't carry him on to Ogden. I used to feel that way myself, before I got used to it.

I could see disappointment on Brown's face as he stared across the wide, empty plaza toward where the row of low buildings almost dazzled us with their brilliant lights.

"I have made another mistake," ventured Hal Jr., sarcastically, as he paused to survey the scene. "It's bartenders, not lawyers, who are needed here."

"High-grade faro-dealers and roulette men are always in demand," I assured him, following his line of thought. "In the way of minor skilled labor there is considerable call for cappers."

I guess at first he thought that I was really suggesting these elevating pursuits for his guidance; for he gave me a look almost savage. I laughed, and led him across the hard-baked earth for a closer inspection of the joints. He was pretty thoroughly discouraged and disgusted I could see, and I tried my best to cheer him up.

"Do you ever play roulette?" I asked, casually.

"I haven't recently," he said.

I had an appointment to meet the Oriole's superintendent at nine o'clock, and was already overdue, but I wished to keep the boy occupied until I could attend to his case.

Pointing down the street toward the most pretentious place of all, I asked him to meet me there toward midnight, and added incidentally that the game was straight.

"I like to watch the wheel pretty well, myself," I fibbed, "but I have a great faith in beginners' luck, and if you'll play this twenty for me, we'll divide the profits."

For a time he seemed disposed to refuse, though I knew that he was just aching to wrestle the price of a ticket East from old Dame Fortune. By adroitly presenting the matter in the light of a personal favor, I finally gained his consent, and watched him disappear through the doors of "Frank's Place" before I started to find my man.

If that boy's mother knew what I had put him up to, I am afraid she would have lost all confidence in me as a guide for youth. I figured simply that he was no child or weakling, and that, if luck favored him, here was a chance to make good. I knew that he would never accept money as a hand-out, and I wanted him to get back home pretty bad.

It was nearly one in the morning before I finished my conference and found time to look up my young representative. All the tables at "Frank's" were busy, and a crowd surrounded the wheel. Brown did not appear to be there, and I thought regretfully that he had probably lost all he had, and had gone to the hotel.

Not wishing to appear anxious, I stepped to the bar and conversed over a glass with the proprietor, with whom I had an acquaintance.

Finally I strolled toward the wheel and looked over the heads of the spectators. There seemed to be but one man playing against the house, and he sat entrenched behind a fortress of chips. I looked again, and my old heart leaped with excitement as I recognized young Hal. He played them high, and with perfect coolness, though his face was flushed slightly with the tension.

Taking care not to offend, I began gently to work my way toward the table. Having some knowledge of the value of Frank's chips, I estimated that the twenty had already been run into thousands. However, I had seen too much of this sort of thing to believe that it could last, and now my only desire was to pull the winner away before he lost it all.

At length I stood at his elbow, but he was too engrossed to notice. An attendant brought a glass of whiskey and set it upon the chips, but I reached out and secured it, handing it back to the fellow with a shake of my head.

"Your son, Mr. Crassier," he murmured.

"Yes!" I thundered, and the boy looked up just a moment and smiled.

As he seemed to be steadily winning, I said nothing. He seemed to be playing almost entirely on the colors, though occasionally he took a flyer on the numbers. Finally, actuated by what whimsical notion I know not, he settled down upon the number thirteen, losing each time and playing higher the next. I felt that it was almost time to interfere, but dreaded to do so. I had made up my mind to stop him if he lost again, when he shoved a stack of browns upon the same old number.

The reckless audacity of the play caused a murmur to run through the crowd. It certainly looked to me like the height of foolishness, but the banker cut the pile down half with a caution about the limit.

I could feel my heart thumping against my ribs as the little ball spun round and round, tried to settle in the thirty-one, carromed off the ten, and finally found a resting place.

"Thirteen, black and odd," announced the croupier, monotonously.

"Game is closed!" said the banker.

The crowd pressed in upon us. Hal rose slowly from his seat with a dazed look upon his face, while the banker stacked off his winnings. An attendant brought the proprietor and we carried the chips to the office for settlement.

"That boy of yours struck me pretty hard," remarked Frank, as he opened his safe.

"He needs it," I said, "He's going to marry a girl back East."

We were counting the chips, but Hal paused to give me another of those puzzled, inquiring looks. I smiled back at him, but said nothing.

Frank counted out all the money he had in the safe, then ran over it again, and finally said: "There's only a little over five thousand here. I'll have to give you my check for the balance."

"Perhaps the governor and the girl will think that business is pretty good in Marysville," I said to the boy.

The proprietor having settled accounts, stepped out to look after his other games, and left us staring at each other over the wad of money Hal began to divide the winnings into two piles, but I stopped him.

"Are you going to marry Tom Warner's girl just as soon as she will let you?" I queried.

"I am, sir, but how the blazes—"

"All right," I interrupted, "When the knot is tied, you hand her my share of this money as a wedding present from John Crassier."

A flash of remembrance crossed his face. and I handed him the letter which his father had written me.

"And mind you," I warned. "You met me at Marysville, and I persuaded you to abandon your lucrative practice to please your father. That's what I'm going to write him, and you needn't make me out a liar."

Several days later, my business having come to an unsatisfactory conclusion, I stood with one foot upon the step of my west-bound car, when I chanced to espy a familiar face among the group of station loungers. I had not seen Frank since that eventful night until now, and thought he had started East at once.

He tried to avoid me, but I grasped his arm hurriedly just as the conductor's "All Aboard" rang out.

"Why haven't you gone?" I hurriedly queried.

"Cash gone," he confessed, shamefacedly

"For the love of Heaven, how?"

"Back where it came from."

The train was moving, and I was due in the city that night.

"You fool," I said, with perhaps too much anger. "Now show yourself a man. Can you?"

"I will," he promised as I swung aboard.

A PAIR OF SHOULDER STRAPS

A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION

By George Warburton Lewis

Author of "Wearing the Blue," "The Whip Hand," etc.

IT was a long while before my ablest efforts could induce the insurgent general's little daughter to quit her hammock on the palace porch and come to the one little grated window of my prison. She seemed to possess a radical fear of everything American, animate or inanimate. She was perhaps in the first year of her teens, and the merest slip of a girl. She made me think of some frail plant long denied the life-giving properties of the sunlight. She would not come close at first, but stood a little way off and regarded my unshaven face as though it were an object of deepest curiosity. At that moment I would gladly have paid the price of my freedom for the vilest razor. Not that I was excessively vain or hopeful of establishing myself in the coy little maid's affections, but, being the only American in the rebel capitol, I felt the responsibility of fitting representation.

"*Que quiere?*" she inquired tentatively from the cover of a lime-bush.

"Only to beg a sunbeam," I said persuasively in the tongue I had learned.

She eyed me curiously, making no reply. Obviously she thought me demented.

"Come nearer," I entreated, "I have something to tell you."

She advanced a few paces and queried timidly, as if sounding my reason:

"What does the *Americano* say about sunbeams?"

Her small, oval face, I made mental note, was Spanish in every line and of rare beauty.

"I would humbly beg a beam of sunshine from the myriad that dance about you there," said I; "you see, these bars admit only darkness."

"Oh, *now* I understand!" she exclaimed quickly, somewhat relieved if still afraid. "You are lonely."

"Yes, very lonely", I admitted, "but why do you fear one who could not harm you if he wished?"

She sighed and her sombre, dark eyes sought the hem of her *pina* skirt.

"There are many reasons why we fear the Americans," she said; "they are wicked and untamed, like the barbarous tribes of our native mountains."

My unbeauteous beard did me the service of hiding a smile at her frank observation, ere I selfishly sacrificed State to individual well-being.

"Yes," I agreed, "for the most part my people are very wicked, but, even as in your own country, the mad desire for political greatness is the cause. Surely you cannot blame one so humble as myself, for making war and destroying your people?"

The intonation of her own vibrant voice had given her confidence, and her fears were vanishing as dew in the sunshine. Unfortunately for me her inquisitive eyes had run down a faded shoulder-strap, which I had indiscreetly exposed above the window-sill.

"Is your part in the great struggle so humble then?" she asked.

I blundered into her trap with all the good-natured clumsiness of a cub bear.

"Indeed," I prevaricated, visions of freedom inspiring mendacity; "I am but a soldier —a mere rifleman."

Her bright face instantly clouded, and whatever it had shown of compassion gave place to fine indignation.

"Your window is small, *Senor*," she said almost regretfully, "yet quite large enough to betray a fraud. For such as you, it were better entirely walled up!"

Her bleak tones sent a chill along my spine, and yet enraged me, for with them, I believed, trembling off into space, went my last chance of succor. Tearing the tell-tale insignia from my uniform I threw them after her as she turned and walked arrogantly away. Then, in a remote sanctum of my heart, where hope had long fought off despair, I felt the wretchedness of surrender; and sinking upon the dank floor of my cell I cursed the stupidity that had destroyed my final chance of liberty.

A month dragged slowly by and the girl came no more. Then, one day, I caught my spirited little acquaintance passing immediately under my prison window. I fear policy dominated friendship in my motive, but I dropped a word of greeting, and she paused, looked up and started violently at the sight of my lengthened beard and sunken eyes.

"Are you ill?" she asked, not without some solicitude.

"No, not ill," said I, "only starving."

"But you are a *captain*", she charged. I discovered it from the little baubles which you threw after me in anger. A servant brought them to me."

"Yes, I am a captain," I acknowledged, "but not a complaining one."

"Then why your salutation?"

"I was pining for a little adventure," said I truthfully. "Things magnify or mimify in interest according to circumstances. My mere conversing with you now is to me a positive adventure. On the same hypothesis, a bat pursuing a mosquito in my little inclosure here becomes a veritable battle of Waterloo. If the capital were attacked I should doubtless be able, from the same view-point, to form a correct conception of a stupendous international conflict!"

Again she was regarding me curiously, perhaps doubting my sanity.

"I am to be your jailor," she suddenly announced, breaking my train of thought. "Every available soldier goes to-morrow to fight the *Americanos*."

"I am fortunate," said I, a faint hope quickening my pulse.

"Yes," she concurred, "I shall have a mason close up this window, lest your strange gestures and quaint phrases again attract me here."

Remembering her remark of a month since, I shot a quick glance of alarm at her face, but was infinitely relieved to note that her full lips were parted in mirth.

From the street came the sound of heavy feet and jangling steel, and a look of sudden alarm chased away her flickering smile.

"It is father," she said softly; he loves me, though he would not hesitate to kill me if——"

She disappeared among the trees just in time to escape detection by a fierce-visaged insurgent officer, who at that moment swung in to view at the head of a long column of dejected-looking native troops.

Next morning, the town was as innocent of soldiers as though the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

Early in the day my little keeper brought me half a cocoa-nut shell full of steaming chicken broth, some boiled rice and some fruit. It seemed sumptuous fare, for I had not seen its like in many months. The gracious giver did not push it through the grate of my window as the soldiers had done, but unlocked and entered my cell without taking the precaution to re-lock the huge, iron door. At last! My opportunity had come. A breath of cool, delicious morning air rushed in and fanned my feverish cheek as an angel's wing, and a maniac yearning for the great world without seized me. With one swift bound I was past my jailor and at the door, but there I paused, turned and looked back. She had made no effort to intercept me. She stood gazing at me in wonder, as if she had not thought my shrunken limbs capable of such antics. Hesitating there, I tried to think how the world would regard one guilty of taking advantage of a helpless girl. Presently I felt sure I knew; and a strange impulse sent me slowly back to my little warden, from whose slender hands I accepted the food, cursing under my breath the silly scruples that make weak women of strong men.

A grave smile kindled on the wine-red lips of the girl.

"When you have finished you may go," she said simply. "Had you gone by virtue of superior strength, and had my aim not failed, you would be in another world now!"

Thus mysteriously speaking, she drew from the folds of her ample gown and extended toward me a tiny revolver.

"Perhaps *Americanos*, even captains, are not all without honor," she observed musingly as I dazedly accepted the weapon.

In the atmosphere of a new affinity, we both sat down upon the rude bench of my cell. I tried to eat but could not swallow. Haply it was because I was full—full of a strange tumult not unlike the throbbing of engines, that seemed to hinder each intake of breath and balk pulsation. The hand of my good angel was not white. The stain of alien blood had melted through the otherwise peach-pink skin. But I begged to kiss it, and its owner consent ed after the amiable manner of sweet children; and then I went, unmolested, out into the great glorious world, which never before had looked so splendid and so vast.

I shunned the traveled ways and toiled northward through jungle and marsh, strength gradually failing me until at nightfall I sank exhausted beneath the tree-top canopy of a great forest. I thought not of the hunger that tore at my vitals, but slept as only a listless, worn-out man can sleep. Just before dawn the following morning the sound of crashing rifle volleys brought me to a sitting posture, and turned my thoughts, for the first time since possessing it, upon the little weapon which constituted my entire means of defense. On first awaking I was beset by a great weakness, but the spiteful snap and crackle of shots sent the lazy blood dancing through my veins, even as they had done on the day when the impulse they kindled made me a prisoner of war. Myself once more, I sprang up and sought the long-denied perfume of battle. The first whiff of its low-floating rack delighted the olfactory sense and cleared my muddy brain. It came from a sinister, long line of Remingtons and Mausers. I saw the sharp tongues of fire they spat forth as I stood in the verdant fringe of a great flat field, across which a thin line of khaki-clad figures was steadily, unflinchingly advancing in the half-light of dawn. Anon I saw many of the men in khaki fall, but the intervals only widened to equalize the gaps they left, and the thinning brown line came on irresistibly, inevitably. There are times when one has cause to be proud of one's nationality. A moment I watched the unwavering advance, thrilling at the splendid spectacle. Then my blood seethed and surged and my brain whirled like drunk.

"Grand! Glorious!" I shouted at the top of my lungs, and imprudently bursting from cover I ran toward the on-coming men in brown. I was between the lines. Brass-jacketed Remington missiles sang lyrics of death in my drumming ears and cavorted merrily about my racing feet, but I laughed in mad mockery at their futility and sped on. Alas for him who challenges fate! Something blazing-hot, heavy and penetrating, slipped queerly under my shoulder-blade and seemed to pierce to my inmost vitals. Despite my determination to ignore the thing my speed slackened. Ah! at last I had guessed it. I was shot. Simply shot, that was all. The knowledge did not much alarm me, yet somehow——

My swaying knees suddenly gave way; I fell forward upon my face and felt the soft, moist earth forcing its way into my half-open mouth. Then, even at daybreak, the blackness of midnight fell upon my senses.

On a rude cot in the shade of a clump of bamboos, I returned to a consciousness of things mundane. My body was stiff as a plaster cast in bandages, and any effort to move cost me a twinge. A rough "doughboy" lounging near me was generously giving a comrade information about the fight.

"We're gittin' back at 'em for their deviltry now; caught the whole gugu army, I think; even down to the old 'dobe general and his kid daughter—and say!—she's a stunner as to looks, and whiter than you or me."

"Wonder what they will do with the gugu war boss, now they've got him?"—from the uninformed.

"Oh, ain't you heard? He's goin' to stretch hemp at Tarlac to-morrow; and it's a becoming industry for him, too. He's the one that had all them innocent marines shot down without so much as a hearin'. Outside of our own first sergeant, Micky O'Connor, I reckon he's the toughest guy on earth."

"*Senor! Senor!*"

There was a certain soft vibration in the new voice that caused me to turn toward it, grimly accepting the racking pain the movement inflicted. A dozen yards away, gazing at me through a little barred window, not unlike the one I had long known, was my good angel of liberty. But no smile played round the chubby, pink lips, nor did the luminous, dark eyes longer hold the mild suggestion of mischief which I had once remarked there. A cloud of deep anxiety upon her wontedly bright face forced her father's plight upon my senses, and I winced from a pain excruciating and hitherto unexperienced.

"Yes, *Senor*, it is I——I recognized you by the wee revolver which lies by your side;"—in answer to my questioning stare. "I would only beg the return of a sunbeam. I am in sore need of its influence now, and you are the only one having the power to bestow whom I may ask."

I found my voice—or was it mine?—with difficulty.

"How—how is it that you are here among

the blood-stained servants of Mars?" I wheezed.

"My father——I could not remain away from him when danger threatened. He lies wounded there"——pointing——" his last night ——on earth. One of your people came and told me——one who wore these same dreadful emblems of authority and——*death* "

Falteringly her thin voice trailed away into tense quiet as she held up before my eyes a pair of shoulder-straps—my own! Then in a sickening flash of comprehension the import of her words came home to me. She had given me liberty and life, daring the fury of a parent who lived but to avenge treason. She had violated a filial obligation that I, an enemy sentenced to death, might live. The chance to reciprocate was at hand, but a thought of what it involved fairly staggered my reason. I must set at large a fire-brand among tinder, release from custody a murderer, one whose edict had taken the lives of my own countrymen. "Never!" I resolved. But a pair of doleful, dark eyes beyond the grated window looked imploringly into my soul and something said, "Consider."

From her view-point it was impossible for my little Samaritan to appreciate my position. I endeavored to make clear to her that the honor which she had but lately revered, though to her changed of aspect, was honor still and would be sacrificed. But with the life of one's parent in jeopardy how can one see impartially? The small, flower-like prisoner only contracted her smooth brow in distress and held me with her dolorous, lamb-like eyes. It was aught but easy to turn my head away while those eyes were searching mine for the faintest sign of yielding. I could only *tear* my gaze from that of my little heroine; and long after the wine-red sun had extinguished its fires in the far-off crimson sea I lay sleepless and vainly strove to shut out of my vision the soulful, pleading look that held me still a prisoner. At last I slept and dreamed the most realistic dream of my life. I dreamed that I slept, and that a treasonable act committed by a somnambulist would not be punishable by law. And while yet I *dreamed* this, a strange sub-consciousness told me that opposing sides of my nature were struggling for mastery. Ultimately a great peace stole over me. I rose and deliberately set free the girl whose appealingly eyes had so stirred my emotions. It was an ideal moonlit night. There, in my dream, I saw her as plainly as it is possible for human eyes to see an object. Never have I forgotten the look with which the little moon-sprite expressed her gratefulness; nor has the memory fled of how she reached up with her soft, delicately moulded arms and drew me down from my six feet that she might leave a velvet kiss clinging to my weather-beaten cheek. She slipped something into my hand. I held it up to my eyes and the white moonlight showed me my shoulder-straps.

"Always wear them," she admonished with seeming precocity; "if they work a minimum of evil they inspire a maximum of good."

I deposited them in a pocket of a woolen night-shirt I wore, and stood watching her retreating figure as it swerved to avoid detection by a passing sentry and then dissolved in the ocean of pale moonlight. Such was my strange dream.

I awoke at dawn, and sat bolt upright with a suddenness in no wise becoming an invalid. Some devilish dream was still rioting in my brain. I was strangely conscious of a sense of *guilt*. The mysterious realism of my dream made it difficult for me to believe that I had *not committed* the crime even as I had dreamed it. As I sat groping in conjecture and fear a sentry with dilated eyes and ashen face rushed past me. In a trice, the entire camp was a scene of commotion. Both the doomed insurgent general and his daughter the cry went, had been set free during the night by the enemy's spies masquerading as cart-drivers. Three of these native employees were missing from the corral, which was hypothetic evidence of the stratagem.

The surgeon on his morning rounds inquired if I had slept well, and informed the nurse aside (my profession induces long ears) that I was going into typhoid. Later, as the attendant removed my night-shirt to facilitate the adjustment of bandages, a pair of shoulder straps fell from one of the pockets, causing me to spring out of bed in delirious horror.

"*Curse those things!*" I cried. "*How came they* ——"

I broke off and shuddered at thought of the awful truth. And when the surgeon came again the nurse told him that my fever was taking an alarming form.

The MYSTERY *of* RAVENOKE RUINS

By Baruch Israeli

"YES, Mr. Sheriff, it is a bad cut," said Dr. Goodwin, "but he'll pull through, I think, if he is careful. He mustn't be moved until I see him again to-morrow. My directions must be followed to the letter. No light. Let him take this mixture if he is feverish. He can have milk, boiled; bouillon, broth. Some one must remain by his side, constantly. —Are you coming along with me, Mr. Sheriff? Oh, you are going to Houston, first, are you? Sorry. I must hurry back, you know. A physician isn't his own master.—Well," he turned to the patient and attendant, "good-by and good luck."

Frank Goodwin was a young physician, several and twenty years old. He had but recently settled in the county. He was building up a good practice, and was well liked. It was believed, in fact, that his ancestors originally belonged to this section.

"Well, Jim," Frank called to the stable-boy, when he emerged from the cottage," well, Jim, is Peg all right?—Yes, Peg, here is your sugar," Goodwin addressed the horse, as the stable-boy brought him forward, all groomed and saddled. Pegasus took his lump of sugar and munched away at it with a relish. "We have thirty miles to cover, old fellow, and it is a bit cloudy," continued the young man, glancing at the skies above. "It looks as if we were going to have a squall or something. I think, Peg, old boy, we'll have to spread our wings a little to-night. Else we'll never get home, and get drowned, perhaps, into the bargain."

Frank attached his instrument case and medicine bag to the saddle, sprang lightly into it himself, and was off like a flash. In order to save time and cut the distance as short as possible, he abandoned the roads and chose the cross-fields. Pegasus took fence and ditch instinctively.

Mount and rider had covered nearly half the distance when an angry wind began to blow. Overhead the clouds lowered menacingly, lightning zigzagged weirdly, and thunder clashed against thunder ominously. Suddenly the whole world was ablaze, and the earth seemed to be torn in twain. The beast reared from fright, but the man controlled him. In another moment everything was plunged into inky blackness, and nothing, beyond one's nose could be distinguished. Frank, hoping to make cover somewhere, dug his spurs into the animal's flanks, and the horse, with an angry snort, leaped ahead. There were a few big water drops, then the rain came down in a torrent, while it blew great guns from the north. The young man bent his head over the horses' neck, and Pegasus plodded along through the soggy marsh.

"Hello, what is that?" cried the doctor suddenly. "A light, as I live! what luck! There is a chance for shelter over yonder, Peg, old boy. Wonder whose place it is?" Frank urged on his companion. The latter, scenting fodder and rest, willingly redoubled his pace. In ten minutes the young man knocked with whip-butt sharply against the gate. "Hey, there!" shouted he, as to loud and repeated knocking no response came. "Hey, there, are you all dead?" Convinced that further waiting would be vain, Goodwin jumped from the saddle and tried the gate. It opened easily. Leading Pegasus by the bridle, he passed into a small yard. A lighted lantern indicated a stable. In a few moments the tired horse was made fast to a post, the bit removed from his mouth, and he was made comfortable with hay and oats.

"And now we shall see where we are," said the curious young scientist. He felt instinctively for his gun.—Dr. Goodwin never ventured forth at night unless armed—and started on his investigation. A gravelled walk led from the stable through a garden to the manor-house. The house was massive, two-storied, with an abundance of gables and outbuildings. It was lighted up brilliantly, as if for some splendid *fete*. Frank knocked for admission, but elicited no response. He entered unbidden. There were servants moving quickly back and forth, but no one paid the least attention to the newcomer. "Funniest place I ever struck in my life," was his silent comment, a remark he had occasion to repeat several times that evening.—He laid off his drenched coat and hat, felt again for his revolver, and advanced boldly.

Strains of lively music attracted the visitor to a large, high-ceilinged reception hall. The room was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, all in festal array, in the costumes of a century ago. The furniture and hangings were rich and colonial. A rare Persian carpet lay on the floor. The ceiling was frescoed with angels and cupids, while from the centre hung a fine cut-glass chandelier, ablaze with light. On the mantle-piece was an embankment of roses, heliotropes, forget-me-nots, with ferns and smilax; while from the lintels of doors and windows were suspended festoons of evergreen and wreaths of laurel. In the middle of the room stood an altar, at one side of which a priest in full vestments and four choir boys were quietly waiting.

Frank stepped in after a momentary hesitation. No one interfered with him, no one welcomed him. "A curious people," thought he.

Presently a young officer in blue—handsome, tall, and broad-shouldered—entered the room, escorted by several brother officers. These were followed by six young ladies, all in diaphanous white and gold; in their midst was a girl with a bridal veil. The bride was tall, graceful, and exceedingly fair. The veiled lady and the officer stopped in front of the altar. The priest performed the marriage ceremony. The groom kissed the bride, the couple were congratulated on all sides, then led the procession out of the reception hall.

The wedding party entered a banqueting hall. The uninvited guest followed. Long tables, with immaculate linen, fine china, cut glass, and silver, extended nearly from wall to wall. Bride and groom occupied the head of the table, and the feast began. Course after course followed in rapid succession viands were served in abundance to all. There was a lively hubbub of conversation, but Frank made nothing tangible out of it. Finally glasses were filled with sparkling champagne, all guests stood up, and toasted bride and groom with a will and a cheer.

All this time Goodwin was completely ignored. He was not merely surprised, he was nettled. "If my presence here is not wanted," thought he, "why don't they tell me to get out?" He was more than once tempted to shout his presence; it was his good breeding alone that prevented him from doing it. "I must have struck an idiot asylum," decided he.

Presently the bridal couple marched out of the room, and the party scattered through various doors. The doctor noticed a library to his right, and decided to take a look at the books there. "At all events," said he, "I seem to have the liberty of the house." Numerous volumes lined the walls, some bound in leather, some in parchment, some small, others folio-sized. On a table near a window the young man noticed a fine volume of Celsus. He drew up a chair, opened the book and was soon absorbed in that ancient medical treatise.

Suddenly the reader felt compelled to look up. To his great amazement he saw the door facing him open, and some one, with a burden in his arms, coming in. It was the groom, carrying the bride, whom he deposited upon a couch. "Does he bring her to me for professional advice?" wondered the physician. Evidently not. For the groom, with drawn sword, now hastened back to the door through which he had come, closed it, and was about to bolt it. It was thrown violently open, however, and a number of redcoats burst in. The newcomers made a fierce onslaught upon the groom. The latter defended himself valiantly, but was compelled to give ground and retire gradually towards the couch. "It must be a dispute about the lady," thought Goodwin. Because of the great disparity between the combatants, he determined to come into the affray. His repeated efforts, however, were unavailing; he could not stir a limb, he could not move a muscle, he seemed to be built of lead.

That extraordinary and unequal combat did not last long. The groom did, indeed, for a time, succeed in preventing his assailants from reaching his bride. He did more, he felled two of his persistent antagonists. It all ended, as was to have been expected, in his falling himself at the feet of the lady. There was a shriek—a shriek of terror and of anguish,—a shriek that made Goodwin's hair stand on end, a frost creep down his spine. He was ashamed and disgusted to sit idly by, while a tragedy was being enacted under his very eyes; but a spell had been cast over him, and he was helpless and paralyzed. The leader of the reds had approached the woman, and attempted to seize her. The latter, contempt in her eyes, horror in her face, snatched a silver-handled dagger from the library-table, and plunged it into her heart. The next moment the lifeless form of what was but a while ago so full of loveliness and grace, lay prostrate upon the figure of the husband of a night.

Right on the heels of this tragedy, a band of swordsmen in blue rushed into the room. There was a fight, brief but fierce. The blues outnumbered and outfought the reds, disarmed, bound, and removed them. A middle-aged man now came in, knelt by the side of the bridal couple, felt their pulse and hearts, mournfully shook his head, and rose again. The two unfortunates were tenderly lifted by the blues and carried out of the room. The fallen redcoats were likewise dragged out.

"By Jove!" cried the young man as he jumped up—he now felt free to move as he would,—"by Jove! Did I fall asleep over this Celsus and dream a nightmare?" He walked back and forth and instinctively sought for traces of blood, but saw none. He lifted the heavy window-curtains, and perceived that it was still raining furiously. His watch showed him that it was past midnight. "What a horrible, horrible nightmare!" he kept saying to himself. "I can't remain in this room any longer."

Frank left the library, crossed the corridor, and entered the family dining-room. He sank into a chair, pulled out a cigar and lit it. He tried to smother his thoughts in smoke, but his mind rebelliously dwelt on the library scene.

While Goodwin was thus pre-occupied, the door opened and two servants in mourning livery came in. Each carried two large brass candle-sticks with big wax candles alight, which they placed each side the large dining-table. Other servants followed with two caskets, covered with black cloths, which they deposited upon the table. Four prisoners—Frank recognized in them the assailants upon the groom of a few minutes before—were now brought in by two soldiers in blue. Finally, three military officers, grave and dignified, marched in, and took seats at the head of the table.

From what followed the unbidden witness made out the proceedings of a drum-head court-martial. He wished to utter his testimony, he attempted to shout aloud and tell all he had seen. But the doctor could not utter a syllable, nor move a muscle. The trial ended, and the prisoners were removed. The recorder now made out the report of the case in triplicate, which was signed by the judges.

The covers had been removed and lids raised during the trial. The servants now filled the caskets with spices, put in a paper-roll with the report into each, nailed down the lids, and replaced the cloths. The caskets were then carried out in solemn procession. In a moment, officers, soldiers, servants, lights,—all vanished.

"Another nightmare?" wondered the traveler? He felt again free to move. "I believe this place is bewitched. I won't remain here a moment longer," he determined. He seized his hat and coat — they were almost dry, now—and rushed out of the house. "What a relief!" murmured he, as he stepped into the night. He stood still for a moment, inhaling the fresh, pure air. The rain had ceased. The vault overhead was rich and blue and diamond-studded. "It is a glorious night!" thought the young man, and a moment later the gravel rattled under his feet.

Frank did not proceed far. A few yards ahead he perceived a rustic seat. He felt sleepy and tired, and so, in spite of his resolution, he fell into the rustic bench and closed his eyes. He soon opened them again, however. The solemn dirge of a funeral march reached his ears, and his curiosity was aroused. And what did he see? There was a funeral procession from the manor-house towards a clump of trees a few yards away from where he was sitting. Here was an open grave, evidently newly dug. The coffins which he had seen in the dining-room, were brought to the grave. The priest who had performed the marriage ceremony, now solemnly chanted the burial service. The caskets were lowered into the grave, taps were sounded, and military honors rendered. Earth was now thrown in, the funeral party vanished, and Goodwin was once more alone.

Goodwin sprang to his feet. "By Heaven!" cried he, "if I tarry here any longer I shall certainly lose my reason altogether." He started on a run towards the stable. "But no," declared he before mounting his horse, "no; before I go, I'll mark the burial-place, at all events." He picked up an old board, and, by means of his jack-knife, fashioned a rude cross, and notched it with his own initials for identification. He now returned towards the final resting place of bride and groom, and drove his cross into the mound. Feeling that he had done his duty, he sought Pegasus, loosened and mounted him, and rode home without further incident.

At eleven o'clock the following morning the over sheriff called upon Dr. Goodwin to talk the fate of his patient of the preceding day.

"He'll do very well, Mr. Tompkins, I think," said the doctor. "I'll ride over to-day to see how he is doing. I'd like you to come along."

The sheriff had no objections. Frank proposed to ride across-fields, to which again the other agreed. The ride was uneventful until they came upon Ravenoke Ruins.

"I wouldn't pass through here after nightfall," said Mr. Tompkins gravely, "for either love or money."

"Why, Mr. Sheriff," inquired the doctor, indifferently.

"Because," answered the sheriff, "because this is the worst haunted spot on God's earth. That shed there is used by farm hands in the day-time, but none of them will venture here at night.—Hello, what is that?" exclaimed he. "See that cross yonder, among that clump of trees? I've never seen it before. Let's have a look at it. Why, it is a fresh mound, too."

"I'll tell you what let's do," suggested his companion. "Let us open the mound and see what lies buried here. It may be some treasure."

Mr. Tomkins hesitated for a few moments, but finally accepted the proposal. The riders tied their horses in the shed, secured spades there, and in a few minutes the mound was opened. Before long they struck something hard, and on digging further they discovered two coffins.

"I guess it must be some old grave," said the older man. "Let us cover it up again and be done with it."

"No, I think we had better open the coffins," urged Goodwin, a little excited. "I'll explain my motive later."

The coffins were taken out of the grave and the lids forced open. The caskets were found filled with spices, and contained the bodies of a young man and a young woman in an excellent state of preservation. Seeking further they discovered scrolls of paper, which the sheriff opened and read:

> "To Whomsoever it may concern:
>
> "Be it known that on Michaelmas night, 1814, Captain Frank Pierson, U. S. Army, was married to Isabel Goodwin, daughter of Colonel Leslie Goodwin, at the Goodwin Manor-House. That after the marriage was celebrated and the guests had departed, the house was attacked by a British company under the leadership of one Captain Titmarsh, who had been a suitor for the lady's hand before the war. The bride and groom were killed, or caused to be killed, by the said Titmarsh. The Britishers were subsequently captured and court-martialed. It was found that they had gone beyond what the laws of civilized warfare will permit. The case was reported to headquarters. The bridal couple were then ordered buried in the garden of the Goodwin estate.
>
> (Signed.)
> George Curtis, Col. 1st Mass. Infantry.
> Philip L. Howard, Major U. S. Cavalry.
> Stephen P. Andrews, Captain, 7th N. Y. Infantry.
> Recorder.."

"Well!" exclaimed the sheriff, "this is a new one on me."

"Yes?" returned the other. "And now I'll tell you a story." And he related his experience of the preceding night. "I suppose I fell into that bale of hay in the shed yonder," he finished, "and dreamed a dream. However, these are my ancestors, people who had disappeared from view. I suppose, if I can prove relationship, and identify these bodies, I can establish my claim to the estate."

"Perhaps you can," said the officer of the law. "There has always been a dispute about these lands."

"Now we will restore the dead to their grave for the time being," Goodwin responded "and go our way."

Dr. Goodwin subsequently did prove his claim to the broad Goodwin acres, and took possession of them. But that is another story.

IN DAYS OF YORE

By Agnes Haskell

I SEE you, dear—as erst—beside the cottage door;
That day dropped perfect from June's dreamful skies;
What time the mooring sun flushed crimson sea and shore,
And—unaware—love slept in your sweet eyes;
That to awake hope urged my coward tongue,
While my faint heart with tender pain was wrung.

Nor durst my hand yours—tempting near—to clasp and keep;
That—needle plying—fluttered like shy bird;
But when Night's silver shallop ploughed the upper deep,
And the paled roses o'er us light winds stirred,
Rare fragrance show'ring, I—grown hunger-bold—
Love's honeyed story valorously told.

Your answ'ring voice was music's own—clear, soft and true,
Like dulcet strains from some rare viol won,
By master great, who, passioned, his loved muse doth woo,
Or thrush's vesper-hymn, when day is done.—
O crowning bliss! O hour, with joy replete!
When heart meets heart, as rushing waters meet!

While all of silv'ry space seemed fanned with unseen wings
Of sprites, soft wafting dewy perfume down;
And ocean's monotone like bell that blithesome rings
In marriage morns; or peace to war-racked town;
All nature seemed to make grand jubilee—
So glad our hearts! So near to heaven were we!

And, dear, tho' frosted thick the burnished locks of youth,
  And paled the roses that your round cheek wore;
Though Time has touched all things with change, save love and truth,
  You're fair to me as in the days of yore;
  And fond prophetic faith can ne'er divine
  A parting, dear, betwixt your soul and mine!

⁂

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

USE A BLOTTER

By Cora A. Matson-Dolson, Floridaville, N.Y.

Have several good clean blotters within easy reach of the kitchen and dining table. In case fruit juice is spilled on the tablecloth, or spattered on the clothing while preparing the meals, the edge or corner of a blotter instantly applied to the spot will entirely remove the juice and save an ugly stain.

CREAMING BUTTER AND SUGAR

By Mrs. F. K. Page, Akron, Ohio

In *creaming* butter and sugar for cake and pudding sauce, pour over enough *boiling* water to moisten the butter and sugar, and it will cream almost instantly, and the cake will be just as good as if creamed in the old way.

INQUIRY

Will some reader kindly tell us how to preserve mucilage from molding.

Answer. Mix in a few drops of carbolic acid or oil of cloves, the latter for choice. [ED.

WASHING DISHES EASILY

By Mrs. U. E. Traer, Evanston, Ill.

If you live in the city, and have to use hard water, add a little sweet milk to your dish-water, and you will be surprised to find how much easier the dishes wash.

TO CLEAN WINDOWS

By H. T. Cook, Marlboro, Mass.

Rub windows over with alcohol and water. This removes dirt and they dry quickly. Polish with clean white cloth.

OUT-OF-DATE SHIRTWAISTS

By Mary L. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.

When shirtwaists become out-of-date, rip off the cuffs, open the gathers at the hand and you have a kimona sleeve, to be faced up with a contrasting shade—another old waist, perhaps. Rip off the collar-band, take out neck gathers, if any, shape the front of the neck like kimona: rip off belt, take out fullness, trim the bottom square, lengthen if necessary with bias ruffle of the contrasting shade, put kimona facing on the neck and down front, and you have a morning jacket that will not always be parting company with your belt when you reach for something from the top shelf.

HOW TO COOK PIES

By R. V. P., Drakes Branch, Va.

In the September, 1906, number of the National a lady tells her way of keeping syrup in juicy pies. Now I do not doubt that it is a good way, but the way I do it is so much easier that I want to tell how it is done, so that when one is in a hurry the pie may be prepared in a few seconds, and the syrup will not come out. When the pie is ready for the top crust, and that is ready to put on, just take a thimble and cut several holes in the crust; then the steam can escape easily, and the pie bubble and boil, but the juice will remain in it.

OLIVED CHERRIES

By Miss Hattie Smith, Pasadena, California

Take nice ripe cherries, wash them and cut off about one-third of the stem. Place them in a quart jar, and when full add one tablespoonful of salt. Then mix together equal proportions of cold rain-water and vinegar, and fill up the jar. Seal and set aside for winter use. These taste very much like pickled olives.

CLEANING KID GLOVES

By Mrs. A. P. Carman, Winfield, Kansas

Deodorized benzine, one quart; chloroform, one-half ounce; sulphuric ether, one-quarter ounce; corbonate ammonia, one-quarter ounce. Mix and bottle. Very satisfactory.

This mixture is very inflammable, and should be used only in a place where there is no stove or flames. [ED.

A NEW POLISHER

By A. L. Martin, Winfield, Kan.

Have you ever used the old burned-out mantles used in gas lamps, when no more good for lamps, as a polishing powder for silverware, copper or steel? Try it once, and you will always be careful to see that not one is thrown away after declared useless for light. There is no finer polish to be had.

A DOZEN GOOD SUGGESTIONS

By Ann Buchanan, Gordonsville, Minn.

1. As a glove darner, there is nothing quite as good as an ordinary cat-tail gathered from some pond. Try inserting it in the glove-finger, when darning.

2. If you fold a torn or mended towel or table napkin fold the worst side out, or you may forget it and find that you have given the damaged article to your most honored guest.

3. When sweeping, take a sour milk curd such as many farmers' wives make for chickens. Squeeze dry, and scatter over the carpet. This can be used in a fire-heated room without danger and is a good cleaner.

4. In making apple jelly, practice economy by using peelings and cores. A peculiar delicacy of flavor and coloring is obtained in this way. The greener the apples, the lighter colored the jelly,

5. If plums are preserved, pickled or canned before they are fully ripe, the skin will not harden and cling to the pit, and the fruit will be clearer and brighter in color.

6. If your hair is falling out, rub the scalp with a freshly-cut onion. Nothing is better.

7. A handful of weeds, or brush, folded to a convenient size and tied, then left to partly dry before being piled with others, as a stick of wood in a wood-pile, will, when dry, almost boil the kettle or bake the buscuit, and *will* with two or three other fagots.

8. Soft soap rubbed in before the fire is an Indian remedy for rheumatism. It is also excellent for a bruise or a sprain.

9. Olive oil rubbed on the fingers before paring or handling fruit will prevent the hands becoming stained, and is useful, as well in removing fruit stains.

10. Give plenty of room between the pansy plants; a foot or more, and have the soil very rich, very well cultivated, and remember sand keeps the soil porous.

11. The seed of the scarlet sage is easily gathered, if the flower stalk is cut just as soon as the calyx begins to turn brown.

—

HINTS FOR PYROGRAPHY WORK

By Hilda Carey, Howard, Wash.

When you have had a pyrography point repaired several times, and it breaks on the end, do not throw it away, but use it for rough background work. You can do much faster work, and it burns much blacker than a good point would do. I use mine for rough chiseled articles—only on background.

How many of you know that the boards that broadcloth is wrapped on is excellent for pyrography artists. One can make of them such beautiful plaques and shelves burned in some pretty designs.

—

CARE OF THE PIANO

By Mrs. M. E. Kingsley, Carlton, Ill.

Wash the woodwork of your piano with warm water and Ivory Soap, and the finger-marks and dirt will quickly disappear; the keys should be cleaned with alcohol.

LAUNDRY HINT

When laundering sash curtains, put the rods in them before ironing, and you will save time and will not tear the curtains.

—

FOR INSOMNIA

By K. S., Chicago

If one is troubled with insomnia, bathe the feet, ankles and wrists in hot water, as hot as can be borne, before getting into bed.

MOIST BREAD

By Lina S. Merchant, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bread will remain moist for a week if this plan is pursued. Of the quantity of "wetting" (milk, milk and water, or just water) used for your bread, use one-half boiling hot, which must be stirred into the flour in the bread-pan; then use the other half cold, which will bring the proper temperature; then add yeast and salt, and a little sugar, mixing in the flour until a compact mass is formed; let it rise until very light, and knead down in pan and let stand for about three-quarters of an hour; work into loaves and bake.

TO GET RID OF WATER-BUGS

Do you want a sure relief from water-bugs and roaches? If so, try this method which is in use in the post office in London, England: Take of plaster of Paris and confectioners' sugar in equal parts, and mix thoroughly by sifting through a flour sieve; place in dry spots on kitchen tables, shelves and around the sink; these pests are very fond of sugar, and will eat this mixture with avidity; it is sure death every time, literally turning them to stone. It is best to repeat the process the second time, to take off any stragglers that may be left after the first application.

—

VIRTUES OF COFFEE

By Maud Hursey, Buffalo, Wyo.

Coffee is a good air purifier. A little burned on hot coals will purify a sick room and abolish odors. As a drink it has great bracing effects. Physicians drink freely of it before visiting infectious disease cases.

TO SOOTHE THE NERVES

A small onion eaten at night will often induce sleep, it having a soothing effect upon the nerves.

TO RELIEVE HEARTBURN

For instant relief to heartburn, take one-fourth of a teaspoonful baking soda mixed with a little sour milk.

—

TIME-SAVING FROSTING

By M. E. W., Woodford, N. Y.

Don't work boiling sugar and beating eggs for frosting, in the old fussy way. Life is too short and its demands on a woman's strength too great. Keep some confectioners' sugar on hand. If the cake is to be eaten soon, moisten about a cupful of sugar with sweet cream, flavor, and you have a frosting as toothsome as can be made. If the cake is to be kept for some time, use water to moisten. A little practice will show when of the right thickness to spread. It is so easy, always good, and saves time enough in a month to read the National.

—

TOMATO JELLY

By Mrs. H. F., Rockwood, Tenn.

Tomato jelly can be quickly made by thickening the strained and well-seasoned juice with corn-starch. Let it cook slowly for five minutes at least; mold it in small cups, and serve very cold on crisp lettuce leaves with a spoonful of salad-dressing on top.

—

REMOVES COFFEE STAINS

By Jessie F. Shipman

Rub salad oil or glycerine on coffee stains. Then when the articles are laundered, all stains will disappear.

TO CUT NEW BREAD

When cutting warm bread, if the knife blade is heated, the new loaf can be cut as nicely as old bread.

BRUISES

By I. S. R., Mountain City, Tenn.

Children are constantly falling and producing unsightly "black and blue" spots. A bruise usually ruptures small blood-vessels, and the change of color in the part is caused by changes in the coloring of the blood poured out under the skin. In North Germany, when a child strikes on its head the mother immediately presses the handle of a spoon on the part. This prevents the blood-vessels from pouring out more blood, and helps to scatter that already emitted, thus rendering absorption easier. Hot water or ice acts in a like manner upon the blood-vessels. A very sure remedy is the application, with a camel's hair brush, of fluid extract of witch hazel, which, if applied immediately, causes the vessels to contract, and no more blood escapes.

TO BLEACH WHITE GOODS

White goods that have become yellowed from lying, may be beautifully bleached by simply placing in a jar of buttermilk. If only slightly yellowed, a day or two will be sufficient, but garments that are very much yellowed with age may be left in for two or three weeks, changing the milk occasionally.

TO WATERPROOF SHOE-SOLES

Dissolve beeswax and a little sweet oil. Before the shoes are worn, warm the soles and pour on the melted wax, a little at a time, holding them close until it soaks into the leather. Add more until the leather ceases to absorb it.

TO KEEP LEMONS FRESH

It is said that lemons will keep fresh for weeks if placed in a bag of corn-meal; or keep in cold water, changing it once a week.

—

KEEP UP YOUR LINEN SUPPLY

By Mrs. J. C. Weir, Newcastle, Ind.

To keep up the supply of linen, one sheet and one pair of pillow cases should be purchased for each bed every year, and one good table cloth and one-half dozen towels. Napkins should be bought every alternate year.

DRY-CLEANSING PROCESS

The so-called dry-cleansing process is a solution made from a teacupful of soapsuds and sufficient gasoline to immerse the garment to be cleaned. Rub any very soiled places much in the same way as you would when washing in water, then rinse in clear gasoline and hang up to dry. No ironing is required.

—

SURE CURE FOR INGROWING TOE-NAIL

By A. L. Blakeiy, Lincoln, Neb.

I have used tannin for many years in treating these torments. One ounce of fresh tannic acid dissolved in six drams of pure water with gentle heat. Must be painted on the soft parts twice a day. It usually leaves no pain or lameness after the first application, but may need a second, when the flesh will be shrunken away from the nail, and it can be removed.

—

MOCK LOBSTER SALAD

By Mrs. E. E. Snow, Bangor, Me.

Instead of lobster, use a good piece of halibut, with enough boiled beet, cut up fine to color and season it, and the result is very satisfactory.

CLEANING BRASS

Wash articles of brass which are tarnished in the water in which potatoes have been boiled, and they will be as bright as if new.

TO WASH WOOL BLANKETS

By Mrs. T. E. Stubblefield, McLean, Illinois

Dissolve a cake of pure soap that has no salt or rosin in it in a gallon of water, by boiling. Have ready three tubs two-thirds full of cold water from the cistern. Into tub No. 1 pour two-thirds of your dissolved soap. One-third of the remainder put into tub No. 2, and enough into No. 3 to slightly tinge the water; also stir into tubs Nos. 1 and 2 a tablespoonful of ammonia or powdered borax. Place a couple of blankets into tub No. 1, and let soak from one-half to three-quarters of an hour; then rub any dirty spots lightly with the hands, and wring with wringer into tub No. 2, putting other blankets to soak in tub No. 1, with a little more dissolved soap. Wring the blankets from tub No. 2 to No. 3, then into a basket, and hang upon line immediately by one edge, and when half dry turn and hang by opposite edge. Blankets washed in this way do not shrink at all, and are as fluffy and soft as when new. Have used the above method for thirteen years.

—

CANNING RHUBARB

By Mrs. G. F. Hooper, Palmyra, Wis.

Put your cans and rhubarb in cold water, then peel and cut the rhubarb into short lengths. Now put in chopping bowl, and chop very fine. Pack in cans as firm as can be placed, running off any surplus juice. Screw on covers *tight* and set in the cold water for a while, after which set on the cellar bottom in the dark, and it will keep a year and longer, and no one can tell it from the fresh rhubarb. One quart can will make three or four pies.

—

COLORING OLD CURTAINS

By J. E. Meriness, Glidden, Ia.

To make old lace curtains ecru or cream-color, dissolve a little yellow ochre in the rinsing water—a tablespoon of ochre to a pail of water will give them the ecru shade.

PRESSED CHICKEN

To make pressed chicken keep its shape, add a tablespoon of gelatine dissolved in teacup of water to the liquor which is to be put on the chicken, and then press it.

—

A DAINTY DRESSER SCARF

By S. C. Morrison, Brunswick, Me.

A dainty dresser scarf may be made by joining handkerchiefs with valenciennes or Mechlin lace, edging the scarf with lace to match. One can use six children's handkerchiefs joined by very narrow insertion, or three ladies' handkerchiefs joined with a row of wide or two rows of narrow insertion; the number and size of handkerchiefs used depending on the size of the dresser.

—

CINDER IN THE EYE

By Elizabeth M. Franks, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Is easily removed by moistening a thin piece of slippery elm in the mouth until it resembles a small paint brush, and gently brushing the ball of the eye.

—

ANTI-MOTH

By Mrs. J. Burlison, Medina, Ohio

One part of oil of cedar; two parts of alcohol. Ten or fifteen drops placed in a cup in any ordinary closet, and renewed occasionally during the summer, will insure the contents of the closet against moths.

FRENCH POLISH FOR FURNITURE

By P. Oliphant, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Many will be glad to know how the fine, original polish of furniture may be restored, especially in the case of such articles as pianos, fancy tables, cabinets, lacquered ware, etc., which have become tarnished by use. Make a polish by putting half an ounce of shellac, the same quantity of gum sandarae into a pint of spirits of wine. Put them all together in a stone bottle near the fire, shaking it very often. As soon as gums are dissolved, it is ready for use. Now make a roller of woolen rags—soft old broadcloth will do—put a little of the polish, and also a few drops of linseed oil, on it, and rub the surface to be polished, going round and round over a small space at a time, until it begins to be quite smooth. Finish by a second rubbing with spirits of wine, and more of the polish, and your furniture will have a brilliant lustre equal to new.

A DASH OF YELLOW

By Mrs. M. S., Dorchester, Mass.

Do you know that a room without a touch of yellow in it is drear no matter how many other gay colors may be there? No arrangement of colored flowers seems complete without a dash of yellow. But too much in either plan wrecks the entire affair. Yellow should be present but not predominate. If you miss something in room or bouquet or decorations, investigate and see if yellow is not missing.

PAPERING PAINTED WALLS

Walls that have been white-washed or painted may be made to retain paper by first being washed in a solution of plain molasses and water. Mix one quart cheapest molasses in three gallons of water. Stir thoroughly and apply to wall with a brush. When dry, put the paper on. It will stick.

SAVE YOUR CANDY BOXES

By Blanche Miller, Cedar Grove, Va.

Save your candy boxes until Christmas; then line them with dainty paper, and place within them gifts to go by mail.

FOR THE HAIR

The scalp can be thoroughly cleaned by rubbing it with a small piece of cloth saturated with petroleum. This removes dandruff as well as dirt, and by leaving the hair loose for a few hours, all disagreeable odor will vanish.

Dusting a little talcum powder or corn starch through oily hair will make it light and fluffy.

CHEAP AND HANDY BUCKETS

By Mrs. E. W. Landsberg, Humboldt, Iowa

Candy-buckets make cheap and durable water-buckets, or buckets for all household uses, if painted inside and out at once upon purchase, so as to be free from all substances. Remove also all paper that has been pasted on the outside of the bucket, so that paint will cover evenly. As to color, I prefer dark green, as this holds its color well and always looks clean. I pay from ten to fifteen cents for such a bucket (depending upon size) and have had some in use for several years.

TO DRY PEACHES

By Della Smith, Grand Junction, Ind.

Pare, cut in halves, fill the cavity after the pit has been removed with sugar, and dry in a moderate oven. Very nice.

TO CLEAN CLOTHES WRINGERS

By E. M. H., Mount Morris, N. Y.

A few months ago advice was given in the "Helps" to use kerosene to clean the rubber rollers of a clothes-wringer. This is bad; for while it truly cleans the rubber quickly and thoroughly, kerosene will rot the rubber. Ammonia (*aqua*) will do the work just as easily and well, and is good for the rubber, keeping it in better condition than if it were not used at all. One-half a teaspoonful in one-half cup of water.

OFFENSIVE PERSPIRATION

Some people are afflicted with an offensive perspiration of feet and arms not caused by uncleanliness. In fact, all the bathing you may give does not help one iota.

One-quarter teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium to one pint warm water. Apply with a sponge after bathing.

A SET OF POCKETS

By A. L. D., New York

A set of pockets tacked to the inside of a closet door in the kitchen will be found a great convenience. Take a piece of denim measuring about twenty by twenty-seven inches for the foundation. Make a row of three pockets nine inches deep at the bottom, and a second row near the top, using white tape to bind all edges. Place three loops of tape to hang it up by. Use the top row of pockets one for bits of clean white cloth, one for a ball of twine or pieces of string, and one for pieces of clean white paper such as lines cracker boxes, etc. The bottom row of pockets use for different sizes of paper bags, placing the large sizes in one pocket, the medium in the second pocket, and the small ones in the third.

TO KEEP YOUR VIOLETS

By Laura E. King, Hanford, Cal.

Those who wear violets and desire them to last as long as possible, should keep them in glasses of water slightly tinctured with salt, and the glasses enclosed in air-tight pails or jars.

GLOSSY LINEN

If a gloss is desired on linen, add a teaspoonful of salt to the starch when making.

TO TEST AN OVEN

By Mrs. M. E. Lemons, Cabool, Mo.

To test the heat of an oven, place a piece of white paper in it, and if the heat is too great it will turn the paper black; if it only turns a light yellow, it is fit for sponge cakes and the lighter kinds of biscuits; if it turns a dark brown, it is fit for pastry; if a dark yellow, it is right for baking heavier kinds of cake.

TO CURE COLIC

By George R. Tubbs, La Fayette, Ind.

When baby has colic, give it three or four teaspoonfuls of water as hot as can be borne without scalding the mouth.

To cure spasms in children, sponge or bathe in tepid water.

DO NOT MIX MOLASSES AND EGGS

By Margie B. Kelley, Lewiston, Me.

In receipts calling for molasses, do not use eggs, unless it is for something which is to be fried. An old baker told me of this, and one cannot tell the difference in cakes and cookies.

THE HAPPY TIDES OF LOVE

By the Editor

HAVE you ever thought of the ebb and flow of the tides of love? Have you ever sat at the bedside of an aged mother and watched the care and affection bestowed upon her—in return for that which she gave to her children in their helpless youth?

Since the days of Bethlehem, the young mother with her babe exemplifies the highest type of human love, for hers is the only absolutely unselfish affection. If she knew that she would never be repaid for the care that she lavishes on the babe, she would love it just the same—she would not stint one moment of all those hours and days of attention and thought—how that tide of love flows unceasingly toward the child and varies not as the girl or boy grows to maturity.

> "*Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;*
> *If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning*
> *Back to the springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;*"
> "*That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.*"

When maturity is reached, how the tide flows back from the child to the parent, for few children realize until they have attained "years of discretion" what the parent's love has meant to them. Perhaps parents themselves do not always know of the deep, steady, strong tide that flows back again to them from the child.

While the expression of this ebb-tide from the child to the parent may not be as perceptible or pronounced as the flowing tide from the mother to the child it nevertheless exists, and when occasion arises it will be manifested. The necessity for demonstration does not exist while the mother is well and strong, but there is no more impressive sight to be seen than such as I recently witnessed—a strong-armed young man, laying aside the activities and duties of his business life to go back home and nurse his dying mother. The whirling maelstrom of business was forgotten when he entered that quiet chamber, and he seemed to have no thought in life but to use the utmost care in lifting that wasted form and bestowing upon his mother all the tenderness that she had long ago lavished upon him as an unconscious babe, when she stroked the little, fair head and kissed again and again the velvet cheek of her baby boy. There might not have been an equal expression of tenderness—for what mother can remember how many times in a day she caresses her child?—but the very tone of the voice, the tear-dimmed eyes in that sad moment, spoke more powerfully than any words could do of the tide of love that was flowing back to the the heart of the mother. "Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden."

What a radiant serenity and beauty were reflected in the eyes of that mother, as she passed quietly to sleep, her hand clasped by one whom she had rocked to sleep as a baby, not so many years ago. They understood each other, but that is not always the case with parent and child. How often in our everyday life we repress those expressions of the "happy habit," and nip in the bud those little flowers of the plant of affection, that would sweeten and perfume the dusty path of life if permitted to bloom. How much better to let the plant of affection blossom as it will in the sunshine of love, rather than keep it hid away in the cellar of a cold, repressive nature.

* * * * *

With all the luscious fragrance of May time, that beautiful month when

"The sun is bright—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring,"

why not maintain the May-time spirit and let no opportunity pass without some expression of appreciation to those who have done so much for you?

I don't think there is an individual alive who does not feel at some time the impulse to do a kindness to those around him, if he could feel sure that it would be appreciated and not regarded as an intrusion. It sometimes happens that the conceit of those receiving an expression of friendliness, sours the milk of human kindness, for it takes a gracious nature to receive a favor in the spirit in which it is conferred; even if the outward expression be clumsy and untactful, the true happy habiter will see the good intention behind the awkwardness, and will come more than half-way to meet that kindly effort to sweeten life for another. Often we are timid in our kindness and in our expression of happiness, because we are afraid of being considered frivolous and of meeting the taunt which confronted the great Abraham Lincoln. The incident occurred in a cabinet meeting, during the dark hours of the rebellion; he told a funny story and was met with the remark, "This is no time for levity."

"Levity," he cried; "cheerfulness is the only thing that makes it possible to see a rift in the clouds and dispel the deadening gloom of this hour. If I could not express the spirit of cheerfulness, I should die."

As I write with the windows open, and the soft breezes bringing to me the fragrance of growing flowers and newly-turned earth, a thousand thoughts come to me,—I think how, even in the rude revelries of the old-time May festivals there was a deeper meaning; and how dances and games were intended to express the happy spirit of the hopeful Springtime. How appropriately in this month of blossoms occurs Memorial Day, when a nation's gratitude and appreciation is offered in memory of all those who fought so heroically on the battle-fields of the nation. I am always loth to close this hour, in which I have the opportunity to talk with our happy habiters—cheery mortals whose hearts are attuned to the spirit of happiness, exemplified in the month that was named for Maia, the daughter of Atlas, and which stands for all that is bright and hopeful in nature.

THE ULTIMATE NORTHWEST

By Agnes Deans Cameron

> Dere's no place lak our own place, don't care de far your're goin',
> Dat's w'at de whole worl's sayin', w'enever dey come here,
> 'Cos we got de fines' contree, an' de beeges' reever flowin'
> An' le bon Dieu' sen' de sunshine nearly twelve mont' ev'ry year.
>
> —*Drummond's Habitant.*

"The Canadian Pacific Railway will run, if ever it is finished; through a country frost-bound for seven or eight months of the year, and will connect Eastern Canada with a country about as forbidding as any on the face of the earth," so spoke a prophet a quarter of a century ago.

And he was a prophet not without honor in his own country. It was the voice of Labouchere in London "Truth."

These were the days when British School Geographies contained choice little tid-bits like these. "Canada is a country of 300,000,000 acres mostly frozen wastes and swamps." "Haymakers are frozen to death within their tents." "Indians are now quite tame," "Haymaking has usually to be done by night, for men dare not face the flies."

The little girls who shyly divided their luncheons with denim-clad sweethearts in the little red school houses of the United States, polished off their geographical next-door neighbor with, "North of our country is Canada, a cold land which belongs to England; here hardy men trade in furs."

To Canadians themselves, the Great Lakes were the western gates of an unesteemed fur preserve beyond which stretched British Columbia, "the sea of mountains." Canada was the ship that had not yet found herself, the potential wealth of an empire was there between those Great Lakes and the sea, but the young giantess had not yet guessed her strength.

It was really the Americans who discovered Western Canada, who pouring over the invisible parallel of '49 found there a land that spelled "Opportunity" and who wrought on that virgin soil an object lesson of forty bushels of hard wheat to the acre, saying to the people of Canada, in the words of Cassius, "I your glass, will modestly discover to yourself that of yourself which you yet know not of."

Canada is awake. She has outlived Kipling's calumny of "Our lady of the Snows," and blossomed out into "The Granary of the Empire," "Our Lady of the Sunshine," another name we might claim for her. Minnesota is known as "The Bread-and-Butter State," then Canada is "The Sandwich Counter of England." The bread goes in bulk and the beef on hoof. It is the substantial sandwich of the schoolboy, and can be seasoned to taste. The mustard is merely hinted at when some ardent Canadian clamors for treaty-making powers. Canada is the last unstaked Empire under a white man's sky and we are witnessing within its borders the birth-throes of an entirely new Anglo-Saxon nation.

Labouchere's "forbidding country" basks in 300 full days of sunshine in a year, sunshine which coaxes phenomenal harvests out of the soil, and draws 50,000 Americans and three times 50,000 additional immigrants into its borders every year.

Canada is a country with a meagre past, a solid present and an illimitable future. The railways of Western Canada gridiron a prairie-land of 200,000,000 fertile acres only a fraction of which is cultivated, yet it produced last year 95,000,000 bushels of the best wheat grown, and has country elevators to store this wealth with a capacity of some 36,000,000 bushels. The crop of 1906 was garnered with the help of 25,000 imported harvest hands, and during the year 80,000 range-fed cattle were shipped to Europe.

The one Province of Manitoba, against which "Truth" belied its name, contains a population of half a million with a capital city Winnepeg, the "Buckle of the Wheat Belt" counting its 120,000 people.

The people of Manitoba cultivate a million acres of oats and three times that extent of wheat; their wonder-capital is growing at a greater rate than any city in America to-day.

It spent $10,000,000 on new buildings in 1905 and $12,000,000 in 1906, and its bank clearings for the current year will reach the mark of one thousand million dollars. This turning of hard wheat into hard dollars is the most solid kind of commerce on the Continent, and partakes the least of elements of chance.

I hear the pessimist say, "But your terrible winter will give immigration a set-back for 1907."

What a bugbear bugaboo that "severe winter of Canada" is to the croaker, and the outsider with jaundiced eye and imagination! Many writers on things Canadian make the weather a thing tabooed. I may be old-fashioned, but I think most subjects are best attacked from the front. First of all, then, Western Canada is not the banana-belt. As a rule, old Mother Nature doesn't grow her bananas and hard wheat in the same backyard, though the grapes of Niagara and the peaches of British Columbia will continue to draw prizes in the International Expositions of two continents.

If Canadian newspapers and magazines would persistently tell the truth about the weather conditions in every quarter of the Larger Canada, much would be gained and little lost. In the past much has been avoided and not a little suppressed. If every feature of the picture were given as Cromwell insisted on having his face painted "Wart and all," I think we'd be able to exclaim with the old Scot, "Honesty *is* the best policy—I've tried *baith*."

It is true that Western Canada has had a very heavy precipitation of snow this year. It is equally true that this is a blessing, with a very thin disguise. The great quantity of snow that has fallen assures enormous crops this year. It means ample moisture for years to come, and in every way carries compensating benefits. No country that produces No. 1 hard wheat can do without some zero weather.

Winter frost and summer sunshine working on a soil pregnant with fatness are the factors which write on Canadian wheat the sterling mark. The long hours of fervent sunshine on the prairies are a revelation to newcomers. One may read in June until 9:30 in the open air in a most marvelous twilight, and by three o'clock the sun is again well on his rounds, the whole sky flooded with amber light.

And the sunsets! What do dwellers among the sky-scrapers of big cities know or dream of the prairie sunsets! No where in the world is clearer air than this; from the Canadian Experimental and Farm at Indian Head, one can plainly see wheat elevators 35 miles away In Canada there is more sunshine, more air space, more land, more room than anywhere else that is left—it is the last and best frontier.

From the day the first prairie schooner tacked across the plains with its precious freight to this year of grace 1907, there has been ample room for the land-hungry homesteader.

Canada, like the widow's cruse of oil, seems to grow with the using. One supposes there is an ultimate frontier somewhere between wheat fields and eternal ice, but where shall we find it? The old geographers fixed it at the international boundary. Then it was supposed to be at Winnepeg. For years Edmunton was the "Last House," and Edmunton is 800 miles northwest of Winnepeg, and yet 400 miles north of Edmonton again good wheat is grown and milled. Fort Simpson is 818 miles north of Winnepeg, and Fort Simpson grows 62 ½ bushels to the acre.

The fact is that no attempt has yet been made to fix the northern limit of the soil which invites agriculture and offers rich reward to the willing farmer, and it is no less an authority than Prof. Macoun of the Dominion Geological Service who puts himself on record as saying that wheat growing can be pursued as a profitable occupation even up to within three miles of the shores of Hudson Bay. And this is Canada, "the few arpents of snow" that the Bourbon monarch declared was not worth fighting over.

But it is the optimist that walks the land to-day. Every man you meet seems to have a mountain or a waterfall or a forest of his own; lads on the prairie own quarter sections before they are twenty, and in British Columbia, a boy of eighteen rode to South Africa with Strathcona's Horse, and returning bought up half of Bulkely Valley with Government soldier's scrip before he reached his majority

But there is no room for the idler; the time has come to proclaim that the game here has to be played by men and not quitters. We are reminded of the man who squatted on a dry section in Southern Alberta, and his farm the first year did not blossom as the rose. Disgusted he pulled up stakes and vamoosed the ranch, with grim humor tacking up the sign, "Thirty miles to wood, a thousand feet to water, thirty feet to hell." Then came along an astute Yankee who turned the quid in his cheek and remarked, "I think it's just worth investigatin,' this here brimstone bizness." His claim to-day is worth $25 an acre; irrigation turned the trick.

Yet you will find hundreds of men in the West crying down the very name of irrigation, for fear some one some where, will get the idea that Canada is an arid waste. These are the men who want to hermetically seal the weather reports and take the thermometers inside on cold nights.

They object to the Canadian Pacific Railway's advertisements of the irrigated lands. Yet to my mind this same irrigation scheme, gigantic in its scope, is in itself an object-lesson, of the great faith of a great company in a great land. A short description of the stupendous project should not be without interest.

The area included in the big company's irrigation undertaking comprises a block of three million acres situated east of Calgary, along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Bounded on the west by the 115th meridian, and on the south by the Bow River, the block has an average length east and west of 150 miles, and a width north and south of 40 miles. The section involved is an open prairie plateau with an average elevation of 2800 feet above the ocean-level. The soil is unusually fertile.

It is expected that about 1,100,000 acres will ultimately be irrigated, at a total cost to the constructing Company of $5,000,000, and this expenditure, taken in conjunction with the area which it is proposed to irrigate, justifies the title "America's Greatest Irrigation Project."

The needed water is obtained from the Bow River which heads in the Rocky Mountains to the west and carries 3000 feet per second at extreme low water, with a high-water or flood discharge of 35,000 second feet.

The water is delivered to every quarter section of land at a cost to the farmer of 50 cents per acre per annum, probably the lowest maintenance charge ever made by any irrigation company.

The laws of Canada for the acquirements of water titles, are equalled by few countries in the world. This certainty regarding water titles will be most appreciated by people who have had experience in irrigated agriculture, and it is to the irrigated sections of the United States that Alberta can look most confidently for colonists. The land and water values under the canal system will reach in time the prices now being paid in Wyoming, Montana, and Utah, that is, anywhere from $25 to $200 per acre. No one thing so inspires confidence on the part of an irrigator as seeing that nothing remains to be done but to raise the head-gate. Many of the irrigation-farmers in Colorado have seen their land rise from the government price of $1.25 an acre to from $50 to $200 an acre, and under similar conditions history will repeat itself. These Americans who came to Canada to spy out the land, readily appreciate the opportunities of combining an irrigated farm with grazing stock on the open range.

The introduction of an unfailing quantity of cheap water as a factor into the farming problem of Calgary is going to be revolutionary in its effect. It is impossible to state adequately the amount of commerce this added agricultural settlement will create, without seeming to exaggerate. The one hundred and fifty thousand acres of irrigated land in the Poudre Valley, Colorado, furnished over thirty thousand car-loads of produce last year to the railway lines crossing it, and made this the best paying piece of railroad property, mileage considered, to be found in the state. While equal results cannot be anticipated under this Calgary canal system in the immediate future, that three-million acre garden is coming. It scarcely needs a prophet to stand on the edge of this mighty ditch and smell the sweetly-redolent blossoms of the future.

Southern Alberta is only semi-arid at the most, but experience proves that the farmer who has water available to give his crops a drink when they most need it is going to have a bigger bank balance than the man whose prayers for rain are not backed by an irrigation ditch.

What can one grow in the Calgary district? Everything from a sugar-beet to forty-bushel wheat, from a strawberry to a grade Shorthorn.

The irrigation farmer here is an enthusiast; he tells you that crop growing without irrigation is a crude system, and lauds "ditch farming" as the most ancient, highly-developed and scientific system of culture. He contends

THRESHING THE ROYAL WHEAT OF WESTERN CANADA
FORT SASKATCHEWAN BRIDGE IN WESTERN CANADA
PRINCE ALBERT LUMBER CO. MILL ON THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER
A TYPICAL FARM SCENE IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

that, even in the most humid countries, seldom a season passes where the application of water at the critical moment would not add materially to the value of a crop. And truly, the tendency of the age is toward insurance. We insure against the death of live stock and crop-destruction by hail storms. In Western Canada, the farmer goes one step further, and insures against the absence of rainfall.

In trying to give a birdseye view of awakened Canada, one is handicapped by an embarrassment of riches; it is the double-ringed circus of our youth multiplied twenty times over. One thinks first of wheat and tries to follow it from the boundary of the Great Republic up to Professor Macoun's fringe of Hudson Bay, and from Lake Superior's Thunder Cape to Calgary's rolling foothills, a large rectangle 1,000 miles long and 500 wide, fat with potential harvests. Each year the golden stream flows wider and stronger, and deeper down to the Great Lakes, and so out to the Eastern Sea, and now another stream pours westward through Rocky Mountain interstices to that other sea where "the sun comes up like thunder out o' China 'crost the bay," and where the hungry millions of the Orient are beginning to learn the taste of Canadian flour. And the wheat grows and ripens faster than Canadian railways can carry it, and all over the vast country new lines are being laid and these too will be laden to the last box-car, and with their completion will be the driving of the first spikes of other lines, spine-roads with long ribs and little ribs, for the wheat harvest will continue to roll out in a rich flood and the development of the West, this Ultimate Frontier, has just begun. The rush for the wheat-fields of 1907 will be greater than that of 1906; in fact the newcomers are on the ground, and it has already begun.

WHEAT ELEVATOR IN WESTERN CANADA ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN

New towns spring from villages into full blossomed cityhood within the space of two or three short years. As a conspicuous example, one thinks of the vigorous city of Saskatoon.

This new city is 435 miles from Winnipeg: 300 miles from Edmonton, the Gateway of the Mackenzie Basin; 216 miles from the United States, and about ninety miles southeast of Prince Albert. Those who know Saskatoon, the new city of the Saskatchewan, call it the "hub of the Hard Wheat Belt." since it occupies the central geographical position in Western Canada and has railways now built or building, radiating to all parts of the compass and connecting it with almost all places in the new province of Saskatchewan and the whole of Western Canada.

Before even the 1907 wheat crop is threshed, the Canadian Pacific railway will have two secondary transcontinental lines in operation through Saskatoon, between Winnipeg and Edmonton. The Grand Trunk Pacific transcontinental, judging from the energy and dispatch of their contractors now at work on their main line through Saskatoon, will be hauling out grain from the Saskatchewan

ILLECILLEWAET VALLEY, NEAR GLACIER, B. C., THE CANADIAN ROCKIES wheat fields this fall. The Canadian Northern main line from Winnipeg to Edmonton, traversing the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan, crosses the south branch at the northern doorway of Saskatoon and connects with this rising city by means of the Q. L. L. & S. Railway.

Wheat in Saskatchewan brings the railways. Railway promoters don't lay rails into a No-Man's Land.

And wheat is but one factor of our wealth. Thirty-nine years ago, the value of Canada's foreign trade was $129,553,194, and last year it was $546,957,437, which is four times more for 1906 than for 1868. Merchandise, the produce of Canada exclusive of coin and bullion was exported in 1868 to the value of $48,504,899, and in 1906 our exports grew to $234,483,956, being a five-fold increase. From 1868 to 1906, our exports of animals and their products grew from $6,893,167 to $66,145,960; of manufactures from $2,100,411 to $24,561,112, and of mineral products from $1,276,129 to $35,469,631.

Our sandwich is not the polite sandwich of the boudoir. We have emphasized the bread part of it, but it has meat in it, too,—good, red-blooded beef. Calgary, at the foothills of the Rockies, is the heart of the cattle country.

You are not three minutes off the train till you realize that Calgary is a cow-town; the ear-marks are unmistakable, and in this she is but working out her manifest destiny. Nature has long been perfecting Alberta for cattle raising. Long ago, the buffalo in uncounted hordes lived therein and foregathered among the foot-hills for their winter feeding. The analogy in plain, where buffalo fed is good grazing for Shorthorn and Hereford.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE ENGAGED IN FIELD SPORTS AT THE WINNIPEG HORSE SHOW

The daily papers here are rife with records of the registered marks of all stock-owners, and Mr. Wilson, chief of the recording office, at Medicine Hat, reports that the total number of brands for the two provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan for the year 1906 would run over thirty thousand.

Around Calgary is a cattle range bigger than Texas, equal in size to six states as large as Pennsylvania, and from this one city alone 40,000 beeves were shipped on the hoof last year for England.

ALBERTA RANGE HORSES
AN ALBERTA HARVEST

AGRICULTURAL SCENE, VANCOUVER ISLAND
RANCHING SAFE IN WESTERN CANADA

Most of the country is now let out on government leases. The annual rental is four cents an acre, and the law will not permit an average of more than one head to graze on every twenty acres.

Everything is under rigid government supervision, carried out by the mounted police and their veterinary surgeons. The police patrol the ranches; they enforce the law regarding contagious diseases, and dip every doubtful head from the United States, to prevent Texas fever and other plagues. Most of the stock is well-bred, $1,200 being no unusual price to pay for a Shorthorn, Polled Angus or Galloway bull.

MRS. WOLF-CHILD, A BLOOD INDIAN OF WESTERN CANADA

Twenty acres a head go to the making of a cattle ranch in the country where the growing grass is sun-cured to the roots and the cattle feed out the year around. The Indians own cattle, register their brands, and share equally with the whites all the protection of the stockmen's laws.

This Alberta foot-hill country has made a name for itself as a horse-raising center. The champion hackney stallion at the St. Louis World's Fair, "Saxon," was bred and reared on the plains of Central Alberta, eleven miles from Calgary. Climate and soil conditions are almost perfect for the raising of heavy draught horses. Teams that weigh 3,200 pounds and upward are worth $400 or $500, between 2,800 and 3,200 pounds, the average price would be $375.

When we consider that it costs no more in Central Alberta to raise a four-year-old colt than a steer of the same age, we realize that in heavy horse production there is a sure road to success for the skilled stockman.

And we have seen that there is an equally tempting field for the cattle-king. The market effect of the self-cured prairie grasses is to put a finish on beef almost equal to grain feeding. Around Calgary I saw on the range cattle and young horses fat as any grain-fed animals south of the line, and grain was to them yet an untried taste; their up-keep had cost their owner nothing.

In the town itself, I saw a train-load of 1,400 pound steers en tour for England, raised on grass and grass alone; they were shaky fat. Calgary is the scene every May of the largest individual, pure-bred cattle, auction-sale in the world, over five hundred head of all breeds being offered at last year's sale. The sales of 1904 and '05 realized a total of $52,702.

Flockmasters also are on the crest of a wave of prosperity. Mutton and wool now command top prices. Woolen mills are being established, and the markets for mutton expand till far-off Yukon is reached.

History repeats itself, and ever all wealth is from the land. The rich nutritious bunch-grasses with their running root-stocks (Festuca scabrella and Canium) fed countless herds of buffalo. Sarcee, Salteux, Cree and Blood subsisted entirely on these animals. The buffalo are gone, and the braves are few, but still the sun-cured grasses feed herds of Herefords and another race of men build bigger tepees and possess the land.

The available range-land in the whole Canadian West, however, remains vastly out of proportion to the stock feeding upon it. The grazing land is estimated at 195,000,000 acres, and the stock raised all through the West is not more than 800,000 cattle and horses and 300,000 sheep; that is to say, there is an average of 195 acres for each animal. Obviously, there is plenty of room for development in the ranching business.

But wheat and cattle and horses do not exhaust the wealth of the New Empire. It would take a book to tell of the mines of

A PIONEER'S HOME IN WESTERN CANADA
A RANCHMAN'S FIRST CANADIAN HOME

HARVESTING IN ALBERTA
TYPICAL PIONEER'S HOME IN WESTENR CANADA

Canada, of the mines of its one westernmost province alone, British Columbia.

Then in the east is Sudbury, with the largest deposit of nickel in the world, and new-found Cobalt, which is shipping ore at the rate of a million dollars a month.

Far west is the little island of Vancouver, a kingdom in itself, with a range of production reading like a fairytale. Vancouver Island produces incomparable strawberries which it ships as far east as Winnipeg; it grows firs 300 feet high which topple into ice-free harbors and are carried to Australia and China and the isles of the sea. It rears prize stock, and runs paper-pulp mills, and sets the hall-mark on all Western coal, as the prairies do on the wheat.

C. P. R. CALGARY IRRIGATION CANAL, WESTERN CANADA

Vancouver Island outfits sealing fleets; it cans sockeye salmon, and catches whales by steam; it breeds pedigreed English setters, and exports English holly-berries and picks roses in the open air at Christmas time.

And yet to people in England, to the 90,000,000 of the United States, and even to many of the people of Canada east of the Rockies, this same Vancouver Island is not very closely differentiated from Robinson Crusoe's Island with Friday and the goats.

For some unknown reason, Englishmen know much more of Australia than they do of Canada. One cause for this has been suggested in the fact that Australians play cricket and Canadians do not. The average Canadian boy would rather take a licking than play a game of cricket, and I don't know that I blame him. My idea of cricket is a broiling sun, a scrupulously-smooth cricket-pitch, several fat men in painfully vivid blazers, and a tent with lemonade. That's not good enough for a live Canadian boy. It isn't that he doesn't love sport; he's just full of the mellow juice of life, and will organize a baseball team if he has to press into the nine his little sister and the hired man.

Still, the close similarity in sports would seem to be the bond between England and Australia. The chief events of the racing world are the Derby, the Grand Prix and the Melbourne Cup, with the King's Plate a poor fourth, and sports after all, as I think it is Professor Lord who remarked, are a closer bond of union than politics.

There is one phase of community life in Canada that should appeal to the women of England. Canada is fast becoming a Bachelors' Land. Over 50,000 more men than women settle in the country every year. It is to be deprecated that British women today prefer remaining in the old land and agitating for what they consider their rights in it, rather than coming over to secure those which await them in Greater Britain across the Atlantic.

* * *

In statistics, I have tried to give some slight idea of what the development of the Wheat Belt means and will mean to Canada.

But the really remarkable event here in 1907 is not told in figures, it is the recent quickening of our own faith in the greatness of our destiny, not a blind faith in some Providence or Power outside ourselves which is going to do great things for us while we sit with a receptive smile and cross our hands, but a compelling impulse to take things in hand ourselves, to say,

> "It matters not how strait the gate,
> How charged with punishment the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate;
> I am the captain of my soul."

All over Canada we stand on tiptoe, on the eve of great things. No nation young, strong, vigorous and hopeful ever faced a brighter future. We have a new, clean slate to begin on.

The provinces that before confederation were weak and isolated, are being welded into a nation, the new, strong nation of Larger Canada. With this growth, comes responsibility as well as that self-insistent word "rights."

Every citizen of Canada has his own separate privilege, to help, as far as one man can help, to shape the policy of the nation; a privilege which he ought not to abandon to any government, to any leader, to any party caucus.

In forming a national conscience, as in forming individual character, it is a struggle between self-seeking and self-sacrifice; and in neither war is there any discharge.

JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

By Bethune Maher Grant

Local Editor of the Morning Herald

OF all the cities and towns that dot the valleys and crown the hillsides of New York State, none is prettier or more delightful for situation than Johnstown, the shire seat of Fulton County, and few are more prosperous. Lying about four miles north of the historic Mohawk river, the fir-clad peaks of the Adirondacks rising in successive ranges to the northward, and the gentle river winding quietly through the fertile valley at the south, give it a situation both attractive and desirable. Of easy access to the outer world by means of steam and electric railways, it is also so closely connected with the many beautiful lakes hidden in the mountain system on one of whose foothills it sits, that business men and pleasure-seekers alike find it a convenient place of residence. Famous for the learned and public men it has produced, celebrated for the excellence of its manufactured products, and remarkable for its healthfulness, it is widely known throughout the whole country.

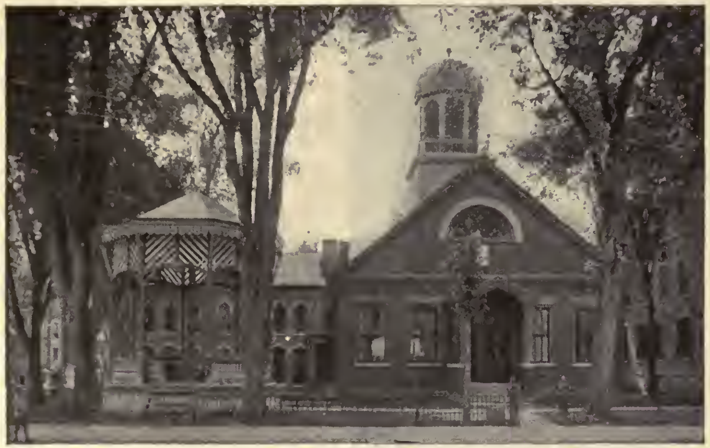
Johnstown was founded by Sir William Johnson, Baronet, an Irishman, who, as the story goes, was jilted in his youth, and came to this country to let his heart heal. His uncle, who held large grants of land from the British crown, sent him into the Mohawk Valley to look after his interests there. His blighted affections did not prevent him from exercising his business talents, and he soon became not only a landed proprietor in his own right, but one of the most powerful and influential men in the colony. He lived for a few years at Fort Johnson on the banks of the Mohawk, but in 1763 built Johnson Hall and took up his residence here. At that time he owned 50,000 acres of land, and these holdings were later largely increased by royal allotments in recognition of his services as the superintendent of the Six Nations. He had already induced numbers of immigrants to settle on his property, so that when he removed to Johnson Hall the village, which before had been known by its Indian name, "Kolaneka," or "the place where one stops to fill up his bowl with food and drink," was re-christened Johnstown, after its knightly founder.

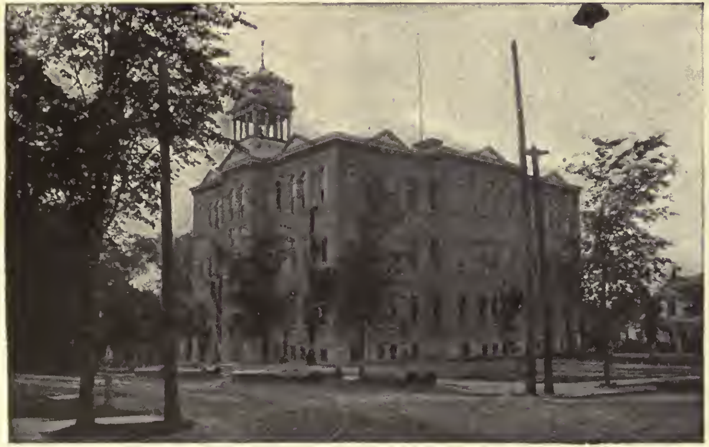
Sir William Johnson seems to have been possessed of the twentieth century spirit that dares great things, and had he lived in this day would have been one of the men to organize and promote some gigantic enterprise, for all that he did was of colossal proportions. He brought in immigrants by the shipload to people the farms and hamlets on his immense estate, and although he little dreamed at the time that he was thus establishing an industry that would make his name famous throughout the nation, it is to one of those shiploads that the United States is indebted for its great glove manufacturing interests.

Among his Scottish immigrants were some who had belonged to the Glove Makers Guild, of Perth, Scotland. They brought the few crude implements of their trade with them, and as soon as they had settled on their farms in the township which they named after their Highland home, began to make gloves from the native skins, selling them to the Johnstown merchants. The latter took them in barter for their goods and in turn carried the gloves on horseback to Albany, where they sold them, being the first commercial travelers to offer the product of what is now a business in which millions of capital are invested and which practically supports 40,000 people. It was a very natural thing for it to gravitate to the principal village of the county, and about the year 1800, it had assumed proportions that established it as an industry. Since that time it has steadily grown, until a large part of the gloves made in this country are produced in the Johnstown factories. Not only that, but

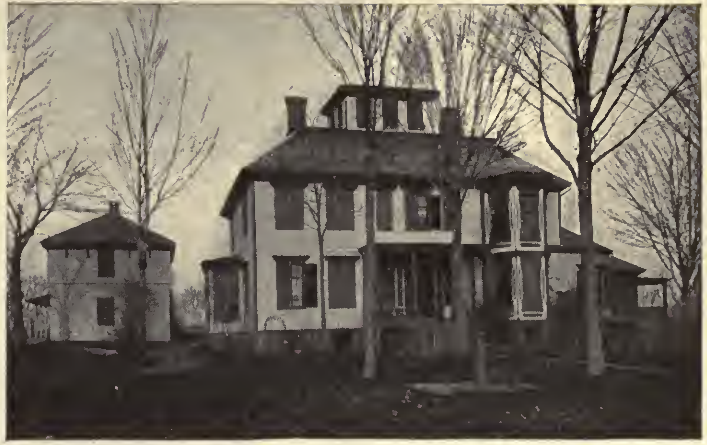
Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

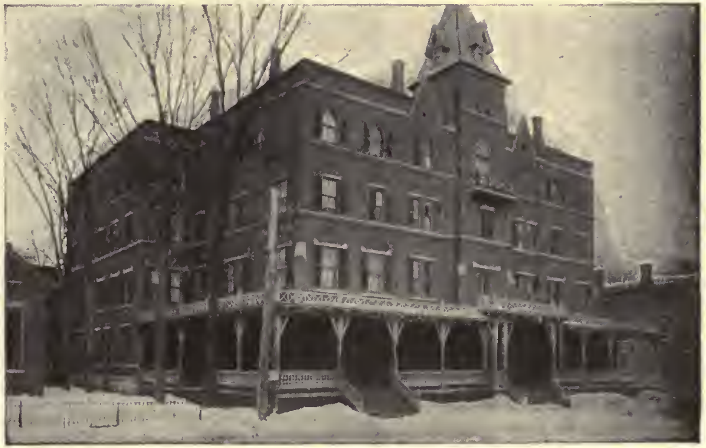
JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK





COURT HOUSE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.
HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.





JOHNSTOWN HALL AND BLOCK HOUSE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.
HOTEL TOURAINE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

the facilities for the business are so complete that practically all of the skins used are dressed here, being received in the raw, and made into leather by the different processes in vogue in the various mills and tanneries. There are now $3,695,819 invested in the glove and leather trades in Johnstown, and the fifty mills and factories give employment to 4,014 operatives, whose wages amount to $1,368,283 each year.

But the manufacture of gloves and mittens is not the only use to which leather is put. There is a factory that produces sporting goods; choice pieces of skins that are too small to make into gloves are converted into all sorts of novelties, such as pocket-books, tobacco pouches, pocket knife cases, etc., while the clippings and scraps are made into baseballs, a million and a half having been last year's output; and even the refuse of the raw hides is utilized by a very large glue company.

Most of the inhabitants of Johnstown and the surrounding country are engaged in the various departments of the glove and leather factories, but there are also three large knit-goods mills that employ 275 men and women, with a pay-roll of $2,500 per week, and last year marketed 250,000 dozens of underwear; a skirt factory; and a large shoddy mill that will run night and day will soon be in operation. The city also contains the main office, packing department and shipping rooms of the largest gelatine plant in the world, while its financial interests are taken care of by two banks whose combined capital is $300,000; surplus $350,000, and which have $3,000,000 on deposit.

While the foregoing are the principal industries of Johnstown, its abundant resources could be profitably utilized by others. It has water power that far exceeds the demands now made upon it; an electric light and power plant of unlimited capacity, and mill and fac-

Photo by W. H. Kibbe

JOHNSTOWN PUBLIC LIBRARY

tory sites of inestimable value. It is connected with the New York Central at Fonda, only four miles away, by both the steam and electric divisions of the Fonda, Johnstown & Gloversville railroad, while the limited cars of the interurban line of the same system take passengers to Amsterdam in thirty minutes, to Schenectady in an hour, and to Albany in two hours. These transportation facilities put the city so closely in touch with the greater commercial centers that it would be hard to find a municipality that equaled it in such advantages, and realizing these things, there are at present two very large concerns that are contemplating the establishment of plants here.

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As a residence place Johnstown is ideal. The vital statistics for January showed that its death rate for that month was the smallest of any city in the State. This was no doubt in large part due to its healthful location and surroundings, which have been supplemented by the most modern sanitary arrangements. It would seem as if nature had been more than generous to this old town that is so rapidly becoming a thriving city. Its altitude is 800 feet above the sea level, enough to ensure sufficient moisture in the atmosphere, with but little humidity and scarcely any fog. Its location at the foot of the Adirondacks gives it the pure air for which that region is famed, while its water supply, which is absolutely untainted, comes from the first range of hills to the north in such unlimited quantities that even the most lengthy drought fails to affect it. It is brought to the city by the gravity system, and its pressure, 130 pounds to the square inch, is sufficient to to throw it over the highest building on the most elevated point within the corporate limits, so that in addition to its domestic uses it provides the most ample and inexpensive method of fighting fires, and in this connection it may also be said that the city is unusually free from destructive conflagrations.

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Johnstown is essentially a city of homes. It is not the wealthier class only who are taxpayers, but a large majority of the operatives in the factories and mills own their houses and consequently take a greater pride in the city's appearance. The streets are shaded by rows of stately elms and thick-leaved maples, the grass in the door yards is kept at lawn length, while flower beds and gardens add to their beauty. There are residence streets that contain palatial structures, and others that are flanked on either side with modest dwellings, which are in such a state of repair that strangers are struck with the air of prosperity that characterizes the place. The streets are paved with brick, asphalt and macadam, and kept scrupulously clean, and contracts have already been let for extensions of such work during the coming summer.

* * *

No city can be counted a true home city unless its educational advantages are of the best, and in this Johnstown excels.

Sir William Johnson established here the first real free school in the United States and declared himself the patron of education, and since his day that spirit has continued to actuate the people. The old Johnstown Academy was famous as an institution of learning, and many such men and women as Bishop Littlejohn of New York, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton were enrolled among its students. At present there are four modern brick buildings, all except one erected within fifteen years. The total registry of scholars is 1,837, and they are under the care of forty-eight professors and teachers beside the superintendent. The high school is one of the best in the state, and its graduates are found in the leading colleges, both male and female, and technical schools. The only training class for teachers in this vicinity is maintained in connection with it, and it also has its own reference library.

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As an auxiliary to its other educational facilities, the city maintains a very fine free public library, for which an annual appropriation of $2500.00 is made in addition to its income from other sources. There are, beside, a large number of study clubs which serve to keep alive a keen interest in literature, history and the sciences, and a morning and an evening daily paper are published.

* * *

The religious element largely dominates the community. There are thirteen churches —the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Roman

Catholic, two Lutheran, Dutch Reformed, True Dutch Reformed, Free Methodist, Christian Science and A. M. E. Zion. There is also a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a prosperous Young Women's Christian Association, and a very active Young Mens' Christian Association. The latter is housed in its own building, which was erected in 1902, at a cost of $40,000, and is entirely free from debt. It has a general secretary and physical director, a finely equipped gymnasium, and is doing a most excellent work. Its senior department consists of two hundred and fourteen members, while its boys' department has ninety-one The morality of the city is shown by the fact that during 1906 there were only sixty-two arrests, and for a community of 10,000 people that is indeed very small.

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The city's architecture delights both antiquarians and those who are more favorable to modern structures Johnson Hall, the residence of the great baronet, is still standing; the only baronial mansion in the United States. It has never been allowed to deteriorate, and with its adjoining grounds was recently purchased by the State and the Johnstown Historical Society will now be its custodian. It will contain that body's museum and archives, among which are many interesting relics of colonial days. The court house and jail, also built by Sir William Johnson, are still used for the purposes for which they were erected, and the board of supervisors will put up a modern building for the use of the county officers at a cost of $45,000, before the year ends. Congress has appropriated $15,000 for a postoffice site, and it is expected that during the coming session another appropriation will be secured for the building itself. A few years since Main Street was swept by a destructive fire, which proved to be a great advantage to the city, for the old wooden buildings that were consumed have been replaced with brick blocks, from three to six stories in height, and the principal business section is now up-to-date in every way.

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The social advantages of the place are what would be expected in such a city. The fraternities all have strong footholds, the life insurance and investment orders flourish, and there are clubs that occupy their own houses, which are fitted with every comfort and convenience.

* * *

In the line of amusements it is well taken care of. The opera house presents a repertoire of plays second to none outside the metropolis, and has from ten to twenty of the best New York productions every winter, beside others of minor interest. A five cent car fare takes one to the A. J. & G. baseball grounds, where there are from one to five New York State league games each week during the season. A half hour's ride by train carries excursionists twenty miles to a park on the banks of the Sacandaga, where they can boat, bathe, or enjoy the mountain scenery, and where in the evening the best vaudeville performances are given in a pretty rustic theatre.

* * *

Such is Johnstown, past and present. Its future looks very bright. Its leading industry the glove business, was never so crowded with orders, and as its interests are being looked after by a very capable and active Board of Trade, the prospects are that it will continue to make rapid strides. It is always glad to welcome strangers and entertain them at its fine hotels and the cordiality which it extends to all visitors is one of the chief characteristics of this progressive city whose birth antedates the Revolution.

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. Jenkins

MILWAUKEE

IN many quarters in Wisconsin no word is sufficiently hard to apply to the public service corporations. They are corrupt and merit no man's respect. A class of people are asking for the municipalization of everything; railroads, street car lines, gas and electricity, and in fact every industry of a public service nature. Extreme partisanship has obscured the vision, and it seems useless to expect fair argument. The sober business man, however, realizes that nothing would be more harmful to the country's commercial prosperity, and more fatal to financial securities, than the general subversion of private enterprise and of individual effort and setting up in its place a heavy, cumbrous system of management from which individual responsibility, the competitive and creative activity of brains and personal financial interest are entirely absent.

The average reformer never realizes that legislative attacks upon corporations often result in financial loss to the people. As a result of continued agitation, it becomes more difficult for the corporations to float their stocks and securities, and any advance in the rates of interest as a consequence must necessarily be paid by the patrons of the corporations in the end.

The original franchise granted by the city of Milwaukee for gas lighting was given in June, 1851, to John Lockwood of Cincinnati, and was for a term of fifteen years and was absolutely exclusive, the city agreeing not to grant to any other persons or corporate body any similar privileges during that period. Notwithstanding the fact that the franchise was one of the early grants of this nature given by a municipality in the West, the document shows that it was prepared with much care, and displays considerable legal ability. In January, 1852, Mr. Lockwood sold his franchise and privileges to a corporation which had been formed under the name "Milwaukee Gas Light Company." The capital stock of the corporation was $150,000, and its corporate existence limited to thirty years. In granting the Milwaukee Gas Light Company its charter in 1852, the legislative act provided that "the company shall have the power and full and exclusive authority to manufacture and sell gas for the purpose of lighting the city of Milwaukee, and to erect all necessary works and apparatus, and to lay pipes for the purpose of conducting the gas in any of the public streets and avenues in the city."

In later years, a dispute arose between the city of Milwaukee and the corporation regarding the exclusive feature of the franchise, and the matter was brought into the courts. The supreme court decided that the legislature may confer upon a private corporation the exclusive right to manufacture and sell gas, and to erect works and lay pipes therefor within the limits of a municipal corporation, and that the act of 1852 confers the exclusive right therein described without any limit of time, the court virtually deciding that the company's franchise was exclusive and perpetual until withdrawn by the legislature of the state.

For over fifty years the Milwaukee Gas Light Company has been conducting its business without opposition. It is true that efforts have repeatedly been made to repeal this exclusive feature of the franchise, but the movement was never supported by the representative people of Milwaukee, and the agitation has been mainly the result of efforts of office seekers who sought to make political capital out of their attempt to create competition. At times during this period, the company has been somewhat indifferent to the demands of the people, but since the present owners gained control in 1893 a spirit of progress has been manifested that has satisfied the public and gained for the corporation a most friendly relationship with its patrons. I interviewed a large number of representative people in Milwaukee who cheerfully testified to this fact.

A number of people made the charge that

the Milwaukee Gas Light Company is overcapitalized. Upon investigating this matter, I found the outstanding bonds of the corporation are approximately $7,500,000. The capital stock of the corporation is limited by law to $1,500,000, of which $1,380,150 have been issued, and this stock, with the exception of the qualifying shares owned by the directors, is all owned by the Western Gas Company of New York. The latter company is capitalized at $4,000,000, ninety-five per cent. of which is owned by the American Light and Traction Company, a corporation organized under the laws of New Jersey, and of which Emerson McMillin is president. This company has gas and electric plants in Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Detroit, Michigan; St. Paul, Minnesota; Somerset, Wisconsin; Grand Rapids, Michigan; St. Joseph, Missouri; Quebec, Canada; San Antonio, Texas; Binghamton, New York; Long Branch, New Jersey; Madison, Wisconsin; and Muskegon, Michigan.

The market value of the Western Gas Company stock is about $125 per share, which would give a total valuation to the stock of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company of about $5,000,000, as the Western Gas Company has no property other than its holdings in the Milwaukee Gas Light Company's securities. The total interest and dividend payments by the Milwaukee Gas Light Company are reported to be about $500,000 per year. The property of the company was given an assessed valuation in 1906 of $5,250,000. As assessments are usually made in Milwaukee on a basis of sixty per cent. of the valuation, it is safe to assume that the property has a value of between eight and ten million dollars. If this is the case, the aggregate of the dividend and interest payments is not an excessive return upon the actual value of the property.

The officers of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company are Emerson McMillin, president; S. J. Glass, vice president and general manager; and E. Haase, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Glass has been identified with the Milwaukee corporation since 1892. He was secretary and treasurer of the American Light and Traction Company for three years.

The system of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company comprises 348 miles of mains. The number of consumers at the present time is 55,000. The sales per capita per annum are 6,000 cubic feet, forty-five per cent. of which is illuminating gas and fifty-five per cent fuel gas. Eighty-eight thousand meters are in use at the present time, but since the single meter system was established on January first, the number of meters is being gradually reduced to one for each consumer.

The rates for gas are as follows:

Eighty cents per thousand for the first 10,000 cubic feet of gas used during any one month, seventy cents per thousand for the next 10,000 cubic feet used during the same month, and sixty cents per thousand for all over 20,000 cubic feet of gas used during any one month.

It would be difficult to find a gas plant more complete and perfect than that of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company. Experts agree that the plant at Zurich, Switzerland, alone stands higher in point of excellence. A more striking example of modern enterprise, constant application of broad principles and scientific skill it would be difficult to find. No element of modern science adaptable to the construction of a perfect system, was overlooked in the installation of the new works of the company.

The Milwaukee Gas Light Company employes on an average about 750 people in all its departments. It has a large investment, and conducts a manufacturing enterprise of great magnitude. So carefully and skillfully does it operate that every detail of expense is investigated and watched. Its management has paid great attention to the health, welfare and comfort of the employes. In its new works care has been taken of the ventilation, and there are special accommodations for the workmen in the way of lounging rooms, baths and other comforts and conveniences.

Faithful employes of the company who have held their places a year or longer have, for several years, been paid an annual dividend upon the gross amount of their annual wage, equivalent to the dividend paid to stockholders.

During the past twenty years the Milwaukee Gas Light Company has voluntarily made reductions in its rates a dozen times, and it is claimed that not to exceed four cities in the United States enjoy as cheap gas rates as Milwaukee, and in such cases the reason may by traced to a more favorable location for coal supply. This company's standing in the financial world, on account of its exclusive franchise and the excellence of its management, has enabled its officers to float the securities at the low rate of four per cent., a rate enjoyed by but few institutions of this nature in the country, and this condition has resulted in the people of Milwaukee obtaining the uniform low rates for gas that now prevail.

The question of state regulation of the public service corporations was one of the important issues in the last political campaign in Wisconsin, and bills are before the legislature having this end in view.

The constitution of the state of Wisconsin and of the United States protects the stockholders of public utility corporations against confiscation; that is to say, the rates, when they are regulated by any public body, must be sufficiently high to permit the corporation to earn a fair return by way of interest or dividends upon the money devoted to public use; and it has been decided that any rate regulation is constitutional under the laws provided the corporation is permitted to realize enough from its service of the public to have a fair and reasonable return on the money invested.

That does not mean a fair and reasonable return upon any watered capital, but merely a fair return upon what has honestly and actually been invested in the enterprise, because the stockholders formed a public utility corporation, they devoted that money to a public use, and agreed that that money might be used for the public service.

The real question at issue seems to have resolved itself into the proposition of regulation. The manager of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company states that his corporation has no objection to proper regulation; in fact, he would welcome it. Proper regulation requires, however, that the state, not the municipality, should exercise this power and divorce it from local temptations and local influences as far as possible.

The most just and successful effort in this direction is to be found in the State of Massachusetts, which is in advance of most of the other states in the Union in its methods of dealing with public service corporations. The Massachusetts commission practically protects the companies of that state against raiders, but it does not encourage low prices by permitting increased dividends for reductions made to consumers of the companies' product.

Nearly forty years ago, the highest court of the land decided that the state legislatures could regulate the price of gas and could delegate such authority to city councils. Some years later this decision was modified by a requirement that reasonable prices, judicially determined, were essential to such regulation. This being the law of the land, it is incomprehensible why the public should so persistently clamor for competition. What would be a fair price if one company does all the gas business of a city would be far below a fair price when the business must be divided between two or more companies. Menaced with the constant possibility of fights with opposition companies, public utility corporations must be rated as hazardous for invested capital, instead of being a legal investment for savings banks and estates.

* * *

The Milwaukee Gas Light Company is in the first rank of aggressively progressive enterprises, and in this respect it lines up with any city in the United States. The success of this corporation is decidedly due more to their systematic education of consumers than to actual reductions in the price of gas.

They maintain an efficient corps of instructors, who are constantly giving their best attention to the proper use of gas. Every complaint is immediately attended to, and not only that, but whenever they find indications of an increase in consumption by consumers, this is investigated. The instructors persist in carefully explaining to consumers the proper use of gas, the company exhibits and sells at a very nominal return the very best appliances, and demonstrates to the consumer how to use such and maintain maximum efficiency.

This has now become as important a feature in the management of a gas company as the question of manufacture itself. As a result, the business of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company is growing, the applications of gas are broadening as people are learning its economical use, and the policy has resulted in a vastly greater saving to the consumer than the actual reductions made from time to time in the price of gas.

When such men as Emerson McMillin invite the investigation and supervision of a public service commission, and say that corporations will receive only fair treatment through state regulation of their affairs, the arguments of the demagogues about the dark and devious methods pursued by corporations seem to be in poor logic. If the spirit manifested by Mr. McMillin prevails among those interested in public service corporations generally, it looks as though the public utility problem had been solved.

It is true that franchises similar to that granted to the Milwaukee Gas Light Company are no longer given to public service corporations, but whatever the general effects of such franchises have been, it can truthfully be stated that the people of Milwaukee have saved many hundred thousand dollars during the past fifty years as a result of this exclusive feature. There has been no necessity on the part of the corporation to pile up a large reserve fund, and realizing its industrial security, it has been enabled to apply at all times the most modern methods regardless of cost. According to reliable statistics, regarding the price of gas in all the cities of 100,000 and over, for the past quarter of a century, the Milwaukee Gas Light Company has always been at the head of the procession in low rates. To the large consumer of gas, there is no corporation in the United States giving as low rates for all purposes.

* * *

A very important controversy affecting public service corporations was decided by the supreme court of Wisconsin two years ago, when the city of Madison endeavored to compel the Local Gas Light Company to reduce its rates. There had been complaints regarding the rates and the quailty of gas furnished for some time, and a committee of the citizens joined with the city in an effort to get the courts to secure a reduction. The claim was made that the rates were unnecessarily burdensome, and that they enabled the company to pay dividends on the par value of the stock and bonds which the complainants asserted were unreasonably watered. The city was unable to determine to what extent the company had indulged in overcapitalization, nor its actual receipts and legitimate expenses. To determine these facts, a request was made that the gas company open its books for investigation. This request the company denied, claiming that to answer the questions would entail much clerical labor and expense, and there appeared to be no object either in suggestion or conceivable prospect to warrant the outlay for mere purposes of academic controversy.

The information sought by the city when it requested access to the company's books and records was for the purpose of framing a complaint. It was desired to discover what amount of capital had been paid in and invested by the gas company to acquire and maintain its plant; the amount of bonds issued, and when and by whom purchased, and the amounts actually paid by the purchasers and the disposition of the moneys received for these bonds. The complainants also sought to discover the actual indebtedness of the company, and how contracted, also its annual operating expenses and gross receipts, and whether it is a member or partner of any combination or trust. In the lower court the case was decided in favor of the city, and the matter was carried to the supreme court, where the decision was reversed and an opinion given which is of much interest to public service corporations generally.

In effect, the court said that when rules have been enacted by law, then the judiciary is vested with authority to construe or apply them to the affairs they were intended to regulate and control. The courts are not authorized to revise or change the body of rates imposed by a legislature or commission, but it is their duty to inquire whether the rate prescribed by the legislature or commission is unjust and unreasonable, and if found to be, to restrain its operation. It is one thing to inquire whether the rates charged and collected are unreasonable, that is a judicial act, but an entirely different thing to prescribe rates which shall be charged for the future—that is a legislative act. If the court endeavored to enforce a prescribed future charge, it would, in an indirect way, usurp the legislative prerogative. Nothing had been done by the state, either directly or indirectly, or by the city of Madison, to prescribe rates at which the gas company must furnish the commodity, and no power exists in the court to prescribe a fixed charge for the future. A franchise with no provision as to rates is not an uncommon one, and if no such provision is included in the franchise, is is presumed it was not intended to enforce any obligation upon the company with respect thereto.

The Madison Gas Light and Coke Company was incorporated by special act of the legislatiure in 1855, which granted the Company the exclusive privilege of supplying the village of Madison with gas for fifteen years from the completion of its works.

In 1870 the persons owning the corporation incorporated a new company, The Madison City Gas Light and Coke Company.

In 1896 the Madison Gas and Electric Company was formed, and purchased the gas plant; also the electric light plant owned by the Four Lakes Light and Power Company.

The latter company operated under an ordinance of the city council of Madison in 1982. As no time limit is mentioned in the ordinance, the conclusion is that the electric franchise is perpetual.

Unlike the gas franchise, however, it is not exclusive. When the new company was formed in 1896, The Emerson McMillin interests gained control, since which time several reductions and benefits have been granted to the people of Madison, among which may be mentioned the following: In 1898, gas meter rents were abolished; in 1899, electric meter rents except for power, were discontinued; in 1900 illuminating gas was reduced from $1.75 to $1.50 per cubic feet; reduction was made in rates for electric current in 1901; in 1903 the price for street arc lamps was reduced from $80 to $72 for all night street lights, and from $60 to $52 for midnight lamps; in 1904 the price for illuminating gas was reduced from $1.50 to $1.25 per thousand cubic feet; March 1, 1907, the price of gas in excess of a monthly consumption of one thousand cubic feet was reduced as follows: For the first thousand cubic feet $1.25, for the next four thousand cubic feet $1.15, for all amounts over five thousand feet $1.00.

The system consists of forty miles of mains and it has 3,850 customers. By indefatigable energy the management has worked up a larger number of customers for fuel gas than any gas company in the state, outside of Milwaukee. It is true there have been complaints regarding the quality of the product, but plans have been made for the expenditure of at least $60,000 in the gas and electric light plants. The officers of the corporation are Henry L. Doherty, president; N. B. Van Slyke, vice president and E. C. Smith secretary and treasurer. John Corscott has been general manager since 1892, and to his untiring energy may be attributed the rapid strides which the corporation has made.

THE TELEPHONE

THE telephone companies of the United States are ordinarily divided into two classes, called Bell companies and Independent companies. By Bell companies, are meant companies that are controlled by or connected with the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. This is a large, holding company, owning a controlling interest in many of the local telephone companies of the country that own and operate the Bell long distance toll lines, and also having traffic arrangements with other companies. It seeks to build up and to maintain a general, national system of telephony, and bring the telephone subscribers throughout the United States into one inter-connected system.

The phrase "Independent Telephone Company" is generally used as covering all companies not directly controlled by, or having traffic arrangements with, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. But this classification is inaccurate and misleading, in that it undertakes to classify all the companies of the country as Bell and anti-Bell or Independent, including in the latter category a large number of small, isolated exchanges and farmers' lines, which have been built mainly for local accommodation. These systems are gradually being connected with each other, and with larger companies, and will undoubtedly ultimately form part of a national system of telephony, but at the present time they are not competitors of the Bell or Independent companies. They were legitimately created to meet needs, which one system could not or did not, develop fast enough to fill.

In those cities and towns where a Bell company already existed, furnishing service to a substantial number of subscribers, new, competing companies have been organized, obtained subscribers, and are furnishing telephone service. They have floated and are now floating, large amounts of telephone bonds and stocks upon the markets. An interesting question to the general investor is, are the bonds and stocks of Independent competing lines safe and desirable investments for those who have savings to invest?

It is perhaps unfortuaate for the common understanding of telephony, that originally the telephone was regarded as a patented and leased instrument, fastened to the wall, which, when once installed, could be used without putting anyone to any substantial expense. But the moment the telephone is connected, not with one or two other telephones, but through a switchboard with a large number of subscribers, the real telephone apparatus is mainly concealed from the ordinary subscriber. The cost of installing a telephone for a subscriber therefore, constantly increases as it becomes necessary to arrange to connect that subscriber with an increasing number of other subscribers. The average number of calls over a single telephone increases as the number of subscribers increases, but not in the same proportion.

It is found by experience that one operator can answer the calls on from forty to one hundred different lines. It is necessary to arrange that each operator shall have, within physical reach of her hand, holes in the switchboard enabling her to connect her incoming calls with all the subscribers in that exchange. At present, an exchange is practically limited to about ten thousand, and the necessary trunk connections.

Having reached the limit of one exchange, the business of connecting subscribers with each other is then carried on by having the operator connect each exchange by a trunk line with another exchange. The increase of appliances never bears an arithmetical ratio to the increase and number of subscribers. The system grows constantly more complicated as the number of subscribers increases.

There is much reason to believe that the telephone companies have to their own embarrassment and injury, failed to do what they might have done to give the public a reasonably adequate comprehension of the business in which they are engaged. Obviously the increase in cost both in installation and operation makes the financial problem entirely different from that which obtains in any other business.

It is difficult, at first glance, to understand that it costs more per subscriber to do a large telephone business than it does to do a small telephone business. The more you sell the cheaper you sell, is supposed to be a universal axiom, but this does not obtain in the telephone business. A little reflection will make it clear that the appliance and apparatus necessary to bring any one of a million people into almost instantaneous communication with any other one of that million must both in installation and operation have been created at a great deal of expense.

The general public is more interested in having an adequate system than in getting rates for a short time below the actual cost. Nothing is clearer, than that it is for the benefit of the people as a whole to have the telephone system extended as far and as fast as possible. This can only be accomplished by the investments of enormous capital, and capital can never be obtained unless it is safely invested and made reasonably remunerative. If the companies yield to pressure for rates that are too low, financial disaster will follow as a consequence, and the development of the telephone system will be checked for lack of capital. Few greater national disasters can be imagined, than that the development of the telephone business should be checked by inability to obtain the capital for extention. Telephony has within the last thirty years, revolutionized business methods.

From the annual report of President Frederick P. Fish, 1905, the following information regarding the American Telephone & Telegraph Company has been obtained. The corporation is the central company of a great organization which is giving telephone service throughout the country. Much of the operation is done through its associated companies, each of which controls a definite territory. The American Company, itself, owns and operates a comprehensive system of long distance lines, extending through, and interconnecting, the territories of the associated operating companies. The country is covered by these associated, operating companies, nearly forty in number, each having its own trained officials in every department, and its own board of directors, made up of men of standing in their respective communities. Substantially all of the company's assets consist of securities of the associated companies. These securities are carried on the company's books at a valuation that is distinctly conservative. The funds paid by this company into the treasury of the associated companies together with those derived from issues of stock to the other stockholders and from other purchases of the securities of those companies furnish the means to enable the associated companies to extend their properties, to construct and enlarge their exchanges, build toll lines and erect new exchanges. Through this process, the issues of securities by the associated companies to the extent of the purchase of these securities, reappear in the capitalization of the company; that is to say, each $1,000 realized from the securities of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, which is paid over by it into the treasury of its associated companies appears again in the form of $1,000 of the securities of the company into whose treasury it is paid, and by which it is invested in the plant.

The aggregate capitalization of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated companies in the United States was on January 1, 1906, as follows:

Entire capitalization of the A. T. & T. Co., that is, all stocks, bonds and other obligations ...	$334,524,583
Less invested in toll lines	99,293,987
Balance invested in Exchanges	$235,230,596
Number of Exchange Stations, excluding sub-licensee and private line stations	2,241,367
Average capitalization, per Exchange Station	$105
Average capitalization, per station, including investment in all toll lines	149

Many of the independent companies were and are capitalized at a high rate, from $200 to $250 and some even are as high as $350 per station.

The independent telephone movement originated shortly after the panic of 1893 to 1896. It was freely predicted by men who understood the telephone business that such an independent movement would in each individual case be nothing more than a temporary matter, and that eventually these independent organizations would either die a natural death or be absorbed by the older companies Of course these predictions were ridiculed by the promoters and by a certain class of people who believe that competition is the life of trade in all vocations, but who forget that there are certain exceptions to the rule. Nevertheless, time in its gentle manner, has brought a sad truth to thousands of citizens of the United States who have been induced to invest their money in independent telephone corporations with a desire to serve the public and incidentally to enrich themselves. Throughout the entire country, may be found a large number of monuments to departed wealth and poor judgment, and as a result of an effort on the part of a great many people to give their communities better telephone service and at lower rates than previously existed. There is no better way of judging the future than by the past, and if the capitalist will make a careful study of the financial results of telephone competition in the United States he will conclude that but few enterprises are less certain to return the original capital than investments in an independent telephone exchange.

It is both the presumption and the realization that there will be occasional dissatisfaction on the part of the public with the telephone service of the community. This may be caused by incompetency and indifference on the part of the existing company, but it is generally the result of conditions incidental to the plant which could not have been controlled, but which were being speedily remedied. When these conditions exist, the public cares nothing for excuses, and if at such time the professional promoter appears on the scene, he is given a hearty welcome, and his work is easy.

It must not be supposed that the promoters of independent telephone organizations are men of ordinary capacity, on the contrary, they are men of exceptional ability in manipulating affairs of this nature. They know when to appeal to prejudice and passion, and their knowledge of human nature is such that they are enabled to apply the correct appeal to each individual approached from the leading banker to the man who runs a saloon on the outskirts of the city, but who has been elected a member of the common council. The history of these organizations is almost uniform. A promoter representing some manufacturer of telephone apparatus goes into a town or city and starts an agitation in favor of another system. Those who have been approached by the visitor will remember that he characterized the conduct of the old company as one of arrogance and extortion, and his mission into the field was one of pure philanthropy to relieve the people from a condition of servitude to a grinding monopoly. The public mind is prone to accept and believe this modern Moses, and credulous and willing ears are plentiful. When the public prejudice against the old company has reached a certain degree of animosity, the promoter organizes the company. Local business men and bankers are drawn into the concern, and some term such as "Home Telephone Company," or "The People's Telephone Company," is given the new organization with a view of stimulating local pride and patriotism.

With the co-operation of these influential citizens the work of securing a franchise from the city council is an easy matter. Then a construction company is formed which is generally composed of the promoter and the equipment company which he represents. This move makes the source from which the telephone apparatus is purchased a certainty, and this is one of the main objects to be attained. The construction company accepts in payment the stocks and bonds of the promoting company. Operating begins and the service is usually good. The subscribers who have been secured by cheaper rates than those given by the old company are enthusiastic. The first years show good profit; interest on the bonds is paid and large dividends are declared. Then the real smooth work takes place. The promoter places his stock and bonds on the market, and, dazzled by the reports issued and dividends declared, investors buy the securities at high prices. Then the promoter, having made a profit on the equipment, another on the construction and a third on the sale of stocks and bonds, leaves for new fields of endeavor, the local investors being left to hold the bag.

What happens? The local company is reorganized among those who have purchased the stocks and bonds, and in a short time the items of wear and decay appear on the surface. The expected dividends do not materialize again; these amounts together with considerable additional capital, are needed to offset depreciation and obsoletion. Within five or six years the renewal period has arrived; it has become apparent that the rates are altogether too low and measures are taken to increase them. Sometimes this effort is successful, and thus additional capital can be secured upon the representation that the business, with its natural growth and increased rates will show handsome returns. The previous owners at this time endeavor to unload and perpetrate on others the tricks played upon them by the original promoters. When it is impossible to raise the rates, efforts to bring about a merger begin at once; but when it has been possible to increase the rates, the date for this occurrence is delayed until the second crop of investors have "graduated" in the telephone business.

The absolute failure on the part of hundreds of independent telephone companies whose existence brings unpleasant memories to thousands may be traced to several causes, chiefly among which may be mentioned: overcapitalization, depreciation and obsoletion, ruinous rates and lack of long distance service.

Independent telephony in its broadest sense is largely the promoters' proposition. There comes a time in the development of every great industry when the general promoter of investment schemes sees the chance to utilize to his own advantage the public interest and demand in popular and necessary utilities. When the early Bell patents expired, some years ago, the telephone business reached that stage, and as a consequence a number of concerns sprang up for the manufacture of telephone apparatus and supplies. It became necessary to create a market for the product of these factories, and then began the organization of various independent telephone companies in every part of the country.

It is not the intention of this article to characterize the work of all the independent concerns as being illegitimately conceived and capriciously applied, because there are corporations of this nature which are reputable in every sense of the word; but where one has been successful, a score have been absolute failures, which has caused a long trail of losses to well meaning citizens who bought stocks and bonds, and to others who were compelled to assume the burdens of additional and unnecessary telephone bills.

There have, it is true, been instances where the lack of progress on the part of the older companies, the absolute indifference and arrogance on the part of the management demanded radical means of relief. In such cases, the organization of an independent company has supplied a want, but where the service given by the existing company was reasonably satisfactory and the majority of the patrons had no complaints to offer, and the minority had its grievances courteously and satisfactorily adjusted, the organization of another system has been of no benefit to a community, but on the other hand a positive detriment and an injury.

The writer has a peculiar interest in Wisconsin affairs, having been for many years a resident of that state, and personally familiar with the gentlemen who had to do with the up-building of its telephone business.

Mr. Charles K. Haskins, of Milwaukee was one of the first to see the possibilities of the business, and in 1880, or thereabouts, secured a license from the American Bell Telephone Company to operate in Wisconsin. A small exchange was constructed in Milwaukee, and by slow advances Mr. Haskins and his colleagues extended the business to Oshkosh, Sheboygan and the long distance connections began to take shape. The properties were organized in July, 1882, under the corporate name, Wisconsin Telephone Company, with Mr. Haskins at the helm. The company was organized under the telegraph laws of this state, and all legislative action of a regulative nature since that time has applied equally to the telephone and telegraph business.

During the proprietary days, or the term protected by the patents, the growth of the business was slow, and at the close of the year 1896 it had reached the following development:

In the city of Milwaukee, 3,000 subscribers; 6,000 at all other points in the state; these exchanges being connected by about 5,000 miles of toll wire. For the following three years the growth was slow, but from 1899 and thereafter the extraordinary impetus to the business is not peculiar to Wisconsin alone, but has been the experience of all companies throughout the country. After that date, the Wisconsin Telephone Company's increase of business, hitherto at the rate of from ten to twelve hundred subscribers per year, advanced in strides of three, six, nine to fifteen thousand subscribers increase per annum, and at the present time the company is operating over 27,000 miles of toll wire; 24,000 exchange subscribers in Milwaukee; 35,000 subscribers in their other eighty exchanges in the state, together with 25,000 sub-licensee subscribers of connecting independent companies, which are given complete facilities with the Wisconsin Company's system. At the close of 1900, the total development in the state was under 21,000, and at the present time it has reached a total of 84,000; in other words, in six years they show a development four times greater than that of preceding the eighteen years. The claim is generally made that the increase during these years is due to the impulse of the independent movement, but it will be noticed in cities where competition has not occurred, San Francisco, the city of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, and some others, the increase cannot be accounted for in this manner, but rather to a schedule of rates based on paying for what you get, with service as low as five cents per day, thus meeting every possible requirement of business, and doubtless the companies have learned how to press their commodity upon the public.

Among the trials of the company may be mentioned the difficulty of securing monies to embark in a new and doubtful field; the prejudices against a monopoly; belief that the company charges extortionate rates, and the utter inability to educate the people as to cost of producing the service, and regarding which, they are no better informed today than ten years ago. One of the most stunning blows to the business was the advent of the high power electric railway and light companies whose currents rendered the then method of operating by grounded circuits inoperative, inasmuch as the telephone companies depended upon the earth for their return circuit. These high power currents necessitated a complete reversal of methods, requiring new aerial plant, the use of copper wire to secure immunity from corrosion in metallic circuits, instead of grounded circuits, and so balanced as to neutralize these induction disturbances. In short, both the exchange and toll service of the whole country had to be re-constructed.

Some of the telephone companies went into the courts for relief, expecting to be sustained upon the theory that it was an unwarranted destruction of their business, but the trend of the decisions was that the telephone companies could not be permitted control of the earth currents upon which the business then depended, to the exclusion of these other industries.

The slogan of telephone companies appears to be, "The earth for development, and a reasonable margin of profit for their shareholders." The Wisconsin company have it as a standing ad that they will cut their rate as fast as consistent with this policy, and the fact that in the last decade the rates have been reduced fifty per cent seems to be evidence of the sincerity of their statements.

A complete development of the environs of Milwaukee has been made, so that ninety-five per cent. of the population within a radius of fifty miles of the city are in intimate touch with it.

Rates, development and broadening of methods in Wisconsin has kept pace with the progress in Milwaukee. The demand for service goes by leaps and bounds, and to meet it it is about as difficult today to find skilled labor as to finance the problem.

Farmers are demanding facilities in all directions, and they recognize the value of connections with the system of the state. I note from the records of the secretary of state, 310 incorporated companies, many organized in the cities and towns to compete with the Wisconsin Telephone Company, but largely they are small rural concerns building and maintaining their own lines as cheaply as they may, and by contract with the Wisconsin company become an integral part of the system.

The Wisconsin company furnishes these rural companies standard instruments at a nominal price, and aids them otherwise, especially in all engineering problems without charge, the motive obviously being,—to strengthen their exchanges, to benefit by the increased use of their toll system, and to effect as far as possible an uniform system of operation. Two hundred and fifty-six independent companies operating over 25,000 stations are sub-licensees of the Wisconsin company at this time.

The personnel of the management of the Wisconsin Telephone Company has been centered in a very few men. C. H. Haskins was president from 1882 to 1888. Henry C. Payne came into the company in 1886, and was at the head of affairs until 1899, when the Erie Telephone & Telegraph Company came into possession of the Wisconsin system by purchase of its stock. Two years later, the Erie company became involved financially, and in the process of liquidation, its affairs were in the hands of the Old Colony Trust Company of Boston, who operated the property until the close of 1901, when all the Erie properties reverted to the American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

In 1882, Mr. John D. McLeod came into the management of the company, and remains with them today as its vice president, Mr. E. B. Cottrill having been elected as general manager in 1905. Early in 1902, Mr. Alonzo Burt, for some years in charge of the affairs of the Missouri & Kansas Company of Kansas City, Missouri, came into the Wisconsin company as its president, and is now in charge. Up to the time of the sale to the Erie company, the property and policy of the company was governed by a local board, and today this same policy obtains, the board being made up of Mr. Alonzo Burt, H. F. Whitcomb, formerly president of the Wisconsin Central railway; Ira B. Smith, wholesale grocer; J. O. Frank, wholesale merchandise; O. C. Fuller, president of the Wisconsin Trust Company; and Mr. E. A. Uhrig, president of the Western Fuel Company, together with those gentlemen in Boston representing the eastern interests.

The efforts to build up an independent system in Wisconsin has been attended by many incidents that would make interesting reading. As a Wisconsin journalist I have seen many strange differences between anticipation and realization in these movements, and it is not a wild prediction to say that the time will soon arrive when history in itself will encircle the state with a wall that no promoter of an independent telephone organization can climb. If the Wisconsin legislature passes the Public Service Commission Bill, which is now before that body, this period will be reached during the present year. Organizations of independent telephone companies in some of the larger interior cities of Wisconsin have lived for a brief time.

During the four years of the independent telephone company at Oshkosh, a dividend, and the only one, was declared; but the resolution adopted by the board of directors at that time is a remarkable example of American humor. The resolution provided "That a dividend of four per cent. be declared, and the officers are hereby authorized to borrow the money and pay the same." Where dividends have been paid by other companies, it would be interesting to know how many provided the funds in a similar manner.

* * *

The telephone history of Michigan dates back to the latter part of 1876, when a broker from Cleveland came to Detroit with a proposition to sell the state rights for Michigan of the American Bell Telephone Company. After weeks of disheartening canvassing, the license was sold for $25,000. The first sets installed were crude, both transmitter and receiver being of the magnetic type of the present receiving instrument, the Blake transmitter having not at that time been invented, although its principle of reproducing sounds by the use of undulatory electric currents of low intensity was being worked upon by several of the best electricians of that period. The idea was to combine it in some way with the American District Telegraph service, and use it in connection with the messenger and watchman's time signal department.

The first organization was known as the Telephone & Telegraph Construction Company. This original Detroit company did not realize the immense possibilities of the new invention; the demand for the innovation was largely under estimated, and the original equipment was in a short time consigned to the junk pile. A new structure was modeled to contain quarters for a new telephone service superior to any then provided by any similar-sized city in the country. Provision was made for room to accommodate twenty switchboards of a capacity of fifty lines each, so that if the unexpected number of 1,000 subscribers should ever be attained, the operating department might continue to be maintained in these new quarters. This was at that time considered a very daring financial investment, and very far in advance of the period, but the management soon discovered that they had a rapidly-growing infant on their hands. The apparatus in a short time proved inadequate, and was consigned to the junk pile, and much larger and better facilities installed. From Detroit the use of the telephone had spread to the cities and villages of the state, and inter-communication between the places established. The small corporation which undertook the development of an electrical novelty had been succeeded by a corporation of half a million capital and this in turn grew into one of two and a half millions.

The money was being provided by Messrs. Newberry and McMillen, two of Detroit's public-spirited citizens, and by other people who had confidence in their judgment and management. After many improvements had taken place, and thousands of dollars expended in perfecting the plant, important changes occurred in the management of the company. Mr. Newberry died, and with his own mind occupied with multifarious enterprises, the late Senator McMillen concluded he had done his full share in the development of the telephone business of the state. There were telephones in every place of importance in Michigan, and a splendid long distance system had been built up. There had been for some time considerable Chicago capital in the enterprise, and the owners of this stock took over Mr. McMillen's interest in the plant. The new owners brought new lieutenants and new policies. William A. Jackson, the general manager of the company, identified himself with the Central Union Telephone Company of Chicago, and left the Michigan company. Meantime, the situation was changing. The earlier patents upon telephone apparatus were expiring, and the monopoly of the parent Bell Company upon the production of apparatus was passing away. There were not lacking in Michigan energetic people who were willing to put their money into a rival concern, and in this crisis the directors of the company were not equal to the situation.

Capital was secured from various sources, and a rival to the Michigan Telephone Company sprang into existence. The foreign management of the old company paid no attention to what they termed a remarkable combination of cheek, politics and knavery, and in no way sought to stem the tide of popular disapproval which was coming toward it to engulf it, and as a result, a full-fledged local opposition service was inaugurated, a new rival long-distance service built and put into operation.

Seeing the changed condition of affairs, the Chicago owners consented to sell their holdings to the dominant faction in the Erie Telephone Company, and the Glidden syndicate of telephone investors became managers and owners of the Michigan Telephone Company. The eastern men made their money out of consolidating and contracting, rather than out of operation of the properties. They began to buy up the new rival company at a time when, within a few months, it would have fallen by its own weight. So eager were they to gain the ownership of the rival, that all manner of agents were made the confidants of their anxiety.

As a consequence of this reckless method of financiering, the property of the Michigan Telephone Company was made a football for every financial harlequin to take a kick at, with the inevitable issue that, burdened by over-capitalization, under-fed by reason of runious competitive rates, fevered by over-construction, nagged at by the Michigan press and cursed by its patrons for insufficient service, it went to the only goal that could be expected, into the bankruptcy court.

It was at this time that William C. McMillen saw that the institution that his father had built up was in a deplorable condition, but which he thought could be brought back to industrial health and vigor, and with his characteristic energy he undertook the work. He interested the Chicago banking firm of W. W. Harris & Company, got William A. Jackson back to guide the executive policy of the company, and when the new organization, known as the Michigan State Telephone Company, sprang into being it was with a capital commensurate with its ability to earn income upon itself, and with a technical and managing organization calculated to make that capital productive.

Since that time, the Michigan State Telephone Company has experienced great success. Its growth has been remarkable, and its service excellent. Its lines extend into every village and city of importance in its territory, and the people having tasted the bitter effects of a double system, are not craving for any additional telephone organizations in Detroit. When the consolidation of the two companies took place, the newspaper comments on the experience of the city with the double system are of more than passing interest. The Detroit Free Press said: "It furnished competition, and very little else in in the way of public benefit. It was the means of lowering rates—also the moral tone of the community. You could have one of its instruments for the asking, but it sometimes took an axe to get it out again. It soured tempers, injured lungs and caused a falling off in church attendance. Detroit cannot stand the strain of too many dualities in public utilities. The Tribune said: "However beautiful it may be in theory, competition in the telephone business is not satisfactory, either to stockholders or the rival companies, or to their patrons."

The introduction of the competing system is in many cases not a desire to improve telephone conditions of a city, but to build up a business for the benefit of the promoters. That such has been the case in Detroit is evidenced by the fact that in nearly all the independent concerns they have established, they have secured franchises from the municipality when the necessities for conducting their systems did not require them to do so. In Michigan and Wisconsin no grant of franchise from the cities is needed in order to enable any company to inaugurate a telephone service, the rights under the state laws being comprehensive and definite. This fact was known to all of the financiers who secured a franchise in Detroit. They knew it not only as a matter of general information, as did the people and the council. The only possible utility of the document they were at such pains to acquire was the assistance it might give in adding prestige and standing to the securities they might issue. So far as facilitating the institution and operation of a telephone plant and system is concerned, they knew it could have no such effect. These circumstances cast an informing light on the esteem in which the most formal and perfunctory acts of legislatures and councils are held by astute financiers. To many there is a financial magic in the word "franchise," and no better bait for the general investor has ever been invented.

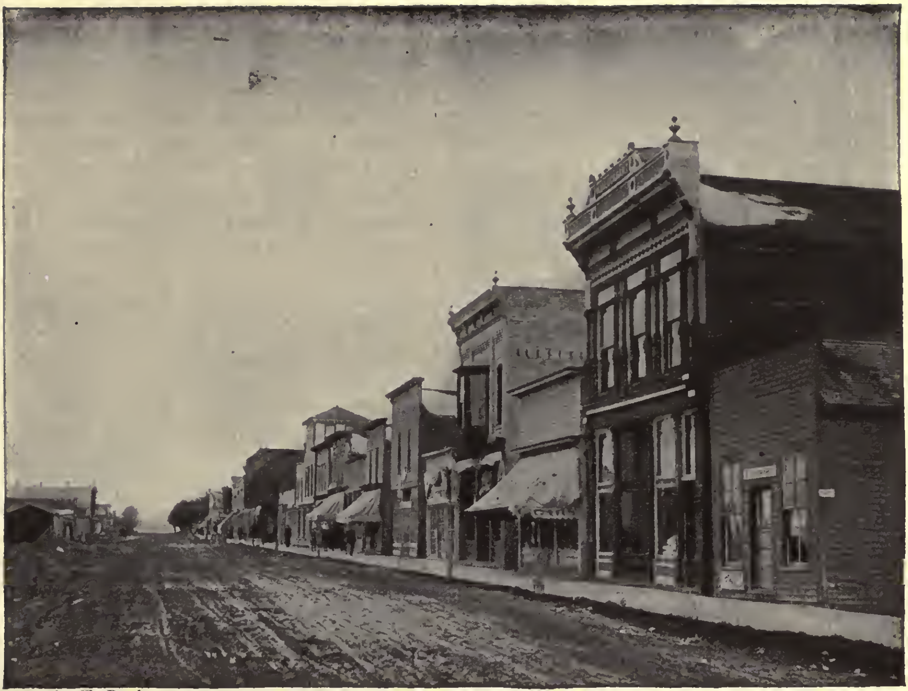

Photo by T. Banistee

MAIN STREET, FRANKFORT, LOOKING WEST

FRANKFORT, MICHIGAN

VILLAGE OF BUSINESS, BOATS, BEACH AND BEAUTY

By G. Edwards Lewis

I HAVE lived over thirty years in Northern Michigan; I have visited and re-visited her hills, valleys, fountains, lakes and purling streams; I love her pinks and poppies, fern and fir trees, meadows and maples; and from her wave-kissed east to her wave-washed west I have walked and worshipped, and at this vesper hour, as my soul glides over her thousand wonders, my heart sings.

* * *

Frankfort lies on the rim of a great unsalted sea, beautiful for situation, half-girdled with a chain of everlasting hills, adorned with tree and vine. Just at the heel of the hill are prim meadows studded with golden dandelions, covering an area of 200 acres, where roving boy, laughing maiden and stranger guest play at golf, tennis, and ball; or romp and fly kites.

On the western border is a greater common. In September blue waves steal in and whisper to the yellow shore the greetings of a sister state, and in December billows swoop in upon the moaning sand, and lash the beaches like a giant's whip.

The travelers from the south and east come to us on the Toledo & Ann Arbor railroad. We are three hundred miles northwest of Toledo, Ohio, and two hundred north and east of Chicago. This is the terminal of the Toledo & Ann Arbor railroad, and where this company cleverly planned and wisely built the celebrated "Royal Frontenac,"—the most beautiful and commodious summer hotel home in all our North. All that ease demands or heart can hope for, is found within those hospitable halls.

Out from our harbor, in spring and fall, summer and winter, defying heavy seas, crushing through fields of ice, daily depart, daily return, four gigantic steel car-ferrys, thus continuing the Ann Arbor freight and passenger traffic to northern and western cities, throughout the year. In sailing seasons the largest and fleetest steamers such as the "Manitou," "Northland," "Illinois," "Kansas," "Manistee," and hundreds of steamers, schooners, barges and hookers come and go.

PARK HOTEL

* * *

We have four mills, and two factories, which produce shingles, lath, lumber, broom handles, butter-dishes, clothes-pins, fish-floats, etc. We have several well-established fisheries.

PERE MARQUETTE HOTEL

Frankfort is the county seat of Benzie County, and is the home of many of the county officers, lake captains and railroad men.

We have three splendid hotels, the Park Hotel, the Pere Marquette, and Hotel Pratt.

Frankfort has five churches, Methodist, Catholic, Congregational, Lutheran, Adventist, and an Unitarian Society; scores of spacious and beautiful homes, an up-to-date electric light plant, and a complete water works system, furnishing pure spring water. One of the two artesian wells is 2,300 feet deep, and furnishes a steady flow from a six-inch pipe. Two of the best county papers in Michigan furnish our news and keep us abreast of the times. A busy bank supplies us our cash; a roller process flour mill furnishes our flour; a splendid machine shop splices our metal, and behind it all are two-score congenial, public-spirited men with both capital and capability to push our village to the forefront.

Two miles northward is beautiful Crystal Lake, twenty-seven miles long, her banks covered with giant trees. At the eastern shore are a few summer homes and Beulah Village; at the western shore is one of the most enchanting resorts in the whole country. Back of these banks, on a headland dividing Lake Crystal and Lake Michigan, platted and improved, is the Congregational Summer Assembly grounds, where the most eminent entertainers, college presidents, profound scholars, learned divines and inspiring evangelists gather to instruct, inspire and amuse the tourist, villager and rural guest. Although this attemblage is but in its infancy, it last year had representatives from nearly a dozen states. Many cottages will be completed there this season. The Assembly convenes the first three weeks of August each year.

PRATT HOTEL

We have sixty years of history. Cyclones, cloud-bursts, or earthquakes were never known here. Our alluvial soil produces the best of crops, and yet no muddy roads. For fruits we are "world winners." A Chicago produce company has large warehouses here, and ship hundreds of car-loads of cabbage annually to all parts of the United States.

For health supreme, our country is unexcelled, the pure air acts as a balm to all asthmatics. There is no hay fever here, nor ague, but rosy health is our constant companion.

Above all we have a benevolent people, amiable sons, bewitching daughters, perennial fountains, primeval forests, and a profusion of wild flowers, all but amaranthine. Reader, I have led you but blindly through our northern paradise. Should you ever stray to our land, you will exclaim with the awe-stricken Queen of Sheba, "The half has never been told me."

Photo by Hensel

GENERAL VIEW OF FRANKFORT, MICHIGAN

MAY

DAUGHTER of April and of lusty March,
Behold she comes in beauty and in light—
Dancing with smiles 'neath her triumphal arch
Of apple blossoms white!

She takes the rainbow for her diadem,
And wears it lightly as befits a queen;
The flaming bobolink like lovely gem
She lifts on bough of green.

A moment does she stop to cheer the dust
With laughter and with loveliness and truth:
And then she fades like vision all august,
Or like the dream of youth!

Edward Wilbur Mason.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THERE is something exhilarating in the manner in which our April issue has been received. A great many orders for additional copies have been sent in, with the encouraging assurance that nothing written on the Panama Canal has been read with keener interest, or had beeen considered more up-to-date and complete. In fact, one noted writer says, "The account fairly gallops with graphic interest."

It is also gratifying to know that our subscribers approve of the advance in price. We will again urge you to see that your own subscription and all those of your friends are paid at the old rate, from the first of July as far ahead as you desire to the limit of five years. In this one fact,—so many people are subscribing far in advance, is shown the enduring confidence and appreciation of The National—it is a mark of friendship which could be furnished in no other way. With these renewals come warm-hearted and appreciative letters, such as must enthuse and inspire any editor. We realize that our subscribers are prepared to help us push The National toward the top notch in periodicaldom, a feat only to be accomplished by the co-operation of readers, subscribers and publishers.

* * *

The vote on the increase in price was another cheering fact, showing that the American public is always ready to pay a fair price for good value. Therefore we feel that the obligation rests with us and that we must keep The National not only up to its present standard, but constantly pressing upward. Don't fail to continue that same, homelike, cheerful and friendly interest in The National that means so much to us.

You have no idea what bright suggestions come to us through the Home Department, so don't be timid about writing us concerning anything you think would be of benefit to The National or its readers, for we want you to feel more and more that it is your magazine—the one that comes to you as a friendly visitor.

Once again permit me to rise and ask, "Are you keeping up that Happy Habit Diary?" How many days did you skip last month? Fill them in quickly and don't fail to find an expression of pleasure in every day you live, because this compendium of pleasure books for next year will be a wonderful collection, the first of its kind ever made, so far as I know.

Have you let us know yet about that favorite song of yours? The Heart Song Book will probably be issued in the early autumn, so it is necessary to have your selection in as early as possible after this date.

* * *

I hope to meet a large number of subscribers at the Jamestown Exposition during the summer of this year. Find out the National Magazine booth and register; then your friends will know you are in town and where to find you. Be sure to sit down and have a friendly chat with us; the old friends of the Pan-American and St. Louis expositions now feel that they are pioneers, and those who sign the muster roll of the Jamestown Exposition may, in years to come, have pleasure in remembering that they began their subscription where the waves of the Atlantic blend with the waters of historic Hampton Roads.

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THE SEQUESTERED WOODLAND PATH, WITH ITS MESSAGE OF MAYTIME VERDURE AND REST

Photo by Chickering, Boston

CLASS DAY

CLASS DAY at Harvard! How many times have the historic grounds devoted by the dying bequest of John Harvard to the higher education of the sons of the New England he helped to settle and so greatly loved, presented the interesting scenes which attend the formal jubilations of a graduating class, at the completion of a long course of study, and the commencement of the more serious years of struggle for whatever meed of Wealth, Fame, Pleasure or Duty may be dearest to each manly heart.

Since John Harvard's day, this college has ceased to be a plain conventicle for hard study under a stern, grave, and it is to be feared somewhat tyrannical faculty and corps of professors, of uncomfortable, unbeautiful dormitories, and even more undesirable refectories, surrounded by little natural or artificial charm save that beauty with which "God so clothed the grass," that even the New Englander's all-destroying axe could not make the Cambridge greensward look unlovely.

Now, and for many years past, the College campus and buildings have become famous throughout the world as a spot of architectural and arboreal beauty, hallowed by tradition, softly shadowed by a tinge of antiquity, grandly beautiful in tasteful modern architecture, and above all, replete with the heart-interest which attaches to a great city of learning which has for generations sent out her sons, to work, to attempt new things, to guard old rights; to

AT HARVARD

build up homes and states, to fight and struggle and, if need be, to suffer and to die, for the right, and to some extent at least, for old sake's sake and the honor of Old Harvard.

Something of this spirit underlies the gaiety and beauty of the charming scene of "A Class Day at Old Harvard," which is one of the special features of this June number, and if one could but photograph the hearts as deftly as the artist has depicted the "boys and girls" as to their youthful forms, faces and costumes, many an ardent soul would be detected "under the gaiety and kindly intercourse which covers as with a film of dead ashes the fiery aspirations and hopes of youth." Not a little of sadness, too, mingles with the spirit of gratulation and hopefulness which seems to rule the hour. We who have proved life to the full, realize how the joyous comradery of youth passes away never to return in its entirety again. One can see plainly the promise of future and dearer ties which will replace but never wholly efface the class comradery; the enthusiasm of college spirit, and the ties of a common pursuit of knowledge.

May Venus and Hymen be propitious to all true votaries who turn from the classic fane of Minerva, after long worshipping therein. Not a few of such haunt on class days the scene of by-gone friendships and college *camaraderie*, and sigh to think of the old, old lust of life and pride of purpose which made beautiful and memorable for them forever their own class day at Harvard.

"THE LADY OF THE FOREST," THE GRACEFUL WHITE BIRCH OF THE NORTHLAND WOODS WHOSE CHARMS NEVER FAIL

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVI **JUNE, 1907** NUMBER THREE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

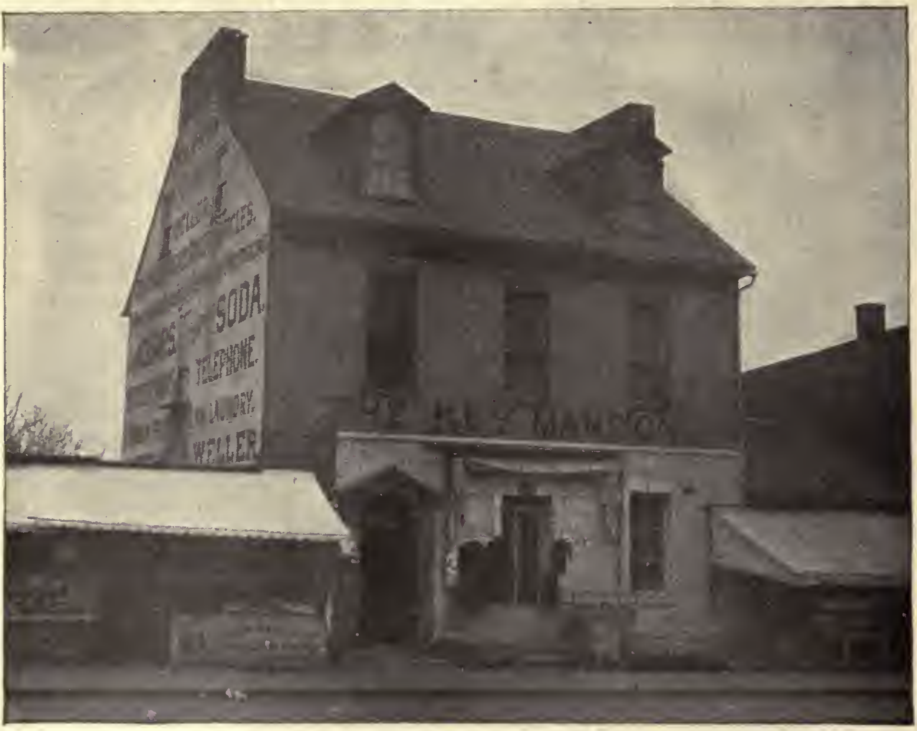
DURING the month of roses, Washington is seldom omitted from the itinerary of the wayfaring tourist. The great empty Capitol on the hill, as well as the many other points of interest, are carefully "done" by the sight-seeing visitors. Diplomatic Washington had a new diversion in the trip to the Jamestown Exposition. They swept down the Potomac several hundred strong. The corps was indeed a sight worth seeing, for all the gold braid and medals and medallions of the thirty odd nations represented made it in some respects a most spectacular function. Those who witnessed the scene of the war vessels in Hampton Roads, as they lay proudly at anchor, saw something which the world never looked upon before; the hulls of the American squadron were gleaming white, those of the British cruisers lead-colored. After arrival, the German vessels paid a delicate compliment to their hosts by painting their hulls a brilliant white, over the dull lead-color, in honor of the country which they were visiting. When the British cousins awoke next morning, they were as much astonished as Jack when his beanstalk sprouted into a tree, and they realized that for once the Kaiser's tars had indeed got the best of them in the line of international courtesy. What a scene it was when the President's yacht, the Mayflower, swept down that long lane of ships, amid the booming of cannon in the ships, while every deck, fore and aft, the soldierly picturesque marines stood presenting arms in the salute from the scarlet-coated British to the dapper lads of the Orient.

Of course everything was not ready—no exposition ever was quite prepared on the opening day—and in this case it was hardly expected to have all in readiness, as the original day set was for May 13, the actual date of the landing on the peninsula at Jamestown, but it was found that John Smith had not considered the convenience of expositions when he first effected a landing on American soil.

* * *

It was a beautiful day, and great Hampton Roads lay bathed in sunlight, while the waters sparkled in whitecaps, as all the craft that could be gathered together splashed to and fro. Certainly a variety there was, from the trim private yacht of H. H. Rogers, the Kanawa, with Mark Twain aboard, attired in white, greeting his newspaper friends, to many a craft that had been put out of commission, but now was repaired and furbished up to accommodate the throngs.

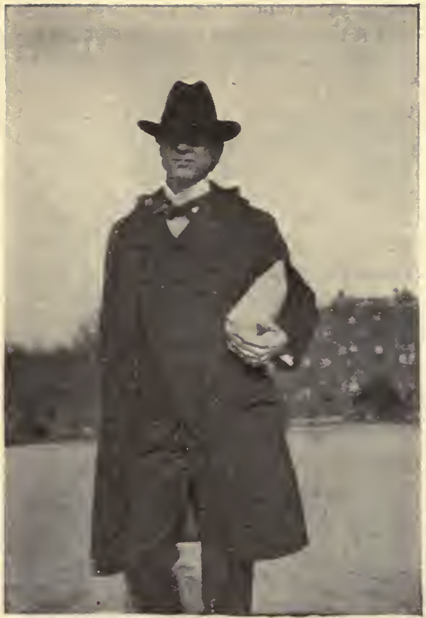
With all its incompleteness, the Jamestown Exposition possesses a peculiar fascination; the splendid sight of the navies of the world, and those who have been to the Exposition in these days of the opening will feel all the pride of the pioneer when they revisit these scenes a few weeks later, when all has been finished. How they will walk about remarking on how beautifully this building has been finished and furnished, while places that were but barren wastes are radiant with beauty. The government pier was not quite finished, and the arrangements for receiving the distinguished guests were not entirely perfected, but everyone got along goodnaturedly. There was "Uncle Joe" among the delegation of congressmen, who had awarded the Exposition a million dollar loan, and though no one put on the airs of "the honored guests," it was evident they were all enjoying themselves. When the long line of diplomats entered the grand stand, it made a picturesque background for the President, as he rose to speak, waving the crowd back in its mad rush forward to see him. Mounting a table, he delivered one of the most forceful addresses that ever came from his lips, and no one who heard that speech could doubt the earnestness and sincerity of the speaker. It was a comprehensive and scholarly address, and well suited to the occasion. There was a thrill in the last paragraph:



THE FRANCIS SCOTT KEY MANSION, LOCATED IN GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

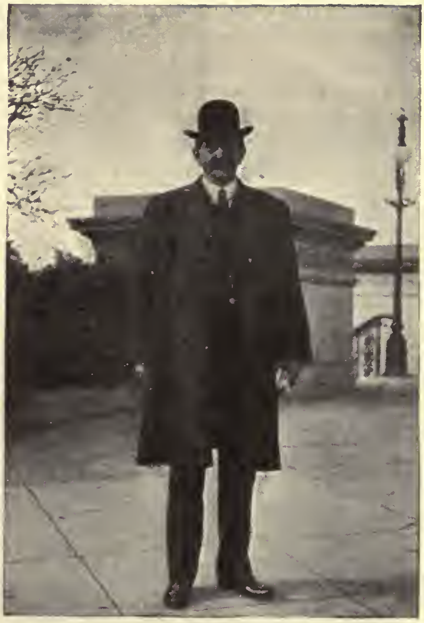
The author of the "Star Spangled Banner" is said to have lived in this house some time prior to acquiring his title, and was living there when the famous song was composed. The Francis Scott Key Memorial Association recently organized in the City of Washington by prominent men, for the purpose of promoting, establishing and maintaining in that city a suitable and lasting memorial to the author Francis Scott Key, have purchased the Key Mansion, together with household property and heirlooms of the author. Among the incorporators are—Admiral George Dewey, Justice Ashley M. Gould, Job Barnard, Thos. H. Anderson, Daniel Thew Wright, and Louis McComas, District Commissioner Macfarland, Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, Daniel W. Baker, F. S. Key Smith, Stuart McNamara, Wm. D. Hoover, Wm. Henry Dennis, John R. Young, Washington, D. C.; E. Clay Timanus and Henry Quarles, Baltimore, Md.

"Above all, we insist that, while facing changed conditions and new problems, we must face them in the spirit which our forefathers showed when they founded and preserved this Republic. The cornerstone of the Republic lies in our treating each man on his worth as a man, paying no heed to his creed, his birthplace, or his occupation, asking not whether he is rich or poor, whether he labors with head or hand; asking only whether he acts decently and honorably in the various relations of his life, whether he behaves well to his family, to his neighbors, to the state. We base our regard for each man on the essentials and not the accidents. We judge him not by his profession, but by his deeds; by his conduct, not by what he has ac-



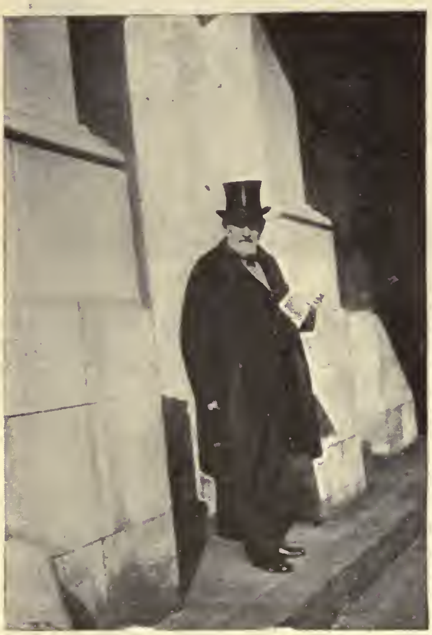
Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR C. H. DICK OF OHIO, WHO HAS GATHERED TOGETHER THE PAPER FOR A LIVELY POLITICAL CAMPAIGN



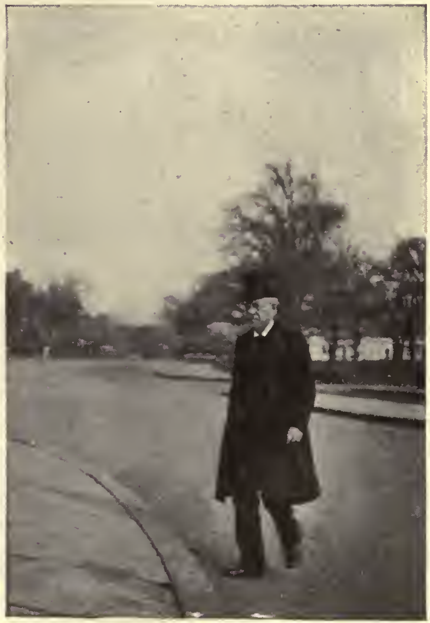
Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

REPRESENTATIVE LOUDENSLAGER OF NEW JERSEY, JUST THINKING OVER WHAT'S COMING IN THE CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN OF 1908



Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

THE "GRAND OLD MAN" OF AMERICA, SENATOR WM. B. ALLISON OF IOWA, IN A PASSING REFLECTION UNDER THE WALLS OF THE CAPITOL



Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR WM. P. FRY, WITH LONGING THOUGHTS OF THAT TROUT STREAM DOWN IN THE STATE O' MAINE quired of this world's goods. Other republics have fallen, because the citizens gradually grew to consider the interests of a class before the interests of the whole; for when such was the case, it mattered little whether it was the poor who plundered the rich, or the rich who exploited the poor; in either event, the end of the republic was at hand. We are resolute in our purpose not to fall into such a pit. This great republic of ours shall never become the government of a plutocracy, and it shall never become the government of a mob. God willing, it shall remain what our fathers who founded it meant it to be—a government in which each man stands on his worth as a man, where each is given the largest personal liberty consistent with securing the well-being of the whole, and where so far as in us lies, we strive continually to secure for each man such equality of opportunity that in the strife of life he may have a fair chance to show the stuff that is in him. We are proud of our schools and of the trained intelligence they give our children the opportunity to acquire. But what we care for most is the character of the average man; for we believe that if the average of character in the individual citizen is sufficiently high, if he possesses those qualities which make him worthy of respect in his family life and in his work outside, as well as the qualities which fit him for success in the hard struggle of actual existence—that if such is the character of our individual citizenship, there is literally no height of triumph unattainable in this vast experiment of government by, of and for a free people."

THOMAS CIRCLE, ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS IN OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL

The address of Harry St. George Tucker, President of the Exposition, was full of interest,—an erudite production, gleaming with well-rounded sentences.

* * *

Ambassador James Bryce had the honor to receive almost direct remarks in the President's opening address.

After the exercises, which closed with the singing of "America," the salad lunch was served in the History Hall, when the party returned to witness the parade.

There was Mrs. Roosevelt, attired in a violet hat and gown, who attracted almost as

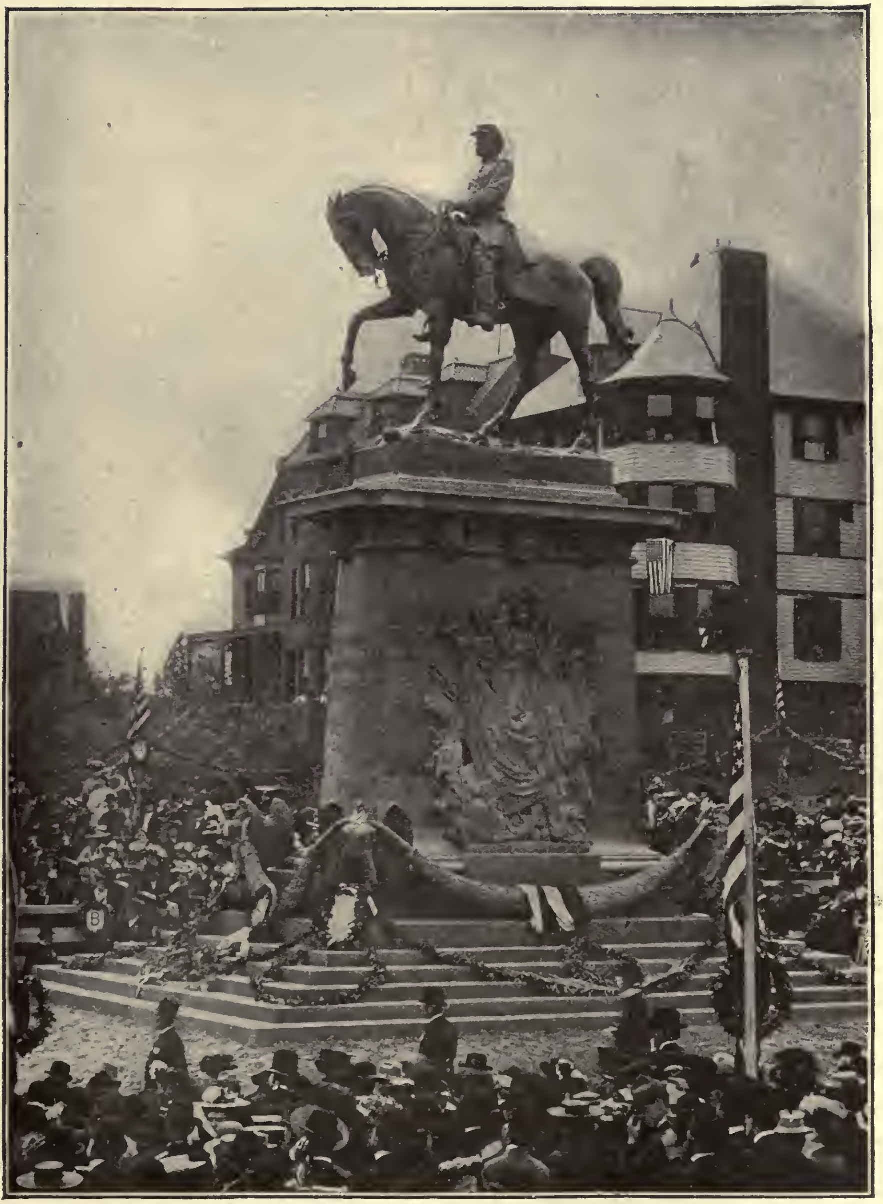


Photo by National Press Association

SCENE AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN much attention as the President. Besides the presence of the diplomatic corps, there were the admirals of the different navies of the world, and their aides; one could not help but observe the varied carriage and demeanor of the divers nationalities, as the representatives marched down the platform and joined the procession. It was a study such as is seldom afforded. There was the dapper, moustached Frenchman, the brusque, bearded Briton, the smooth-faced American, and the heavy, up-turned visage of the Teuton. The whole assembly was the personification of dignity.

Down the beautiful greensward of the Lee Parade Ground, bordered with apple trees from Appomattox, came General Frederick T. Grant, on a prancing horse. The eldest son of President Grant, who had seen service in the Civil War, saluted Virginia as host. The parade ground was named in honor of General Robert E. Lee, and apple trees surrounding it are commemorative of that day at Appomatox, when General Grant's illustrious father uttered the well-remembered words, "Let us have peace."

General Grant and Admiral Evans stood beside the President, and little Quentin Roosevelt was busy with his camera, taking snap shots with all the activity of the true American boy. No sooner had the parade ended and the lines passed with "eyes right," than the diplomatic line formed again and marched toward the Administration Building, where a public reception was given President Roosevelt, followed by another repast in History Hall. It was chiefly a salad day, a rare old-fashioned day of real enjoyment.

A RARE VIEW OF PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C., SHOWING THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL IN THE DISTANCE

* * *

A number of senators and congressmen gathered in a little group for a moment's respite, and then Uncle Joe and his jolly delegation of congressmen told good stories in their own irresistible manner.

It was related how, in Washington, it is quite a fad to have the carriages of the notables announced after the conclusion of a

CLINEDINST
PHOTO.

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SECRETARY OF STATE ROOT "PUTTING ON THE GLOVES" FOR A DIPLOMATIC BOUT

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

REPRESENTATIVE KAHN OF CALIFORNIA LEAVING THE CAPITOL AFTER A STRENUOUS DAY

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR PETTUS OF ALABAMA, "JUST HUMINATING," ACCORDING TO WOODROW WILSON'S IDEA

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR BEN TILLMAN STARTING OUT ON A DAY'S JOUST WITHOUT HIS PITCHFORK performance: "The carriage of the British ambassador," "The carriage of the Austrian minister."

This particular night happened to be the seventeenth of March, St. Patrick's Day, and when the play was over, and the carriages were called, some wag shouted: "The carriage of the Irish minister!" and even among the self-contained throngs of theatergoers the ripple of amusement passed along, for an American crowd is always quick to see a joke. With such merry talk the congressional group sitting on the green whiled away the time.

MRS. J. R. GARFIELD, WIFE OF J. R. GARFIELD, FORMERLY COMMISSIONER OF CORPORATIONS, WHO RECENTLY SUCCEEDED MR. HITCHCOCK AS SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

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AT seven-thirty sharp, on the evening of April 26, sitting on the veranda of the Inside Inn, we witnessed the climax of that day—a sight such as no people have ever looked on before. After a series of electric wig-wags, as vivid as a flash of forked lightning, out from the five miles of ships, all in battle array, lying diagonally across as if conscious of what was to follow, suddenly came a glow of light, and every hull was outlined in brilliant electric bulbs, and swiftly the glorified outline of masts, rigging and funnels all became visible, so that each vessel was easily distinguished in lines of light. Over the flagship the searchlight played. Such a scene can scarcely be described, and if there was nothing else to be looked upon on that opening day, that one hour repaid the visit. Somehow as I sat looking out on that scene, with the steady glow of the electric lights standing out against the sombre curtain of night, I could not help but feel that perhaps in the very dazzle of this brilliant pantomime of ships far out on the horizon there was a promise of peace, quite as effective as any augured by the prisms of the rainbow that cheered the heart of Noah.

Some time later, Congressman. Sherman might have been seen searching for his baggage, which had been transferred to six different rooms, for the fact of the matter was that everybody was pretty well mixed up.

Despite all these annoyances the Southern courtesy smoothed matters over, and it was rather enjoyable than otherwise to see everybody looking out for himself independently, and those who looked upon the incompleteness felt their curiosity whetted to return and see what this wonderful exposition would be like when finished.

Tired, but feeling that they had participated in an event which means much toward bringing about the peace of the world, the diplomatic delegation returned to Washington, to make final preparations for finding summer quarters.

* * *

ONE of the busiest men in Washington, not only during the sessions of Congress, but at all times, is Senator H. C. Hansbrough, who, from the date of the admission of North Dakota has been here devoting his talents and energies to the young commonwealth of which he is enthusiastically and justly proud.

Senator Hansbrough has many legislative victories to his credit; indeed, it is doubtful if any other member of either branch has a greater number of triumphs. I recall his very first effort in behalf of the people of his state, when he was a member of the House and secured the enactment of a law excluding lotteries from the mails. This was a death blow to the Louisiana Lottery Com-

With great admiration for you and the "National"
Sincerely yours
H. C. Hansbrough

[UNITED STATES SENATOR]

pany. At that time, certain parties in North Dakota were endeavoring to transplant the Louisiana institution to North Dakota soil. It was Mr. Hansbrough's bill which became law in 1890 that prevented the success of the scheme.

On his entrance into the Senate, in 1891, he at once took a commanding position in the business of legislation. He first secured some of the most desirable committee assignments, and this has enabled him to bring about the enactment of many beneficial laws. Among these may be mentioned the national irrigation act of 1902, and, more recently, the amendment to the denatured alcohol law. The fight against the latter measure was centered in the Senate Committee on Finance, of which the senator is a member. He got the bill out of the committee, and led the fight on the floor of the Senate, which resulted in the passage of the bill by an overwhelming vote.

Being chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, gives him exceptional opportunities to enact legislation in the interest of the western settlers. As an evidence of this, at the last session of Congress, he passed, among other beneficial measures, two joint resolutions relieving settlers from constant residence upon their lands during the severe winter. His work shows for itself in the Congressional Record, where it will be found as an evidence of his activity that, during the recent three months' session of the Senate, he reported from the several committees of which he is a member thirty-five bills, and passed them in the Senate. Of this number, thirty-two of them subsequently passed the House and were signed by the President. This is a record which stands unequalled in the recent annals of Congress.

LASSOING A STEER FROM AN OLDSMOBILE, A POPULAR VACATION PASTIME WITH SEVERAL WESTERN CONGRESSMEN

Mr. Hansbrough is conceded to be the leader in the Senate in all matters pertaining to temperance legislation. It was he who secured the adoption of the anti-canteen law, as well as the provision which prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquors in the Senate and House cafes. The American Anti-Saloon League, the legislative superintendent of which is Dr. E. C. Dinwiddie, has for a number of years relied upon the senator to manage their anti-liquor measures.

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR PERKINS, AT A SIDE GLANCE, WHO HAS DECLARED THAT ROOSEVELT SHOULD BE ELECTED A SECOND TIME

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR N. B. SCOTT. THE POPULAR WEST VIRGINIA SENATOR WHO KNOWS HOW TO BOOK AND HANDLE POLITICAL SPEAKERS IN A NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

"UNCLE" JOE CANNON, THE DISTINGUISHED SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WHO GROWS MORE POPULAR WITH THE PEOPLE EVERY DAY

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR TELLER, OF COLORADO, THE "GRAND OLD MAN" OF THE CENTENNIAL STATE, WHOSE LONG SENATORIAL CAREER HAS BEEN NOTABLE

Senator Hansbrough is quiet and unassuming, does not waste much time in speechifying, but may be found almost constantly at his desk delving into the intricate questions that come before legislators of industrious inclinations. The senator has earned, and now enjoys, a prestige in the upper House of Congress the value of which to his growing young state cannot be measured. His judgment and advice are invariably sought, even by his older colleagues, and his close friendship with President Roosevelt gives him a position of commanding influence. Senator Hansbrough was one of the first men who declared for President Roosevelt for a second elective term to the highest office in the gift of the people of the United States.

MR. SQUIERS, WHO REPRESENTS UNCLE SAM AT PANAMA. THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME HE HAS HAD TO DO WITH A CANAL PROPOSITION

This declaration was made in North Dakota newspapers friendly to the senator more than fifteen months ago, and at every opportunity since then the senator has reiterated his belief that the President should succeed himself. In the light of recent events, the North Dakota senator is entitled to be regarded as something of a political prophet.

THE American minister in Panama, Mr. H. C. Squiers, is doing very effective work. This is not the first canal which he has had to do with. In Pekin the besieged legations were bordered on one side by an old canal 200 feet wide and about fifty feet deep. This ran under the wall of the city. The boxers wanted to capture the point where this canal passed under the old wall, and, therefore, into the legation enclosures. Minister Squires, then secretary to the American Legation there, was appointed chief of staff to Claude M. MacDonald, the British minister.

Because of his military service in the United States cavalry, Mr. Squiers had entire charge of all military operations, and his success is well described in the letters given below.

The one of August 18 was written two days after the relief column entered Pekin. Mr. Squiers meets every question with the firm and effective decision of a trained diplomat.

To H. G. Squiers, Chief of Staff,
Dear Mr. Squiers:— July 16.

The enemy have made a barricade in the wall immediately above the American Legation; they have not fired from it yet, but this doubtless is a pleasure to come. I think if possible we ought to get on with the canal barricade as soon as possible.

I hope you have not lost sight of the countermining in the well, it will quiet the minds of the men. A couple of shafts will do. Yours sincerely,

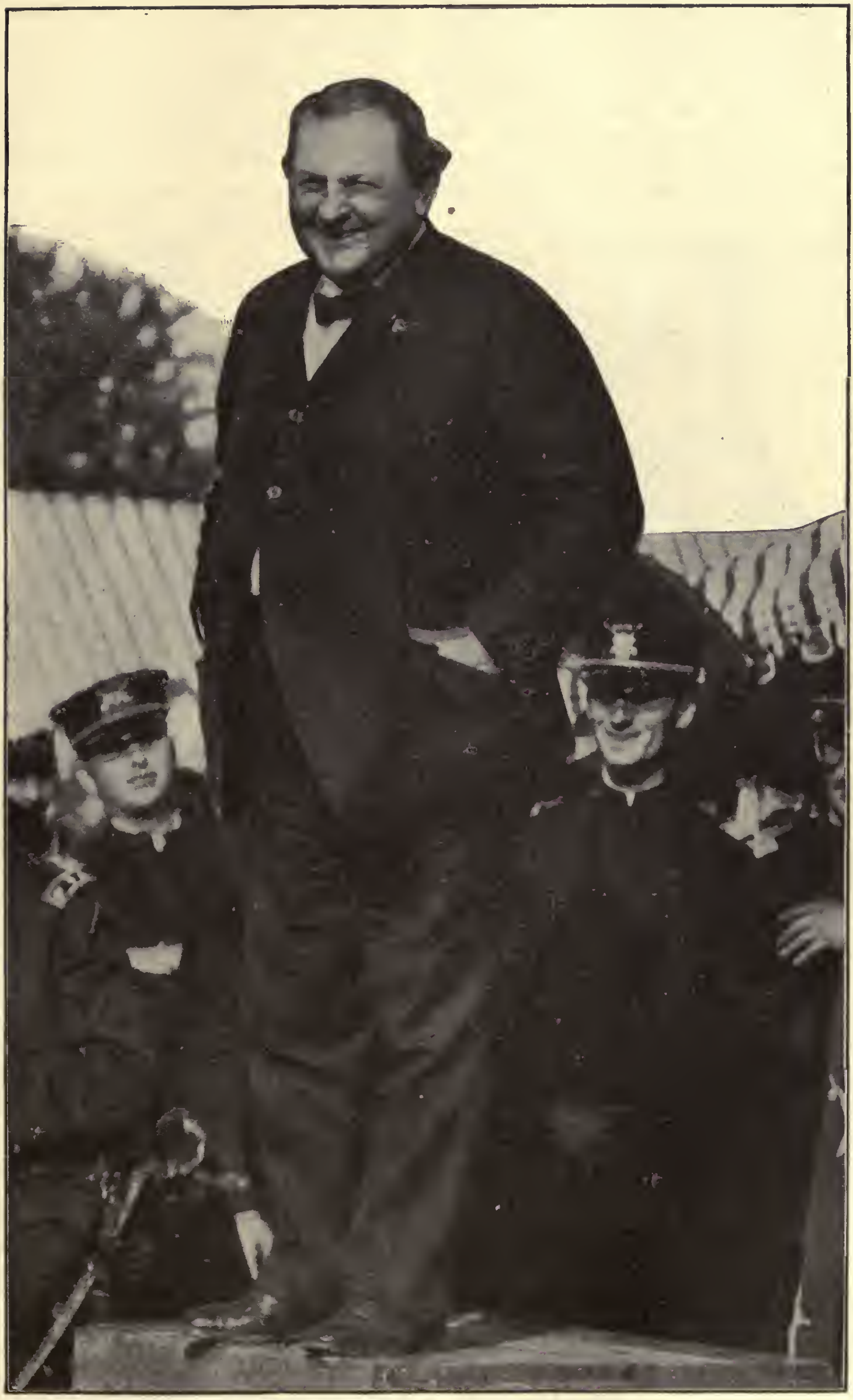
CLAUDE M. MACDONALD.

My Dear Squiers:— *August* 18, 1900.

A few lines to thank you most heartily for the excellent and loyal support which you have at all times given me during the seige. That it has been brought to so successful an issue, is very largely due to your ability and foresight, and I only hope that if ever I am in a tight hole it may be my good fortune to have so good a man to turn to. In your son I found a most efficient and gallant A. D. C. whose coolness under fire was the admiration of everybody. Believe me, my dear Squiers,

Yours very sincerely,

CLAUDE M. MACDONALD.



TOM JOHNSON OF OHIO, NOW IN TRAINING FOR ANOTHER MODERN AUTOMOBILE CAMPAIGN. "HE IS WILLING"—THEY SAY IN OHIO—TO BECOME A DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT

THE unveiling of the statue of George B. McClellan was one of the events which occur betimes at the Capital city and have a deep significance, for upon these occasions pages of history are vivified and deeds of valor of an earlier time are illuminated. We recall the fact that, with all his faults, "Little Mac" had the love and admiration of the old soldiers who served under him, and has received a worthy though it may be a tardy tribute, which is characteristic of the procrastination that so exasperated the goverment and people at that time when he was in command of the Army of the Potomac. Many new sidelights were thrown upon the picture of his career in the conversation incident to the placing of the statue.

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

JUSTICE WHITE OF THE SUPREME COURT, HAILING A STREET CAR WITH A CONSCIOUSNESS THAT HIS DECISIONS ARE RIGHT

Every statue that is added to Washington in this way will be a source of inspiration for men in public and civil life, who will be urged on to aspire to the greatest honor that can be bestowed on them, the loving and enduring tribute of a nation's appreciation, expressed in sculptured marble or moulded bronze.

* * *

ONE of the young men who has done splendid work on the Isthmus, is E. P. Shannon, private secretary to Engineer Stevens. He was born in 1880, in Milwaukee, educated in the common schools, supplemented with two years in college; began in 1898, as stenographer to the chief engineer of the Wisconsin Central. After three years he was offered the same position with the purchasing agent of that road; in 1902 he became secretary to the general agent of the Central States Dispatch. From there, after being in the general manager's office of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, he was appointed secretary to Mr. Stevens, who was then Vice President. As soon as Mr. Stevens was elected for the Isthmus, he asked Mr. Shannon to come with him. During the chief's absence from the Isthmus even the heads of departments old enough to be his father affectionately addressed Shannon as Chief, and it is not too much to say that many important measures passed in Mr. Stevens' absence were acted on because he said the Chief would approve them. Mr. Stevens himself once said with what is believed to be a good deal of truth: "Shannon gets the hell and I get the credit."

* * *

TALK about making money! Just stand beside Director Sullivan of the Engraving and Printing Department, and watch how work is planned and executed so that the day's output totals over $1,000,000,000 in securities and stamps of all kinds. Congress scarcely seems to realize the steady and immense expansion of the work of this department, whose records show that it has increased nine-fold from 1898 to 1906, and since then seems to continue to expand in like geometrical progression.

Secretary Shaw called attention to the needs of a new building for this department; using rather strong language. He said:

"I doubt if a worse sweat-shop exists on earth than the factory in which the government manufactures its money, its bonds, its internal revenue and post office stamps. The condition of the employes, especially in the summer time, is well-nigh unbearable, and every consideration pleads for improvement."

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR THOMAS CARTER OF MONTANA, WHO WON HIS FIRST PUBLIC RECOGNITION AS A PEERLESS BOOK-AGENT

This arraignment of a national work-shop is of immense interest to those who advocate government ownership; for few seem to understand how difficult it is to remedy faulty conditions when they effect a government department; and if this fact were realized, the responsive and initiative force of private ownership, and its virtue in correcting abuses, would be more generally appreciated.

A senator not long ago remarked that the most remarkable amount of work for the amount of money expended was done in the place where Uncle Sam makes his money—in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Overtime work is often necessary to supply the 8,000,000 sheets of United States notes and certificates required each day by the treasurer of the United States. It is already estimated that the demand for the coming year must increase at least six per cent., and if Congress insists on redemption of more bank notes and certificates for clean money, and a more elastic currency, the facilities for the printing and engraving are absolutely inadequate to meet the demands.

* * *

THE tennis court of President Roosevelt has this season been recruited by the presence of Postmaster-General George von L. Meyer. In the early summer, the President has a wide variety of recreation, ranging from a gallop on his favorite saddle horse down the yellow clay of the Virginia road, to a game of tennis near the executive office. The recreation is certainly pretty strenuous, and the President delights to surround himself with athletic young college men who must never hesitate at a five-bar fence in riding.

The "tennis cabinet" now includes Secretary of the Interior James R. Garfield, Herbert Knox Smith, head of the Department of Corporation; Gifforth Pinchot, chief of the Forestry Department; Laurence O. Murray, assistant secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and Robert Bacon, assistant secretary of state, a classmate of the President at Harvard. M. Jules

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR ELKINS WHO KNOWS A THING OR TWO OF PUBLIC LIFE, AND HOW TO RUN A HOT CAMPAIGN IN AN OVERCOAT

Jusserand, the French ambassador, also plays tennis with a vim and skill which often wins a game.

It is certainly an object lesson to look upon the President, as he stands in the green-enclosed court near the executive office, with its array of port holes, engaged in a game of tennis, his head covered with an old slouch hat, with the brim pulled low down over his glasses, to keep the sun out of his eyes, wearing blue trousers turned up at the bottom, and girt around the waist with a belt, with a white shirt open at the neck, with the sleeves rolled up, baring his muscular forearms, and shod in leather tennis shoes, he certainly looks like a champion athlete, as he rushes to meet and drive the balls, as if he were in earnest.

ARTHUR B. STATTER, ANOTHER BRIGHT YOUNG MAN WHO WAS APPOINTED ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

Baron Speck Von Sternberg, the German ambassador, frequently joins the President in his daily ride, and the horsemanship of either would attract attention were they simply gentlemen riders and not otherwise prominent.

Sometimes other recreations are followed by a long walk to the palisades, through the sparsely-settled neighborhoods. In these pedestrian tours the President "gallops" through the woods, and makes a test of his wind, "keeps in condition," as the athletes say, and remains "hard as a flint." Sometimes in these long walks, he has his groom meet him with his saddle-horse at a certain point, and rides back to Washington at a whirlwind pace.

* * *

THERE is in Washington an excellent governmental training school for young men—it is the Treasury Department, in which nearly all the assistant secretaries have been young men—often not over thirty. The latest assistant secretary to the secretary of the Treasury is Mr. Arthur F. Statter, until recently private secretary to Secretary Shaw.

Mr. Statter began his career as a newspaper man in Sioux City, but tiring of life there, or considering that chances for advancement were more frequent farther West, he pulled up stakes and halted not until he reached Walla Walla, Washington. Here he again entered upon newspaper work, and a little later assisted one of the principal men of the paper in his canvass for a United States senatorship. The campaign was successful, and Mr. Statter went to Washington as secretary to the new senator. Here his good work attracted the attention of Secretary Shaw, and it was thus that he came to be associated with the Treasury Department, into which he entered on February 1st as one of the three assistant secretaries, an office which frequently serves as a stepping-stone to greater things for those who hold it. Being a "Cornell boy," his career will be watched with especial interest by his old chums and others who have been associated with the good old Alma Mater.

* * *

ACCORDING to recent statistics, the public lands in the United States today aggregate 500,000,000 acres, and it has been suggested that these should be sold at $1.25 an acre, creating a fund of $625,000,000, or at $2.25 an acre, bringing the fund up to $1,240,000,000. At present the lands in question are of little value, so that the price of two dollars and a half is considered excessive. From the sale of these lands a fund of $33,000,000 has already been created and devoted to irrigation; operations began in 1902, and it is now proposed to build up a national drainage fund in the same way.

As the lands are reclaimed, the purchaser would be expected to pay the expense of the work done in annual installments, and in this way all the money expended for internal improvements will be returned to the government, and each man will have value for which he has paid, and at the same time will receive the full advantage of the reclamation work. This makes the sale of the land a federal government fund, rather than a state or sectional fund, and on that basis the National Drainage Association have begun their work.

The only drainage work actually begun by the government at the present time is at Mud Lake, Minnesota. This involves a district of over 400,000 acres, of which 130,000 acres is government land. The assessment on this land in Mud Lake district is three dollars and a quarter per acre.

A bill on this subject was introduced by Senator Clapp of Minnesota at the last session of Congress, which was favorably reported from the Committee on Public Lands. During the next few years, the National Drainage Fund promises to assume very respectable proportions.

"KNEE DEEP IN JUNE"

* * *

THE publication of the portrait of E. A. MacDowell, the great composer, in the May issue of the National Magazine, has brought to us the pathetic reminder that the greatest work of this man's life and work as an eminent composer, were the Saga symphonies, to which attention was called in the White House shortly after the article by President Roosevelt on the Sagas which appeared in a current periodical.

In the rush-away life of today, no other subject is so interesting as that of the sagas and folk-lore of an earlier time, reflecting quaint and peaceful conditions of life impossible in our day.

The sagas were the stories told by the blue-eyed Norsemen, and it may be that from the word saga has come our modern "sagacious."

Today, in Ireland and other European countries, the folk-lore of the people is chanted in a minor strain, being handed down from father to son in the native tongue—strange, unforgotten stories, never printed.

* * *

Something slightly resembling this may be seen in the lumber camps of the North and West, where the men all join in songs and stories, that are chanted and told about the camp fire, though not in the plaintive minor chords that tell the tale of the hazy past.

It was the grasping of this subtle, almost supernatural note in music that made MacDowell great in music, and there is something in his composition that brings with it the very message of a by-gone time, and yet seems to presage the terrible fate which has overtaken the talented musician. Knowing that he has lost his mind in his zealous overwork, one seems to hear a plaintive note of warning or direful prophecy in some of his compositions.

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BOTANICAL GARDENS IN WASHINGTON, WHICH BRIDAL COUPLES ALWAYS VISIT

* * *

It is not wonderful that this same attractive theme should have inspired one of the most capable articles which ever came from the pen of Theodore Roosevelt

PASSING by the War Department, I was startled to see a large red flag waving in the wind. It was spring-time, and we wondered if some new foreign complication had sprung up, of which we had not heard through the daily papers. What was Secretary Taft doing? On a nearer approach, we soon discovered that the War Department had been having a house cleaning, and it was then going through a sort of "rummage sale." An auctioneer had been installed, which explained the presence of the red flag—not implying a meeting of anarchists.

* * *

After using the lemon which was "handed" him for the purpose of clearing his throat, the auctioneer began to offer sundry office furnishings for "a song, and sing it yourself." Office desks, typewriters, and rugs came out one by one, and were quickly sold, though there was no rush; for even the distinguished Secretary Taft's old desk was not bid up—he is not yet president. The people bid deliberately, but they were aggressive about their purchases, and bandied remarks with the crowd which were studies in themselves. Typewriters that had seen many years of service went for from one dollar and a half to thirty-one dollars. When an army wagon was put up, the auctioneer grew very eloquent:

"Here is a genu-eye-ine 'forty-niner,' that sailed with General Lee in the tide of adversity against him. It is as good as new today—only wants a little scrubbing, and it has been just a trifle scorched in a fire—would make a good coal wagon—"

At this point, some wag in the crowd suggested "charcoal wagon," taking into account the fact that the historic wagon had been scorched.

* * *

According to the appraisers' estimate, the government made a good thing on the sale; for almost everything brought a higher price than had been estimated. It was grimly suggested that Uncle Sam might now make auctioneers federal officials, and in that way be sure of realizing good value on old property; for it cannot be denied that when anything has the seal of the approval of Uncle Sam, its value is considerably enhanced—at least in the opinion of his nieces and nephews looking for souvenir bargains.

A CHANCE paragraph in the letter of a mutual friend led to my epistolary acquaintance with an American artist in England. He was following in the footsteps of Benjamin West, and had made for himself a place in the world of art. An affectionate uncle introduced me postally to Arthur Jule Goodman, and the correspondence grew regarding the work of this young artist. The frontispiece in the May National, the reproduction of "The Signal," tells the story of his manner of painting better than I can express it. Arthur Jule Goodman is an artist who stands out rugged and square for a distinctive national art. He is devoted to his art, always ready to contribute something for the benefit of his chosen profession. His younger brothers and sisters of the brush are constantly in his mind; for he too has had his struggle with adversity. In writing of art, he insists "when I say 'national,' I mean American art," for it is his hope and conviction that there is a "National Art" crystalizing today in America. "Strength of character in your work," he insists, "means everything, and when you nail it down, discard toy hammers and stipling brushes, and take the big brushes—whitewash brushes if necessary. Think of Roddin's work—go in with every muscle swelling, and conquer."

* * *

In his Wigwam Studios in Nottinghamshire, England, this young American artist does a great deal of work for the English periodicals, but maintains the high ideals of early student days and proclaims that there is something hopeful in his belief that a national "manner" of painting is already taking root in America; with such sturdy champions as Mr. Goodman, art in America will mean art in the truest and broadest sense of the word. Meantime, Mr. Goodman is cheerful and patient in his long years of exile from his native land, never relinquishing the spirit of truth in art, as it must and will be expressed in the genius that now lies fallow among our American boys and girls, but which

ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN, THE ARTIST. THE FRONTISPIECE IN THE NATIONAL FOR MAY, "THE SIGNAL," WAS FROM HIS BRUSH it is hoped will soon find expression in a new note of National American art. No painter or writer can ever hope to do enduring work unless he clings tenaciously to those subjects with which his childhood and nativity have associated him. Those things that grip most firmly upon us, and present a new field for glorious endeavor, are usually the things that come to us in every-day life, but the innate beauty of which is often seen only by the eye of the true artist, whose privilege it is to reveal it to those about him.

* * *

A glimpse of Mr. Goodman's career in England gives us a picture of the American artists abroad working among themselves in friendly rivalry, each seeking to strike a higher note, and when a fellow artist succeeds there is no jealousy; for it is felt that every achievement adds lustre to the great cause, setting before the workers a higher goal for which to strive. "Strength is only measured by struggle," writes Mr. Goodman.

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

THE ROOSEVELT DOGS. NOT THE DOGS OF WAR, BUT VERY FINE DOGS, ALL THE SAME

In his studio at Gedling, the young artist has a habit of writing down the sayings of great men, and setting them on the wall of his studio; he calls this his "good words corner," and here are some of these golden maxims:—

"Do today's work today."

"Talent sees opportunity; genius creates, but only patience and labor reap its most perfect fruits."

"Accept the three great gifts the world offers you—Truth, Beauty, Love, and enrich your art."

Mr. Goodman wrote me of an incident of his first day at the Paris school of art, when his master took the small brushes away from him and handed him some large ones. The young painter said: "I cannot do it with these."

In his suave way, the Frenchman replied: "You are here to learn the *right* way."

"Ophelia" was Mr. Goodman's first salon picture, concerning which a Cleveland boy, his friend, made a criticism when he said: "Someone left the door open and the wind blew it in." Later, a well-known American millionaire saw the painting, and was deeply impressed with its strength.

After completing the portrait of Ex President Cleveland, Mr. Goodman received the following commendation from him:

"I am more convinced than ever that care and willingness to listen to the judgment of others has done much in aid of your skill."

Mr. Goodman is a champion for honesty in art, and has high ideals; he declares that his work illustrates the motto of the Flemish portrait painter, Van Dyck:—"As I can, not as I would."

The painting entitled "King and Pappoose," was presented to King Edward by Colonel W. F. Cody, and the original hangs in Buckingham Palace.

The drawing, "Chief Walks Under the Ground," was accepted by the king, and presented to the Princess Albert Edward "The Signal" and a number of other famous Indian pieces were made under Colonel Cody's supervision, when Mr. Goodman was with the Wild West Show, where he had the rare opportunity of painting Indian life with real Indians as models always close at hand. As has been written of the work of Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, "He could write about an ash barrel and make it interesting," or of Mr Sargent that "he could paint an ash barrel and have it beautiful," so Mr. Goodman has grasped the fact that the simple virile truth is at the bottom of all enduring art.

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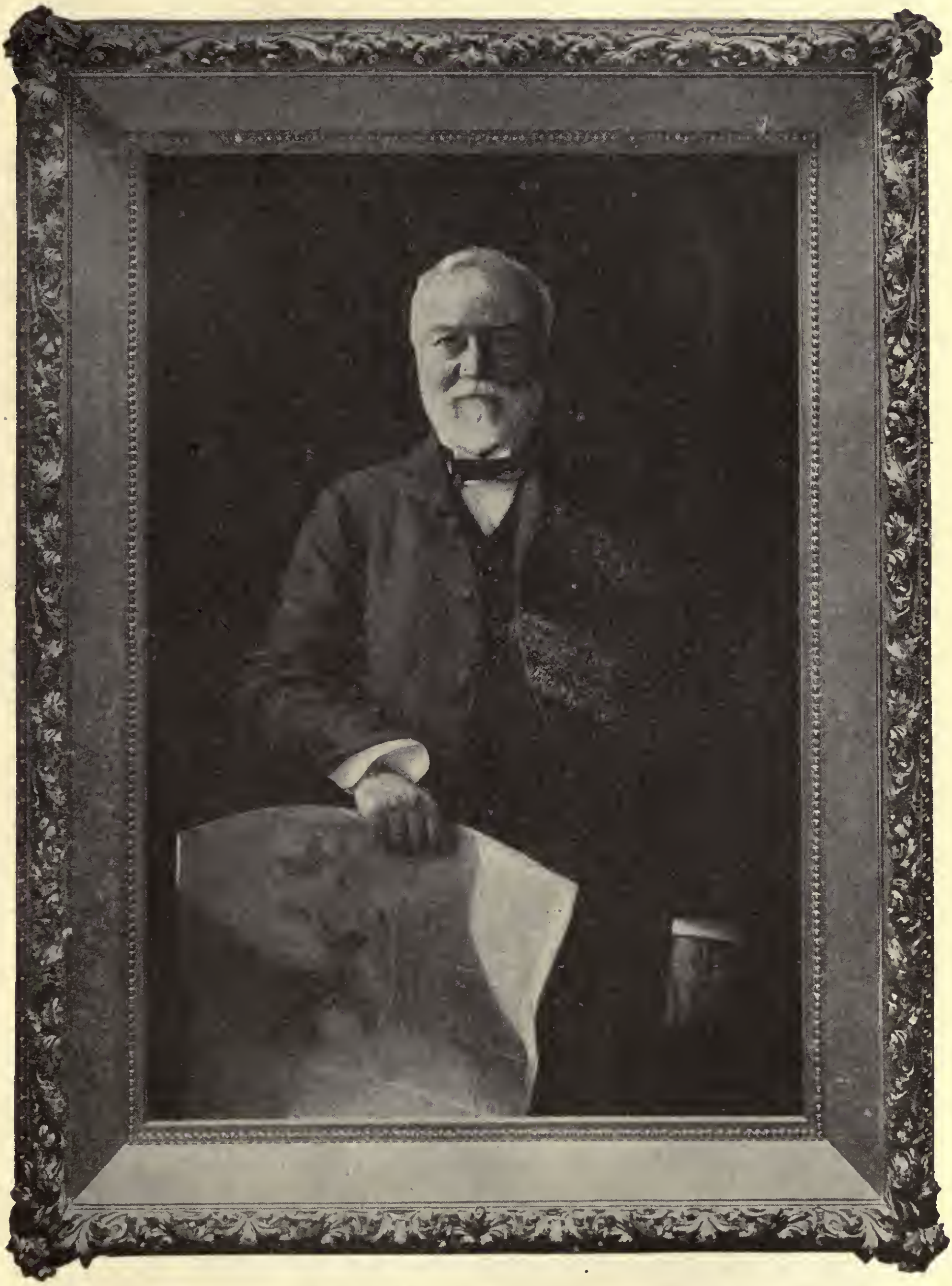
THE Peace Congress, held in New York City during April, was indeed a world event, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie richly deserved the high honors there bestowed upon him. In heart, soul and fortune, Mr. Carne-



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, FROM A PAINTING PRESENTED TO ONE OF HIS LIBRARIES BY REPRESENTATIVE McCLEARY gie is consecrated to one of the loftiest missions allotted to men. The Peace Congress was a memorable gathering, with an influence far-reaching — in fact, it was one of the most noted international events ever held outside of the City of Washington. It did much to impress the American people with the broad-gauged ideals of peace as a practical business proposition for this age. It brought to mind the dreams of Cobden, whose life was devoted to effort for the prevention of war and destruction, and to furtherance of the science that will lead to the general happiness of mankind, and make this life of ours a pattern for the happiness of another life. One of the books that largely influenced the life and thought of Cobden was none other than Benjamin Franklin's "Essays."

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SNAPSHOT OF SENATOR FORAKER OF OHIO (ON THE RIGHT) LOOKING FOR SECRETARY TAFT. ON THE LEFT, WITH A WHITE VEST, IS SENATOR BURROWS OF MICHIGAN

Mr. Carnegie has also provided $750,000 for the building of the Bureau of American Republics at Washington, which is directly in line with the objects of the Peace Congress. Congress voted $200,000 toward the building, and the fifteen other republics represented contributed $30,000. This is looked upon as the "outward and visible sign" of the ultimate union of all the American republics, even as the nations have all been unified by commercial interchange.

William C. Fox, formerly director of the Bureau of American Republics, is now minister for Ecquador. Congressman Cooper of Wisconsin is chairman on insular affairs, which is closely associated with the American Bureau of Republics in the solving of the problems incidental to insular government.

* * *

AT a recent banquet of the Wisconsin Society in New York, a splendid tribute was paid to ex-Senator Spooner, Wisconsin's honored son. Stirring speeches were made, indicating an appreciation of honorable and capable public service such as Senator Spooner has rendered. The society has reason to be proud of the success of its dinners. Ex-Secretary Shaw, in a speech on this occasion, gave a concise summing up of the financial situation, pointing out that while business expands on certain lines, at certain seasons, in the buying and selling of crops, the money supply of the country remains rigid, and that something must be done to adjust the methods of business to the supply of currency, or vice versa.

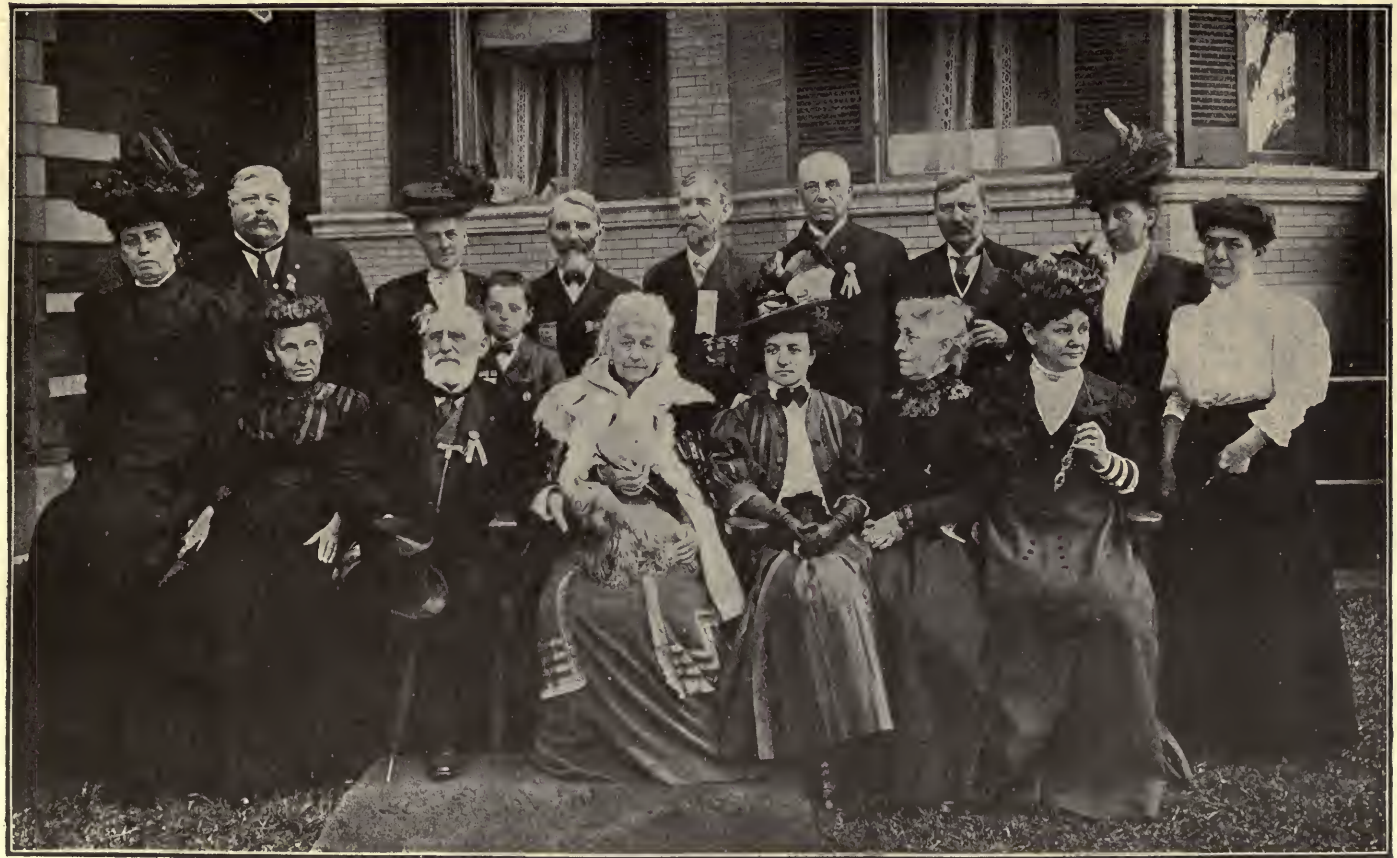
No country in the world has ever done so much business on credit, or honor, as the United States. The wonderful story of the control of the currency reads like one of the dreams of Croesus—the recital of steadily-increasing wealth, as objects are touched by American fingers—the enormous deposits in the savings banks tell their own story. Over $12,215,000,000 may now be found in these banks, and this aggregation of money represents a great body of individual depositors. An increase of over $865,000,000 for last year alone, and an increase within the past ten years of one hundred and forty-two per cent. The Southern states show a gain of two hundred and seventy-nine per cent., while New England, with its old-time thrift, has only doubled, showing an increase of fifty-six per cent.

With all this tremendous increase of the banking power of the nation, there is still the problem of providing some means of meeting the reactionary tide in the supply of currency, because the stringency of currency, always occurs during the surfeit of business prosperity and the "bumper" crops.

* * *

WE are certainly a nation of beef-eaters; for over $2,000,000,000 a year are spent for the nation's meat alone, which means over 1,000 pounds to each family. The consumers of the country spent $41,000,000 additional for their meat, as shown

Miss Emmeline McClellan, Niece of Geo. McClellan — Richard N. Calhoun, 1st Conn. Regt. — Mrs. Emily C. Round — Geo. C. Round, 1st Conn. Regt. — Geo. W. Filer, 1st Conn. Regt. — E. Benjamin Andrews, Nebraska University — Dr. Geo. McClellan, who unveiled statue — Miss Mary McClellan, Niece of Gen. McClellan



Miss Lizzie McClellan, Niece of Gen. McClellan — Gen. Lucius H. Warren, Originator of Statue Plan — Mrs. Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, Widow of Gen. McClellan — Miss Katherine Clark, Niece of Mrs. McClellan — Mrs. C. F. Barlow, Widow of Gen. Barlow — Mrs. Dr. Geo. McClellan — Mrs. Oliver McClellan, Niece of Gen. McClellan

Photo by Raymond E. Donaldson

THE McCLELLAN PARTY AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL McCLELLAN

The First Connecticut Regiment was known as "Mrs. McClellan's Own" by the accounts for last year. Enough stock is driven to market every year to average nine animals to every tick of the clock for a ten hour day.

The new inspection law for meat seems to be working satisfactorily. It has been remarked by an enterprising foreigner, who has just completed a tour of this country, that in no country in the world has he seen meat so abundantly and constantly used. He said that the luxuries of other countries are in America regarded as every-day necessities, and he insisted that the strong virile initiative force of Americans was best shown in our meat bills. "Billions for meat and not one cent for bilious croakers" is the chorus of a new lobby song. Of course "meat" may mean "pork."

GOVERNOR HOGGETT OF ALASKA, WHO SAYS "IT'S A GREAT COUNTRY UP THERE"

* * *

AFTER serving as governor of Alaska for one year, Wilford B. Hoggett, formerly of Boonville, Indiana, has seen the country prosper in a marked degree, and in speaking of the progress recently made by the territory, said:—

"Alaska is at the present time in fine shape. Last year $21,250,000 worth of gold was removed from the sands, while only $2,500,000 were accounted for the year before. Almost $1,000,000 was realized in the mining of copper.

"We do not worry about politics up there, and consequently have few troubles. All of our time is devoted to mining and building, and the man with the pick and shovel is the man who counts for something.

"Congress has been mighty good to us. It has appropriated $250,000 for public roads, $190,000 for the extension of cable and telegraph lines, $240,000 for river and harbor improvements and $100,000 for the education of the natives.

"The fisheries of Alaska are good and are getting better all the time. The industry has developed wonderfully within the last few years, and gives employment to hundreds of people.

"Railroads are being constructed all over the territory, and the whole country is on the boom. The roads are now in better shape than at any time in the history of the territory, and during my term as governor I shall do all possible in the extension of the roads and other modern advantages."

* * *

Governor Hoggett is a self-made man. At the early age of fourteen, he was graduated from the public schools at Boonville, Indiana. After his graduation, he was admitted to the naval academy at Annapolis, where at the early age of eighteen he was graduated as the youngest member of his class, with third honors. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, President McKinley recognized his military ability, and made him a member of the naval strategy board at Washington. At the close of the war, he resigned his position and went to Alaska as the head of wealthy mining interests, and he retained the superintendency of a string of mines in the Juneau district until he was made governor by appointment of President Roosevelt. At the time of his appointment he was postmaster of Juneau, which he also resigned. The first official move of Governor Hoggett was the removal of the capital from Sitka to Juneau.

* * *

DURING recent years, there has been a keen interest in "Wild West" stories. One was recently related by a certain congressman which shows that the Eastern tenderfoot is not always so much a butt for ridicule as he is usually made to appear.

During the visit of this particular tenderfoot to a certain Western town, it was decided by the natives to show the tenderfoot just what the "Wild West" was when aroused. One of the men paused before the stranger, flourishing his revolver:

"Say, stranger, see that man down the street, smoking a cigar? Well, I can shoot it out of his mouth." Crack went the pistol, and back came the yell, "Hold on, Bill, you mustn't spoil my cigars that way!" The visitor seemed duly impressed with the idea that he had indeed struck the real "Wild West," but there was a twinkle in his eye that should have served as a danger signal.

"It was good shooting, all right, but I bet you fifty dollars you can't hit a barn door at one hundred yards," said Mr. T. Foot to the crack marksman.

Bill and the stranger retired to the region where barn doors might be found, Bill indulging in sundry chuckles as to the "easy money." Not long after, he rejoined his companions and stood silent with a disconsolate air.

"How's the shootin' match, Bill?" asked someone in the group.

"Darn that 'velvet hoof,'" he growled; "what d'ye suppose he did? Took that barn door off the hinges, and set it on edge, and only gave me less than an inch to shoot at in a hundred yards. Yes, he got the money—what will you have?"

From this tale the congressman drew his conclusions that some folks think some congressmen have a barn door policy, and his opponents think it is an easy matter to punch it full of holes; but when he gets the policy twisted around to suit him, and sets it on edge—why, then it can't be hit.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ADDRESSING THE MULTITUDE AT THE OPENING OF THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

* * *

WE are advancing rapidly along musical lines in these days, and American prima donnas are becoming pre-eminent as stage nightingales. Miss Ellen Beach Yaw was born in Buffalo, but spent her childhood in California. Her voice has always been noted for its wonderful compass, and her high notes are peerless. She studied under Marchesi in Paris, and it was refreshing to hear her say how delightful it was to "get back home."

"Everything is so settled and conservative, and there is so much sameness abroad. Here everything is alive, the very atmosphere and bearing of the people around fairly made me dizzy when I first returned home," she said.

Miss Yaw is known on the stage as Mlle. Elvanni, and her ambition has always been to do earnest work. To those who have heard her sing, it is gratifying to learn that her marriage to a well-known Boston lawyer will not materially interfere with her career as a prima donna. Miss Yaw evidently was not one of those young ladies who "do not believe in long engagements," for she has been engaged for nine years, ever since she went abroad to continue her studies. It has been said that she is changing her name to escape the mortification of being described by some of the ubiquitous newspaper reporters as "Miss Ellen Beast Yaw."

SENATOR SIMON GUGGENHEIM OF COLORADO

* * *

MANY public men of today are fighting off deafness and visiting eminent ear specialists to ward it off. It is said that at least one-fourth of the Senate is being treated for deafness, throat trouble, or failing sight; and the work of keeping the vocal chords of public speakers in shape is indeed a task worthy of the care and attention of an ultra specialist, for the throat of any public speaker is a very delicate organism.

It is claimed that onions have wonderful curative qualities; and one of the senators, whom I have recently visited, insisted that during the summer vacation he should eat all the onions he could possibly get hold of, as he had found that odorous root had beneficial results on his vocal chords. In Washington, of course, the wholesome but humble vegetable is tabooed, but during the days at home, the onions have a prominent place at almost every meal. So, during this summer's vacation, it is expected that quite a number of legislators will revel in the onion cure. Now a grim cynic has remarked that if some statesmen would cultivate keener ears and the voice less, public work would be better accomplished. This man when overheard was immediately handed a lemon—and an onion also.

* * *

CAN I ever forget that drive through the country to the Wayside Inn? It was a June day beneath the shadowing elms, and the bright sun shone down upon us and upon the old vine-clambered, lichen-covered tavern. Here and there the thick undergrowth had sprung up, where years ago had been the fertile fields of the old-time yeomen, and in other places we noticed lines of old oaks and elms, as historic as the Wayside Inn itself.

The first thing we wished for on our arrival was to hear the story of the old house; and we learned that it was built by David Howe in 1683 to 1690, and was kept by his family as a tavern for over two hundred years, being handed down from father to son. The last of the race died in 1860. From the owner's came the hostelry's first name, Howe's Tavern, but in 1860 Longfellow gave it the attractive name of the Wayside Inn, which has clung to it up to the present time.

Judge Samuel Sewall, Washington and Lafayette have been entertained within these walls, as well as many other distinguished men; for this Inn has seen the longest continuous service of any American house of public entertainment. Colonel Howe, its famous landlord during the Revolutionary War, was one of those rare old hosts that one reads of, and the Inn, being situated on one of the most important post roads out of Boston, became a popular wayside tavern, long before Longfellow made it known the world over. Before the days of railroads, it was a stopping place for travelers en route for New York, Albany, Springfield and Worcester, and today it is a pleasure to the lover of antiques to linger there. Even the stationery carries one back to old times, with its quaint device of a red horse and dates and initials, "D. H. 1686," "E. H. 1746," evidently the original sign of the house when it was the Red Horse Tavern.

Our inspection of the Inn seemed like a dream. There was the old-fashioned tap room, where the genial souls that once gathered there still seemed to be regaling each other with the story of the events of their day. Across the hall was the place where the troup of kindred spirits sat in the firelight to tell those adventures that Longfellow has since incorporated in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." We seemed almost to hear the story of King Robert of Sicily, as related by the Italian to his brother poets, in the shadows of the firelight.

At the rear end of the hall is the ballroom. What scenes of festivity the whale-oil lamps and candles must have illumined beneath those low-studded ceilings! On the seats along the wall sat the beauties of other days, clad in quaint, short-waisted gowns, while the gallant beaux—arrayed in knee breeches, elaborate vests and coats and lace cravats—bowed before them, and lead them out to tread the stately minuet to the strains of the old harpischord that stands on a little platform at one end of the room. We were suddenly transplanted to an atmosphere of powdered queues and ringlets, "other manners, other days," of two centuries ago.

THE WAYSIDE INN, MADE FAMOUS IN THE POEMS OF HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Upstairs we saw the quaint old bed where Lafayette slept, and all the rooms on every floor are replete with invaluable relics. Among the art treasures is a rare study of

Washington, by Gilbert Stuart, and the house is filled with antiques; for the first time, I saw an iron used for mulling ale. To "mine host Lemon," the present proprietor, much credit is due for the furnishings and preservation of the historic atmosphere of the Wayside Inn. Mr. Lemon is a man in love with antiques and curios, and he has made the Wayside Inn a retreat which admits us in one magic moment into the atmosphere of an older day, taking us at a single step far from the rush and bustle of modern life. I know of no more delightful place in which to spend a week or two. The Inn is associated in my mind with Miss Edna Dean Proctor, the personal friend of Longfellow, and my visit there will always remain a delighftul memory of a time when I seemed to come into personal touch with poets and patriots who have done much for American literature and liberty.

* * *

THERE is an added pleasure in meeting an old friend in Washington, and in grasping his hand with the feeling that there are just a few hours of holiday that may be enjoyed together to go around and see the sights, before we buckle down into the business harness again.

Here was Mr. Asher, an old-time friend, on his return from the South. His life has apparently been absorbed in one of the largest business enterprises of the country, and yet the first thing he wanted to see was the Smithsonian Institute. Says I: "Is here a scientist incognito?" We wandered down the old lane by the Mall, and visited the National Museum, looking upon the nucleus of a national art gallery,—a collection of paintings which were the gift of Harriet Lane Johnson, niece of President Buchanan, once mistress of the White House for her bachelor uncle.

We stopped to look upon the uniform, epaulettes and sword of General Grant, and the death masks of President Lincoln and President McKinley. The military accouterments of General Sherman and Winfield Scott—a nation's heirlooms, associated with its illustrious men. Here is evidenced the evolution of the nation. At the Smithsonian Institute, given to the United States by an Englishman named Smithson, with its castle-like towers, my friend seemed to be especially interested, as we respectfully bowed our heads at the donor's tomb at the entrance.

My friend was an embryo scientist, I discovered. While we started in at the children's room, looking at birds and butterflies, and at the trickling fountain in the center and the decorated frieze, the time slipped away into an hour and twenty minutes,—we were so interested in these rarely fascinating objects which are provided for the entertainment of the children — but are we not all children?

We passed on to an extensive collection of butterflies and bugs, until I began to have a suspicion that my friend was in reality a bugologist, as well as a business man. If they had all come to life, what a lively time we should have had, especially as we happened to be in close proximity to a big wasp's nest. Every imaginable kind of bee and tiny insect was there, impaled on pins, and yet rare specimens are being continually added to this remarkable collection; but if there is a species on earth not represented in this museum, it is beyond me to classify it, that is certain.

When I saw my friend poring over the gorgeous wings of butterflies, in the tropical department, and the more sombre colors of the northern regions, it was a glimpse of my friend's nature which I had never before suspected — a deliberative, scientific cast of mind.

"Confound these appointments," he said, pulling out his watch, "to think that I have to go back to business! What happy fellows these scientists must be, to study and commune with the wondrous mysteries of nature every day!"

* * *

A STORY is told of Senator Knute Nelson, who spent some of his early years in a logging camp. He there discovered the necessity of certain emphatic language in order to make mules move. "All varieties" of tongues were in demand in that camp: Scandinavian, German, Italian—but none of the words used seemed to have the explosive force to adjust the tempo of the mule to the desired pace. Along came a strapping Irishman, who used some popular expletives, usually indicated in print by blank, blank, or, ——— ———. The mules moved! "There's a language all mules understand," said the Irishman—"and it's not me mother tongue, ayther."

VIEW OF THE FIELD MUSEUM OVERLOOKING THE SITE OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

ON THE SITE OF THE WHITE CITY

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

AS the years advance, the scenes of former days have an ever increasing interest in the glow of reminiscence. During the past summer, one fiercely hot day, I revisited the site of the old Columbian Exposition, in company with Frederick J. V. Skiff, the executive head of the great Field Museum of Natural History. There was much to recall those older days. The wooded islands are veritable "isles of roses," "islands of the blest"—an earthly paradise to legions of newly wedded couples during those halcyon days of '93.

I recently had the pleasure of visiting some people who had been lovers in those old days, but are parents now, and who this year took their children to the site of the former "White City," where there is still much to attract and charm. There are the dainty Japanese cottages, the lagoons once traversed by the mysterious Venetian gondolas, the green-sward and golf links and Imperial Jackson Park, which have replaced the great buildings and avenues of the wonderful "White City." Every leaf and shrub of that park; every foot of the inviting open space—with no near-by signs, "Keep off the Grass"—typifies the true spirit of democracy. When passing through, I was much impressed with the gigantic old willows near the massive German Building, which is in good repair, still caring for the needs of the inner man, for the Germans know well how to provide appetizing edibles, and the building still stands, as in the marvelous days of that "dream of the years," when the lake front was a microcosm of this mighty world. Passing over the bridges, we looked upon the caravels of Columbus, as they swung at their tideless anchorage; the Santa Maria and her smaller consorts, Pinta and Nina, are still kept in good condition, below and aloft, as in the days when Spain in all courtesy and kindness, sent these boats thousands of miles across the broad Atlantic and to the inland seas of that New America which, less than seven years later, was to sweep her fleets from the seven seas and her colonial dominancy from the world.

The replica of the convent of La Rabida

still remains on the exposition grounds, bringing to mind the struggles of Columbus in the days of his discouragement, for he was on his way to this convent when he received the news that Queen Isabella was prepared to pawn her private jewels in order to equip the expedition to unknown seas. It is now a refuge for the fresh air fund children, many thousands of whom are cared for here on the shores of Lake Michigan, while their parents are earning a livelihood, just as Columbus left his child at the original La Rabida while he was away in search of the northwest passage to India—that wonderful cruise by which he earned the world's gratitude.

There, too, is the life-saving station which remains a constant, practical exhibit. Nearby are the copses of scrub oak, the material from which this beautiful park was made. We paused under a broad-spreading oak, that seemed to invite us to linger for a while and talk over past days and new purposes; and sat down for a good, old-fashioned chat. Comfortably resting beneath these rustling trees, on the hillside of made ground, with one of Olmstead's incomparable landscape pictures before us, with its varying shades of green blended and intermingled by the lavish hand of nature, we harked back to the days of the sanded streets and the stately Columbian Guardsmen, and recalled the gaily decorated facade of the Transportation Building, the garish splendors of the Midway and the majestic beauty of the Court of Honor. Who can ever forget those days that brought the whole world to America—and all America from Alaska to Cape Horn, to Chicago, the queen city of the unsalted seas?

My own reflections were the more delightful and impressive because I had with me a chief of one of the most important departments in those Columbian Exposition days. Mr. Skiff's remarkable success at this exposition led to his efficient management—under Commissioner Peck — of the United States exhibit in Paris in 1900. At the St. Louis Exposition his system of division and classification — by which the enormous number of exhibits were received, distributed and exhibited, apparently without effort or confusion — made him one of the creative and practical spirits of that incomparable exposition. The executive and creative abilities thus developed had, before this, pointed him out to the donor and trustees of the Columbian Field Museum as the man especially fitted for the authoritative duties of director.

Now on the Columbian Exposition grounds, in the old Art Building, whose rough walls and copper-colored tiled roof show the ripening effects of age, Mr. Skiff is carrying on a life work that gives him a place among the most conspicuous curators of valuable collections, and places him in the first rank as the executive force of this great educational institution.

In the Director's room it was inspiring to look upon the pictured face of Marshall Field, that modest Chicago merchant who not only bestowed upon the people of his city a collection of treasures new and old, and supported it by a generous endowment of $9,000,000, but gave to the world an educational institution of enduring value.

Mr. Skiff is an enthusiast and philosopher whose speech is free from any approach to "gush," but is not without a tinge of poetic diction and imagery, and he has brought to a position of great dignity, responsibility and trust, a marked sincerity and belief in the purpose of his work.

So in this public park that remains to tell of the Columbian Exposition, the old Art Building, with its thirty-three acres of floor space, is occupied by a collection that daily teaches to thousands of visitors the wonderful story of creation and its crown and governor, Man—for such Adam was by the grace of God, and such his children have ever been, and the Field Museum presents a thousand messages and reminders of the dignity of manhood in the past ages.

Within these walls—the Art Palace of the World's Fair, the great throngs from the Middle West and other parts of the country looked upon "The Christening" and the "Breaking of Home Ties" with hearts aglow, and it was here that the great art-awakening of the Western states took place.

Here, at the present day, every foot of space tells its story of the past or present, from the mummies of ancient Egypt to the handsome groups of animals in cases that typify the fauna of the new world and the old — all so complete that it hardly seemed possible that anything could be lacking.

But this collection is being enlarged every day, and new material is coming in from the farthermost parts of the earth, embracing the rarest and handsomest specimens that have yet been collected and displayed in any one museum.

Here, too, is illustrated the story of metals and the growing of crops, and there is something so practical about it all that, while it gives a picture of the past, it seems to have a present-dayness and an up-to-dateness that makes it not only a perfect museum but a powerful educative force. For here is not merely a heap of stuff to be turned over; everything is so carefully classified, so attractively presented, that each nook and corner is of interest and every page—as it might be said—of the book glistens with the living presentation of some fact.

In the golden glow of the afternoon, we passed out again across the picturesque bridge and looked upon the scene from which so many of the well-remembered objects of the White City have vanished. That superlative bit of the sculptor's art which graced the foot-bridge years ago is there no longer; as I paused, noting this, my companion stopped and waved his hand toward the northwest.

"Is it not beautiful?" he said, in quiet enjoyment.

Then lo! the lagoon before the Museum Building became as a "sea of glass, mingled with gold," and the plaster walls of the erstwhile Art Building stood out, flanked by the shimmering copse—a massive background of foliage against which the walls, mottled and pearl-gray—like the age-worn ruins of the Parthenon—stood out in relief. But the city was transfigured—no longer grimy, smoky and prosaic Chicago, she seemed to be some fairy place, some dim, rich city of song and story, as she stood bathed in the glory of the summer sunset. The dome of the museum was silhouetted against the distant outlines of Chicago,—but this Chicago on the horizon was no longer the city that we know—it was a magnificent panorama of great buildings, over which had fallen a glory of softened outlines, seen through a veil of sun-illumined haze.

We parted—I to go on my journey, my friend to return to his important and ever-enlarging duties, but I shall never forget the subtle pleasure of that summer afternoon as I walked and rested in the "leafy plaisance" and listened to the reminiscence the cheerful philosophy and the carefully formed, opinions of my companion. It was indeed a day to be memorialized with a white stone or a red letter on the calendar of one's mind.

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A SCENE IN THE WHITE CITY AS IT WAS IN 1903

Castle Free From Care.

In the happy Land of Childhood, travel worn from pattering feet,
Is the Valley of Contentment, where the brook and river meet,
Where the yellow haze of spring-time always fills the misty air,
And where in its golden glory, stands the Castle Free from Care.

There the flowers are always blooming, there the birds sing every day,
For children never fret or worry, smiles soon chase their tears away.
With joyous shouts and bursts of laughter, they are skipping every-where,
Only merry voices echo, in the Castle Free from Care.

All these happy little dwellers, in this wondrous Land of Youth,
Teach a lesson to their elders that is filled with love and truth.
They can't look beyond the portals, even should they stand and stare,
Yet we hear no groans of anguish, in their Castle Free From Care.

Why should we on Lifes great journey, fret so many hours away,
Shall the ghost of dead years wander through our Castle halls to day?
Let us build a glorious future, filled with trust and rose tints fair,
Let us like the happy children, have our Castle Free From Care.

A Romance of Arlington House

by Sarah A. Reed

SYNOPSIS — This beautiful story was begun in the National Magazine for May. It consists of a series of letters written by the young lady Virginia, while she was visiting at Arlington House, to her mother at home. The first installment contained the letters concerning the trip to Arlington House, telling of an accident that befell the chaise on the trip and how a gallant Captain Worthington came to the rescue. She tells in another letter of her reception by Mr. and Mrs. Custis at Arlington House; of the rides and drives, of the viewing of family portraits, heirlooms, etc., but through it all the gallant Captain Worthington is not forgotten. The present installment starts with the third letter written by Virginia to her mother.

CHAPTER III

Arlington, October 9, 1824.

Dear mother and father, too; for this is for you both, as indeed, are all my letters. If you only knew all that I have to sacrifice in order to write, you would appreciate my letters. I have left the most interesting people down stairs. To be sure, they will not miss me—none, unless it is Captain Worthington. He at least, says that he always misses me.

But first of all, I want to tell you how glad I was to receive the home letters. And, dear pater, give him a kiss for me as a reward for the nice letter he sent to Captain Worthington. The Captain seemed so pleased; and he read every word of it to me, and I in return read him your letter. He was greatly interested and said such lovely things about you, and what it must be to have such a home and mother. I suppose he feels it the more keenly because he has no home now. His adopted father and mother both died while he was at West Point, and he is quite alone with no near relatives.

About my clothes, mother, you need not worry at all. I asked Cousin Mary, and she says that they are quite fine enough for all occasions, even for the reception at the White House.

Yes, I read even that part of your letter to the Captain, and he said it did not matter what I wore, for I was always lovely. I told him that was the first silly remark I had heard him make; whereat he looked hurt.

But why am I running on in this way when you are impatient to hear all about the arrival of our distinguished guest? It was quite an imposing affair. I mean, of course, the arrival in Washington. We went over early and called at the White House. But Cousin Mary decided that we could see best from the carriage, so when word came that the party were about to enter the city we drove to a position on the Avenue where we could watch them pass.

First came the band and some soldiers and naval officers. Then in an open carriage the General, and with him the President, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Custis. It was a beautiful day and the streets full of people, who shouted and cheered all the way, and most of the time General Lafayette stood up in the carriage, bowing and smiling, and always with his right hand resting over his heart He looked pleased and happy. His son rode on horseback beside the carriage, he on one side and Captain Worthington on the other. And would you believe it? the Captain saw us all in that crowd and gave us a bow and a smile.

We only stayed to see the procession pass and then came home, as Cousin Mary wished to be here to receive her guests. They drove up to the Capitol and then to the White House, where all the officials in Washington came to be presented to General Lafayette, and then they let the poor, tired man drive over to Arlington, where he is to spend the next two weeks resting, so they say. But I wonder how much rest all these eager admirers and friends will allow him to take?

There are to be no receptions or dinners for a few days, but there is some one here nearly every hour of the day. The evenings are a little more quiet, and it is as good as reading history, and vastly more interesting, to hear the General tell his experiences when he first came to this country. How he does reverence and admire the great Washington!

We sat about the dinner table very late last evening while Mr. Custis and he talked on and on about Mount Vernon, and I put my voice in once when I had better have kept silent. The General had asked after some of the old servants, and that led Mr. Custis to tell him that they were all free. He said that General Washington did not believe that slavery was right, and he well remembered hearing him discuss with the statesmen who visited at Mount Vernon the duty of emancipating all the slaves. Mr. Custis ended by saying: "I shall follow his example. No black man will pass on as goods and chattels to my heirs."

Then poor foolish me had to speak up and give father's views. And I bethought me of the sermon Dr. More gave us a few Sundays ago, when he proved so conclusively and beautifully that slavery was God's plan for the care of a weak and inferior race. You know we all thought it such a fine, clear argument, and father said it just expressed his views. Well, they listened politely to my little speech. Then Mr. Custis said: "Yes, I know Dr. More, and you can tell him for me that the next time he preaches on slavery he had better let St. Paul furnish the text. I think he will find it in his letter to Philemon: "No longer a servant, but a brother beloved."

It was easy to see that no one endorsed Dr. More's views, and Captain Worthington really looked quite sad. So in future your daughter will try to remember the old adage. "Silence is golden."

Sunday the General felt that he must rest, but as I had expressed a wish to attend a service in the old Rock Church, where you had gone as a child, it was arranged for a party to go on horseback. But when Sunday came Mary had a headache and George Lafayette decided that he had best stay with his father. I was greatly disappointed, until Captain Worthington asked Cousin Mary if she would be willing to trust me to his care. She gave a ready consent and we started off in high spirits.

It is a long ride, but it did not seem so to us, until we found ourselves late at the service. But we had the ante-communion service and the sermon, and we stayed afterwards to look about the plain little church, and I had no trouble in finding grandfather's pew, for the little brass plate is still on the door. The outside of the church is so beautiful now, for it is fairly embowered in ivy. We wandered about the old grave-yard, and I found the family vault. It, too, is almost hidden by ivy, and I had to lift the long trailing vines to read the inscription. Grandmother's name looks for all the world just as it does on the sampler that hangs in your room. When Captain Worthington read that grandfather was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and present at the surrender at Yorktown, he said: "You have something to be proud of."

We had a glorious ride home and a lunch all by ourselves, as the family and guests had all lunched and gone to their rooms, and we did not meet until dinner time. We spent the evening together in the parlor. I played the harpsichord, and we all sang hymns for a while. And then we asked the General to tell us something about his own country, and he fairly made my blood run cold as he told of the horrors through which he and Madame Lafayette lived during those awful days of the French revolution, and he expressed the profoundest gratitude to our government, and especially to President and Mrs. Monroe, for the efforts made in their behalf. He said that Mrs. Monroe's pleadings had saved his wife from the guillotine.

Although I had vowed to keep silent, I really could not refrain from asking him to tell us about his attempt to help the king and queen to escape out of France. He gave a most graphic account of that fearful journey, and of how nearly it was accomplished when they were discovered and forced to return to Paris.

While the General was talking, Mr. Custis left the room, and, returning in a few moments, he laid two swords on Lafayette's knees, saying: "These are the swords I spoke to you about." The General at once rose to his feet, and holding a sword in each hand reverently kissed them. Then we all had the privilege of holding in our hands swords that had been carried by the great General Washington. One bore an inscription telling that it had been given to him by the Continental Congress.

I must not forget to tell you that the first thing General Lafayette noticed, as he came into the house the day of his arrival, was the great lantern that hangs in the hall. He remembered having seen it at Mount Vernon when he visited there, and before he went to his room he walked up to one of the portraits of Washington, and stood for some moments regarding it with fixed attention.

Mr. Custis had had Peale's portrait of Washington hung in the General's room, an attention that seemed greatly to please him. I think his memory is wonderful, for he asked if the sideboard was not one he had seen at Mount Vernon, and he greatly gratified Cousin Mary by noticing the china and silver and expressing his appreciation of having it used. Another attention shown the General is, that the chair set for him at the table is the one Washington always used at his own table in Mount Vernon.

But if I keep on writing all these little things I shall not have time left for the more important ones, and therefore much will have to wait until I am with you.

And now I must tell you about the interesting dinner party of last evening. O, if you could only have been here! President and Mrs. Monroe came over from Washington to what Cousin Mary called an informal dinner, and with them were Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams. It was your daughter's rare, good fortune to be one of the party that included such distinguished guests and I sat with ears wide open listening to what they had to say.

It seems that General Lafayette has had a long and intimate acquaintance with both the President and Mr. Adams. The General and Mr. Monroe are about the same age and they were officers together during the Revolutionary War. Then the President was United States minister to France during those terrible days of the French revolution, and the General feels that the efforts made by him saved both his own and his wife's life.

And just here I must not forget to tell you of a most thrilling scene. When Mrs. Monroe came into the drawing room last evening, General Lafayette went forward to meet her, and dropping on his knees he kissed her hand, and with tears streaming down his cheeks said: "Do I indeed see her whose brave courage saved my beloved wife from the horrors of the guillotine. Madame, my gratitude, my worship is yours.

Mrs. Monroe was much overcome, and everyone had to wipe away tears, for it was all so intense and affecting.

When the General had regained his composure he gave us a vivid account of the visit Mrs. Monroe had made to Madame Lafayette when she was in prison at La Force, France. The day of her execution had been decided upon, and Mrs. Monroe arrived only an hour or two before the time set to conduct her to the guillotine. But she came surrounded by all the pomp and ceremony her husband could command, and in the name of the government of the United States she plead for the life and liberty of the prisoner. To her great delight the request was granted, and liberty took the place of the guillotine.

Mrs. Monroe is very modest and retiring in her manners; but when the ladies were alone together for a time after dinner, both she and Mrs. Adams told us much that was interesting about their life abroad. Only think of being the wife of a man who has been ambassador to England, France and Spain, then Secretary of State, and now President of the United States. Mrs. Adams has almost an equal claim to honor, for her husband has been minister to England and Russia, and he is now President Monroe's Secretary of State, and Mr. Custis says that he will be the next President.

I wish I had time to tell you of a most interesting and exciting account that Mrs. Adams gave us of a journey from St. Petersburg to Paris just after the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte. The carriage in which she and her young children took the long journey was stopped over and over again, and they were in great peril.

But I have wandered away from the dinner table around which sat such distinguished guests. How fine it would be if one could have all that was said there written down! There were so many reminiscences of the war; indeed, of two wars, and of diplomatic life in Paris and London. But I must tell you of one quite exciting little incident. The dinner was over but we ladies lingered, as General Lafayette was telling the story of the discovery of Benedict Arnold's plot to turn over the forts at West Point to the British. It seems that he was with Washington that morning, and witnessed all the excitement. He said that he should never forget the expression of sorrow and consternation on General Washington's face when he realized that Arnold was beyond question a traitor. And with quivering voice he said: "Whom, whom can we trust!"

At this point Mr. Adams spoke, saying in his slow, impressive way: "Yes, our country has already had two great traitors, Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr." I happened to be looking straight in General Lafayette's face as Mr. Adams spoke, and I was startled to see his emotion. He flushed scarlet, and springing from his seat, he lifted his right hand as if taking an oath and said: "Sir, Aaron Burr is more than a traitor. He is a murderer, who lives today unpunished. Alexander Hamilton was my first friend in America. He spoke my language; he understood my motive in coming; he took me to General Washington. I owe everything to him. I loved him as a brother. He should be alive today enjoying the highest honor this country has to bestow. But Burr killed him."

In the silence that followed this outburst, Cousin Mary made the move for the ladies to go into the parlor. I was so curious to know what happened after we left that I questioned Captain Worthington, and was surprised to find that Aaron Burr's name affected him as intensely as it did General Lafayette. He could not talk about him, but said that some day he would tell me the fearful trouble Burr had brought to his family. And now I remember that father can never hear Aaron Burr's name spoken without saying some bitter words about him. It must be some punishment to have to live on in a world where so many people detest you.

But I must not write a word more, for Captain Worthington has been sitting here for over an hour waiting with Job-like patience for me to finish this letter, and go with him for a horse-back ride. We manage to have a ride almost every day. So adieu. Lovingly, your

VIRGINIA.

IV

Arlington, October 16, 1824.

Dear Mother—Cousin Mary says that the family will be bankrupted by the postage on my big packages of letters. Has pater made any complaints? I am glad the postage is due at the other end and can only hope that you will feel that the letters are worth what they cost you.

You said in your last that I must tell you everything that happened. I can't do that, and I have just given up trying. I have not written for several days, for every hour of time has been taken up. There are so many people coming and going all the time, and I try to be some help to Cousin Mary. The weather is still glorious, and I have had a fine ride on my favorite horse almost every day. That reminds me, for he is always my companion on these excursions, of something Captain Worthington said the other day. I had been telling him what a dear, unselfish mother you were, and how grateful I was for the privilege of being here, although I knew that you were the one who should be enjoying it all, when he said: "Your gratitude can hardly be equal to mine."

"And pray, why are you grateful?" I asked. I looked at him as I asked this question, and the look in his eyes made me blush scarlet. But only because I am a silly girl. You remember, mother, how easily I do blush anyway. And there was really nothing to blush for, as he at once said: "You see I need a companion for my horseback rides, and what could I have done if you had stayed at Wyndham?"

"Taken Mary with you," I said. Whereat he shook his head and said, "No, not when young Lee is about. I don't care to cross swords with him."

But, dear me! why am I writing all this when I have three great occasions to tell you about. The first is the reception at the White House, when I wore my rosebud silk, grandmother's pearls and your white plumes, two things that you have often told me you wore at President Washington's reception in New York City.

Cousin Mary said I could tell you that I did the family credit, and General Lafayette kissed my hand and said that I was "resplendent," while Captain Worthington said I was "a vision," and made him think of Wordsworth's lines.

> "She was a phantom of delight,
> When first she dawned upon my sight."

The President did not say anything about me, but he asked after you and father, which showed that he remembered who I was, even in that crowd.

But I must begin in a rational manner and tell you all about the reception. Cousin Mary and the four gentlemen went to the White House to dinner, so Mary and I had to drive over alone. We went early and were down stairs before the party came in from the dining room. At first it was quite informal. Mrs. Monroe welcomed us, and then asked Mrs. Adams, who was one of the dinner guests, to show us the great east room, that was to be opened that evening for the first time, the furniture having just arrived from Paris. It is very beautiful with carving, and every chair, sofa and table has a brass eagle on it. The great mirrors at each end of the room and over the mantles reflected the light of the innumerable candles, so that it was a most attractive place. Mr. Adams followed us into the room, and as he looked about, he said: "This is where my mother used to hang her washing."

Mrs. Adams left us to take her place beside Mrs. Monroe in the blue parlor, and very soon all the rooms were crowded, for there was a perfect rush of the people who wished to meet General Lafayette. He stood near the President and gave every one a pleasant smile. Sometimes he recognized an old friend and then he would try to detain him for a little conversation, which was usually cut short by the crowd pushing on.

Mr. Custis said that I must be sure to remember to tell father that I shook hands with Mr. Calhoun, the Secretary of War, and with Mr. Clay, the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Then there was a man with a big head and piercing black eyes whom I did not meet, but as he seemed to always have a crowd about him I asked who he was, and Captain Worthington seemed proud to tell me that it was Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, a wonderful orator.

I suppose that I ought to tell you, mother, about the dresses. Some of them were very beautiful. Almost everybody wore silk or satin, and one or two had velvet gowns. Both Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. Adams wore the handsome white satin dresses in which—so Cousin Mary told me—they had been presented at court.

But if I write another word about the reception there will not be time to tell you about the great event of the week, which was a visit to Mount Vernon.

There had been a good deal of talking and planning for this visit. But at first I had no idea that I should be one of the party, and I am quite sure that I owe this great treat to Captain Worthington. He has confessed to me that he told the General of my great desire to see Mount Vernon. At any rate, General Lafayette especially invited Mary and me to go with him. Mr. Custis objected a little, but yielded when the General said: "I want them to go. They will remember it long after you and I are gone." Wasn't it nice of him?

We started about ten o'clock, going to Washington in carriages, and when we came to the river I found that I was to have the novel experience of a journey in a boat propelled by steam. I felt timid at first, but when Captain Worthington assured me that there was no danger, I quite enjoyed the trip, we went so rapidly.

There was quite a party on board. The President could not go, but he sent the Secretary of War and Mr. Adams to represent him, and Mr. Clay and a number of other invited guests made up quite a distinguished party.

At Mount Vernon the boat anchored in the river, while we were taken ashore in small boats. Mr. Lewis and a number of gentlemen received the party and conducted us up the hill to the mansion.

You have been there, so you know what a beautiful place it is, but I don't think it compares with Arlington either in size or stately grandeur.

General Lafayette was very much overcome as he entered the house, and he said to Mr. Custis: "Can it be that I am here in the home of the greatest and best of men, my paternal friend? Forty years ago he was here to welcome and embrace me, and now I can only visit his tomb."

We went first into the little parlor, where Mr. Custis told us his sister Nellie used to entertain her friends, and where she often delighted her adopted father by playing on the harpsichord that he had given her.

General Lafayette had asked that he should be permitted to visit the tomb of his illustrious friend before the lunch that had been prepared for the party was served.

So after a few moments' rest, we all walked down the hill to the tomb. The caskets within were covered with flowers, and the doors stood partly open. But no one went within except General Lafayette. He knelt and kissed the casket that held the body of his friend, and came out to us with tears streaming down his face.

Then Mr. Custis stepped to his side and taking his hand placed upon one of his fingers a heavy gold ring that encased some of the hair of the great Washington, and holding the hand he said:

"My dear and highly honored friend, take this gift as a memento of him whom the whole world honors as the greatest of patriots, but whom we knew as the noblest, truest and best of friends."

Mr. Custis' voice faltered more than once, and tears ran down his cheeks as he spoke.

General Lafayette was very much overcome. He kissed the ring and pressed it against his heart, then he embraced Mr. Custis and thanked him in broken words for his "precious, precious gift."

Everybody shed tears, and not a word was spoken until we again entered the house. Then Mr. Lewis conducted the General to his room, while the rest of us walked about the grounds, and for your sake I went all over Mrs. Washington's garden, that is so attractive with its box-bordered beds of flowers.

The lunch was served in the great banqueting hall that Washington added to the mansion after he became President, and General Lafayette entertained us with an account of his helping to put the first paper on the walls, so that it might be ready for the ball given in his honor. He grew very animated and happy as he talked of his visit of forty years ago.

We had quite a little excitement on our way to the boat. The horses on the carriage that took the General down the hill became frightened at the noise of the cannon that was being fired as a parting salute, and they made a mad rush that threatened to overturn the carriage; which doubtless would have happened if Captain Worthington had not dashed forward and, grasping the bridles, held and turned them aside from the steep bank.

I don't just like to tell you what your brave daughter did, but when I saw Captain Worthington hanging to the horses' heads as they plunged madly down the road, I just fainted dead away, causing another excitement. I was very much ashamed of myself, but just one awful thought came to me, and then I did not know anything more.

Well, everybody was very kind, and General Lafayette came and sat beside me on the boat and said: "I am much flattered and exalted that my young friend loves me so well that my danger made her heart stop beating."

Captain Worthington was devoted to me all the way, and as everyone else seemed to think that I must be kept quiet, we had a delightful time all by ourselves.

It was dark when we reached Arlington, and Cousin Mary sent me at once to my room for a good rest before the late dinner. When I came down stairs every one was so tender and solicitous about my health that I felt that I was of great importance.

The talk that evening was all about Mount Vernon, and so much was told that I must remember and tell you when I see you. But you will be especially interested in what we did Sunday, for we all attended service in Christ's Church, Alexandria, and sat together in the Washington pew. Mr. Custis and George Lafayette wanted to do it in memory of their youthful days, and General Lafayette said that he must go and pray in his honored friend's church.

We had to make an early start, the carriage taking the General and his son, and Mr. Custis and Cousin Mary, while Captain Worthington, Mary and I rode on horseback. Robert Lee came out to meet us, and we all rode up to the church and entered while they were reading the Psalter, causing no little commotion as we filed into the great square pew.

I ought to have been very much impressed by the grand company and the memorable associations of the place, but some way I could not help thinking more of the coming separation from all these delightful friends than of the fact that I was sitting in the seat where the great General and first President had so often worshiped God.

After the service, everyone, from the rector and wardens down to the sexton, pressed about General Lafayette, eager to take his hand and hear him speak.

From the church the party in the carriage drove to Mrs. Lee's, while the rest of us, including young Robert, rode back to Arlington.

At Sunday evening dinner Mr. Custis entertained us by telling about some of the pranks he used to indulge in when a boy at Mount Vernon, and especially of the time when he and George Lafayette were there together. He said that they were always taken to church every Sunday morning, but were never allowed to sit side by side, Mrs. Washington taking charge of young Lafayette, while the General saw to it that his restless grandson sat quietly in his seat. He said that General Washington always stood during the prayers, and he stood beside him, while his grandmother knelt devoutly, and she saw to it that the young Lafayette kept on his knees.

I wonder if all these reminiscences interest you as they did me. I never tire of hearing Mr. Custis tell of his boyhood days at Mount Vernon.

But, alas! it is all coming to an end. Only a few days more and they will all leave Arlington and start out on a tour through the States that will take many months.

I heard General Lafayette tell Mr. Custis how pleased he was with Captain Worthington, and that he was to have him during all of his stay in America.

The Captain does not look as happy as he ought to over his fine prospects. He always seems sad when he speaks of leaving Arlington.

He told me the other day that the last two weeks had been the happiest of his life. I don't wonder at it, for it is such a lovely spot and I have been so happy here myself, that I fear that life will seem very empty and vacant when it is all over.

Captain Worthington says that he must surely see Wyndham some day, and that comforts me a little. But good-night and good-bye. It will not be long until I shall be with you. Love to Pater and the boys. Tell Mammy that I am not forgetting her, and that Chrissie is getting anxious to get home. Ever your own

VIRGINIA.

(To be continued.)

FOR JUNE

By Mildred Grant Phillips

PRINCE or peasant or priest — what matter
  If the heart to its highest dream be true?
Standing apart from the world's mad clatter
  We catch the song from the upper blue.

Song of robin and bursting flower,
  Rapture of morning in eastern sky —
To understand means an inner power:
  Would we exchange it, you and I?

Social place and the gold to get it —
  Who would envy the richest king?
The life has nothing so small to fret it
  That understands what the bluebirds sing.

The hand that strives has a new precision;
  We must be glad then, you and I,
For the broader view and the clearer vision,
  Acres of June and a sunlit sky.

THE SECRETIVENESS OF REV. MR. BRADLEY

By Bell Elliott Palmer

IT was so different from the pocket handkerchief square of city grass plots — so delightful and refreshing—this far-reaching yard and orchard, that he simply could not help it.

It is true he hesitated for a moment, with all due consideration for his rather matured age, and dignified calling; then his wife's sweet, laughing face peeped out roguishly, from among the green branches.

"My dear Ridgeway," she insisted, "it is the most fascinating spot in the world; do come up," and the next instant Reverend Ridgeway Bradley, new pastor for the Rose Valley Congregational Church, was picking his way along a swaying apple bough, toward his wife's side, with a nimbleness which at the same time surprised and delighted him.

"If those dear, dignified, perfectly fascinating New England-blooded parishioners could only see us now," Mrs. Ridgeway Bradley rippled along in delight. "Oh, Ridgeway, this one seat alone, in this delicious, old apple tree, is worth the several hundred you had to give up. I am *so* glad you accepted the call."

"And how fine it will be for Bobby," the clambering minister exulted, as he gave one or two more well-calculated wriggles, which landed him safely at his wife's side.

"Yes," Mrs. Bradley almost whispered, as she watched tree after tree nod and bend in the afternoon breeze, and felt the delightful sense of ownership tingling in her veins, "it will be a veritable Garden of Eden for him. And just to think, Ridge," she went on after a pause, in which they were both lost in dreamy admiration of their surroundings, "it is all just as it would be in the story book—the comfortable, roomy, old-fashioned house, the row of lilacs going down to the gate, and the yellow roses! Oh, Ridgeway, *did* you notice those yellow roses? I have a great bowl of them in the parlor already, and am simply revelling in their old-fashioned primness."

The Reverend Bradley answered with a laugh as his arms closed cautiously about the woman at his side. "Does it remind you of anything, Madge? Our being up here in the apple tree, I mean."

"Of course, you silly man, I thought of that the very first moment. It was just thirty years ago, wasn't it, Ridge? I thought father never—" then she clapped her hand swiftly over his mouth. "Ridgeway! Did you hear that! In a flash she had swung herself down, and sat, laughing and excited in the soft grass.

"What is it, Madge," her husband asked vaguely, peering out through the low branches. "Why did you spoil it all by—"

"Oh, come down—quick, Ridge," she laughed hysterically. "Didn't you hear it—the door-bell, I mean. It rang ever so many times. Suppose Maggie should bring them out here. And suppose—just suppose it *should* be that sedate, little Miss Crocker, or beautiful Miss Lucile Pendergrast, whose every motion breathes refined dignity. What in this world, would they think to find the ex-pastor of that big, city church up in a tree? And an apple tree, too!"

Reverend Bradley needed no second urging. In another instant he had alighted at his wife's side, and sat wondering vaguely where the knife was, which was sawing at him so mercilessly. Then he slowly became conscious that he was reposing upon an ankle, which was laid in sharp curves, not consistent with the usual plans of nature.

"It's broken, and no mistake," he said, with a suppressed groan, pulling himself slowly off of his concealed ankle, and gazing dismally at the tip of his patent leather shoe. "You'd better strip off that boot—Madge, before it becomes glove-fitting—Pendergrast—or no Pendergrast."

"Oh, Ridgeway, you poor dear, what

shall we do!" his wife exclaimed, tugging desperately at his shoe. "Perhaps it isn't a break; perhaps it's only a strain, but—Oh, dear, do look how fast it is swelling! We must get you in the house at once, and send for the doctor. Don't you think you *could* just limp up to the house, Ridgeway—if you leaned very hard on my shoulder?"

The invalid lifted himself slightly, then sank back on the ground, covering his groan with a forced laugh. "It is useless, Madge; it is a clean break—but perhaps with Maggie's help—don't you think we could, Madge? An explanation to an outsider concerning the exact cause of the catastrophe might sound a little ridiculous, you know. If I didn't have quite so many grey hairs; but I have lost track of them altogether now, and—"

"Of course we can," Mrs. Bradley answered, giving her husband a sympathetic hug, "Maggie is as strong as a Hercules. And if that bell did ring—Oh dear, I am afraid it is all my fault, being so excited over visitors—I will get Bobby to head off Misses Pendergrast and Crocker—you know he has such cute ways he can't fail to fascinate them—while Maggie and I smuggle you in the back way." In another moment Mrs. Bradley had disappeared among the rose bushes in quest of Maggie.

"Madge," urged her husband, "you *will* help me to keep it a secret. It is silly, I know, but I feel a trifle sensitive about explaining the exact cause. Just tell them I fell. They will take it for granted it was wagon or auto. And, after all, why need even a minister explain the innermost—er—non—workings of his mechanism!"

It was an hour later, and the invalid was resting as comfortably as possible. The doctor had come and gone, agreeing perfectly with the diagnosis of his patient. A clean break—nothing to do but rest, be patient; and yes, of course, to receive visitors, if he so liked. He would find Rose Valley parishioners not at all lacking in interest. There would be a flood of ready sympathizers, and each afternoon he, himself, would drop in to tighten the bandage, and see how matters were advancing. With Maggie's help, he could be lifted from the reclining chair to the bed, and the six weeks would fly by soon enough.

There was something so cheery and reassuring in the manner with which Doctor Barton invariably took up his patient's cases, that even before the good old physician was fairly out of the house, the minister found himself wondering, as nearly every other afflicted person did, if, after all, the accident wasn't a fine piece of good luck. It would draw him so near to his parishioners, give him a chance to study them individually—but the cause—*the real cause.* How was he ever going to bridge across that without using planks, which bore the hollow ring of subterfuge!

The doctor's predictions were quite true. Rose Valley was not to be found lacking in interest or sympathy. Before tea, that evening, the door bell tingled many, many times, and upon the piano, mantel and table of the room, wherein the invalid was imprisoned, gleamed glass bowls of roses, lilacs and sweet-breathed pansies; while, through the open door into the dining room, came the delicious odor of New England spice cake, and the yellow glint of orange jelly, trembling in rich, odd-shaped glasses.

The last person to arrive that evening was little Miss Speny, who kept the millinery shop at the foot of the hill. She had just heard of the accident through her nearest neighbor, Lucretia Bean; and slipping a loaf of delicious bread into a fringed, damask napkin, she tore excitedly up the hill.

Mrs. Bradley had not been able to meet all the guests at the door, so busy had she found herself, bestowing little acts of ministry and petting upon her cheery invalid; but Maggie, who was a long cherished part of the Bradley household, had been instructed to be politely indefinite, as regarded the cause. And once convinced of her master's decided wishes in this direction, swords and dragons could never have forced into Maggie's stubborn intelligence the slightest knowledge of anything—but that the minister thanked them, and was doing well.

When Miss Speny pulled the bell at exactly fifteen minutes before eight, however, Maggie was busy up-stairs with Bobby, and Mrs. Bradley herself, opened the door.

"It is *too* bad; we are all so sorry," Miss Speny began impulsively, as she flit ed into the long hall.

"I would have run up sooner only I just heard of the accident through Lucretia Bean. If there is *anything* I can do—"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Bradley. "We appreciate so much the ready sympathy you have all shown. But there is nothing really to be done, except, as Doctor Barton said, to be patient, keep still, and wait."

Miss Speny deposited her loaf of bread on the hall table, then turned to go.

"How lovely!" Mrs. Bradley exclaimed enthusiastically, slipping back the edge of the napkin. "Mr. Bradley likes nothing better than sweet, fresh bread; he will enjoy this so much."

Then, as Miss Speny turned the handle of the door, she hastened to add—"But you must stop for a rest after climbing that hill. I am sorry I can't ask you into Mr. Bradley's room, but he is a little worn out with the shock of the day. Very soon he will be so glad to see and thank you for your thought."

"Oh, of course; I did not expect to see him. But he is not suffering much, I hope?"

Mrs. Bradley shook her head. He is doing fine. It is a simple break, but, of a necessity, will ache and give some trouble."

"He—he didn't fall very far, did he?" the visitor continued solicitously.

"Oh no," Mrs. Bradley answered with a quick flush—"not—far—at all."

"I thought perhaps it was the stairsteps" Miss Speny's tone now became explanatory. "I have always felt sure they curved too much to be safe. Why, our former pastor fell down them twice in one year."

"Is that possible!" breathed Mrs. Bradley with ready interest. She was indeed glad to accept this avenue of escape from a dangerous catechism. "I hope nothing serious resulted from the fall."

"Oh, no, said Miss Speny easily. "He was very fleshy, you know—weighed over two hundred pounds. But, of course, it gave his poor wife a shock to have him falling about so much. We talked a little about having the staircase fixed after that. But you know how it is, these little things invariably fall to the Ladies' Aid Society. The men never seem to think they are really worth while. And last year we had the church carpet to lay, and a new set of furniture to buy for our Sunday School; so we didn't have much money left."

"We hadn't noticed the least flaw in the plan of the steps," Mrs. Bradley said quickly. "And I hope you won't any of you, give yourself the slightest uneasiness about them, while we are here. We are simply charmed with every inch of the place."

"Well I am glad it wasn't the old trouble," Miss Speny continued, as she opened the door a little wider. "The minute I heard of the accident, I told Lucretia Bean I just knew it was. But how—"

"Oh, I am so sorry, but please excuse me, Miss Speny, I have just thought, I left a window open, right at Mr. Bradley's side, and it wouldn't do at all to have him take cold in his ankle. Oh, thank you. It is so kind of you to offer You *will* come again—very soon—won't you? I know Mr. Bradley will want to thank you himself for that delicious bread."

When Mrs. Bradley entered the living room again, her pretty forehead was furrowed with several very unbecoming wrinkles.

"You are tired, Madge," her husband began solicitously.

Mrs. Bradley shook her head as she sank down in a big rocker helplessly. "It isn't any use trying, Ridgeway. We simply cannot do it—keep from telling the cause, the whole cause, and nothing but the cause of your accident, I mean."

Away back in the Reverend Bradley's family there had been a decided tendency toward red hair and its natural accompaniment. Now and then, at very rare intervals, the fact that he had escaped this particular inheritance only by the millionth of an inch, was most clearly demonstrated. This was one of the times.

He sat up very rigidly in his chair, his lips narrowing in their compression. "Madge Perrington Bradley," he said, very slowly, very steadily, "do you mean to tell me that, even though I am a minister, and, in a way, at the disposal of my parishioners, I am not able to break my ankle in any fashion I may—see fit—without giving an account of said act to each and every one of my members."

Mrs. Bradley met her husband's eyes unflinchingly. Across her red lips he fancied he detected just the faintest flicker of a smile. "Ridgeway Parnell Bradley," she echoed mockingly, "I mean to say that *because you are a minister* it will be an utter impossibility to keep the ins and outs of this accident a profound secret from your parishioners. Mark my word, sooner or later their curiosity will exceed their dignity, and then— But whatever happens I shall not be to blame, I will stand by you to the last."

There was one fact, however, concerning which Mrs. Bradley was woefully ignorant, when she made her rash promise—the wonderful power possessed by the little Miss Speny's keen, sensitive nostrils for sniffing smoke—even before the fuel had been collected for the fire.

Early the next morning, as Miss Speny had shaken out her feather bed, and started her beans to really boiling, she beckoned Lucretia Bean into the little back yard of the millinery shop, and invited her to share a seat beside her on the sunny doorstep.

"Lucretia," she began uneasily, plucking some dust from a piece of velvet she was getting ready for a hat, "I can't for the life of me, make any sense to it, but there is something real mysterious about that accident of our minister. Mrs. Bradley simply wouldn't tell me how it came about, though I gave her all manner of chances."

Lucretia Bean drew in a breath of happy expectation. "You don't say! But what possible reason could she have for not telling it? When a man's broke a bone, it's a misfortune, especially in the case of a new minister, who hasn't had a chance to preach but two sermons. But where's the disgrace, that a person need be so secret about it. One way of breaking a bone is just as respectable as another, as far as I can see—and I am sure I call it only Christianity to be willing to explain the cause, so as to ward off another person from doing the same thing."

For a moment Miss Speny did not answer. She held up a frame, and turning it around and around on her hand, applied the velvet and buckle in several incongruous effects. When she did meet her neighbor's eye, there was a challenge in her glance. "Lucretia," her words came almost in a whisper. "You didn't notice anything more hearty in the minister's manner toward that silly, little Amy Parker, when we gave that reception for him—did you now!"

Lucretia bent forward, her breath coming in pleased gasps: "Lordy, Harriet, I don't know but that I did, now you speak of it. But what in the world would a pretty, light-minded, little creature like Amy have to do with the ministers breaking his ankle?"

Miss Speny shrugged her shoulder wisely. "Oh, nothing—unless they should have happened to be out riding. I can't think of any other cause for such great secrecy.

But he surely isn't that big fool—to begin taking up with *certain* members of his congregation so early, I mean." Lucretia's query bore an echo of suspended happiness. It was too delicious a bit of gossip to be hardly possible.

Miss Speny arose suddenly, gathering her sewing materials into her apron. "There is the door bell," she said in her most business like tones. "I've had a great run of customers this hot weather; but I just thought you might like to hear about my visit last night."

"How are we going to find out?" Lucretia questioned, with a certain fretfulness at being interrupted at so interesting a moment.

Miss Speny's glance bore the stamp of the entirely impersonal, as she paused just an instant on the top step. "Well, of course, it's nothing to me, and I am not one to be poking around in another's business; but there's your cousin Ed. He will be coming over tomorrow or next day, won't he? He'd know whether there was any horse taken out the day of the accident, by the minister, since his is the only livery stable in town."

Lucretia nodded, then she slipped through the narrow gate in the hedge fence, and paused a moment thoughtfully before the long row of gooseberry bushes in her side yard.

"I really ought to begin putting them up to-day," she said regretfully. "They're right at their prime; but there is Judge Deny and his wife, who have asked me to come over to luncheon so often—why, I haven't been half civil in putting them off so long. I believe I must go this very day."

All that week the gooseberries fattened and languished on Miss Lucretia Bean's bushes unheeded; and every noon hour found Miss Lucretia herself, in best bib and tucker, heading off in the direction of some friend, whose invitation to dinner she had suddenly become conscious of sadly neglecting.

As a result, while the gooseberries languished and died, the stray bits of gossip, which Miss Lucretia inadvertently, and very unconsciously, let drop, ripened and thrived, until just one week from the time the unsuspecting minister made his hapless descent the whole village was agog with this, that and the other rumor.

A young minister had been sent down from the city as a substitute for the Reverend Bradley, and charmed the fluttering audience by the stately and convincing manner with which he delivered his neatly-fitted ideas.

"If we had only known in time," whispered Miss Lucretia to her many listeners, as she fluttered out of the church door after service, beneath the bower of red roses, which nodded suggestively in her hat. "If we only had!"

But it was not until that day at dinner that Mrs. Deny tock up the subject of the minister's accident for the first time. The Judge and she were dining alone, something very unusual for them, and the table, wreathed in pink roses, had been drawn up to a very cozy and confidential size.

"Do you know, Harvey," she began, as she dressed the salad in the way her husband liked best, "there *is* something a wee bit odd about it—the minister not wanting us to know the cause of his accident, I mean. But I am sure now that he does not, because I went down to see him yesterday afternoon myself, and he evaded the question every possible way that courtesy would permit. They are such delightful, refined people; of course it is all right, but"—her eyes suddenly assumed a dreamy, troubled look—"it *is* a little provoking not to know, when it could do no possible harm to tell."

"Then you do not believe in Lucretia Beans various, plausible surmises?" The Judge's laugh echoed through the cool room with boyish spontaneousness.

Mrs. Deny drew up her shoulders fiercely, "Lucretia is a goose," she said sharply. "Such people should have a special tax imposed on their tongues. The greater the sinner, the more cordial the ministerial shake should be, of course. But the whole thing is such perfect nonsense."

The Judge passed back his glass for some more ice. There was a large rose in the center of the glass bowl, and he leaned forward, breaking it from its stem, and tucking it into his buttonhole thoughtfully. "What is it that troubles you about it, then?" he asked finally.

"Why, it is not the minister at all," Mrs. Deny began excitedly; "it's his poor, little wife."

She bent forward suddenly, laying her hand softly on that of her husband's. "Harvey," she said, "I am afraid that there is a family skeleton in that house, somewhere. I am almost sure the minister does not give Mrs. Bradley the confidence every true man yields his wife, as a matter of course. Why, Harvey, sometimes I fancy that sweet, lovely woman does not really know herself the cause of her husband's accident. She flushes and seems so distressed when anyone questions her, and, lately, she has been sending that stupid Maggie to the door all the time, while she runs upstairs, on the pretence of doing something for Bobby."

Judge Deny's laugh rang out again. "Oh, you women, you women! What new phase of the subject will not present itself next. But if that is all that is troubling you, my dear, I would not give the subject another thought. Legally, a man has a right to break his ankle in any manner he may see fit, without giving account to mortal man."

Mrs. Deny drew away her hand with a start. Roses to match those in the center of the table blossomed suddenly in her cheek. "Do you mean to tell me, Harvey B. Deny, that *you* would break a bone—and—not tell—me—how—you did it?"

Judge Deny's amused glance, as it rested on his wife's pretty, flushed face, bore a protest. "My *dear*" he said slowly, I am not a romanticist. I simply can not picture myself being able to accomplish such a blameworthy feat."

There was a moment's silence, then the Judge bent forward. "Bess," he said seriously, "I wish you could see your way clear to keep entirely out of this matter. I confess my cheeks fairly burn as I realize more and more each day, how, in trying to pry into a secret, which does not concern her, our stately Rose Valley has so surprisingly belittled herself. Doctor Barton has often spoken of the beautiful spirit of intercourse, which exists between our minister and his wife. I feel quite positive that she will welcome no other sympathy than that which you naturally feel for the husband's physical pain."

Mrs. Deny pushed back her hair with a gesture of annoyance. "Oh, of course, I realize all this and blush too. But you men can not understand — I knew you wouldn't. It is proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that there is some trouble, somewhere, in that household. Mrs. Bradley looks too distressed, when questioned about the accident, for it to be otherwise. Now we simply mean to express our sympathy *as women*, and to give that poor, little thing to understand, in a tacit way, that our sympathy and support is with her—in case she needs us."

The Judge pushed back his chair. "I think," he said good-naturedly, "that *you women* will be the ones, who stand in most imminent need of support and sympathy, if you persist in doing this. But that is for you to decide."

It was the very next evening, directly after tea, that the door bell of the parsonage rang sharply.

Maggie was just on the way upstairs with Bobby; but she deposited him safely on the upper floor, and retraced her steps to the door.

A moment later, she knocked gently on the study door. "If you plaze, mum, there's a whole diligation this toime, with flowers in their hands, waitin' for you in the front room. What shall I be after tillin thim?" she explained to Mrs. Bradley, as the latter opened the door.

"I will go myself, Maggie," Mrs. Bradley said. She spoke a few hurried words to her husband, then passed quickly into the next room, holding out her hands cordially. "Why how very kind it is of you to come together—and, oh, what lovely flowers," she exclaimed enthusiastically, as one woman after another tiptoed up and pressed blossoms into her arms.

"We wanted you to know that we're thinking of you—and that we sympathize so much with you," Miss Speny began, then she paused before the surprised look in Mrs. Bradley's pretty face.

"Why, I am sure, neither Mr. Bradley nor I ever doubted that for a moment. We have had such constant and practical evidences of your thought all about us. Mr. Bradley and I can never quite make you understand how much we really do appreciate it. But do sit down. I will open the door into the study, so Ridgeway can hear your voices. He is trying to take up his regular writing again, and is a little tired with his his first day's endeavor or I would wheel his chair in here, so he could enjoy your visit too."

Mrs. Deny arose with sudden determination. She had something to say, and when Mrs. Deny had a thought to utter, mountains of opposition could not turn her out of her beaten track. "I don't think you would better open the door just yet, dear," she urged. "We have something to say to you, which, of course, *under the circumstances* we couldn't say quite as well before Mr. Bradley. We want to tell you that we appreciate your position, and feel with you—and, if at any time you need council, or advice, or sympathy—you know, dear, all women do at times—you will not find one of us lacking."

Mrs. Bradley grasped hold of the back of a heavy arm chair, and gazed in utter astonishment from one woman to another. "I don't quite understand, she said, her breath coming in quick, little gasps. "Why I am so used to going to Ridgeway for—all —these things that—"

"Very natural, of course, my dear," Mrs. Deny began with diplomatic coolness— then Lucretia Bean's explosive, untrained tongue spoiled it all.

"We just came down, Mrs. Bradley, to tell you we'd stand by you, whatever your trouble might be; for, of course, we don't really believe in any rumors—but when a woman *lacks the confidence of her own husband, so that he won't even explain the cause of his accident to her*, why we know she's *bound* to need sympathy from her own sex. And we've come down to offer it—that's all."

Mrs. Bradley stepped forward, confronting the other woman. For an instant there was no other pair of eyes in the room to Mrs. Bradley than the yellowish, cringing ones of Lucretia Bean—to Lucretia, the consciousness of nothing, but that drawn, white, righteously—wrathful face before her.

"Do you dare to tell me, Lucretia Bean," Mrs. Bradley began; then with a smothered cry she threw herself into a chair, and, burying her face in her arms, burst into a storm of tears.

"What is it, Madge—*darling*?" Mr. Bradley's voice came solicitously from the doorway. He had heard the unusual accents in his wife's voice, and, with the aid of his wheel chair, had himself opened the door.

"Oh, Ridgeway, Ridgeway," his wife

exclaimed, rushing over and throwing herself down at the side of the wheel chair, "they think you don't love me—don't confide in me—that I do not even know the cause of your accident—and have come to condole with me for *that*."

"Poor little girl; never mind," the minister said, stroking his wife's bowed head in utter oblivion to the awed faces about him. "It is all my fault—your having to suffer because I was so foolish about telling the real cause."

Then, with a certain grave dignity, which the members of the Rose Valley Congregational Church never forgot, he wheeled his chair nearer the south window.

"Ladies," he said coldly, courteously, "it is the same old story—the act which banished our long-ago forefather from the Garden of Eden. The apple tree, yonder, was the cause—a woman—my beloved wife—issued the invitation. The result was, as it ever must be, a downfall and catastrophe."

"But why," Lucretia began involuntarily, then she paused.

For a moment the minister's glance swept his silent audience with a look of keen pity. "Did you never, then," he asked wonderingly, "give that last hug to a favorite doll, when you were away past sixteen; or kiss the letter or faded flower, which meant so much to you once; or cry over the pile of nicked blocks, with which you and your brother used to build fairy castles in days gone by? Ah, my friends, there are some things which are sweetly harmless, but which we pretend to think we are too dignified, too grown up, to be caught doing any more."

When the minister ceased speaking, there was a subdued silence over the room, as each woman stood speechless, with bowed head. Then Mrs. Deny stepped suddenly forward, holding out both hands to the minister's wife. "My dear," she said in a clear, brave voice, while the tears in Mrs. Bradley's gentle eyes were reflected in her own "we are the ones who must be banished from our Garden of Eden—*your friendship*. We do not ask for anything else, nor expect it. But if, by our actions, we show to you that we are sincerely repentant—may we not hope some day—to be—mercifully recalled? "Dear, you *won't* say, No?"

BEYOND THE TIMBER LINE

By Will D. Muse

BEYOND the sunset's path of gold upon the river's breast,
  Across the sands, where curlews sing their weird song of rest:
Beyond the wharf—beyond the boats that drift from wave to wave,
  Beyond it all, where stars sink to a coral-coffined grave.

Beyond the town, beyond the wharf, across the murky stream,
  Beyond the noise, the toil and strife—past boats and sunset's gleam,
Low, long and black, from north to south where flickering starlights shine—
  Stretches the boundary of my dreams—the far-off timber-line.

Ah! who can say what lies beyond its twilight-tinted rim?
  Who knows where paths may lead into the shadows dim?
A whisper tells me God is there—at each long day's decline,
  And Death, some day, will guide my steps beyond the timber-line.

A SICK LITTLE BOY AND CUPID

By Frances Nelson

MARY Brampton, still dazed by the reality of an illusion, stepped apathetically from the glamour of the theatre out into a drizzling rain.

It aroused her for a moment, but there is no place where a rain may affect one just as on Broadway after the theatre at night. The shimmer of myriad sparkling lights and flaming electric signs, that glint and glimmer like phosphorescence through the falling density envelop the 'great white way' as far as the eye can reach, in a cloud of unreality.

The rain seems to magnify the gayety of the crowds. The apparent unconcern of the fashionably clothed men and women for the state of the weather adds to the delusion that all are but the fumes of fancy and that one is moving in a strange shadow-land of imagination. Bedraggled pedestrians, that make a rainy day in New York a hideous thing, have no part in this scene of hazy splendor. The cabbies, the autos, and the never-ending throng that surges to and fro on pleasure bent, deepen the whimsical phantasy that all the scene is but a vision—a panorama of the real.

Mary Brampton was only subjectively aware of this feeling as she threaded her way among the play-goers. Here and there she caught a chance phrase of criticism or extravagant praise of this actor or that. She resented these more than she did the rain.

She had come from one of Broadway's big successes—a strenuous drama, in which adventure was only the background for the great throbs of a life problem. Every atom of her being had responded to the intensity and the bigness of the question involved. She came out into the night, thrilled, not only by wonder at the consummate art of the acting she had seen, but filled with a greater conception of the meaning of life and love to the universe.

Her mind was so full of these thoughts that it was more force of habit than conscious will that brought her to her apartment.

Her clothes were dripping, for the rain had stopped its drizzle and was coming down in a steady business-like pour. Half-mechanically she took off her wet garments and donned a dainty dressing-sack and slippers.

The questionings that the play had evoked still held her thoughts. Its essence had touched the vital part of her woman's nature, and, reveling in that feeling akin to pain, which comes in moods like hers, she sat down dreamily for about two minutes and a half. Then jumping up with a laugh, she began to move busily about the little room, for Mary Brampton could not have a 'feeling akin to pain' very long; her body was too full of health, her spirits too exuberant, her mind too much a flower garden of joy, and her heart—well, if that ached she was not conscious of it.

Humming a popular tune, as she began her preparations for the night, she suddenly decided, "I'll snatch a bite to eat before I hie me to my downy couch."

She soon had her chafing-dish out and was mixing some indigestible concoction that would have caused her mother's hands to go up in holy horror had she been at home. Mary laughed gleefully as she pictured that good lady a protesting guest at this untimely feast.

But Mary's brother's wife had a brand new baby, sufficient excuse to anyone for the absence of Mary's mother since, as Mary said, "the poor child had the misfortune to be born in Montpelier instead of New York."

So it was that Mary had her midnight orgy of fried cheese, crackers and tea without rebuke. This finished, she followed it by the commonplace duty which with Mary always came after 'a bite to eat,' even at night. She carefully washed and put away the chafing-dish and pretty china she had used. It was one of the methodical things that she had learned in her long hospital course, for Mary was a nurse—or rather an embryo nurse. She had just finished her hospital work and was having a short much-needed rest, before going out onto the stage of life, no longer a member of the chorus but a principal with a real part to play.

As she moved leisurely about her work, even the most casual observer would have said that Mary Brampton was good to look upon. Soft curly hair that gleamed like copper in the light, framed the perfect oval of her face, and in the depths of her large blue eyes was an unfathomable magnetic force that, young as she was, had made her a vital part of the hospital life she had left. The inexperience of her twenty-three years was written clearly on her face, but the ability to meet what life held for her, when it should come, with fearless dignity, was stamped there no less plainly.

Meanwhile, deftly drying the fragile dishes she still thought of the play. Her serious mood vanished, she was talking gaily to herself—a habit of hers when alone.

As she wiped the last cup she held it poised in the air, and said:

"The trouble *is* that in real life we women are either afraid of adventure or we don't recognize it. In either case we grit our teeth and cling resolutely to the commonplace, reject the real romantic for a mock substitute, and then weep about what we are missing."

And she sat the cup down so hard that it shivered into a dozen pieces.

She was still contemplating the ruin in semi-serious astonishment, when, ting-a-ling-a-ling went the bell. Mary jumped and her heart popped right up to her lips. Who wanted her? What for, and why, at that time of night? She gave a hasty glance at the clock on the mantle. It was twenty-five minutes after twelve! Mother? Baby? Sister? These and a hundred other conjectures went through her brain as she hurried to the push button that opened the lower door.

Then she went hastily through the two living rooms to the little hall that opened into the main corridor. Waiting for the only thing that seemed imminent—a telegram—she fumbled nervously for the electric light button. Before she found it the upper bell rang and she opened the door.

A very big man, carrying a very little boy, pushed past her and deposited his burden on the nearest chair, then returning to the door in which Mary stood exclaiming in astonishment: "Why George! What on earth—" he grabbed her up in his arms with a great bear hug.

"Mary, Mary, my dear little girl. It *is* good to be home again!" and hugging her close against his rain-soaked coat, he carried her from the darkness of the hall into the light of the room.

"Well, little sister, let me look at you," and lifting up her face between the palms of his hands to kiss her, each got the first good view of the other.

The man as though petrified, continued to hold her face, which had gone perfectly white, between his hands. Several seconds that seemed like hours to Mary passed before his hands dropped limply to his sides, while he continued to gaze at her with wondering incredulity. The expression on the face of the girl was an odd mixture of fear, rage and utter amazement.

How many moments they stared at each other neither ever knew, but gradually the amazed look on the strong manly face gave Mary courage. Her knees stopped their shaking and as though by common impulse they both spoke.

"I thought you were Mary!"

"I thought you were George!"

Coincidence in real life often makes coincidence of fiction seem trivial and uninteresting, and Mary could not keep a gleam of amusement from her eyes as she answered:

"I am Mary!"

The man gave a funny, forced laugh.

"Well, I am not so sure who I am, but I thought I was George," he said.

Again they stood and looked at each other, unblinking, until the pressure became unbearable and again both blurted in unison.

"But who?"

And answered with one accord:

"Brampton!"

"Brandon!"

The man was first to regain himself after this, and began to talk with such impetuosity that his words fairly tumbled over each other in their haste for utterance.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sincerely. I've made a mistake—a terrible blunder and owe you an abject apology. Have been away. Never did live in New York. Got in tonight and found I had lost my brother's address. Found it given in the directory at this number. Hurried here, for I didn't want to take the boy to a hotel. He's sick. Must have mistaken Brampton for Brandon in that dev—dark hall down there. Took you for my sister-in-law, who's just about your size. That's my whole explanation and I hope you'll pardon me if I've frightened you. Come Jamie, my man, I guess it'll be a hotel for the night after all."

He started to the chair where the small boy sat. As he stepped forward, Mary looked toward the child, observing him deliberately for the first time. He was a pathetic baby figure sitting there patiently, in his rain-soaked clothes. He could not have been more than four years old, and he looked drawn and haggard. The trained ear of the girl took quick note of his labored breathing.

And even as she looked at him, he gave a piteous cry and holding out his hands to her, slipped limply into an inert, little heap on the floor.

Mary had him in her arms in an instant and was chafing one of his cold, little hands with both of hers, while the man was rubbing the other and saying in low, distressed tones:

"Jamie, Jamie, my boy!"

"He'll be all right presently," it was the nurse that spoke, "but we must get these wet things off."

And the man found himself assisting this frank, unknown girl, into whose house he had, unwittingly, forced his way, as she tenderly, but with cleancut dispatch, divested the child of his outer garments.

As soon as that was done she said:

"Get me some water. You'll find a glass on the table in that room, the kitchen is beyond. It's lighted."

While the man obeyed she carried the baby to a couch in the corner and laying him down pushed it out into the middle of the room.

"Open that closet," she said as the man returned with the water, "and you'll find the aromatic ammonia. No, on the lower shelf. There."

Under the capable administrations of the girl and the effects of the stimulant, the baby eyes soon opened languidly. He started to cry but looking up into the compassionate soothing face above him gave a stifled gasp, half sob, half sigh, and snuggling up nearer to her closed his eyes.

"I must get him to a hotel," the man began but he was interrupted by a sharp rattling cough followed by a spasmodic cry of pain.

The girl still sitting on the side of the couch soothed the child with the "sh-sh-sh" that mothers use to their sick children.

"He's chilled clear through," she said, without glancing up, "perhaps if we could get his feet in hot water—" again she looked at the baby earnestly, and then turned her face toward the man with a keen, questioning look. He met her eyes squarely. What she saw must have satisfied her for she said hurriedly: "I'm a nurse, and this child is very ill. I am not sure," she continued, half to herself, "that it will do any good but it can do no harm—we must get him warmed up someway! There's a foot-bath under the table in the kitchen. Fill it partially full of hot water—it will run hot from the faucet in a minute."

The man looked from her to the pinched baby face, and as he turned to obey the commands of this woman he had never seen before, a lump came into his throat that he could not swallow.

"She's sure gritty! God bless her!" he muttered as he threw off his overcoat and stepped into the kitchen.

The man gone, the girl looked at the suffering baby long and earnestly, and then began swiftly to divest him of his shoes and stockings.

If there had been any struggle in her mind as to the risk she was taking, if there had been any fear in her heart, any terror at this night's strange work, it had passed; but whether it left when she searched the eyes of the unknown man for a token, or whether it faded away at the sight of the pain-contracted baby face, perhaps even Mary could not have told.

The tiny shoes and stockings removed, Mary disappeared into her bed-room. She was back instantly with a long outing nightgown and some blankets. For several minutes the only sound in the room besides the difficult breathing of the boy was the swish of a woman's skirts. Swiftly, skillfully, with never an unnecessary motion, she removed the remainder of the baby's clothes.

The man stood watching her in the doorway until she had the little one well wrapped up, then he came forward with the tub.

"Take him in your lap," she commanded, "and hold him so I can get his feet in the water."

The man obeyed.

Finally that ordeal was over, and the little one lay back again among the cushions.

Then for an hour the girl worked unremittingly, applying all the simple remedies she knew. The man ably assisted her at every turn, never obtrusive, never questioning and speaking only when she spoke to him.

The rattle, however, instead of getting better, got gradually worse. At last the man went over to the couch and looked down into the face of the child. Mary stood by the table, her hands braced against it, watching them both. Her face usually calm, contracted now and then, as from pain, as the moans grew worse.

The silence lasted for a long time. Suddenly she said in an undertone in which fear had found a place:

"It's the croup and its a bad case. You *must* get a doctor. I might bring him through, I may exaggerate the danger. But I'm afraid of the croup," and her voice broke. "One night at the hospital I saw—before I was used to all—" she was whispering now, "I saw two babies die of membraneous croup and I can't bear it!"

She threw her arm across her eyes as though to shut out the sight. When she drew it away the man was putting on his coat.

"You'll find a doctor in the next block on the right hand side—the third big apartment house from the corner, I think it is. I don't remember his name but I've noticed the sign."

She had regained her composure and went to lift the baby's head higher on the pillow.

Hat in hand, the man stood looking down at her.

"You're a brick! You don't know me, but you're going to, and if I can ever do anything for you—well—I'll do it, that's all!"

The next minute the door closed, and she heard his retreating steps as he ran down the stairs.

The boy's breath came harder and harder and Mary listened in agony for the first note of the terrible sound that still haunted her when she thought of that night in the babies' ward.

Minutes dragged like hours.

She had taken the child from the couch. He seemed easier when he felt her presence and she talked to him softly and soothingly, as she pushed the damp curls from his forehead.

Presently she heard footsteps. She listened eagerly. Yes, the doctor was with him.

She got up to let them in and the boy broke into a painful fit of crying.

The doctor stayed an hour. When he left the rattle was gone and Jamie lay quietly, but for the occasional spasms of pain that crossed his face.

"He'll be all right now, Mrs.—" the doctor hesitated, but as no one filled the silence, he continued:

"Better watch him closely for an hour or so and give him this until he is quiet. If he's no better in the morning let me know."

Brandon paid the fee and followed him to the door. When he came back into the room the girl had drawn a chair up to the couch and was settling herself to watch for the night.

"You—it's only three o'clock and you had better try and sleep. That's my mother's room. You can lie down there. The danger is over and I'll keep watch."

"Miss Brampton," he was still near the door out of which the doctor had gone and as he came toward her the light fell full on his face. It was a strong face, a very young face, too, and as Mary looked up at him standing under that strong light, her thoughts leaped back to the play she had seen,—was it only a few hours ago? and for the first time she realized that she was having her adventure.

"Miss Brampton," he was saying, "You've done for me tonight more than I ever believed any woman would ever do for any man—much less one she'd never seen before. I believe Jamie is all right, bless him, but while you watch so do I."

He pulled a chair up to the table, and sitting down picked up a book. The back of the girl, whose chair faced the couch, was to him. He didn't open the book but sat, minute after minute, looking at the picture of motherhood incarnate which she made.

When the baby stirred she would reach forward and re-arrange the pillows carefully.

At first they spoke only occasionally, but the hours are long at night when the clock ticks, ticks, ticks, and the only other sounds are a baby's heavy breathing and the ceaseless beat of the rain on the window.

Bye-and-bye the man and the girl began to talk in low tones not to rouse the sleeper. It began with the boy.

"Jamie's grandmother will bless you for this night's work—I'm taking him to her," he began once.

"Poor baby," the girl leaned over and smoothed a coverlid. She wondered about Jamie's mother but she said nothing.

"His father won't be far behind either," he continued after a pause, "I guess if he'd realized what a poor messenger I'd have made, he'd have come himself."

The girl lifted her eyes to him wonderingly:

"Jamie's father?" she said questioningly. "Aren't you—"

The man gave a low, long laugh.

"So that's what you've been thinking. No, poor little shaver, I wish I was. He's my nephew."

Then he told her how the boy's girl-mother had suddenly sickened and died out on the big ranch—out in God's country—and how afterwards the ranchmen had fought hard with the pneumonia for the boy's life and had won.

"Then," he went on," as I was coming here on business and to see my folks, Jack, Jamie's father, got me to say I'd take the kid to his grandmother in Boston." The man stopped a second. "Guess I'd never have kept that promise but for you."

The girl gave a deprecatory smile.

There was a long quiet after this. The child slept peacefully. Brandon was looking straight ahead of him into the fire they had lighted in the grate. What he was thinking about those minutes perhaps no one will ever know. Finally he raised his head and started to speak but checked himself.

Mary's head was resting against the back of the chair and her soft profusion of red-brown hair had loosened at the neck, her hands lay listlessly in her lap and she slept, a vision of weary comeliness.

Outside there was only the drip, drip of the water from the jutting roof above. The rain had stopped.

The first streaks of the gray dawn changed to a dull red and still the man, motionless, his arms folded on the table, sat watching the girl in the chair.

It was not until a faint yellow beam pierced its way through the window and fell caressingly athwart her hair that Mary awoke. Opening her eyes she looked straight into those of the man across the table. A flood of remembrance swept over her, and for the first time George Brandon saw the beauty of her blush.

"Good morning." she said, with a half-nervous laugh, and rising, she looked first at the baby, then at her watch and turning to the man she said, with an effort at easy nonchalance:

"Mr. Brandon, it is only seven o'clock, and he may not waken for two or three hours. Won't you go in there and get a little nap? you kept your watch better than I did, and," as he still hesitated, "you've a journey ahead of you!"

After a short pause he said,

"Yes, I guess I will—if you don't mind."

* * *

It was nine o'clock when Brandon awoke. He stepped into the room of the long night. It did not look as though it had been disturbed since the moment he first entered it the night before. The table was cleared of its medicines and the couch, empty, was pushed back in its place.

In the room beyond he heard the gurgles of childish laughter, mingled with the gay tones of a young girl's voice.

So quick and strong are the recuperative powers of childhood that Jamie was playing gleefully at building houses with a pile of clothes-pins and the girl, as she busied herself preparing an appetizing little breakfast for three, was telling him a funny fairy tale all about "Chicken Little."

"And that was the end," she was saying as the man opened the door, "of Chicken Little who told all the other chickens that the world was coming to an end *because* he *saw* it with his eyes, and he *heard* it with his ears, and a piece of it *fell on his tail.*" She leaned way over the table and looked with big, laughing eyes at the boy who sat gazing up at her from the floor.

"Mayn't I hear the story, too?" asked Brandon.

The auditor and the story-teller both turned quickly.

"Oh, good morning," and Mary flushed slightly.

She had had time to do much deep thinking since this big, bronzed, unknown man had been asleep and she wondered, whimsically, what he really thought of her and the way in which she had taken possession of him and his small nephew.

None of these "mental searchings" were apparent, however, in her voice as she said, laughingly,

"No, the story's quite finished, and besides breakfast is ready. Jamie and I had just about decided to sit down without you, hadn't we?" and she went over and took the slight mite of a child up in her strong arms and sat him easily on a high-chair, improvised by the aid of the dictionary and the family Bible.

It was a jolly breakfast. The constraint that seemed imminent as the three sat down was averted by the chatter of the boy who insisted on telling his uncle everything that he had done since getting up.

It was not until half past ten, that a very big man with a very little boy in his arms, stood at the door of Miss Mary Brampton's apartment ready to leave.

"Say goodbye to Miss Brampton, Jamie, my boy. We're off."

The man had tried several times to thank the girl but had not been able to do it; but now he held out his hand to her.

"Miss Brampton, you're a brick! There isn't a woman in ten thousand would have done what you did last night. You saved the boy's life all right, and have earned the lasting gratitude of his whole family. And as for me—well—I could never tell you how grateful I am, not if I had all of both of our lives to do it in. As I told you last night, you don't know me, but you're going to. I'm coming back next week to meet mother. And then,—well, then I'm going to ask for a chance to thank you every day for a life time. Good-bye!" and he wrung her hand with a grip of iron.

Mary, her back to the table, which she clasped tightly with both hands, stood looking at the door long after it had closed. When the echo of the footsteps died away in the distance she said, almost in a whisper:

"I didn't recognize my adventure at first, but I *wasn't* afraid!" then looking quizzically at the hand that Brampton had shaken: "But what *will* mother say?

MIDNIGHT

By Charles Townsend

THE oriole has gone to rest,
  Where gentle night winds sway her nest.
  The katydid has ceased to call;
  The cricket slumbers in the wall:
      Midnight.

The whip-poor-will no longer swings
In eerie flight, on noiseless wings.
  The flaming rose its perfume sheds,
  And drowsy lilies droop their heads.

The twinkling stars their vigils keep;
The black leaves rustle in their sleep;
  And silence, with her pulseless hand
  Holds sovereign sway, o'er sea and land.
      Midnight.

"THE GUEST OF HONOR"

By Minnie Barbour Adams

Author of "Doctor Wentworth's Patient."

TOM; Oh, Tom," called an insistent voice. And I, dreaming of not long past college days, growled: "Shut up, you chattering monkey." The idiot; waking me at this time of the night, no doubt to tell "some sweet thing" Susie had said on the way homeward, and ask: "Do you suppose the dear girl really meant it?"

"Tom!" This time a vigorous shaking accompanied the voice. I opened one eye, the other being buried in the pillow, and awaited a probable inanity not worth the trouble of digging it up. But what I saw with that one eye, and it dazed with sleep, awakened me effectually, and the other one promptly reported for duty.

Aunt Margaret, clad only in her long white night gown, her hair in two soft, frowzly braids, stood at my bedside, the light from her candle shining full in my face. A clock somewhere below struck two.

"What on earth is the matter?" I cried, springing up in bed.

"Get into something quickly, Tom; I need you;" she said, when she saw I was awake. And, before I could ask a question, I heard her at the telephone in the hall.

"Central? Please give me Dr. Comstock," and an instant later, "Dr. Comstock? I'm Miss Appleton. Will you please come up here, immediately? A burglar has fallen down the back stairs and is either dead, or unconscious." All this in a quiet, conversational tone, and I heard her mount the stairs to the third story and call Ann and Elijah, the man.

I struggled madly in the dark with the sleeves of my bathrobe, one of which I had succeeded in getting on wrong side out. I lost no time in turning on the light, and then, having gotten into the garment at the expense of one sleeve half ripped from the armhole, I started for the back stairs. I'll confess, I slowed up and rounded the last turn in the hall with considerable caution. But it was unnecessary. Huddled in the little space between the bottom of the steep stairs and the door that led into the kitchen, lay the body of a man in that strange, inert attitude the human form assumes when unconscious. The light that Aunt Margaret had turned on from above showed an ugly cut in his forehead, and was reflected from something bright and glistening, clutched tightly in his hand, that I finally recognized as one of Aunt's most priceless treasures, a huge, solid silver candlestick.

The arrival of the doctor and Pat Sheehan, a policeman whom the former had picked up on the way, was a welcome reinforcement, though it caused an instant desertion from our ranks. Ann's pale, scared face assumed the color of the old, red flannel petticoat that she had put on in her fright, and clapping her hands to her head she fled precipitately, each pudgy finger endeavoring to cover an excrescence composed of a combination of hair, only one degree more subdued in color than the skirt, and a goodly strip of the "Green sheet" of the Sunday newspaper. Ann is most artistic; her color scheme was perfect.

I turned accusingly to the policeman and recognized him as the one I had seen in the kitchen the evening before, where he'd "just dropped in" he assured me, "to tell Ann he'd spotted the duffer what'ed been stealin' her milk."

We then proceeded to the kitchen, opened the stair door, and after considerable labor, managed to get our burglar to the top again. It would be plain sailing from there to the pleasant back chamber, to which Aunt Margaret persisted in taking him.

"But, Aunt Mag," I expostulated when she made known her intentions.

"My dear Miss Appleton," seconded the doctor.

"Oh, I say, Miss, phwat the divil do ye want wid a burglar?" demurred Pat, so to the point that I envied him, but she only signed for us to proceed, saying: "I startled him into—or down it rather," with a little quizzical nod at the stairs, "coming on him as I did, so suddenly—and I'm not going to send him to the hospital till I see what damage I've done."

"Damage, is it? Well I'll be blowed," said Pat under his breath.

At the threshold he balked again. "Aw, Miss," he remonstrated, looking from the dainty chamber to the disheveled burglar between us, and back again. "Ye'd better let me ring for an ambulance. This bit of Heaven ain't for the likes of him."

It was a beautiful room, the walls and bed-covering were strewn with apple-blossoms, that, together with the soft, green rug, made me think with a little twinge of longing of the orchard at home.

An imperative nod from Aunt, and the procession crossed the threshold, and grudgingly laid its burden on the cot that the now clothed, curled and blushing Ann had brought from the attic. As we removed his clothes, a tin box dropped from his coat pocket, and opening, as it struck the floor, a handful of gems rolled out, spreading like a jewelled fan on the green carpet. A search into his numerous pockets revealed a lot of trinkets of uncertain value, some loose coin, and a large roll of bills, in a belt about his waist—also a peculiar steel affair that Pat gravely pronounced: "One of them new fangled contraptions for gettin' into houses." There was a lot of memoranda, but, of course, not a word disclosing his identity.

Then we fell to—set his leg, sewed up his head, bathed and brushed him to Aunt's entire satisfaction—though she did say something about fumigating, which we pretended not to hear—and I got so interested that I trotted out my very best pajamas, feeling powerfully good and virtuous all the time, and so well did we do the work that when we'd deposited him in the big bed under the apple-blossoms. Ann clasped her hands ecstatically and exclaimed, "Oh, how sweet he looks!" Pat snorted.

The nurse came about this time and feeling that we'd carried out Aunt's wishes to the letter, we went our several ways, congratulating ourselves on doing a good night's work.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when I came into the dining room the next morning and found Aunt Margaret just pouring her coffee.

"How is the guest of honor, this morning?" I asked, as I seated myself opposite. Then seeing that my arrow had hit the mark, I continued: "I say guest of honor advisedly, dear Aunt. I, your loving nephew, your sister's only son, appear at your door with an innocent suit case instead of one of the family heir-looms, and with nothing more incriminating in my pockets than an honestly obtained package of "Duke's Mixture," and a carefully, prayerfully selected present for you. Am I ushered into the bit of green and pink Arcadia? No—"

"Tom! For pity's sake, Tom," Aunt interrupted, half laughing, half crying; but I continued, remorselessly:

"Was I mopped, brushed and beautifully clothed by willing menials after my long and tiresome journey to the home of my beloved Aunt, and put to bed under bouquets of apple-blossoms? Not on your life." And, then seeing the dear old girl was really looking worried, I asked seriously:

"Honestly, honey, how is our burglar?"

"Still unconscious."

"Has Dr. Comstock seen him this morning?"

"Yes, and fears his skull is fractured. His head must have struck on the sharp edge of one of the steps. I'll have Ann put a good, thick carpet on them to-day."

"I would. Especially if you are going to shunt a burglar down them now and then. More humane and less expensive, you know. And—the collection of curios in the gentleman's pockets?"

I put them in a little bag in the safe with our valuables."

"I'd put ours in bags, too, Aunt. When he recovers he may want to fold my pajamas and silently steal away some dark night, and think how grateful he'd be to you when he found them ready for transportation."

"Well, there's no particular hurry about bagging them, then, Tommy dear," replied Aunt, smiling. "For it'll be some time before he'll be able to "silently" steal away, crutches make a lot of noise, you know," and then, seriously, "Who knows what change may be wrought in him by tender care and sympathy, Tom? He may go out of the front door like a gentleman."

"Feet first?" I said, as I kissed her good-bye, and felt like a brute for it afterwards as I saw the pained look on her face. Dear

Aunt, she had surely come into her own at last; a real live burglar to coax back to life and into the paths of rectitude, a broken body to nurse—a soul to pray for. And she would succeed, God bless her, if it were possible for any one in all this wide world to do it.

Well, what should I do? Where should I go? I stood on the steps for some minutes debating the question. To the golf links? There would be quite a bunch of people there to-day, it was so pleasant. Have Elijah run the machine around and get some one to take a spin with me through the country? Go down town and see what was doing and who was doing it? That was just the thing, I decided, and I'd walk through the park to the other line. I needed the exercise and the park was always quiet and beautiful at this time of the day.

I was so well satisfied with the decision that I swung off through the park, whistling and feeling wonderfully at peace with the whole world, and myself in particular. Then like a homing pigeon or an arrow from the bow or any other poetical simile, I went down a shaded avenue where the grass is like green plush, and the trees are positively the greenest I ever saw, and the birds, well I've never noticed the singing of birds very much, being usually taken up with other things, but, here, they seemed to be trying to split their little throats with melody.

A little turn in the path and I was welcomed by an inarticulate gurgle of joy from a sturdy youngster in a cab, and another, scarcely more coherent, from a girl sitting on a bench near him, and in ten minutes from the time I had decided to go down town, I was sitting on the other end of that bench, exactly where I had intended to be when I left the house.

I wish some psychologist would endeavor to explain this one peculiar inconsistency of the human mind. It's all right and proper to mislead the other fellow as to your intentions, but when you deliberately try to hoodwink yourself—when you try to outwit him, or It, or whatever title by which the supposed easily beguiled Ego is usually designated, then, I say, you are a fit subject for the Society of Scientific Research, or for the insane asylum.

"Any news?" I inquired of the girl when I had finished a short conversation with the kid, in which I used a language of whose very existence I had been ignorant a few short months before, but, now, I conversed easily and fluently and was answered in kind by the voluble youngster.

"Yes, good news, Tom. We've heard from Uncle Charlie."

"You have? And what did he say?"

"Only that he'd come as fast as steamer and train could bring him, and for papa not to worry for he'd soon straighten the tangle into which that rascally partner had gotten him. And Tom, the best of all is, we can look for him any time now. He said he'd be here nearly as soon as the letter and the letter did not come direct, but was missent."

"And how is your father?"

"No better, though mamma and I imagined that he seemed a little brighter since last night when the letter came. And Tom—"

"Yes?"

"Mamma told me this morning that Doctor Comstock told her a month ago that if something didn't happen to relieve papa's mind from his business difficulties, that he feared he'd never get up."

"Yes," I replied, "we have all felt that. Oh, Helen, I wish your father had more confidence in my ability. I might have saved him a lot of this."

"I know, Tom," she replied sadly, "Mamma and I cannot understand his attitude toward you."

"I am not to blame because I am blessed, or cursed in this case, with a few thousands," I burst out. "I can't understand how that affects my ability as a lawyer, can you?"

"Why, no, of course not, but you know papa has strange ideas about the part a man should play in life."

"What does he say about me? Please tell me, Helen. Don't you see, I'll know better what is expected of me?"

"Well, he says he never knew a man that had money that he had not earned himself, to amount to anything in a profession, and he thinks—"

"Go on."

"He thinks you ought to have gone into an office this spring as soon as you were admitted to the bar, and" with a mischievous twinkle, "that you have wasted the last two months visiting your Aunt Margaret, whom a week would more than satisfied, most likely."

"Wasted were they? Do you think they were wasted? Tell me, dearest." And I took the hand that was nervously clasping and unclasping her purse, in mine, and drew her toward me; but a look of horror and fear suddenly dawned in the sweet eyes that were looking into mine, and she broke frantically from my grasp."

"Tom! For mercy's sake, where is the baby?"

The cab was empty, that was plain, but on a nearer scrutiny, we found the child hanging head downward from the front, the strap holding his feet and the bottom of his dress. He was evidently enjoying the unwonted retroversion and was "goo"-ing and gurgling ecstatically, both chubby hands gathering everything within reach, and conveying them to a common center, his mouth.

"Helen, see if you can keep the little beggar from mowing away any more grass," I cried, excitedly, "and I'll try and dig up his feet. There, now you young Nebuchadnezzar, stop it, will you. Don't you see the sign? I beg your pardon, I forgot that you don't read as well as you speak."

"Tom," said Helen, "how long do you suppose he had been hanging there that way, and why didn't he cry?"

"I do not know. The ways of this child are inscrutable to me, dear," I replied gravely. "I read somewhere once that mothers and nurses ought to hold a child head downward every day. Enlivens their liver—or imagination—or something. Possibly you forgot to give him his morning exercise?"

"We did," admitted Helen, faintly.

"And the poor child, having a touch of liver trouble from over-indulgence in tacks, collar buttons and other health foods, had to imperil his young life by attempting it himself."

"It shall never happen again," said the girl, contritely.

Then we both tried to tie one small bonnet under one small dimpled chin, and having succeeded in this and in getting him properly shaken out and adjusted, we started homeward. To divert her mind from the care and anxiety to which she was returning, I told her about our burglar, suppressing and embellishing the tale as I saw fit, and we succeeded in getting the baby home uninjured, though we ran the cab into every crack in the walk, it seemed, and, in our abstraction, bumped into many a curb—but the cherub slept through it all, a blade of grass protruding rakishly from the corner of his mouth, and a broken bit of contraband china clasped tightly in his little fist.

We didn't take the kid to the park for three or four days as it was cold and rainy, and I worried considerably over the little chap's health. I grew so anxious that I spent much of my time wandering from the front windows to the back, looking for some signs of its clearing up and calling the weather-man pet names. Sometimes when I could get away from Aunt Margaret and the burglar, I strolled into the flat next to ours to inquire about him, but they didn't seem to appreciate it; they would only stare at me and inquire carelessly, "What's the matter with Teddy? He's all right." Of course I agreed with them, only I thought so much more of him than they did that I could have shouted the same statement from the house tops, but I should have accented it more effectively.

And I didn't seem ever to be able to get him and—Helen to myself a minute, there were so many about. The father was much worse, and another sister besides Ted's mamma had arrived, and they thought it only polite to entertain me when I dropped in.

I missed my old heart to heart talks with the boy, and feared that I would forget my newly acquired language if I didn't practise it soon.

Doctor Comstock told me that the father was indeed much worse, and if something didn't happen to arouse him from the hopeless, apathetic state into which he had fallen, he would pass away in a few days.

"You see, Tom," whispered Helen, as we stood in the darkness and drizzling rain on the front steps. "He figures that that letter had been on the way a week longer than it should, and according to that, Uncle Charlie should be here now; and papa is sure something has happened to him and has given up all hope."

"Poor girl," I whispered, and felt sure from the muffled sound I heard and the quiver of the dear form, my already damp shoulder would never be any drier as long as she had her face buried against it. The steps were steep and slippery and I was holding her close for fear she might fall off, and I had my light overcoat about her to prevent her catching cold and being unable to properly care for Ted.

"I wish I could do something to help you," I whispered. "And I am sure I could if your father would only confide in me."

"Well, he won't. All mamma and I know is that if Uncle Charlie gets here with a lot of money before the director's meeting, next week, he can save him."

"Say, Mr. Burke, ye fat divil. Give me a light." Pat Sheehan's voice within three feet of us caused the instant division of the portly that he pretended to have taken for Burke, the biggest man on the force.

"Well, I'll be blowed," with a little chuckle. "And I axes your pardon humbly for buttin' in. I only wanted to ask after your father, Miss?"

"Ask Ann; she can tell you the latest," I snapped.

"And begorra; that's what I'll be after doin'," he muttered, still chuckling as he bolted down the area stairs.

And on our side of the brick wall things were about as uncertain and hopeless. It is true we had no Uncle Charlie to watch and listen for day and night, but there was another fellow who is usually portrayed, I believe, with an hour glass in his hand, and his arrival was momentarily expected. At any sudden or unusual noise in the night, I would think, as I turned over and dozed off again, "He's here sure, this time." For some time the poor sinner was on the fence, and couldn't decide on which side to get down. On the one, to become one of the landed gentry (though I never knew a man so poor that he would be willing to exchange the little he had for this bit of earth all his own), and on the other, the industrious, God-fearing life that Aunt Margaret had mapped out for him and from which there was no escape if she had her way. And she usually had it, bless her stubborn, persistent soul.

Well, he chose the latter, though I felt he was unduly coerced in the matter, and as the first step in the game he relieved his mind as to the character of a number of his employees, whether fellow burglars or missionaries, it would have been hard to determine from his conversation.

There was also a lot about drills, hoists, cages, etc., that I suppose are terms belonging to the profession. All this information would have been very pleasant and instructive had it been imparted in a quiet, conversational tone. But I think he wanted to have one telling suffice, so he did it in a voice whose carrying qualities I have never heard equalled. Ann could work in the laundry in the basement, feeling sure she would miss never a word— and I, in the attic, where I often fled thinking that I might be able to plan a little for the future, or dwell lovingly on the past, especially the past that included my linguistic efforts; but it was of no use; the great booming voice found me out.

And he could sing, too, in a voice that was a combination of the lower tones of a pipeorgan, the bellowing of an excited bull, and the wails of a horse-fiddle. One day, feeling doubtless, that he was in form for the effort, he turned in and sang every song that he had ever heard—yes, and that his father ever heard, or his grandfather before him. They had become his through heredity for one man could never learn so much in the course of an ordinary lifetime—and his repertoire was as varied as it was extensive. One moment he'd sing a song that would set Ann to snivelling in the kitchen, and Pat, if he was present, to swearing under his breath at his misspent life; while Aunt Margaret would look at Doctor Comstock and me with moist, exultant, eyes, and a tremulous smile on her lips. But with the very next number all this might be changed. Ann would give a gasp that would send the tear that was balancing on the end of her dose, headlong into the cookie-dough, Pat would suddenly remember an engagement and hurry out, while poor Margaret, for whom there was no escape, would counsel an opiate. She was afraid he would over-do, and he certainly overdid it a number of times, in my estimation.

One day as I snatched my hat from the hall-tree, feeling that my nerves had been worn rather thin by the main show, and that if I stayed for the concert something was apt to give way, Aunt said plaintively, "Where are you going, Tom, dear?"

"I'm going to buy that foundry over on the other street," I snapped.

"Why, Tom?" incredulously.

"Yes, I've got to do it. It's my only alternative. Every time that soloist up stairs pauses for wind, he hears the tap of those hammers and thinks it's an encore and gives us another."

But you couldn't help liking the fellow. He had read and travelled a great deal and was a gentleman of considerable natural refinement, despite his calling. His treatment of Auntie, whom he mistook for a Sister of Charity, was beautiful—would have put Chesterfield out of the running and made him look like a country boor. And the way he did quote poetry to her was a caution. He ranged easily from Omar to Riley, from Browning to Ella Wheeler Wilcox. We could readily forgive and overlook his mistaken notion of melody, both secular and —singular, which I believed to be but an excusable avatism to the college days that, from numerous reminiscences, I felt sure had been his.

When the storm was over, I; of course, left him much to the tender care of Aunt Margaret and the nurse, feeling that my duty was elsewhere; that Teddy must be given the air, and that I must brush up my Volapuk if I ever expected to be proficient in it.

Oh, those days, those glorious days, spent for the child's sake in that sheltered nook in the park. The dark, protecting arms of the trees about us, God's own green velvet beneath our feet, the baby sleeping contentedly beside us, and "the light that ne'er shone on land or sea," radiant on the faces of both.

"Here, you! For Heaven's sake ring for a cab and help me out of this! I believe I've overslept." And the burglar, who had been entrusted to my care for that night, tried to scramble out of bed, but fell back, weak and gasping.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked faintly, as I covered him up again.

"Don't you remember the night that you were prowling over the house and you went down the back stairs head first?"

He didn't seem to understand, so I added: "And lighted your way with one of the big candlesticks from the hall mantel?"

Did you ever see a blank, mask-like face suddenly startled into life by a faint remembrance, the thought growing larger and clearer till the face was illumined by perfect comprehension? This I saw that night, and the countenance lost nothing by it. Into the drowsy, tired eyes, sprang the light of restored reason—the loose-lipped mouth became firm and determined—lines, shadows, I know not what, were marshalled into the haggard face, giving it a strength and character unseen before.

He had it all straight in his mind, it seemed, before he spoke again. Then, "How's Jim?"

"Jim who?"

"Why, Jim Weeden, of course. This is his house, isn't it?"

I had him by the hand before the words were out of his mouth, much to his surprise.

"You're Uncle Charlie," I stuttered, and the assertion sounded so blamed silly that I actually added a blush to the stutter.

"Y-e-s," hesitatingly, "and you?"

"Tom Treadway."

"Judge Treadway's son?"

"Yes, I'm proud to say that I am," and we shook hands, gravely.

"And Jim?" he asked again.

Seeing that the little talking he had done had tired him considerably, I took the floor and I flatter myself that, 'I a round, unvarnished tale delivered' of the whole affair—though it was humiliating to confess Weeden's lack of confidence in me.

"Does he know that you are Judge Treadway's son?"

"No. I had no idea that he knew my father."

"Here, give me a pencil and paper," and he wrote:

"Jim, you old fool; you don't know a good thing when you have got it. Tell the whole story to the bearer, Tom Treadway's son, and send him to that meeting to-morrow."

CHARLIE."

"Maybe I'm asking too much of a stranger?" and he eyed me keenly, as I took the paper.

But I quickly denied the appellation. "Oh, I'm not a stranger. I'm much interested in —in Helen's— little fatherless nephew. It would hurt the little chap's future if Weeden failed."

"Oh, —I—see," he said, thoughtfully.

EBENEZER'S BOY

By C. C. Johnson

A SMALL and old farm-house, reached by a cross-country road not frequently traveled, was occupied by a middle-aged couple named Marple. They had no children.

Alien to the locality, they had lived here only for the past six years. In a sense they might have been called "squatters," although they had settled upon the place under some sort of agreement with the impersonal ownership, and for a time had paid a nominal rental. They had no part in the traditions of the neighborhood. The latter, however, were fast lapsing into forgetfulness. Better opportunities offered elsewhere by more fertile regions, and the alluring inducements of the towns, were draining the soil of its population.

The little farm had been tenantless for some time before the Marples took possession of it. They had found it in that state of desolation peculiar to premises that have been abandoned because no one, apparently, cares any longer to live in them. Such a spot has often more of loneliness than one that has actually fallen into decay and become unfit for human habitation. The first encroachment of the weeds about the well-curb, and fringing the foot-worn stones at the kitchen door, give an inexpressibly melancholy feeling. The trifling reminders of recent and perhaps unknown occupants, met with in the blank rooms, and the half-kept appearance of the garden, uneffaced by wild growth, suggest a sensation as of some ghostly, lingering presence. The imagination seems to catch glimpses of it behind some moving bush, or expects to come suddenly upon it in the gloom of the silent outbuildings.

There is no record that Marple and his wife indulged in such morbid fancies. They seemed to be a cheery, practical couple, who devoted themselves to redeeming the place from the forlornness that had fallen upon it. In a short time a neat and homelike atmosphere was restored. Once more the vine was trained about the lattice-work of the porch. The dog, lazy sentinel, slept peacefully in the sun on the step, and the bees droned at the hive under the apple tree. Hoofed and feathered life again populated the barn-yard and the pasture lot. The fifty acres of sterile land which comprised the farm yielded under the thrifty care of David and Sarah, sufficient for all needs. They were contented with each other and with their simple, isolated existence.

At a distance from the house was a small enclosure containing graves. At some period, long ago, it had been a family burying-ground. The stone fence had partially fallen down and the place was choked with weeds and bramble bushes. One of the old tombstones was toppled from its base.

It was the woman's idea to clean up the spot and restore to the forgotten dead some semblance of what doubtless were once hallowed and orderly surroundings. The task was undertaken in a spirit of human compassion, and in course of time all traces of neglect were removed. The broken fence was mended and the four tombstones were cleaned and reset. In place of the brier and the nettle, appeared soft, green grass and tenderly-nurtured flowers. Thereafter the oversight of the little burying-place became as much of a fact in the life of David and his wife as any part of their responsibilities. It carried with it a certain recreation, a refreshing expenditure of sentiment for which they were the happier.

Naturally they came to feel a sense of possession in the objects of their care. This was deepened by reflection on the thought that those who lay there sleeping away the years had lived a life identical with their own. Once they had gone blithely in and out of the old house and for them, too, the dawn had broken over the hill, awakening to the daily task of coaxing a livelihood from the stony fields.

David and Sarah were wont to talk about them as people they had known, and they endowed them with imaginary characteristics. The silent memorials in the burying-ground, aided by fragments of information which they gained from other sources, enabled them to piece out a history which was at least satisfactory to themselves.

Two granite slabs, placed side by side, bore the names of Ebenezer Lisle and Martha Lisle, his wife. Death had separated them only a few years. Near by was the resting-place of a daughter who had been claimed in her teens. The oldest of the graves was a tiny mound marked by a small stone, on which was rudely carved the figure of a lamb. They comprised an entire family, except for a son, who, it was learned, had left home after his parents' death, to seek his fortune in the West. He had never returned.

The couple often speculated on this absent survivor, and in a way included him in the something like kinship with which they regarded the dead. The heart of Sarah, with its stifled yearnings for motherhood, went out most to the little lamb, as she designated the babe, but David's thoughts dwelt with greatest interest on that vague personage known to him only as Ebenezer's boy.

One evening of late spring the pair were busy in the burying-ground, where they often came when the day's duties were over. Sarah, at the further side of the enclosure, was training a vine along the stone wall.

David lingered near the graves. "Ebenezer's gittin' too much shade. I'll have to trim that tree." He stood glancing from an overhanging bough to a spot where the grass had become thin. Sarah was out of reach of his voice, being a little hard of hearing, but David had the habit of talking to himself. His attention wandered from the grave to the stone that stood at its head. Although he knew by heart every character chiseled upon it, he was fond of reading over the inscription: " 'Lived in the fear o' the Lord'—seems to be a-gettin' a little out o' plumb agin—'and died in the hope of a glorious resurrection.' I'd give a good deal to know just what Ebenezer looked like. 'In heaven's bright morn all tears will be wiped away.' That shower last night helped things considerable.

"My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres"—

David sang softly as he stooped to pick a stray weed. The place never failed to impart to him a solemn, pleasing feeling. Presently in response to Sarah's call, he went over to assist her. When they had finished their task they sat down together on a bench fashioned of twisted limbs, for a brief rest before starting homeward. The sun was setting, its mellowed light giving deep hues to the green of the closely-cut grass and to the flowers that bloomed plentifully about. Sarah looked fondly upon the grave of the infant where she had placed a bouquet brought from the garden. "The little lamb!" she murmured, and the apron came for a moment to her eyes.

There was a feature in the foreground of the landscape, a half mile away, on which both looked with unfriendly gaze. It was a large stone house, whose gabled top rose nobly from the surrounding trees. The locality had pleased the fancy of a rich man from the city as an eligible site for a country estate. He was the forerunner of a class destined to redeem the land from its growing desolation. A half dozen small farms, acquired at comparatively trifling cost, had been absorbed in laying out the park. There were rumors that it would be extended to still further limits. Some options, it was understood, had already been secured. The acres that David tilled came within possible additional territory.

"You ain't heard nothin' more, have you, David?" inquired the woman, guessing the singleness of their thoughts.

That day, while on an errand to the village, he had learned of the agent's presence in the neighborhood again, and was dreading a visit from him, although he tried to comfort himself with the belief that there might be no real cause for alarm. He had not the heart to tell her, and, evading the question as best he could, gave utterance to what had become a frequent reflection with him: "I'ts queer about Ebenezer's boy!"

The couple took up their walk toward home. When near the gate of the enclosure, Sarah recalled that she had left her shears on the wall where she had been at work, and went back for them. David waited for her. His mind again reverted to the trimming of the tree near which he stood.

"My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the"—

"Good evening, sir!" The words first made him aware of the presence of a stranger. He was a person of perhaps fifty-five years of age, well dressed, with a rather impressive air, and bearing the appearance of a shrewd man of the world. In front of the farm-house, visible across the fields, was hitched a horse and buggy.

"Are these friends of yours who are buried here?" asked the man, still regarding him curiously.

The question seemed somewhat puzzling and David's reply came hesitatingly. "They ain't no relations—and we never knowed them in the flesh—"

"How is it that you tend the graves with such care?" interrupted the stranger, with the manner of one accustomed to taking a short cut to the facts.

"It 'peared too bad to see them lyin' here, the weeds growin' over them, and no one to pay them respect. We didn't feel it was just right anybody should be treated that way, so we turned in and fixed things up. Maybe we just naturally wanted to, fer we ain't got no dead of our own. I never knowed my folks, and she—pointing to Sarah—was raised the other side o' the water."

"Have you lived here long?" The question was put in a softer tone.

"Six years next fall. Since old Squire Peters died, two years ago, there don't seem to be anybody to pay the rent to. They say the place is likely to be sold fer taxes. When I heared that you folks up to the big house wanted to get hold of it I wrote a letter to Ebenezer's boy—that's Ebenezer, there, and that's his wife next to him—he's rich, they say, and owns a railroad out West. He ain't never been back here since he left, and don't 'pear to 'a' paid much attention, just leavin' it to Squire Peters to keep up the taxes, but I knowed he wouldn't want the graves disturbed—his own folks. Maybe I didn't send the letter to the right place. Old Jane Spencer, that lives down the road, and is most ninety, told me where, but she wasn't right sure. He, bein' so rich, and the land not worth much any more, we thought maybe he'd sell it to us reasonable, if we 'greed to look after the buryin' ground. We've got a little money saved. He's been kind o' careless like, and I s'pose busy with his railroad, but I knowed he wouldn't want the graves plowed up—his own folks; 't'aint natural. We've been countin' on hearin' from him 'fore you got round. We've got kind of attached to Ebenezer and Marthy, his wife and the children" David's voice trembled a little—"and would miss them dreadful; and, somehow, we feel that they'd miss us."

The stranger seemed no longer to be listening, but stood with averted countenance, his eyes fixed and downcast. Something of his impressiveness was gone, possibly with the removal of his hat. The advantage was now rather in favor of the rugged face of David.

Sarah, who had found the missing shears, approached wonderingly. "Who is it, David, the man from the big house?" she found opportunity to ask, for the stranger had advanced to the graves and was bending over them. Suddenly he dropped upon his knees and reached forth his hands, imploringly. "Mother! Father!" he cried; "God forgive me!"

David grasped Sarah and drew back. "No," he replied to her question, as the truth slowly dawned upon him, and then he added, with what sounded like a sob of thanksgiving, "It's—it's Ebenezer's boy!"

THE PLAINT OF THE MINSTREL

James Ball Naylor

PRINCE, I would utter this plaint to thee:
The weather's a wanton, the wind is wine—
And all out-doors is a-wooing me,
And luring this vagrant soul of mine;
But when I would hie me hence—God wot!—
To the byways green and the highways brown,
The gates are closed and the bolts are shot—
And I am a prisoner here in town.

My eyes are ashine and my heart's afire
With the beckoning smile of day begun,
And my blood's a-riot with fond desire
For the goodnight kiss of the setting sun;
But when I would sing of the greening grace
Of the woodsy dell and the grassy down,
I must clamor for bread in the market-place—
For I am a prisoner here in town.

My fingers itch to caress the strings
Of my tinkling lute, and my sandaled feet
Long to be off for the heart of things—
To shake off the dust of the barren street.
What sayest thou, Prince? I can twang my lute,
To thy great delight and my great renown?
Ah, would that I could! But its voice is mute—
'Tis a prisoner here, with myself, in town.

L'ENVOI.

My soul is obsessed with the wander-lust—
Prince, turn not away with a sneer and frown;
But say I may go—and say that I *must!*
Ah, I am a prisoner here in town!

INA DONNA COOLBRITH

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH AND APPRECIATION

By George Wharton James

Author of "In and Out of the Old Missions of California," "The Grand Canyon," "Indian Basketry," "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," etc.

WHILE Californians know better, the outside world believes that the history of California literature begins with the year 1868—the year when the Overland Monthly was originally founded. Up to that time California had been regarded as given over almost wholly to gold mining. It was certainly and surely "the wild and woolly west." The stories written by the "forty-niners," and the tales told by those returning from the mines had given positive pictures to the world of a region of marvellous fascination and natural wonders, but where life in its crudest, roughest, and most primitive forms existed in the mining camps, and in its most sordid, hideous and loathsome forms in the cities. To think that pure literature could spring up on such a soil seemed preposterous to the staid critics of the East, who wrote under conditions of solid sobriety and dignity so foreign. Yet it could not be denied. The first number of that brown covered little magazine, a grizzly bear stolidly looking out from the centre of the designating print, set the critics' eyes aglow, and they knew that a new star had arisen in the literary heavens.

Poetry and prose alike appeared in the early numbers of the Overland, and strangers scanned the index in their interest to find out whose genius it was that so suddenly had demonstrated to the world that California could produce literature as pure as its gold. Various names appeared. Bret Harte was editor, and one of his most frequent contributors was Ina Coolbrith. Another was Charles Warren Stoddard. These three were so often seen together entering or leaving the office of the new magazine, which looked on Portsmouth Square, (where Stevenson's monument now stands) and appeared so constantly in the pages of the magazine, that some jester soon spoke of them as the "Golden Gate Trinity," and as such they were thereafter known.

Of the supreme work of Bret Harte as editor, it is not my purpose to write, nor of the poems of Charles Warren Stoddard. The feminine member of the "Trinity" claims all my space and attention.

Who was this young girl with the large, dark eyes, the pale olive complexion, the unconscious grace and dignity of a forest princess, the spontaneous good humor and laugh of a happy child, the ready wit, the tender femininity and yet fearless *camaradierie* with governors, statesmen, bohemians, authors, artists, miners, preachers, women and children, mountains, trees, and flowers. Those eyes of hers were wondrously changeful and reflective. They truly saw "good in everything,"—but they could also flash their disapproval as well as their approval and benediction, and men of every stamp unconsciously struck a higher key of thought and speech as "Queen Ina" or "The Princess," as she was variously dubbed, came into the room. For she was indeed a Queen, a Princess, as every true, pure, good woman of ability is, crowned in the inmost heart of every man whether good, bad or indifferent. She was bright, cheerful, witty, and a good comrade; never doubting the loyal homage of every man she met, and the result was she radiated sweetness and joy, health and good wherever she came.

She was but a girl of less than twenty years, and yet in those few years how many diverse and wonderful things she had seen, how many strange experiences encountered, that had made her life different, larger, broader, higher than that of the ordinary child. She was born in Illinois. Her father was a printer by trade; her mother was one of those sweetly strong domestic women who were the real princesses of the West. Her father died shortly after her birth, and shortly thereafter her mother removed to St. Louis, where later she met and married William Pickett, then on the staff of the St. Louis

Republican. In the Missouri city her two brothers were born. Then the great fever of the Western Exodus took possession of her step-father, and bag and baggage, his wife, baby boys, Ina (a little tot of a girl) and her elder sister, with provisions and personal belongings, were installed in wagons to begin the long and wearisome march across the plains, over the rivers and mountains, through the hunting grounds of hostile Indians, to the golden land of California.

Ina was old enough, impressionable enough, and keen-brained enough, even though a small child, to take in many of the wonderful things of that great journey. The train that the Pickett wagons had joined was a large one, composed of emigrants like themselves and many wagons full of supplies and merchandise. In crossing the Humboldt river, which winds and twists considerably, Ina well remembers looking out of the rear of the wagon and seeing the train, like a huge snake, crossing the river and winding as much as the river, but in different curves. The sun glistened on the twistings of the water and gave it its own peculiar effect, partially hidden in the trees and grass, and then in startling contrast the dingy canvas covers of the wagons were illumined by the brilliant Nevada sun. Thus there were two giant serpents—one of a glistening blue and green, the other of a creamy brown, here and there crossing each other in their contrary foldings to and fro.

Once a wagon, loaded with sugar and coffee, upset in the stream, and the Indians, hidden in the bushes, yelled and shrieked in the hope that the party would be scared enough to leave it. But they hoped in vain. The party — though Miss Coolbrith says she remembers that some of them were scared, "stayed by the stuff," and worked desperately to rescue the wagon and its contents. She still has the vivid picture in mind of the men working and toiling in the water by the lurid light of a large campfire, away into the night, before the sacks of coffee and sugar were gotten out and the wagon hauled upon the bank.

The great Shoshone desert in Eastern Nevada also made a wonderful impression on the child's mind. There the emigrants had to trust to the guidance of an Indian, and she remembers the secret discussions of men and women as to whether he was to be trusted. But whether or no he was the only guide to be had. So just about sun-down they started. The animals had all been rested and well-watered. Everything in the train that could hold water was filled. Along with the teams was a drove of American milch cows, and when the fierce burning heat of the desert struck them the next day they were hard to control, at last became unmanageable and ran amuck amongst the trains, causing no end of confusion and trouble.

Some three or four miles before they reached the water of the Humboldt on the western edge of the desert they took out the oxen and horses from the wagons, and started with them for the water. As soon as the oxen smelled the moisture they lifted heads and tails in air, and crazy with thirst, galloped, bellowing and roaring, to the water. Many lost their lives by over-drinking but they were quite uncontrollable, and to this day Miss Coolbrith recalls the expressions of gratitude and deep thankfulness of the men and women to their Indian guide, because but for him, they would have driven on instead of releasing the teams from the wagons, —and had this been done and the stampede occurred while in harness, the result would have been disastrous, indeed, entailing much loss of human as well as of animal life.

Another of the scenes she vividly recalls is the crossing of the Truckee river. A raft was constructed for the wagons. The river was strong, treacherous and icy cold. With difficulty the wagons were taken over, then all hands turned to and drove the oxen across. Even now she sometimes dreams she is sitting on a rock, the wagons nearby, the roar of the icy-cold, rapidly-flowing stream in her ears, the shadow of the great snow-clad mountains chilling her to the heart, and the shouts of the men as many of the oxen, enfeebled as they were with the long and arduous journey, were swept down by the swift current and drowned. With that strong love of the animal creation which is one of the dominant traits of her nature, the tears fill her eyes as she recalls the scene.

But chief among these remembrances is that of meeting Jim Beckwourth the celebrated white chief of the Crows, who, "after ten thousand adventures finally became involved in the stream that set toward the Pacific, and almost unconsciously, he established a home in one of the pleasant valleys that border on Feather river. Discovering a pass in the mountains that greatly facilitated emigrants in reaching California, his house became a stopping place for the weary and dispirited among them." So writes the author of his adventures.

The party had traveled for months over the plains and now, tattered in garments, wearied in body, harassed in mind, sunburned and weather beaten, they had reached the place where the plains ended and the steep mountain chain of the Sierras towered before them. Indians were dogging their footsteps, and the little girl, supposed to be asleep in the wagon heard the men talking of the possibility of attack; and there, wide-eyed and full of alarm at danger, the full extent of which she did not begin to comprehend, she lay and trembled, watching such shadows as were cast and imagining them the outward signs of the horrors she felt within. Then Beckwourth came to their relief. He offered to guide the party through his recently discovered pass to Spanish Ranch in Plumas County. Well does Ina remember his coming. Like a picture that one is not sure one has seen or only dreamed of he appears to her mental vision now. A dark faced man, something like a mulatto, with long braided hair reaching down to his shoulders, dressed in beaded buck-skin, with moccasins on his feet, and no hat upon his head, he rode into the camp. His horse was half-saddled, as Indians used to ride in that day. His voice was strong and masterful but pleasant to the ears of the child, for as soon as he saw there were children in the train, he took sweetmeats from his pockets and a bag he had on his saddle, and began to distribute them saying words that cheered the youngsters and made his appearance and dress only the peculiarities of a hero. When he saw Ina and her two little brothers, the boys in their short dresses, tears came into his eyes and he said, "God! they're the sweetest things in life." Then he began to talk to Mrs. Pickett of the great attraction children were to him.

O'Vernenie, Photo.

WHERE MISS COOLBRITH WAS TAKEN WHILE OTHERS WATCHED HER HOUSE BURN

What a romantic figure he made riding ahead and leading the train, and how happy the little Ina felt to have him by and by, come back to her father's wagon, reach over and lift her up to a place in front of him on his saddle, and then go on again to the front.

That was an event never to be forgotten.

In due time the family reached the mines in Plumas County, and there from July to October in the high Sierras Mr. Pickett engaged in mining. What a schoolhouse for a young and thoughtful child! She was companioned by forest trees and towering snowy mountains; her baby brothers, her rag dolls, and the rude miners her great living world. Two of the miners were her special heroes: George Lathrop, and a sailor they called "Dick." They both bowed at the shrine of the little queen and she loved them as queens learn to love their devoted adherents. One day Ina thought she would go down to the lower mines. Taking her little brothers she quietly and steadily aimed for the trail. The trees and flowers and blue-birds and squirrels were all full of attraction and before the afternoon was far spent they were hopelessly lost in the woods. Night came on and she and her brothers sat down, the little girl assuring the babies that no harm would come to them, they were with her, and there were no snakes, and soon some one would come for them. With the innate trust in the Infinite that is one mark of the true poet this mere babe was able to calm her own fears and those of her younger brothers, and await events. Her mother years after told her of the terror that took her by the throat when her husband and the other miners returned home alone.

INA DONNA COOLBRITH

"Where are the children?" she asked.

"The children? Why, aren't they with you?"

"No, they left here hours ago to go to you. My God! they are lost!"

And the frantic mother wished to rush out into the night and hunt for her little ones in the dark and somber recesses of the forest.

But willing feet at once set forth and tracked the children, and there they were found, veritable babes in the wood, the two boys asleep, watched over by their older sister,—who, with assured confidence exclaimed: "I knew you would soon come and find us!" and then fell asleep in the arms of her faithful servitor "Dick." When asked afterwards if she was not afraid of the mountain lions she replied: "No! I was not afraid. We were tired and hungry that's all. But I felt bad about mother."

That winter the little girl spent in Marysville and thus experienced her first taste of city life. Then in the spring her stepfather removed to San Francisco where he worked at his trade of printer as foreman of the "Bulletin." He bought a lot and built a house near the Mission and the family there spent its first San Francisco summer. But Mr. Pickett was not only a printer he was a lawyer of great ability, and exceptional mental endowment, but with little financial keenness. He wished to practice his profession and decided to do so in Los Angeles. Accordingly he sent his family to the southern city intending to follow them speedily. But plans "gang aft agley." A miscreant robbed the house in the Mission and then set fire to it to destroy the evidence of theft. Unfortunately, while the fire burned the house to the ground it did not burn up the indebtedness upon it, and Mr. Pickett remained to earn by his hard labor the money to pay for the property already destroyed.

It was in Los Angeles that Ina discovered the joy of making rhymes. She composed little rhymes which she sang to her dolls; and her love for birds and flowers and all of nature's beautiful things grew deeper and still more deep as she reached girlhood and womanhood. When she went to school, from not having had school facilities she was backward in all but reading. Poems and essays were her delight. She enjoyed her composition exercises, especially when allowed to choose her own subject. One day her teacher called for a "Composition." When Ina's was handed in it was found to be in verse. "Ina, come here. Did you write this?" asked the surprised teacher.

"Yes ma'am," was the half terrified answer.

"What made you do it in rhyme?"

"Because it was easier, please ma'am," was the response!

She was a child of ten when her first published verses appeared in the colums of a local daily, the editor of the paper having become interested in the young prodigy from the accounts of her teachers; and by the time she was fifteen, verse being the accepted vehicle of her thought, her muse had attracted attention throughout the state.

Her step-father, always of a somewhat roving disposition, finally decided to return to San Francisco, and here the young girl, finding it necessary to assist in the maintenance of the family, was engaged to teach the English branches in the school of languages, conducted by Professor J. Mibielle, in what had been the French Consulate,at the corner of Mason and Jackson streets. Here, though never of robust health, she taught for three years from ten to three daily, besides performing the major portion of the housework for the household of seven persons. Her reading and writing were done at such odd moments as she could snatch from her many duties and from the hours which nature demanded for rest.

G. Wharton James, Photo.

VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO BEFORE THE DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE OF 1906, TAKEN FROM MISS COOLBRITH'S LIBRARY WINDOW

Yet slight as the time and study permitted to her penwork it had been accepted and commended by Charles H. Webb, founder and editor of the "Californian," who retained his admiration for the poet and his friendship for the woman to the close of his life, writing her only a short time before his death: "What a dear good girl you were, Ina! and how you stand out above all in the old San Francisco days. Your high qualities of mind and heart alike endeared you to me, and I could not forget you if I would. The thought of you is like a beautiful star in my memory forever." And Ina Coolbrith was a woman to inspire such friendship, as they who know her best can testify—and her circle of friends though limited was of the best.

It was during these days that Anton Roman decided to found the Overland Monthly. Bret Harte, then a contributor to the "Californian" and who succeeded Webb in the editorship of that journal, was chosen editor, and one of the first requests he made for a contribution to the pages of the new magazine was to Miss Coolbrith. It was in that first issue that her exquisite song "Blossom-Time" appeared; a song that is now known wherever the English tongue is spoken. Thousands yet unborn will sing their thankful joy in its words:

MISS COOLBRITH IN THE BREAD LINE AT SAN FRANCISCO SHORTLY AFTER THE DISASTER

> "Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
> O skylark, sing in the blue,
> Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
> And my soul shall sing with you."

At that time her home was on the corner of Taylor and Washington streets, and Bret Harte, who had been invited to write the Admission Day Ode, which the Society of Pioneers always had read on that day, came and asked Miss Coolbrith to relieve him of the responsibility, he having recommended her to the Society for the task. With innate modesty, shrinking from so imposing an undertaking, Miss Coolbrith begged to be excused; but Harte insisted, and as a further inducement, he added, "You will be paid $50 for it, and I will see (he was an employe of the United States Branch Mint) that you get the "spondulix" in brand new ten dollar pieces fresh from the Mint. I'll bring 'em myself."

But still the girl hesitated. Several days he came in succession to see if she had begun the poem, but each day in vain. At last one day in jocular vein, to show her how easy it was, he lightly tripped to the middle of the room, made a profound bow as to a large audience, and with inimitable grace and elocutionary fire, burst forth in one of the most absurd and ridiculous impromtus of which even he was capable, and that was saying much, and which sent his hearer into uncontrollable spasms of laughter. In moods like this Harte was irresistible, and the poem was ready for him when he came again. When the manuscript was handed over to him he gravely said: "Well, little Afraid-to-Begin, you see it wasn't so hard after all. Most things are easier than we imagine once we knuckle down to them,"—and then drawing five bright shining new gold pieces, "fresh from the mint," from his pocket, he dropped them slowly one by one into the hand of the laughing poet.

In those days money was flush in San Francisco, and contributors to the "Overland" were well paid, in accordance with Bret Harte's ideas; that the *best* could not be obtained unless one were willing to pay for it, and being willing, he demanded and obtained the best. And those days were Miss Coolbrith's brightest, most joyous ones. Labor, care and sorrow had been no strangers to this young woman, who from a period of existence when most of her sex see only the sun-and-blossom side of life, had been a wage earner and a large factor in the support of her family. But larger burdens were to be added. To the home in which she lived with and cared for her beloved mother, came from Los Angeles her only and widowed sister, bringing with her, her two children, a boy of twelve and girl of eight. Six months later the sister died leaving the children to her sole care. What was to be done? Increased expenses necessarily meant increased income, but how was it to be gotten? Friends came to her aid obtaining for her the position of Librarian in the Oakland Library, to which city she removed and where for *twenty years* she performed her arduous duties, knowing no life beyond the walls of the Library and those of her home, in which, after public tasks were over, she assumed those of the household. Literary life, social life, alike were impossible to her, and the only path she knew was that which lay between the door of home and that of the Public Library.

Unselfishness is always noble, even in those who live on a low plane of life and who have no ambitions for themselves, but to those few who have been touched with the Divine fire of genius, to those who have had the doors of heaven opened to them, to those who have seen and still see visions, and who feel within themselves the power to rule by virtue of the God-given faculties of mind and soul, what must it mean to such as these to cast all hopes, all ambitions, all aspirations aside, to hold in check the burning fire within, and to tie one's self down to a routine of daily labor that wearies the mind and soul as well as exhausts the body? Life is full of such glorious tragedies of noble self-sacrifices for the good of others. As a rule such sacrifices are appreciated and a return made in loving affection that in some measure compensates for these things, but not always is this the case, and even when it is, can anything ever fully compensate for the forfeited opportunities, or make the long years other than years of daily martyrdom?

About this time another grave responsibility devolved upon Miss Coolbrith. In her association with the "Overland" she had become acquainted with Cincinnatus Heine Miller, the Oregon poet. As is well known, it was she who suggested to him the adoption of the name "Joaquin" the name by which he is now alone known. Shortly after Mr. Miller's return from Europe, where he had just won his poetic laurels, he received a letter from Senator Lane of Oregon to the effect that he had discovered among the Oregon Indians a little girl, Miller's daughter by his Indian marriage, who, with her mother, had been long captive in a hostile tribe. Miller got an old mountaineer friend to bring the child to San Fransicco. But what to do with her? Urgent business called him East. None of his friends would assume the responsibility of the wild little waif, whose very existence had been until now unknown. In despair he finally went to Miss Coolbrith's

OUTLOOK JUST INSIDE THE GOLDEN GATE FROM MISS COOLBRITH'S PRESENT RESIDENCE

home and laid the whole matter before her and her mother, who was then still living, asking if they would receive her for a brief period until he should return. Needless to say the little brown girl found not only a shelter but a home. But the "brief period" stretched out to seven years during which Miss Coolbrith was the only guardian that Calle-Shasta knew. Then she wished to enter the world for herself. She went to San Francisco, and there finally married. It was during this period that I, personally, met her. She always preserved a devoted affection for Miss Coolbrith, and it was in the company of these two, so strangely brought together, that I made my first visit to "The Heights," the home of Joaquin Miller, after he had established himself there.

Poor Calle-Shasta! She died in 1903 or 1904, and is buried in that lofty wind-swept and cloud-kissed graveyard on her father's estate.

Of Miss Coolbrith's life and work after she left the Oakland Library, I have not space now to write. She was succeeded in that position by her nephew, for whom, in his boyhood, she had assumed it. Later she was for some years in the Mercantile Library in San Francisco, which she left for the same position in the Bohemian Club where she was employed for the last six years.

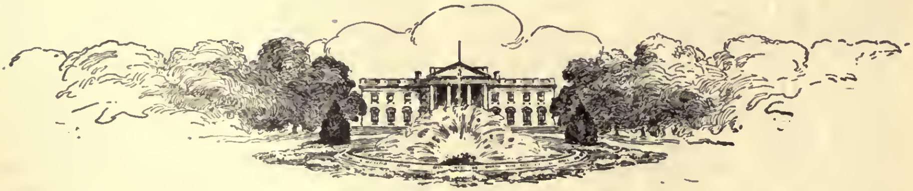
Her first volume of poems was published in San Francisco in 1882; the last, "Songs from the Golden Gate," in 1895. This is now out of print but is shortly to be re-issued. In addition she was arranging another volume of poems, and working in her spare moments upon a History of California, for which she had laboriously collected much original data, when the dread earthquake and more dreadful fire of April, 1906, swept over San Francisco, and leveled so large a portion of it. Her house was on the outskirts of the flames, yet near enough to be completely swept away. Ill at the time she was just able to escape, accompanied and aided by her home companion and faithful friend, Miss Zeller, leaving all her treasures of art, and letters and manuscripts, and data of every description, the collection of a lifetime, in the wondrously beautiful home she was never to see again.

Of her poems little here need be said. Her love of nature is a passion, and some of the sweetest and purest melodies are spiritual interpretations of every day things. When she wrote her exquisite "Meadow Larks" the great artist, William Keith, wrote to her somewhat as follows in his characteristic style: "It's just glorious. I read it yesterday to the admiring Mrs. K. and my sister (a daughter of troubles and tribulations). When I had finished 'the melting tear stood in her e'e,' and of course K (himself) was rampant, full of tears and gaspings and groanings which could not be uttered."

Here are the two last stanzas of this beautiful poem:

"Sweet, sweet, sweet! who prates of care and pain?
Who says that life is sorrowful? O, life so glad, so fleet!
Ah, he who lives the noblest life, finds life the noblest gain,
The tears of pain a tender rain to make its waters sweet.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy world that is!
Dear heart, I hear across the fields my mateling pipe and call,
Sweet, sweet, sweet! O world so full of bliss,
For life is love, the world is love, and love is over all!"



BRITONS WHO FOUGHT AT BUNKER HILL

By Herbert O. McCrillis

THE literature devoted to the history and description of the Battle of Bunker Hill is extensive, and the details have been fully given by many writers; that is to say, the story of the battle from the American standpoint, and of the American participants in it, has been so given.

But of the other side, as would naturally be expected, comparatively little has been presented to the people in the printed page, to make the record of this most important event complete.

It would be very distasteful, were it possible, to present anything which would in the least, take away from those heroes, the yeoman soldiery of New England, their well earned laurels. Every true American is proud of those men who faced such odds at Bunker Hill, and demonstrated that American patriotism might make the rugged and alert yeomen of the colonies a match even for England's trained battalions.

It is certainly true that showing the courage, persistence, and training of the English only enhances the achievements of the Provincials.

So let us turn aside for a little, on this anniversary, from the familiar stories of the patriots, with their ever-thrilling incidents, and see what we can find of interest about the men in scarlet who were the soldiers of the king.

We cannot condemn these men, as an army, for their acts of violence, no matter how much we may condemn individuals among them for wantonness and cruelty. The army was sent by the king, under orders to suppress the rebellion seen to be rising. "Theirs not to reason why." The reasons were far above them, in the minds of a rash and stubborn king, and ministers as hot-headed as he.

No doubt, however, these soldiers had an idea, almost to a man, that to come over here, overawe, and chase away a few undisciplined bands of peasants, would be the extent of their service. It is on record that they changed their minds. They found men who matched them as men, and even as soldiers, and each side acquired henceforth a decent respect for the other when they met, native Briton against American Briton, on the battle field.

The British soldiers of that day were considered as good as any, if not the best, in the world, both in officers and men. Those who participated in the battle of Bunker Hill had, many of them, fought on some of the hardest contested battlefields of Europe. They were equipped with everything then known in the trade of arms. There was no lack of money and every other means for carrying on war, if war should come in America.

The first British soldiers to appear in Boston, with any semblance of hostility, were the two regiments of infantry from Halifax, Nova Scotia, sent by Gage, soon to be so prominent in American affairs, in response to a request from the Governor of the Province of Massachusetts, to awe the Bostonians into subjection.

Eight vessels of war sailed up to the harbor in the latter part of September, 1768, with these two regiments, the Fourteenth and Twenty-ninth, and part of the Fifty-ninth, commanded by Colonels Dalrymple and Carr. The following Saturday, October 1, the soldiers landed at Long Wharf and marched up through King Street (now State Street), with colors flying, drums beating, and a train of artillery following as of a victorious army, entering a conquered city. The people viewed this hostile parade with great indignation and with solemn remonstrances against the action of sending troops into a peaceful town.

Dalrymple demanded of the selectmen food and shelter for his troops. These were refused, and the poor fellows had to bivouac as they were able on the Common in the chilly air. About half of them had tents.

Even though their errand was hateful to the people, compassion led the "Sons of Liberty" to open Faneuil Hall for them, where they slept that night.

It was extremely difficult for the commanders to find any quarters for their men. When tent-life on the Common became unendurable, houses had to be found for their shelter, for which high rates had to be paid. Such feelings as existed between the townspeople and the "lobsters," as the British were called, could but result in many unpleasant and serious collisions between them. The most serious one was of course what we call the "Boston Massacre" of March 5, 1770.

Two days before this, there had been a fight between the men from the ropé-walks and wharves, and the soldiers, in which the latter had been worsted. Some of the soldiers were employed at times in the rope-walks, being good mechanics. This fight, and the historic affair known as the "Massacre," at the head of King Street, just back of the old State House, were brought on by hot words and a personal encounter between one of those soldier mechanics, a negro, and their employer. The rope-walks and the wharves were the centers of opposition to the British and rivalry with them.

Again, in 1774, King Street witnessed two more scenes in this drama leading up to the decisive events of the siege of Boston and Bunker Hill. These were the arrival of General Thomas Gage, the new commander-in-chief and governor of the Province, and reinforcements of British troops.

Governor Gage assumed his office, which was to be so eventful, at the recall of Governor Hutchinson, who had made himself so very odious to the Bostonians. Gage at first had the confidence of the people as he had acted discreetly in previous political agitations. He landed at Long Wharf May 17, 1774. The ships and batteries saluted him; he was received by the chief men of the Province, and escorted up King Street by the Troop of Guards, one of the Boston regiments of militia, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Coffin. This was in the midst of a drenching rain, which made necessary the "umbrilloes," as Bostonians called the lately introduced protection from rain. A very large number of people had assembled to witness His Excellency's arrival.

He was escorted first to the State House, where the council made him an address of welcome which was loyal. Then there was

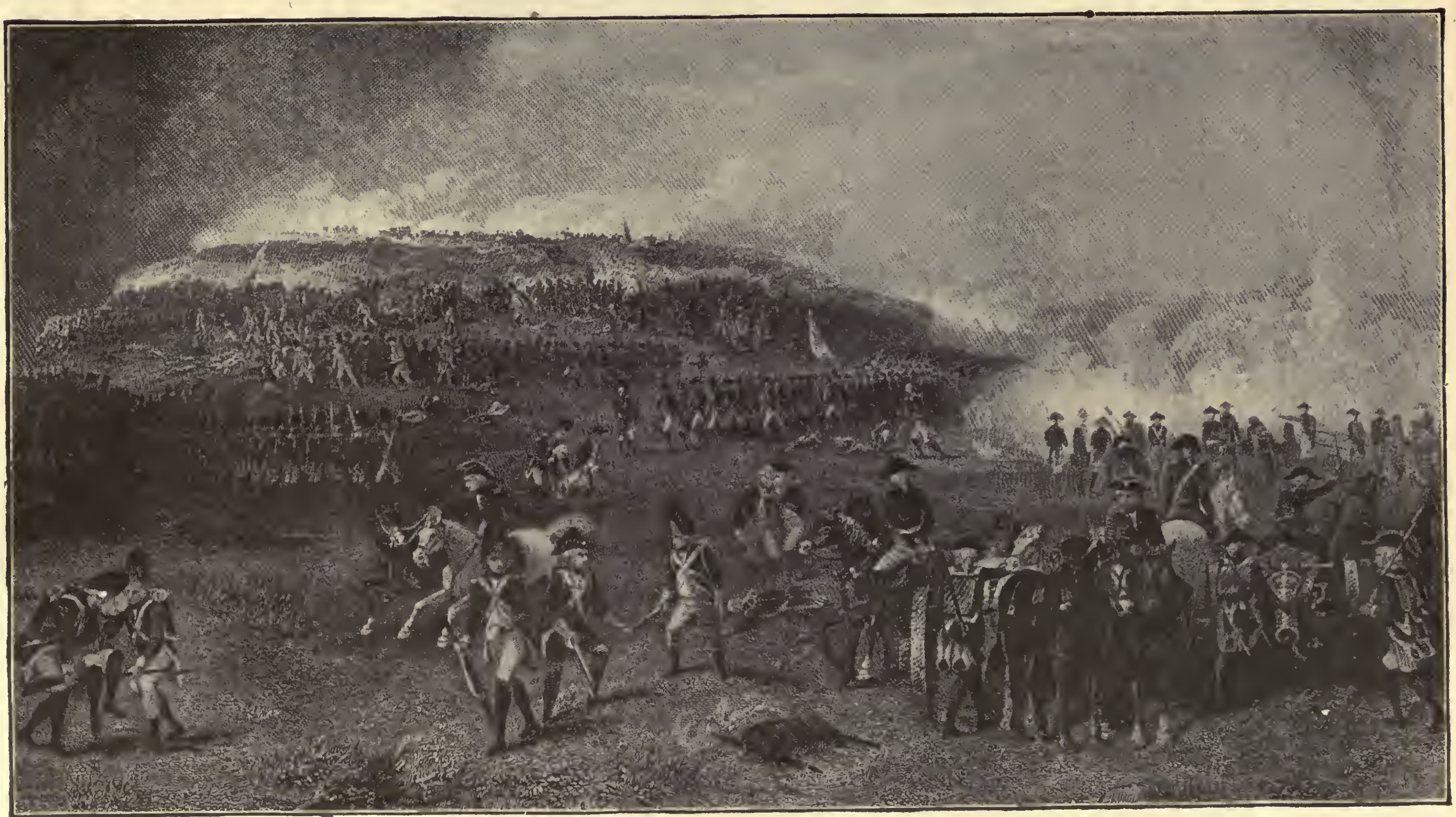
Bunker Hill Monument

Prescott Statue at Bunker Hill

Copp's Hill Cemetery A British Battery Was Stationed Here

Line of the "rail fence and Stone Wall breast-works" at Bunker Hill

Photos by G. E. Philbrook, Portland



From the painting by Alonzo Chappel

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

a great dinner at Faneuil Hall. The people were undoubtedly more glad to welcome Gage on account of Hutchinson, for when at this dinner in his honor, Gage proposed as a toast "Governor Hutchinson," those present received it with a general hiss.

After the dinner, he was escorted to the Province House, nearly opposite the Old South Church, which was the vice-royal residence.

Gage presented a fine silk standard, embroidered with his arms, to the Guards. In the troubles and estrangements which soon came, this banner was returned to Gage, while he resided in Danvers.

Governor Gage did not long retain the loyalty of the colonists. They thought his acts too harsh and tyrannical.

The other important event referred to, was the arrival of a much larger and finer body of troops, and of several ships of war. These were to be the principal actors in the bloody battle of June 17 of the next year.

The Fourth, a choice regiment called the "King's Own," arrived June 14; the day following came the Forty-third, and on July 4 and 5, the Fifth and Thirty-eighth arrived. On the sixth of August the Fifty-ninth regiment came, and went into quarters at Salem. The Thirty-eighth landed at Hancock Wharf.

It is recorded that all these troops encamped on the Common as no barracks were in readiness for them, and a question had arisen whether the General Court was obliged to furnish them.

Lieutenant John Barker of the Fourth, ("King's Own" Regiment,) kept a diary, and we now get the benefit of it in information about the soldiers. He wrote in regard to their quarters as follows:

"Tuesday, fifteenth of November, 1774:—The four battalions encamped on the Common (and four companies of artillery), viz: The "King's Own," the Fifth, Thirty-eighth, and Forty-third, the Royal Welsh Fusileers on Fort Hill, the Fifty-ninth in the advanced lines, all marched in to winter quarters,leaving the tents standing under the care of a small guard, that they might dry before they were packed, as it had been wet weather for two days. The Tenth, three companies of the Eighteenth, the Forty-seventh and Fifty-second Regiments landed from their transports and also went into winter quarters.

"Yesterday, in compliance with the request of the selectmen, General Gage ordered that no soldier in future should appear in the streets with his side arms.

"Monday, fifth December, 1774:—The Asia arrived this morning with Major Pitcairne on board and part of a reinforcement of four hundred and sixty marines."

Barker also speaks of a detachment of the Fourth under Captain Balfour, afterward wounded at Bunker Hill, being sent out to Marshfield to protect people who had declared themselves loyal to the king. Lord Harris was captain of the grenadier company in Percy's Regiment, the Fifth foot. Regarding the headquarters of the regiment in Boston, he wrote home in 1774:

"Our camp is pitched in an exceedingly pleasant situation on the gentle descent of a large common, hitherto the property of the Bostonians, and used for the purpose of grazing their cows, which now, poor creatures, often attempt to force their way into their old pastures, where the richest herbage I ever saw abounds."

Several companies of the Sixty-fourth were at Castle William, where most of the powder and stores were kept.

General Gage had his headquarters at Danvers for a time, at the residence of the loyalist, Robert Hooper. Here with him, as a guard, were two companies of the Sixty-fourth.

While Gage was absent from Boston, Earl Percy, who figured so prominently in the Lexington and Concord fight, was in command. South Boston had in 1774 and 1775, a large force of regulars, both foot and horse, a force of artillery (one record says twenty-two cannon and three companies); most of these were encamped on the Common. Old pictures of the Common show very few trees compared with its present arborial appearance. The soldiers cut down some of the trees then growing there. In addition to this land force there were six large armed ships in the harbor, carrying 188 guns and 1200 men. This entire force could not have numbered less than 8,000 men, some say 10,000.

Admiral Graves, commander of this large fleet which threw so many cannon-balls at the patriots on Bunker Hill, stayed on land, having his quarters at the corner of what are now Pearl and High Streets.

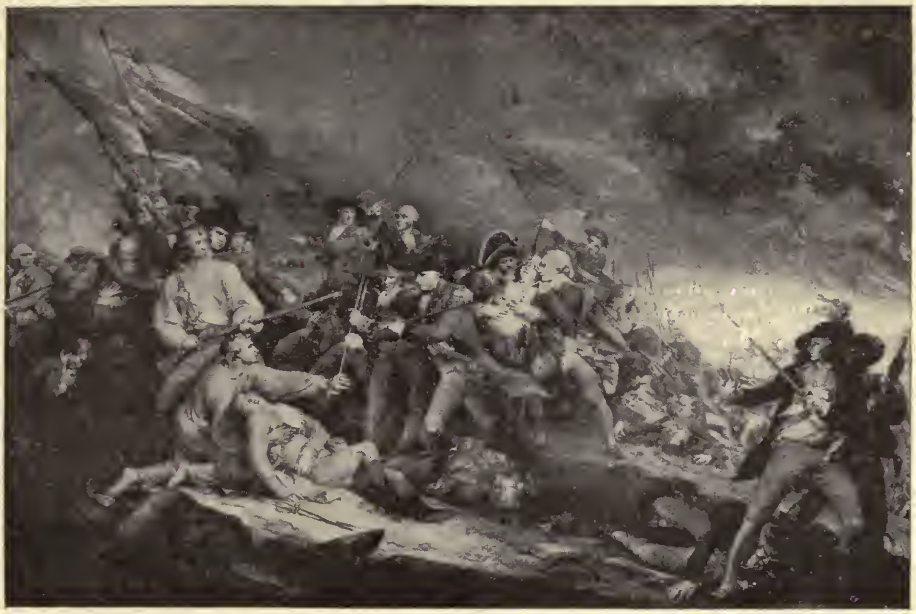
After Gage had issued his famous proclamation proscribing Hancock and Adams, the Americans voted to issue a counter proclamation proscribing him and Admiral Graves. It was not, however, formally sent out.

Gage's proclamation of rebellion and proscription brought out the following from some wag among the Yankees:

"Tom Gage's Proclamation,
Or blustering Denunciation
(Replete with Defamation,
And Speedy Jugulation,
Of the New England Nation)
Who shall his pious ways shun."
—
"Thus graciously the war I wage
As witnesseth my hand—
Tom Gage."

Boston society changed its dress for more brilliant hues, more ruffles, and, especially with the ladies, far more elaborate costumes, after the soldiers came with so many titled and finely attired officers. It appears that many wives came with their soldier husbands to Boston.

The soldiers committed acts of vandalism while in Boston. We do not like to think of these as the work of any of the brave fellows who marched up Bunker Hill in the face of a fatal fire, but of course some of them had a hand in those things. They were not in sympathy with the people or institutions of the town. It has to be regarded as the effect of a situation very nearly like declared war.



From the Painting by Trumbull

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

It was Burgoyne's "Queen's Light Dragoons" who were chiefly accountable for the desecration of the Old South Meeting House, in their use of it as a riding school. These troops were not in the battle.

Burgoyne himself took part in the council of war that fateful seventeenth of June. Not very long after he came to Boston in a very different role,—that of prisoner of war,—for he had had to surrender his sword to Gates at Saratoga. He had said in May, 1775, when coming into the harbor on his way to Boston, that he would make more elbow room for the regulars when he got there. He was taunted with this remark on his second visit. It is also related that when, as a prisoner, accompanied by two of his former officers, he was passing along by the Province House, he pointed out the latter to his companions, saying: "There is the former residence of the governor." Some one in the large crowd gathered to see these distinguished prisoners, called out, "Yes, and on the other side is the riding school."

One more digression from the battle story, while we speak of the Old South. Among the British troops were a good many Scotch Presbyterians. Their consciences were not quite at ease about the misuse of this sacred place. They were superstitious as well, and some one who knew this appeared one night to the sentinel who stood guard at the church door, as the ghost of Dr. Sewall, a pastor of many years before. The Scotchman was dreadfully frightened, and after that it was harder to maintain the guard there.

As we know, the storm of war continued to gather and threaten more and more. With the unjust acts of the English king and ministry and the unwelcome presence of an army, many of whose acts were hateful, the people of the Province were made ready for desperate resistance.

This was proved by the events of Lexington and Concord. The investment and siege of Boston had its great initial in the Battle of Bunker (or Breed's) Hill, which really was the Rubicon of the Revolution.

The British, with their large army and fleet, felt able to control their rebellious kinsmen and continually underated their military strength and courage.

Thus it was a tremendous surprise to them to be awakened on the morning of June 17, 1775, by heavy cannonading from their warships, and to behold, on rushing to the hills and wharves to learn the cause, that their opponents had during the night thrown up earth-works on Breed's Hill, completely commanding their position and calling for immediate action if they wished to hold the town.

Gage and his officers anxiously consulted together at the Province House that bright Saturday morning. Clinton, Burgoyne, and Howe were there.

If the advice of some of these officers had been followed, perhaps it would not have been so well for the Colonies, for their advice was to land the troops on Charlestown Neck under the guns of the warships, and attack the Provincials in the rear. Gage chose the attack in front because he feared to place his men between two bodies of Americans of unknown strength.

The Common witnessed the parade and departure of the troops as they marched away to the battle.

The Fifth and Thirty-eighth marched down King Street to Long Wharf. The Fifty-second and Forty-third Regiments, with ten companies each of grenadiers, and light infantry, and twelve pieces of artillery, embarked from North Battery Wharf. This force numbered some over two thousand men. Probably the companies did not average over forty men each.

Thus started away the troops sent to take the Provincial redoubt menacing them on the hill. The boats were in charge of Midshipman Collingwood, later destined to be one of England's greatest naval heroes, and Midshipman Bouillon.

The sun shone bright and hot. The embarkation must have made a brilliant and thrilling scene, with the scarlet uniforms, shining artillery and muskets, combined with the noise and smoke of the warships incessantly firing. How soon was all this to become a scene of carnage and horror.

The troops landed at Moulton's Point, near the present Chelsea Bridge, and, under cover of the hill, sat or lay on the grass while their commander, General Sir William Howe, reconnoitered the position of the Americans. While here they had their noon rations, the last meal so many of them were to receive.

General Howe considered his force insufficient, after his survey of the enemy, and sent to General Gage for reinforcements. These consisted of the Forty-seventh Regiment, the First Battalion of Marines, some companies of light infantry and grenadiers, all under Colonel Nesbit of the Forty-seventh.

There were also in the battle some troops of the Thirty-fifth and Forty-ninth who had arrived only the night before, and thus landed for the first time, amid these scenes of confusion and death.

About three o'clock all was ready for the attack. The artillery were to take up a position in advance, and, aided by their fire and covered by that of the ships, the ranks were to move against the right and left defences at once.

Most of these men were seasoned soldiers. It is not probable that they realized the ordeal before them, or foresaw any such long and bloody battle as transpired. Before them was a simple earthwork, and crude defences, manned by a body of farmers and mechanics unused to war. The odds did not *seem* heavy. They did not believe, many of them, at least, that these raw recruits from the country would stand many minutes before them, or receive them with more than a straggling fire.

True the hill was steep and covered with obstacles. Let us look a moment at the slope up which these men must climb in face of hostile bullets. It is not a clear field. Fences of wood and stone cross it; an orchard covers a part of it; and a brickkiln obstructs their way; there is also a place where the ground is soft and swampy; and the grass is tall, reaching to their knees.

It is on record that the seventeenth of June 1775, was one of the hottest days of the season.

All these things combined with weight of musket and knapsack, must have told severely on the strength of the advancing veterans.

Undaunted, however, and sure of an easy victory, about 3 o'clock, they charged on the redoubt and other defences.

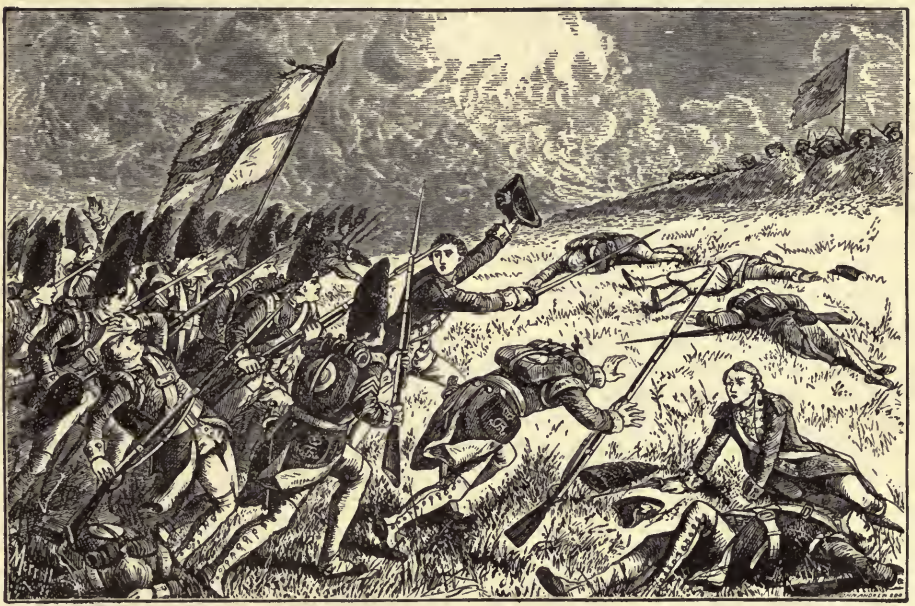
Look at them coming so steadily and silently on; up hill through grass knee high, over walls, through orchards. Brave men and tried. The June sun shines on the bright red uniforms and glistening arms. It seems like a dress parade, such is their precision.

On they come; they stop; they deliver their fire; then again forward firing as they advance. Almost to the breastworks now; it will soon be over,—in an instant the whole redoubt and rail fence before them are ablaze with the American volley.

The smoke clears. In vain Howe and his officers strive to rally their men. Strewn on the grass are whole ranks of red. Unable to meet the terrible reception, back down the hill go the survivors amid the shouts of triumph from the Americans.

Howe had said in his address to the troops before the charge, "I shall not desire one of you to go a step farther than where I go myself at your head." And he kept his word. But he was left almost alone and forced unwillingly to retreat, his stockings smeared with life blood of the stricken men all about him.

The fire of the Americans delivered at such close range had been appalling. But in the face of their disillusion in regard to their foe, the veteran British regiments formed again.



From a painting by Merrill

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

Once more, with the same firm front, the same precision they advance. Again, almost to the very walls they march, again to be met by that awful fire. They try to stand firm, but so many are down that in spite of the entreaties of their officers, they waver, break, and this time some of them retreat even to their boats.

From the steeple of Christ Church in Boston, General Gage witnessed with mortification the two brave assaults of his soldiers and their complete failure. General Clinton also saw it and hastened with the Forty-seventh Regiment and some marines to the aid of Howe and his decimated force. They were so slow in re-forming that the Americans thought the attack was given up. But no! these are Englishmen — there was simply a longer pause between the second and third attacks.

It was very hard to prevail on the men to endure that terrible fire again. It is said that some of the British soldiers had heard one of the Provincials say that their powder was about gone. This gave them courage.

Throwing aside every knapsack, blanket, or other unnecessary weight, for the third time, with Howe, Clinton, Pigot and Pitcairn at their head, and with bayonets fixed, they started, aiming directly for the fort in one concentrated effort.

Grim, and determined this time to win, they had measured their foe and now had a more careful plan of attack. The artillery was so placed as to enfilade the American defence through an unfortified gap. The men were told to reserve their fire until they reached the redoubt; and the attack was concentrated.

They met the same merciless fire, but, though the front rank withered away, others stood their ground, and with cries of victory swept over the ramparts driving the Provincials before them. Richardson, a soldier of the Royal Irish, sprang first upon the parapet, shouting: "The day is ours," and fell pierced by a ball. Just here Major Pitcairn received his death wound and fell back into the arms of his son who carried him over the ferry to the old Stoddard house on Prince Street, where he bled to death.

Pitcairn had been twice wounded already in the battle, but rallied his marines for their third and fatal charge. The body of this gallant old veteran was buried under King's Chapel, and after the war relatives had it carried to England.

It was Pitcairn, we remember, who, by firing his pistol at the farmers on Lexington Green, precipitated the great struggle for independence. Samuel Adams Drake says in his book, "Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston," that Pitcairn's name has always been held in undeserved obloquy on account of this circumstance. He was really a brave officer and kind-hearted man. Of all the British officers in Boston, he alone, it is said, dealt justly and impartially by the townspeople in their disputes with the troops. His men were warmly attached to him, and declared they lost a father when he fell. General Gage sent his own surgeon to attend him. The regiment which he commanded arrived from England in the latter part of December, 1774, in the ships Asia, Boyne and Somerset.

It was 5 o'clock when the British soldiers held the redoubt bought by such a dreadful loss of life. They had proved themselves worthy of their flag, and more than worthy servants of such a king as theirs. And they had fought a foe "worthy of their steel" and whom they learned to respect. The roll of dead and wounded counted 1054, of whom 127 were officers, many of them the best in the army. This out of a force of between three and four thousand men.

Lieutenant John Clarke of the marines, in his narrative, says: "A remarkable circumstance of the heat of this action, is that all the grenadiers of the Fourth, or King's Own Regiment, were killed or wounded, except four; and of the grenadiers, also of the Twenty-third, or Royal Welsh Fusiliers, only three remained, who were not either killed or wounded."

There were terrible scenes of suffering at the battle. Many British returned as wounded died of their wounds. The screams of suffering, wounded men lying on the hill were plainly heard.

Many dead were supposed to be thrown into the hollow between Breed's and Bunker Hills, in quick lime of which a large quantity was purchased by Howe. Since, this place, on being excavated for building has revealed bones, accoutrements, buckles, buttons, etc. Wounded were distributed in various places, at houses of loyalists, in schools, public buildings, etc. The only hospital was a large wooden building opposite what is now Park Street Church.

It has always been reported that some of the British soldiers killed in the battle lie in the Central Burying Ground at the foot of of the Common. It may be so but there is nothing to mark the spot.

The privates who died on the field were immediately buried there, "in holes," Gage's report states.

"On Monday morning", a British account says, "all the dead officers were decently buried in Boston in a private manner, in the different churches and church yards there."

Francis Rawdon, afterwards Marquis of

GENERAL GAGE
From the original portrait which hangs in the State House at Boston; a gift from Gage's son to William Sumner, and from him to Massachusetts

Hastings, and George Harris, afterwards a peer, were both officers of the Ninth and wounded. The Fifth, Fifty-ninth, and Welsh Fusileers were terribly cut up.

Goodwin's Wharf, near Copp's Hill, was seized by the British, also his distillery, bakery, and blacksmith shop. The soldiers destroyed much of his property at this time.

The old ferry to Charlestown was the scene of great sadness and suffering when the wounded British were brought over from the battlefield. Frothingham in his admirable "Siege of Boston" describes this trying time thus:—"The wounded during the whole night (Saturday night) and the next day were conveyed to Boston, where the streets were filled with groans and lamentations." A letter of June 30, 1775, states "I have seen many from Boston who were eye witnesses of the most melancholy scene they ever beheld in this part of the world. The Saturday night and Sabbath were taken up in carrying over the dead and wounded; and all the wood-carts in town, it is said, were employed, chaises and coaches for the officers. They have taken the workhouse, almshouse, and manufactory house for the wounded. The physicians, surgeons and apothecaries of Boston rendered every assistance in their power. The processions were melancholy sights. In the first carriage, was Major Williams, bleeding and dying, and three dead captains of the Fifty-second. In the second four dead officers; then another with wounded officers." A British officer wrote the day after: "In the prodigious confusion this place is now in, all I can tell is, that the troops behave with the most unparalleled bravery, and after an engagement of nearly five hours, we forced the Provincials from their posts, redoubts, and intrenchments one by one. This victory has cost us very dear indeed, as we have lost some of the best officers in the service, and a great number of private men. Nor do I see that we enjoy one solid benefit in return, or are likely to reap from it one advantage whatever. We have indeed learned one melancholy truth, which is, that the Americans, if they were equally well commanded are full as good soldiers as ours, and as it is, are very little inferior to us, even in discipline and steadiness of countenance."

An Irish officer humorously said on the occasion that "indeed we have *gained* but a *loss*."

"The battle lasted four and one-half hours" says still another letter, "and ended infinitely to our disadvantage. The flower of our army are killed or wounded."

The wife of General Gage was an American lady. Lieutenant Clarke's narrative speaks of her benevolence and humanity toward the poor wounded soldiers, and to their wives and children. She sent great help to them in the way of food, scarcely leaving enough for herself and the general.

There were in the battle, beside the regiments already definitely named, some of each of the following: Fourth, Tenth, Fourteenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, or Royal Welsh Fusileers, Sixty-third, Sixty-fifth, Sixty-seventh and Fifty-ninth Regiments.

The battle of Bunker Hill illustrates the danger of procrastination. General Gage's military reputation was lost by his failure to seize and hold Charlestown's hills and avoid a battle in which his troops met with such disaster and which united the colonies against the Mother Country. He intended to fortify these hills and Dorchester.

Strange that Howe, almost a year later, should fall a victim to just the same putting off habit and let Washington fortify Dorchester, which was a notice to him and his army to quit the town.

BURKE OF THE "LANTERN"

By Donal H. Haines

DRUMMOND, managing editor of the Wexford "Lantern," was sharpening his blue pencil into the waste-basket beneath his littered and apparently hopelessly confused desk. For twenty years, Drummond had sat behind the musty pigeonholes of this same dingy old piece of furniture, and worn countless blue pencils to stubs, and the fame of him had reached far beyond Wexford and the little valley in which it lay.

To the good people of Wexford, with the memories of many an editorial battle fresh in their minds, Drummond was quite a paragon, so long as he remained behind the rampart of his desk. Removed from behind its protection, his rugged, bristling head, loose, ill-fitting clothes and blunt speeches did not endear him to his fellow citizens. To the men and women who worked under him he was another person. At once a driving taskmaster and a relentless critic, he was yet a very father to their efforts. Intolerant of a poor workman, he seemed to assume a personal responsibility for every novice who sought employment under him, and it was said that though few were found wanting and cast aside, none but the successful ever graduated from the "Lantern's" hard school.

Braggs, the young city editor, came into the office smoking a cigarette and twirling a bunch of keys around his finger. Drummond cast one glance at the offending cigarette and put into action a reeking pipe which filled the stuffy office with a cloud of thick, white smoke. Braggs leaned against the desk and peered through the smoke at his chief, who was now slashing at a sheet of copy with his pencil.

"'Mercury' scooped Burke again last night, Mr. Drummond," Braggs announced quietly, holding up a copy of the rival paper, his finger pointing to a story prominently displayed on the front page. A blinding cloud of smoke greeted his remark, and Drummond reached one bony hand for the paper. Between puffs he studied the printed column, and then handed the paper to Braggs with the remark,

"Such things ought not to happen, but he's new. Give him another chance."

"But, Mr. Drummond," Braggs persisted, fearful for the showing of his department, "this thing has happened half a dozen times, and I have four good men waiting for a chance at Burke's job."

"Get all you can out of the re-write, and caution Burke," replied Drummond, waiving a direct rejoinder to the protest.

Braggs turned on his heel with a privileged grunt of disapproval. Drummond's almost paradoxical leniency goaded him almost to the point of revolt at times. A moment later, a young man passed Drummond's door on the way to the main office where the typewriters of half a dozen reporters were clicking.

"Burke!" came the stentorian summons from behind the busy pipe, and a slim, dark-haired young chap entered the room and paused before the big desk. Drummond was pawing among the pile of papers before him, and finally pulled out another copy of the "Mercury" which he laid before the young man with his finger on the offending article.

"Do you know what that means?" he demanded in his heavy voice. Burke read with a gloomy face, and turned helplessly to the older man.

"I'm sure I don't know why I didn't get this," he protested. "I don't see how it happened. I did all I could, really. That 'Mercury' chap must have some pull."

Drummond exploded in a burst of wrath, bringing down his great fist with a crash that overturned the paste-pot and ruined a freshly written editorial.

"Rot!" he shouted. "Pull! Stuff and nonsense; he's got no pull unless it's that of brains and ingenuity. See here, Burke, you've as good a head as any of those chaps on the other sheet, and you might have had that story for the trying. Do you know"—and he extended one finger at Burke—"I'm beginning to think that you're a coward, that you haven't the nerve to go in and get a thing that isn't lying ready for you to pick up. Now don't let this happen again."

Burke turned with a red face and walked into the other room where he seated himself before his typewriter, and began to rattle the keys aimlessly. He looked up to meet the eye of a young woman who was looking across the top of her own machine at him. There was an inquiring expression in Burke's eye, and she nodded her head, saying quietly:

"I heard him."

"Do you believe it?" Burke asked with assumed carelessness, drawing back the carriage of the machine with a rasp of metal.

"Don't force me to," replied the girl, and Burke read seriousness in the tone and the look that accompanied it. He shrugged his shoulders with an indifference which he did not feel, and continued his aimless fingering of the keys. Presently Braggs' voice cut across the room in a demand for copy. It seemed to Burke that Braggs was too insistent about copy when it could not reasonably be forthcoming. There being no appeal from such a demand, Burke loitered out onto his beat, which he vowed to himself was running him into a rut and wearing him out.

He strode through the busy streets, and entered the plain brick front of the police department building, climbed the worn, wooden steps with the sure tread of a familiar, and entered the office. Near the man at the desk, sat one of the city "plain-clothes" men, learning to smoke, at the ripe age of five and thirty, with a pipe which Burke had given him. Presently the detective lounged out of the room, and by the faintest crook of a finger signed for Burke to follow.

"For two reasons," commenced the officer, when out of ear-shot of the office door, "I'm going to give you a tip. I'm not forgetting the good turn you did me on that forgery job, and I don't think publicity will hurt this business, although the old man's keeping pretty mum on the subject."

Burke signified his eagerness to listen, and with one eye on the office door, the detective went on:

"Somebody has lifted about $10,000 of jewels belonging to a Mrs. Pierson staying at 'The Wahrland'—swiped 'em from her room. Now we're working on the case, and I guess there's more to it than shows on the surface. But there's no digging it out from the boys, and the chief's handed the woman the order for no talk. So if you go at her in your working clothes, you'll queer your own game. There it is, Jimmy; get it if you can."

Burke mingled more questions with his thanks, but the detective vowed his ignorance.

"The tip's all I've got," he insisted, "you'll have to get the rest the best way you can."

Burke stood for a moment on the sidewalk, blinking in the glare of sunlight reflected from the cement at his feet.

"Why is it," he asked himself bitterly, "that such things come my way when I never seem able to land them? How am I ever to get at this thing with every legitimate source of information closed? I can't storm the hotel, nor can I make my way to the woman in the guise of a peddlar, or any of those clever things that sound so easy."

His glance strayed across the street to where a book-keeper, seated on his high stool, was visible through the window, bowed over his big ledger.

"Jimmy Burke," he said to himself, "the old man called you a coward, and that means that the string of his patience has almost snapped. If it does, then I'll have to perch on a stool like that. Not if I can help it—" and Burke jammed his crusher hat down over his forehead, and walked toward the imposing, seven-story front of "The Wahrland" thinking hard.

* * *

In the "Lantern" office the young woman to whom Burke had spoken, left her seat and strolled across past Braggs' desk to the big window looking down onto the street, and stood silent and thoughtful, toying with the curtain-pull. Braggs cast a glance at her slim figure, finished the pithy headline he was writing, and shoved his work aside, turning to the girl. He was too thorough a student of the men and women under him not to guess her thoughts.

"I'm sorry, Miss Morgan," he said abruptly, "I wish you could give Burke some of your ingenuity."

The girl turned to him with moist eyes.

"It seems such a pity, Mr. Braggs," she said, "he writes so well, and yet they do 'scoop' him so much. Once a thing is in his hands he is at home with any sort of work, but he seems afraid of prying. What Mr. Drummond told him this morning was almost true."

"I know it," replied Braggs, taking refuge from an unpleasant topic by jangling his keys persistently, "I wish I could help him, but he shuts up like a clam when I try to give him advice."

"That's a sort of false pride I take it," the girl explained, "I think he realizes his species of cowardice."

"He sure can write," Braggs acknowledged.

"Here's something I found on his desk to bear that out," Miss Morgan continued, handing Braggs a sheet of paper which lay face downward, beside Burke's typewriter. Braggs glanced sharply at the few lines of verse.

"Men's deeds—but tracings on the sands,
 Some faint, some graven deep.
What use?—e'en markings of the master hands
 Fade 'neath the time-wave's sweep.

"Bright youth—brave striving toward the goal,
 High hopes, untamed desire.
Bent age—a dried and toil-tired soul,
 The ash of vigor's fire."

The girl waited until she was sure that Braggs had read the few lines, and then asked:

"Isn't that pretty?"

"I'm no judge," Braggs confessed, "but it has a certain touch that I rather like."

"Doesn't it seem a pity," went on the girl, with a note of pleading in her voice, "that a man who writes things like that—just letting out what there is inside him,—should lose his place because he's a poor meddler?"

"Meddler is a queer term in the mouth of one who does it as well as you," Braggs said smiling. The girl blushed, but she was not to be turned aside from her object.

"Maybe I do," she admitted naively, "but I'm not so calloused as to call it by any other name, and I can see how a person possessed of another temperament might feel. I know it's a soulless business—this: but can't you make allowances in the face of such things?" and she held up the paper which Braggs had dropped upon his desk.

Something in the idea that a man who, in the language of the craft "fell down" more than was good for his paper, found time to write poetry, nettled Braggs, and smothered the growing pity for Burke which had been rising within him. He gazed out of the window down at the draw-bridge in front of the building, now swinging wide to allow the passage of a big lake steamer.

"That may be good poetry, Miss Morgan," he said sharply, "I'm no judge of that, but it doesn't help the case. Why, listen. Burke lost out on the murder case last month because he wouldn't cut loose from the police; and Krain of the 'Mercury' went ahead with his own investigations and pulled a lot of things to light before the police nosed them out. Burke was horribly scooped on the sensational dismissal of Dr. Cloud because he couldn't force himself into a vestry meeting. What good are eight pretty, jingling lines in the face of that?"

And then, when the girl had gone thoughtfully back to her desk, Braggs realized that he had hurt her, for her loyalty to Burke was like that of a sister, and for the rest of the day he was at swords' points with the staff, and made life a burden for the make-up men.

* * *

Burke entered a little park a block from the glittering windows of the "Wahrland," sat down on a bench and filled his pipe. Thoughtfully he puffed the smoke out into the hot, sun-shot air, seeking some method in which to penetrate the mystery which lay behind the great structure looming before him. An hour passed, and Burke lighted his third pipe. The word "coward" and the picture of a man on a high stool, toiling over a grimy ledger, obtruded themselves upon his mind, and spoiled his mental processes. The banging of a clock in the tower of a nearby church, caused Burke to pull out his watch. The noon hour meant two hours wasted, and the story of "The Wahrland" as far away as ever.

He started for a lunch counter, passing the front of the big hotel. As he came opposite the swinging doors, Krain of the "Mercury," red-haired, square-jawed and frowning, swung out onto the sidewalk, with an air of a determined man balked of a pet object. The two exchanged a curt but good-natured greeting.

"Krain's next, but he hasn't landed it.

Wonder where he tumbled," was Burke's inward comment.

He ate his lunch slowly, his forehead furrowed. The last morsel of his pie was impaled on his fork and lifted half way to his mouth when a look of sudden inspiration passed over Burke's face. He dropped the fork with a clatter, the tangled details of the faulty plans he had devised brushed aside in an instant of clear thought. On the sidewalk, freed from the first galvanic effect of his idea, Burke slowed his pace and again there rose in him that hesitation, that fear of putting into use the perquisites of his calling, which had halted him on the edge of many a success. His scheme was too reckless, he told himself, it might even be incriminating to himself; he would hit about for another one—there was plenty of time yet. His eyes stole to the big clock in the tower of the town hall, and he saw the hands creeping up on the hour of one, giving the lie to his thoughts.

Abruptly he turned into a telephone booth, and called for "The Wahrland". In spite of himself, that demon of diffidence, that chilling hesitancy came upon him, and he knew that his voice trembled as he gave the number to the operator. Again the vision of the tall stool, and then of Krain, furious at the check, red-faced and hot-eyed, but coldly calculating, moving mountains from the road of his success.

The clerk at "The Wahrland" told Burke that Mrs. Pierson was not in her room, and the voice of diffidence said to Burke, "Your scheme's no good, you've tried it, let it go," and Burke hung up the receiver.

For another half hour he walked the streets restlessly, glaring impotently at the hotel. Ten minutes before the big clock chimed two, a carriage rolled up to "The Wahrland" from the direction of the police department, and Burke from the opposite corner saw Krain's stocky figure swoop down on the woman who left the carriage, only to be checked by a detective at her side, who brushed him off in spite of his protests. Burke waited a discreet five minutes and then turned again to the telephone booth. In his haste, he did not notice Krain in company with one of the sheriff's officers enter the office, nor did he notice that he left the door of the little booth ajar.

Burke pressed the receiver to his ear, conscious of a strange humming sound that did not come from the wires, and of a pulsating sensation at his temples. It seemed to him that he cleared his throat innumerable times while waiting for the click of the answering central.

"Steady," he whispered hoarsely to himself, "don't let your voice shake."

He gave the number to the operator, and the same clerk in a bored tone, answered him from "The Wahrland." Burke took a tight hold on his shaking words when the clerk declined to call Mrs. Pierson. The thought of the story slipping from him now gave him a sickening sensation of dread which dispelled his diffidence in an instant.

"I'm one of the Pinkerton men," he said gruffly, "and we've got our hands almost on the men Mrs. Pierson's looking for. We'll land him if our time isn't wasted in some such way as this. Just call Mrs. Pierson and be sensible."

There was an instant's pause, and then Burke heard the tread of the clerk's feet across the floor of the hotel office, and the jangle of a bell as he called for a boy.

"By Jove," Burke muttered, "the bluff caught him anyhow!"

An instant later, a woman's voice purred to him across the wire, startling Burke's first word of reply into an inarticulate gurgle. In an instant, however, he was proffering his explanation, the words sounding suddenly plausible and convincing in his own ears. He finished, and at the other end of the line, he heard the woman softly close the door, shutting herself off from the hotel office.

"She's swallowed the bait," Burke chortled to himself.

An instant later his pencil was flying as he jotted down the woman's words. His highest expectations fell short. With deep drawn breaths of satisfaction he drank in details which Mrs. Pierson was whispering into his ready ear: her suspicions of a divorced husband, mysterious, threatening letters which had come to her, a strange note left by the unknown thief, the peculiarly valuable nature of some of the stolen jewels.

Eagerly Burke interjected a question here and there, or toned an involuntary exclamation of satisfaction into a word of advice, until at last the woman paused, and Burke knew that he was in possession of the details of the best story which had ever fallen to his lot. Then he added the word of caution which nearly brought disaster.

"I must ask you, Mrs. Pierson," he said, folding up his notes and smiling to himself," to be very careful that no newspaper man gets wind of this matter. Particularly, keep out of the way of a red haired broad shouldered man, a trifle under medium size, who represents the 'Mercury' and is apt to be very persistent and annoying in such matters. I hope we will have the guilty man in custody within the next few hours."

Outside the glass door of the little closet Krain stood for a few moments without noticing that it was occupied. Then his eye caught the curve of Burke's back as he bent over the 'phone, and a moment later Krain heard himself described to Mrs. Pierson in a voice which could belong to none other than Jimmy Burke. Instantly, Krain was all attention. He could not understand everything, but he knew that in some way Burke had reached the "inside" and was getting the meat of "The Wahrland" mystery.

Krain walked rapidly to the sheriff's officer whom he had left standing near the door.

"You're looking for a talesman for your jury, aren't you?" he questioned shortly, pulling a big cigar from his pocket and tendering it to the deputy. The latter accepted it and nodded.

"I'm hard pressed for time, too," he said, glancing at his watch.

"Well," Krain went on rapidly, "I guess you owe me a good turn. Jimmy Burke's in that telephone booth raking in the details of a story that I've been knocking my head against ever since last night. I've got things fixed so that I can land it by tomorrow morning, and if he should have to sit on that jury this afternoon, it's a clear scoop. Will you do it?"

The officer hesitated. He liked Burke but Krain's paper was the organ of his political party, and he had an eye on the sheriff's desk.

"I'll do it," he said, and lounged over toward the door of the booth.

A moment later, Burke fairly shot out of the little glass closet, clapping his hat onto his head and started for the door, cramming a sheaf of notes into his pocket. The deputy stopped him and explained. Burke pleaded his haste, the importance of his story, all to no effect. The officers of the law are able to make the demands of justice appear very insistent—when it suits their convenience. Krain stood with his back to the pair, drumming his fingers on the show-case. Burke shook his fist at him.

"I believe this is your work, Krain," he blurted out, "and I call it a pretty dirty trick."

Krain shrugged his shoulders and the deputy guffawed. In company with the officer, Krain following leisurely a few paces in the rear, Burke left the building. Their course to the court house lay across the draw-bridge and past the "Lantern" building, which stood at the head of the street. Burke had sent a brief message to Braggs before leaving the telephone, that had set the office in commotion, and brought a touch of red to Miss Morgan's cheeks, and he knew that time pressed. His mind worked vainly in an effort to devise some scheme by which he could communicate with the office. His notes, unintelligible to any save himself, would be of no use without him, and he felt sure that Orth, the burly deputy at his side, would stretch a point in order to cater to the "Mercury" and keep him from the typewriter.

On the far side of the swinging bridge Burke raised his eyes and caught a glimpse of Braggs standing in the window of the "Lantern" rooms, the sun light glinting on the bunch of keys whirling around his restless finger. At the same instant Burke caught a glimpse of a three-masted schooner in charge of a sputtering little tug making for the bridge, and saw the bridge-tender approaching the little house from which the turning mechanism of the structure was operated. The three men would be forced to remain on the bridge while the boat passed through, unless—a cold shiver shot up Burke's spine and he glanced at the officer at his side. Orth had noted the approaching boat and had leaned over the bridge rail to watch its passage, lighting his cigar and making some remark to Krain, who seemed to make sure of his rival's discomfiture.

The first complaining creak of the great cogs sounded from beneath the iron superstructure of the bridge, when Burke, with a very pale face, made a sudden bolt for the other end of the bridge. Krain was the first to divine his object, and with mingled feelings of chagrin and a genuine fear for the man's life, he raised a cry of:

"Stop him!"

Running hard through the stream of pedestrians and cyclists, Burke neared the other end of the bridge, while the gap between the swinging end and the street on the other side was widening by increasingly dangerous inches. Burke set his teeth, dodged a peddler's cart and shot into a cleared space. Fifty feet yet intervened between him and the end of the moving bridge, and there was a gap of ten feet between the end of the bridge and the street beyond.

Twirling his keys at the window, Braggs suddenly startled the busy office with a shout, and pointed out of the window.

"Something's wrong," he shouted. "Here comes Burke, racing across the bridge like a madman, and yes, by George, the thing is swinging open."

Instantly Braggs was surrounded by the other editors and the reporters. Even Drummond could be heard in the adjoining room throwing up the sash of his grimy panes. As Burke rushed toward the widening gap, there was an instant of fearful silence in the little group at the window, and then as the young fellow picked himself up out of the dust on the safe side after his leap, two great rents showing in the knees of his trousers, a shout went up that caused an inroad of curious compositors from the domain of the clicking Mergenthalers.

Burke entered the office dusty, pale-faced and breathing hard. A perfect volley of questions was showered upon him, but he dropped at his typewriter, and while putting the paper onto the roller, he epitomized the situation in a few words.

Drummond, frowning from the doorway, vouchsafed one remark:

"Young man," he said, looking at Burke with his best attempt at a smile, "I'll pay your fine for contempt of court."

Between Braggs, and a very red-cheeked young lady at a typewriter, there passed a glance which told that Burke had wiped out the charge of cowardice.

On the center of the bridge Krain and Orth gazed at each other without the power of speech. The deputy was the first to recover.

"I suppose I'll have to take him in hand for contempt of court," he said, "but, Krain, I'm hanged if I'll take him out of there after that jump, till he writes his stuff."

Krain had sporting blood in his veins, and his smile was not forced.

"No, don't," he said shortly, "I'll just cast about for another story."

BROTHERHOOD

WIND-BITTEN grass and gnarled tree
Tug at the very heart of me.
Worn rocks that battle with the rill
Make all my pulses leap and thrill.

The raven and the corbie crow,
With them my outlaw soul doth go.
Fierce tempest cloud and moaning rain,
These claim me with the bond of pain.

Thou Christ triumphant on the cross,
God victorious over loss —
'Tis not with Thee but with the thief
That I the human share my grief!

Edward Wilbur Mason

THE GREY CRAGS

By R. Fife Haystings

DOUBTLESS many of the old homes along the craggy coast of eastern Massachusetts would have some marvellous tales to tell, could they speak. Tales of love and tragedy, mayhap. Among none of these romances, however, could be classed the little story I am about to relate. When my great aunt quietly passed from this world, after her long journey; for she was crowned with many years; the old grey house on the cliff—so long her home, came to me by inheritance, along with the furniture, goods and chattels, including Kellar and his wife Annie—old retainers of my aunt for the past twenty years. After talking over the matter with my husband, we concluded to keep the old home—leaving the Kellars undisturbed as caretakers. For we felt sure, having served my aunt so many years, they could be more fully trusted than strangers, an essential matter, considering how rarely we should be there to look after the place ourselves. Situated as it is, two hours by steam from Boston, and five miles from the village of Longport, the nearest station; with no house near, or indeed, within a mile or more, we concluded it would be just the solitary and restful spot we had often desired, when my husband was worn out by the rush of business, or by the ceaseless social round.

"The Grey Crags" would afford absolute quiet and silence—except for sounds off-sea; just the place where one could feel, for the time, quite out of the world. The location, a high rocky point of land, reaching out into the sea, with a narrow strip of beach at the foot of the rocks, gave the place its name. The house, one of those rambling, and unlovely old structures substantially built of stone and wood, had more or less successfully withstood the buffetting of wind and weather for nearly a century; its back turned upon the world, as represented by city and village; its face seaward, with a broadside of windows staring unwinkingly through many suns and storms with much the same grim expression of the crags.

For all our plans and good intentions, we had made only one visit to our retreat, during the three years it had been ours. A summer abroad, another in the West, etc., and the old place might have been forgotten had it not been for semi-annual letters from Annie. At last, one day in the middle of May last year, I suddenly felt I had come to a point, when there was a choice of retreating or nervous prostration. "Too much tea and bridge," said the practitioner; and recommended perfect rest and quiet. The remedy suited my mood, so well, in fact, I determined to go that very afternoon, and told my husband at luncheon that I was going at once to "Grey Crags" for a few days—and he must come down Saturday and spend Sunday. He opened his eyes in amazement when I at last persuaded him I was serious, and suggested that I should wait a few weeks when he could accompany me. "No," I replied, "I am going now." "Well, then," he said, "take some one with you, you will die of ennui." "No," I protested, " it is to get away from people I wish to go, and Kellar and Annie will be sufficient to attend my needs." I know he was only half-persuaded, but he finally gave his consent; so hastily cancelling my engagements, off I started. There was no time to let the Kellars know—it did not matter, however—I could get a conveyance at Longport. Once in the train, my spirits brightened, it was such a relief to be leaving the usual gay round—and looking forward to a novel experience, and quiet. The two hours sped away and the golden afternoon nearly gone, when I was startled to hear the trainman call "Longport!" I hastily picked up my bag and left the train, feeling "a stranger in a strange land," but not appalled. When once within the rather humpy interior of an ancient vehicle, making good time however, over the lonely road, I assured myself, I was happier than I had been for days. It was really six o'clock, when we followed the winding drive around to the front of the house. I alighted, dismissed the carriage and looked about. The prospect was indeed not enlivening, except for the booming waves there was absolute silence, and, from the front of the house where I stood, no sign of life, for the Kellars occupied rooms in the end of its basement, in the rear of the house, and evidently they had not seen the carriage pass. I unlocked the door and stood within an old-fashioned room, with its stilted and dusty furniture.

As the chill of the unused room struck through my wraps—it dawned upon me for the first time that my jaunt was perhaps a doubtful cure for tired nerves.

Still hearing nothing of my people, I called; my voice re-echoed through the large rooms and seemed to return to me in an appalling way. Then I found my way through the gathering dusk to the top of the basement stairs, and called once more—and what was my astonishment to hear a scream, then hastening feet. I descended at once to find the room empty-looking; and from the open door, I saw Annie running as fast as her feet would carry her rather buxom self. Again I called. She stopped and looked back, then slowly returned, staring all the time. I said "Why Annie, what in the world is the matter?" Coming nearer she asked me in incredulous tones, "Is it really you, ma'am? Why, I thought it was a ghost."

Quite time, surely, that I was taking a rest, if I was to be so easily mistaken for a ghostly visitor. Annie followed me into the house, evidently full of curiosity as to the reason of my sudden arrival. When I explained, I noted a peculiar expression on her face — annoyance, or was it consternation? But why? Then I told myself "well, it is not surprising — my coming down—interrupting the even course of their existence so unexpectedly." So I hastened to say: "You need not trouble to have the whole house heated; just the middle sitting-room and bedroom on the second floor, over the front porch, will be all I shall need to be comfortable."

Annie suggested the large rooms at either end, but I was in a fanciful frame of mind and insisted upon my first choice. So she went to make the rooms comfortable, while I took off my wraps and rested, regaled, meanwhile, by pungent odors of cabbage and stale tobacco—for it was said, Kellar never knew in which direction he was going, unless led by his pipe. I sat dreaming and wondering why after all I had been in such haste. If only I had waited until the morrow, and sent a wire—things would have been ready, and I should not have been condemned to spending an hour amid these ungodly odors. Ah, well, 'tis lucky Ned does not know how invariably I regret not taking his advice. Then as the shadows fell and the kettle kept a musical hum! hum! I fell asleep and dreamed Kellar came in and had a long whispered consultation with Annie on the staircase and went out again. When I awakened with a start, Annie was saying, as she lighted the lamp, for it was now quite dark, "It's a good nap you've had ma'am."

I said, "Rest is what I came for; I am quite worn out." "Faith," she replied, "and you've come to the right place; you'll sleep that well tonight, you'll not know yourself in the morning." "I hope so," I replied, as she carried my wraps and bag, and we climbed the two flights of stairs to the rooms I had chosen. Bright fires glowed in the open grates, and in spite of faded furniture and carpets, there was a look of cheer and above all, it was still. And again my spirits rose. "Now Annie," I said, "some supper right here on the table by the fire, and I shall give you no more trouble tonight, for I never saw a bed look so inviting." Soon she returned with a tempting tray.

"Oh, Annie," I said, "I quite forgot to tell you, I'm not to drink any tea at all for a week." The face fell. "Its just the tea you're needing ma'am; do sip it now, the doctor needn't know at all." I laughed—"Oh, that wouldn't help the matter. Well it certainly does smell tempting, but you mustn't leave it. I know *I* should break my promise the very first night—so bring me a glass of milk, and, by-the-way, I haven't seen Kellar." "He's been in the village since noontime," she said. After she had brought the milk, and descended once more, I noticed a cat had slipped in, and was about to put it out, when it occurred to me a cat would be some company, so while she calmly curled up on the rug, I did not disturb her, but lazily munched my crispy toast and reflected—

what life would be worth without tea? Well I had made a good beginning—but milk! "Impossible! Why did I not say 'cocoa'?" I began a book I had brought, but my long ride through the sea air, had made me feel drowsy, so I soon prepared to retire, and generously filled a saucer with milk for the cat; one can always afford to be generous with what one does not want.

I lay watching the long shadows in the fitful firelight, and soon fell asleep; how long I did not know. But I awoke suddenly; a nervous shiver ran over me. "What does this mean?" I thought, for surely I heard the creaking of a board over my head. I remembered the great attic over this part of the house, in which the Kellars could not possibly be, for their four rooms were all together on the ground floor. I puzzled some time, and regretted not taking Annie's advice. The rooms she had mentioned, were so much nearer theirs.

Listening for some time, I began to wonder if I could have imagined it, when again, came an unmistakable creak, and yes! surely that was a step.

I started up now thoroughly frightened; the fire had gone out and in the darkness I could not locate the bell. Crossing the room hastily to find the matches, my foot struck something, and I narrowly escaped a fall. When I had lighted the lamp I saw it must have been the cat I had kicked. I looked again. Heavens! is it dead! Stooping down I touched it—no not dead—its heart beats. But in vain I tried to awaken it.

Suddenly I stood up—my blood seemed to grow cold. The milk! the milk was drugged! I understood now Annie's solicitude that I should drink the tea, failing in that she had depended upon the milk, and fortunately I had not touched it. Her words recurred to me: "You'll sleep that well tonight." The wretch! What could it all mean? It flashed across my mind how more than useless it would be to ring the bell—dangerous, even, perhaps, to let them know I was awake, when expected to be so soundly sleeping. Making sure the door was securely bolted I then put out the light — already afraid that its rays might have been seen, and crept into bed, but not to sleep. I lay imagining a thousand horrors. The creaking of the board above recurred at intervals, for what seemed a long time. At last all was still. I strained my ears in vain to hear the slightest sound; finally, I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. When I awoke the sun was shining brightly—nine o'clock! I arose, unlocked the door and rang—disturbing the cat, who stretched and then recurled herself for a continued nap. Well they did not intend to kill me, evidently, but only wished to insure my sleeping soundly. It was very strange! Now, in the glorious sunshine, I wondered why I should have been so terror-stricken in the night. But there is always something uncanny and mysterious about the dark.

When Annie came in to build the fire, she was quite surprised to see the cat, until I explained "Well, Annie," I said pleasantly, "You predicted I should sleep well, and I believe the cat must have slept well, too, —for I'm sure she did not stir all night." Annie's face beamed with satisfaction. "That's right, ma'am, nothing like sea air I says, to make one sleep;" "Or a sleeping draught," I commented inwardly. Then I said, "Tell Kellar I shall want to drive to Longport, this morning, it will give me some fresh air." After breakfast I asked Annie to go over the house with me. She acquiesced readily enough, and we tramped through the twenty dusty, uninteresting rooms, until Annie said, "Sure ma'am it's a cold you'll be taking, you'd better get warm by your fire." "But I have not been in the attic, yet," I said; "that is the most interesting of all." Her face was a study, but she turned, looking among her keys. "I must have left it down stairs," she said presently; and added, "Are you particular about the attic, ma'am?" I replied, "Yes; I might as well go all over the house while I am about it, and there are some old boxes of Aunt Dora's I thought I should like to look over." She said she would look for it down stairs, and tramped heavily away. I smiled to myself and in her absence quickly tried several keys of adjoining rooms, finding none to fit, however. When she returned, she avowed regretfully the loss of the key. Later, on my way to Longport, I revolved in my mind how I should get a look at the now mysterious attic; the more baffling it seemed, the more determined I was. At length I remembered that from one of my windows on the roof of the porch, I could climb from a ledge to the sloping roof, and provided I did not slip, or go rolling off to the ground, make my way to a dormer window; and again provided it was not nailed down or otherwise fastened, I could get in perhaps. I laughed to see myself in imagination surreptitiously creeping into my own house, and my intended quiet and restful trip gradually assumed in my mind the proportions of an adventure; so I resolved to try it when I should return. In the village I made several trifling purchases, then let Kellar start homeward, but soon stopped him, saying: "Now that I am in town, I think I'll send a message to Mr. Haystings; he'll be glad to hear I am all right." So we returned to the station, whence I wired my husband the following: "Come today on the 3 o'clock. Bring an officer with you. And for heaven's sake don't fail me." Then I returned with a contented feeling that I had accomplished what I wanted without arousing Kellar's suspicion, and assured myself Ned would not doubt that either something was wrong, or that my nervousness had really developed into serious mental disorder. Either way, he would lose no time in coming to me.

After dispatching the dinner Annie brought to my sitting room, I told her I thought I would take a nap; she need not come up until I rang. I felt pretty sure I could safely carry out my project without discovery, because there was no reason whatever to bring Kellar or his wife to the front of the house. So presently, feeling like a child in mischief, I slipped out on the roof of the veranda, and stepping carefully, I reached and gained the ledge in safety, climbed upon the sloping roof, crawling on my hands and knees to the dormer windows. Luckily, one raised easily, and on the sill was a stick to prop it up. Looking within all seemed dark, after the bright sunshine, and I hesitated. Suppose I should find something or somebody; but the last was most unlikely, I argued, and any way after getting this far, I *will* not beat an ignominious retreat. So I slipped over the sill, covering myself with dust, and stood still until my eyes became accustomed to the half-light. Looking about, nothing seemed amiss. This attic, covering the whole of the front part of the house, is divided into three large rooms. I felt a bit shaky, but tiptoed carefully to the next room. On one side were ranged along the wall three enormous chests, iron clamped and formidable indeed. Surely, these were never Aunt Dora's. I should have remembered such remarkable boxes. No, decidedly, these were strangers. I proceeded to the third room. In one corner a feather bed with a pile of old bed clothes showed evidence of having been occupied. On the floor near by were a tallow candle and some matches. "Glad this house is insured," thought I. Puzzling over these things I tried the chests and found them locked; two were light, the third so heavy that I could not move it. At length, I returned as I came, though not quite so easily, for I discovered it is more difficult to slip down a sloping roof, than to climb one. Presently I found myself in my room once more, and my first care being to brush away all traces of my climb, I sat down to consider.

It was now four; and I fervently hoped nothing had prevented my husband from being on the way to me.

But how should I manage to get them into the house unseen? For I had fully resolved upon a surprise, should the noises in the attic be repeated. Not until that moment did I consider the possibility of there being two or more men, and that I might be placing my husband in great danger, as the price of my curiosity. Well—I could see what they would think of the matter at any rate. My problem would be to get rid of the Kellars at the time Ned should arrive. Two miles or more up the beach, was a cottage owned by some Boston friends and occupied at irregular intervals. I was absolutely certain they were not there, but concluded to send Kellar later in the day to inquire. Annie was not so easily disposed of, though I bethought me that, judging from a certain ruddiness of her nose, and some empty bottles I had seen below, even that might be accomplished. Between five and six I sent Kellar up the beach to make inquiries. I am sure he wondered why I had not told him earlier, but naturally he could not ask. I told Annie I should not want supper until seven or eight, as luncheon had been so late, and advised her to take a nap. "Thank you kindly, ma'am, I'll do that same," said she, and I fervently wished I knew her means of insuring sound naps.

I knew I must trust to chance. I remembered with satisfaction that she had not heard my arrival. So I returned to my rooms. As luck would have it, I went to the hall window just in time to see a carriage winding up the hill road, and slipped down quietly to await its arrival. Yes, as the carriage drew near I could see Ned with a stranger, and my troubles seemed suddenly to roll off my shoulders. I motioned them to be silent, so we stole into the house and to my rooms. When I told them to get warm and make no noise, my curiosity overcame me and I went to the kitchen on tiptoe. "The Saints be praised!" as Annie would say, she was snoring musically. Then I returned and gave an account of my experience, and was duly censured for my attic expedition. They had brought revolvers, so nothing now remained but to wait, being careful to speak in low tones. Later when Annie's step was heard on the stair, they retired to the inner room.

"Well, Annie," I said, "I hope you have brought me plenty of supper for I am certainly hungry now. I think you may bring more rolls and meat, and yes, you can bring coffee."

She opened her eyes, "Well ma'am," she said, "its fine you're doing sure enough."

Even with the reinforcements, there was not a very bountiful supper for them, and, alas, we dared not touch the coffee. But a little fasting would not hurt us. We laid down dressed as we were, to get what rest we might, feeling sure we should be disturbed later. Between two and three, sure enough, there was the unmistakable creaking of the board. We hastily made ready for the invasion. I was advised to remain where I was, which I did in fear and trembling. They crept to the attic stair, found the door unlocked and slightly ajar. How sure they were of my slumbers!

From the instant they disappeared on the stair my heart was in my mouth, and I listened with strained attention. Seconds seemed minutes, and then, yes! a scuffle, and a crash, with breaking glass! A shot! I could not wait another instant—rushing up the stair, I found Ned collaring Kellar, and the officer looking out of the window and firing, it seemed vainly, after some one.

It was all soon over, and as I thought very happily. When they were crossing the first room, the creaking board disturbed the two men within—Kellar rushed to the door only to come face to face with Ned, who duly grabbed him. The officer hurrying to the next room, was met by a furious blow which sent him headlong, stunning him slightly, and before he could rise, the man kicked out the window sash, threw out a bag and jumped after it, successfully dodging the shots sent after him by the officer.

It transpired that Kellar and Annie had for some time housed stolen goods for a gang of thieves, in our attic; sometimes harboring the thieves themselves. When I appeared so unexpectedly, it was deemed best to remove the goods at once.

Evidently the work was going on during the night of my arrival, hence the two empty boxes, and the work of clearing the third was nearly over when interrupted. Some valuable jewelry and plate were left, and duly turned over to the police. Annie was disturbed by the noise, and came in pale and trembling. They confessed at once, and prayed our pardon so abjectly, that I relented, and begged they should not be arrested, to which Ned finally assented, provided Kellar would tell all he knew of the matter, which he did, though it proved to be little.

Two months later, a gang was captured by the police, which we had every reason to believe to be the same that operated so successfully with our house for headquarters.

Kellar and Annie returned to Ireland where they probably live very comfortably upon the savings of twenty-three years.

We returned to Boston without delay, and, strange to say, I felt better. I think the reason was that for a little time I had forgotten myself, and consequently my ills.

And so ended my rest cure, short and eventful.

PHYSICAL CULTURE *on the* BRAZOS

By N. H. Crowell

MR. MEACHAM, called "Bud" if you knew him well enough, elevated his long arms and stretched mightily. Then he jerked his red neck forward and spat generously into the open door of the stove.

"Any of you spuds ever hear o' psychology?" he inquired, without removing his gaze from the flickering blaze that danced merrily up the rusty pipe to the storm outside.

Receiving no answer the speaker glanced fiercely around the row of faces. As his glance fell on the last man, that gentleman hitched a leg across its mate in a nervous fashion and coughed.

"Reckon I have, Bud, come to think of it," he remarked, dubiously.

"That so? I'm oncommonly pleased to hear it. You've got some brains, anyhow, if they aint visible to th' human eye."

The end man stiffened noticeably and protruded his chest. He stole a covert glance at his crestfallen mates and continued.

"Yes, as I was going to remark, I see Si sit down to Nogales jest arter th' round-up. We had a glass or two of—"

"What's that?"

Following this explosion came a snort that made the wallpaper crinkle. The end man tightened up like a pickle barrel as Mr. Meachem surveyed him.

"Jim," said he, in a tender tone, "I was mistaken in ye. Ye are really ignorant, same as th' rest of 'em, aint ye?"

In the hurrah that ensued the speaker dusted down his vest-front and cleared for the fray.

"This here psychology business, boys, is jest a kind of thinkin' gymnastics. You git to thinkin' somethin' aint so, because another says ye ought to think it is, or vice versa to suit yerself. Ye never know psychology is workin' on ye till after it gits through and yer hide is stretched on a plank. Then ye wake up and see th' tracks of a nightmare trailin' off in th' sand, leavin' ye jest where ye lit. It's as bad fer th' nerves as coffee an' when I see it comin' my way, I duck."

Mr. Meacham paused, assumed an easy attitude and gazed at the ceiling reflectively.

"Thar was three of th' greenest mulletheads engaged in th' follerin' doin's that ever strayed off from th' family corral. I was one of 'em an' I know. Thar was Slim Elkins—he was eighteen, bony and eager in 'is eatin'. Th' other individual was Marbletop Jones. We never got 'is age—that was kep' shrouded in mystery. Thar never was anything far enough back in hist'ry that we spoke about but this Jones party had been thar' on th' precise spot at th' time, directin' th' movements of th' opposin' armies, etcetry. I think Jones dated from th' stone age. He got his name from th' aspect of 'is skull, which was plain white, with little blue streaks runnin' through it.

"'Twas in July—and hot. We'd slung camp on th' charmin' banks o' th' Brazos which same wa'n't more'n a wet streak in th' dust ordinarily, but seemed 'bout a mile wide when we'd come in with our tongues wearin' a white mould that tas'ed like alfalfa and felt like fuzz. We'd been three months starvin' to death in th' Hot Rock district. Never'll tell ye whar that is—can't recall. But it was strong on gold—we'd find it in th' dishwater every mornin.'

"I should jedge our shirts weighed in th' neighborhood o' fifteen pounds apiece—they was quilted up with hunks an' lumps o' th' yaller stuff. Our ribs was raw from luggin' it aroun.' We was thin but hilarious with subdued pleasure an' anticipations.

"Well, us fellers was layin' back on our ha'nches back o' th' tent one evenin', inhalin' our pipes an' employin' th' best language we could git hold of, when all to onct thar riz up a noise fit to locsen th' fillin' in a nigger's teeth.

"Ee—wee-ee-ee-haw-aw-weee—haw-aw-haw-eee!!"

It was most thrillin' an' onnervin'—like th' spirit of a teetotaller lost in a brewery.

"That sounds ass-picious," says Slim, who was allus pertendin' he was some funny.

"W'y, ye tarnal idgit, we're a good three hunderd miles from human—"

"Yaw-aw-eee-hawee-aw"!

"That last endeavor was too clost for comfort an' we rekkernoitered fer plain everyday live mulemeat. In a minute th' critter ambles in an' a tall pair o' glasses up top asks us if thar is a lunch-counter loose in th' neighborhood.

"Ye aint hungry, be ye?" says Slim, nudgin' me.

"Guilty on all counts," says th' feller.

"Come in an' let our specialist examine ye," says Marbletop, an' we brung him in.

"Th' feller gits up an' looks hisself all over slow an' careful, like a blind man buggin' pertater vines, pats hisself 'ere an' thar gentle, works his joints some an' then says,

"Ye'll pardon my pertestin' agin th' exooberance o' yer wellcome, gents, but me health is some delikit an' shocks must be tabooed!

"Tabooed?" says Slim, "What are they?"

Th' critter folds up like a clotheshorse, takes a sort o' mikerscopic view at Slim, an' emanates as follers,

"Its doin' ye good, gents—I see it in yer faces!"

Slim felt o' his'n, kinder expectin' he'd find somethin' hung tharon.

"Yes, it is—a heap," says Slim, glancin' over at me real intelligible. I grinned to show that I was on—like a beartrap. Th' feller gives a grunt or two in a medikil voice, an' focusses 'is eye onto Marbletop real conspicuous.

"I'd jest like to listen to your heart a secont if ye don't mind," says he.

Marbletop blushed like a schoolgirl and coughed like a fly had lit in his throat.

"Er—how d'ye like th' mouth-organ?" asks Marbletop, desperate.

But th' feller leaned over on Marbletop's chest an' glued his ear to 'is shirt afore he could put up 'is guard. Then he run a hand inter th' air an' begun wavin' it to an' fro. Poor Marbletop's eyes rolled till we could see in behind 'em. Th' feller got to countin' an' hammer'n' time like he was directin' a band of music. All of a sudden he straightens up an' grabs Marbletop by th' chin.

"Yer tongue, please!" he says.

Marble rolled out a length of tongue that would have made a beef stutter. Specs grunted.

"Ah—hum—I perceive!" he says, "Its scariosum magnasticus gin!"

"Eh?" says Slim, "Has that cuss been gittin' likker?"

Glasses merely glanced down sorter condescendin' onto Slim an' kep' on proddin' around in Marbletop's interior with a ten-inch cellerloid comb.

"Have night sweats?" he says, sudden. Marbletop drawed his tongue in to answer an' th' feller thought he was noddin' an' grabbed 'is tongue afore it got clean away.

"Exactly—jest as I thought!" says he, "But it aint hopeless, by no means. Lucky I kem along though. Ringin' in th' ears, I persoom?"

"Er—er—er," says the victim.

"I see! I see! Um-hum!"

Then he let Marbletop loose an' turned to Slim an' me.

"Ever notice any ramblin' aimless talk on th' part o' this gentleman—any loose, onrestrained, garrulous, irresponsi—"

"Oh, yes, we've noticed it plenty!" says we, quick an' prompt.

"With vierlent fits o' temper—attacks o' rage?" he says, archin' up 'is eyewhiskers.

"Sure, he has them often!" we says.

Ah, sure enough, Marbletop had one of them. He swung around an' pelted Slim in th' tropics an' kicked me in th' antartics all at th' same performance. It took th' three of us to calm him down he was that savage.

"Straordinary vitality for one in his condition!" he says, arter he'd picke dhisself up an' found 'is specs.

"Its surprisin,' fer a fact!" says Slim, rubbin' his ribs.

Marbletop riz up slow an' expanded 'is lungs. The language he made use of was good—it was extra good—but I'm not goin' to repeat it. Th' stranger was horrerfied a lot until Slim ketches 'is eye an' taps 'is forehead, lettin' on as how Marbletop's weak in th' attic. Then he grinned an' seemed more calm.

"Have you gents ever took physical culcher?" says th' feller, arter Marbletop had foamed out an' run down.

"How much a package is it?" says Slim.

"What is that?" says he.

"It's a breakfast food, haint it?"

Th' critter looked hard at Slim for a minute—then snorted gentle.

"Its not eatable—its exercisin' yer muscles," says he.

"Oh! If that's it, we've been usin' it fer upwards of eighteen years now," says Slim.

He ignored Slim an' rounded onto Marbletop again.

"This 'ere gent's case imposes on me very deeply," says he, I can't understand it. Th' saloobricousness of this air an' a little physical culcher ought to fetch him out all right, however."

He gin us one o' them calm, sooperinduced smiles that perfessers use in th' presence o' ignorance.

"We must put this gent on a severe regiment," he says, "Ye kin see what it has done for me. Two months ago I was a weakling with one foot in th' grave. And now—look!"

He stood up an' swelled out his chest like a canary takin' a sunbath.

"Strong!" says Slim, lookin' red an' painful.

"Terrible strong!" I says.

"Oh, fierce!" says Marbletop, in a kind of beller.

Th' critter grinned at us sociable an' started in to peel 'is regalyer. When he'd got down to bedrock he hits an attitood like ye see in circusses an' works 'is muscles tryin' to git 'em visible. I did see a couple. Then he tossed his shoulders back an' stuck out a briskit sharp as a shoemaker's knife.

"Notice!" says he.

He begun drawin' in wind an' purty soon 'is chest bulges out like a wickerware baskit.

"Huh!" he says, an' lets 'er go.

Slim took a look at me.

"Ter think," he says, "That a mere human kin breath like that!"

"Its easy," says specs, "See here! One-huh-two-huh-one-huh—"

It was tollerable interestin.' I wont enumerate all th' things he did do but finally he stops, puts 'is hand over 'is eyes an' peeks out across California.

"Gul-lorious!" he says, "What air! what sky! What solertude!"

"Awful, aint it?" says Slim.

"When does th' sun set out this way?" asks th' critter.

"In th' evenin'" says Marbletop, real low an' raspy, like he was rubbin' sandpaper on a blister.

Th' feller then skips up to th' edge of th' Brazos, puts 'is hands together an' pops in. Arter a thunderin' puffin' he come back happy as a yearlin' an' rosy as a bunion. He was enjoyin' hisself—we could see that.

Feller went to bed an' snored like a fannin' mill. Up in th' mornin' chirper'n a cricket an' tearin' off through th' atmosphere like a white streak, physical culcherin' for all he was worth. In an hour or so in he'd come, perspirin' free an' eat about three bale.

Right thar is where psychology ketched us three idgits by th' slack o' th' garments. Ye can't never tell jest when ye'll turn foolish. Used ter know a cowman what pertended to be a lady's feller—he wore his hair plastered with taller an' was allus wet down with vaniller perfume. Gal showed up in camp onct an' we set back fer Spud to lug th' talk to 'er. Did he? Not much—it was yer old friend an' feller slave to th' rum demon who sets afore ye. Maybe that wa'n't psychology, but I thought I'd tell ye anyhow.

"First Marbletop begun exhibitin' a change o' heart. His symptoms was leanin' heavy towards this physical culcher program. We 'd ketch 'im out back somewheres strainin' hisself this way an' that to toughen up his muscles on th' quiet. Slim found him bent over a chair onct an' says to him, real stern an' fierce, "Brace up an' act like a full-growed human being, boy."

Marbletop jest glared at him warm and cosy an' wiped th' dew from 'is skull. Then he got to gettin' up mornin's with th' stranger an' puttin' out hellytyclatter fer th' tall timber. He had a gait like a wounded kangaroo comin' down a circular stairs.

Time me'n Slim hitched on our duds an' had breakfast throwed together, in they'd come, all a-lather an' pantin' till th' dishes rattled. Then they'd eat till everything had an ivory polish on.

It begun to git derned loathsome ter me'n Slim an' arter surveyin' th' thing sorter calm an' dispassionate, we voted fer culcher. We begun easy on th' harmless, useless exercises for little girls, gradually workin' our noble ways up through leg-swingin', squattin' an' risin', an' heavin' till we was eddicated enough for th' regular track work. Then it was real humorous to see us fellers risin' afore daylight, lookin' stern, noble an' bony an' partakin' of them thar exercises as solemn as if we was buildin' a steeple.

Arter a few perliminaries we'd gird up our loins an' pike out for our jaunt. A mile to wind'ard another to th' left, whipsaw off to right angles fer another mile an' then pull for home like a flock o' catermounts.

A week o' that got us down to a wire edge an' th' stranger says we might as well begin lengthenin' them trips some.

"How far can we go?" says Marbletop, real anxious.

"Some men can go a hundred miles," he says, "But not in sand like we have to contend with. I reckon from ten to twenty miles will do here, accordin' to your respective strengths an' ignorance."

That evenin' he drags out a little glass an' took an observation of Marbletop's head. "Its comin'," he says, noddin' perfessionally.

"What is?" says Slim, jumpin' up an' lookin' around.

"This gent's hair!" says th' feller, "Its jest below th' surface strugglin' to get out."

"Two to one it never makes it!" says Slim.

"Ye'd lose. His head feels kind of soft an' downy now," says th' feller, smilin' confidentially.

"It allus done that," says Slim an' then dodges th' teakettle.

Next mornin' we was up an' eager as racehosses. Time we'd got our leathers on our hoofs we noticed th' stranger was reclinin' in bed yet.

"Come on perfesser—stir your stakes!" says Slim.

A terrible low groan was th' answer he got an' Slim went in to see what was up. In a minute he came out to where we was snortin' an' pawin' sand to be off an' says: Th' cuss is sick—has spells like this occasionally, he says—probably be all right time we git back."

So we hurled in a few consolin' remarks an' lit out. We pounded along real kittenish an' in due course of time we hove inter camp with yells an' kiyoodles to wake up th' stranger, fur thar wa'n't no sign of a smoke. Marbletop he runs 'is head inter th' tent an' emits a Piute yell. Then he hauls it out.

"Fellers, he aint here!"

Slim let out a piercin' yell jest then.

"My shirt is missin'—

"So's mine!" roared Marbletop.

"Here too!" says I, after a hasty grab where I'd hung mine.

Slim pressed his hand to his head an' groaned.

"Fifty pounds of dust if an ounce!" he said.

Marbletop strayed off around th' tent an' yelled. Me'n Slim fell over th' tent gettin' thar. Writ in medium large characters on th' tent was th' follerin':

Deer Frens: : :

Doant Overdoo this Fissikil Culchur Biznis. Its bad on the Hart.

Yewr Friend,

Doc.

Arter readin' that a few times an' ketchin' th' drift of it, we ripped that tent up inter kimonos an' hit straight fer civilization an' th' home of th' pianner an' chewin' gum. Only thing we had to console ourselves, was a satisfyin' development in th' limbs which same we laid to th' benefits o' physical culcher.

Jim, pass that blue stone jug down this way—thar's something in my neck—thanks!"

BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

By H. M. D.

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In place of their self content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran —
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by;
The men who are good and the men who are bad —
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban —
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press on with the ardor of hope,
And the men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan —
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish — so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

NO. 13007

By William MacLeod Raine

JACK BELDING tossed the paper across to me. Round one of the advertisements in the "Personal" column, he had ringed a pencil mark.

"I'm wondering, Tommie, if that is to our address. We're awfully shy of the needful, and there seems to be bread and butter in it if we make good."

I glanced the advertisement through. "We might try it. He says a good reward will be paid upon the successful accomplishment of this confidential and delicate mission. He doesn't say what the job is, but I vote we take a shot at it."

We did. That morning's train carried a special delivery letter to Box 347, Molest, Colorado, and within four hours we had a wire telling us to come. A black-bearded little man, nervous as a school boy waiting for a licking, met us at the depot.

"This Mr. Belding?" he snapped, his beady eyes on Jack.

Jack bowed, and introduced me.

"Glad to meet you. Gordon my name is," he went on rapidly, firing his sentences out like shots. "I'm the President and General Manager of the Red Raven Mining and Milling Company. Come along to the office."

He locked the door of the inner office before he said another word except "Yes," and "No." Then language effervesced from him like bottled soda suddenly uncorked.

"Your references are all right. I liked your letter, gentlemen, and I like your looks. No professional detectives for me, thank you. Fact is, I'm being robbed and I daren't squeal till I make sure of the thief. Understand?"

We didn't, and we said so.

"It's this way: I'm shipping about a carload of ore a day to the smelter at Vistuena. The ore all comes from the same vein. It assays the same when it leaves us, but the returns from the smelter are as uneven as an Arkansas corduroy road. Sometimes we get a big price and sometimes we have to send a check to pay smelting charges."

Jack whistled. "There's no possibility of you're being mistaken about the original value of the ore being practically always the same?"

Gordon frowned nervously. "I tell you I've had samples assayed time and again before it left here. They're holding me up. That's the size of it, but I want to make sure of my ground before I holler. You see, the smelter trust is a big concern to buck up against. They would simply refuse to handle my ore, and if I have no proofs of crookedness I couldn't do a thing but shut down my mine. That would spell ruin to me, because I'm in litigation with a scoundrel named Hennessy who is trying to euchre me out of my various properties by means of the courts. I've simply got to have money to fight the pirate, and I've got to have every cent the ore ought to bring. I'm not going to sit down and let that damned trust rob me. I'm an American citizen and I fight for my rights. See? But I realize I don't stand much chance. Unless you can do something for me I'm down and out. That's all."

"Who is this Hennessy you mention?"

"Oh, he's an audacious adventurer who owns the Mary Morrison. He got it crookedly in the first place, and he uses it as a lever to annoy me. Now the Mary Morrison isn't any more valuable than an ice plant at the North Pole. But that doesn't phaze him. Claims that the Red Raven veins all apex in the Mary Morrison. It's a damned lie, but his experts swear to it and the fellow is a fighter. But it's in the matter of the ore steal I need you. Think you can help me?"

"Where does Hennessy ship his ore?" asked Jack.

"To a small independent smelter at Smoko. He really owns it."

"Are you mining a high grade ore?"

"It runs about five hundred to the ton. That means a big profit if it were not diverted. I lose thousands of dollars with every carload that I am robbed of. We use a fifteen ton closed car. You can figure for yourself how good a thing it is."

"How long does it take to make the run to Vistuena?"

"About five hours."

"Who superintends the loading of the cars? Is there any possibility of the ore being tampered with in loading?"

"Not the least in the world," returned Gordon emphatically. "I ride down with every wagon load, and a foreman that I can trust watches the car until it is sealed. When it reaches the smelter the seal is intact."

"Of course, then, you are positive that your ore is loaded into the car," mused Jack.

"Just as positive as I am that it is unloaded at the smelter. You don't need to fool away any time with that ore till it reaches the smelter."

"Have you kept a list of the car numbers?" asked Jack. "You might be able to tell something from them."

"We always get the same car," replied Gordon impatiently. "It goes down to the smelter at night and comes back up here in the morning. The number of the car is One, three, double O, seven."

"What is the train time here and at the smelter?"

"The down train picks up our car about fifteen minutes after six," said Gordon. "The train arrives at Vistuena at half past eleven. At Vistuena, it is almost immediately switched to the smelter side track, and there it is unloaded into the ore bins prepared for it. An agent of mine, absolutely above suspicion, superintends the unloading. So far as I can see, there is no possibility of a hitch anywhere. Car number One, Three, double O, Seven leaves here running five hundred dollars to the ton, or worth seven thousand, five hundred dollars. It runs direct to the smelter, is assayed, and nets me nothing or seven thousand dollars just as it happens. That's all there is to it. I tell you the thing is maddening."

"You are quite sure of your agent at Vistuena?" Jack demanded, suddenly."

"He is my own brother, and a heavy stockholder in the Red Raven," flushed Gordon, angrily.

"Excuse me, I simply wanted to make sure."

"That's all right. Here comes a load of the ore ready to go down now. If you like you may ride with it."

"Certainly, I would like to look over the ground," said Jack, and we left the stuffy little office.

Jack picked up from the wagon a few pieces of the ore in his fingers. "Good stuff," he said, after examining it.

"Any one can see that," snapped Gordon.

We climbed into the wagon and bumped down over the four miles of rocky road to the side track where car number One, three, double O, seven stood.

The ore was transferred from the wagon to the car, while Jack was examining the car with a careless eye, Gordon rode back up the mountain road with the driver and the empty wagon. Jack went away with the excuse that he wanted to take a look about town. I was left alone with the car and the foreman. But Jack had asked a casual question of the station agent before he left that set me wondering.

"I suppose the railroad never has two cars of the same number?"

"No, sir," returned the agent, lighting the cigar Jack had just given him. "Two cars with the same number would ball up the whole system." I lit up and sat down on the end of a tile to wait for Jack's return. Two hours later he put in his appearance, almost simultaneously with Gordon and the last load of ore.

"Anybody try to steal the ore while I was away?" asked Jack, jokingly.

"No, Did you find out anything?"

"Nothing," said Jack. But he said it with a cocksure irritating air of triumph and I knew my debonair friend thought, at least, that he had hit on the solution of mystery.

The fifteen tons all loaded, Gordon sampled the car and put the samples in his pocket. His hand went up to slide the door to, but Jack stopped him, "Guess we will make the trip with number One, three, double O, seven to-night, if you have no objections."

Gordon's teeth shut with an angry snap. "I tell you it's no use. You're working the wrong end of the proposition."

"Maybe," agreed Jack, good-humoredly. "But I have a fancy for commencing at the beginning. If I am to get any results you'll have to let me work my own way, Mr. Gordon."

"All right. Go ahead, but you're throwing your time away, and just now time is money, young man—my money, too."

"I want you to keep the foreman in sight for the next five hours, so that he can't do any wiring in case he is in the employ of the enemy," commanded Jack in a low voice. "And don't tell a soul we're in here, especially the station agent."

We climbed into the car and Gordon closed and sealed the door. From the semi-darkened interior, we presently heard his footsteps fade away along the cinder path.

"Jack, you've got some notion. Out with it," I ordered.

But my chief merely told me to wait and be sure my gun was in working order.

We had a long wait before us, and I put in some of the time trying to follow the steps of my companion's reasoning. It was plain that his theory connected the theft of the ore with the period before it was received by the smelter. That limited the time to the five hours it was on the train, and the short time it might be on the side track in the smelter yards. His theory appeared to me absurd so far as it was connected with the period of transit. Suppose an active man clinging to the bumpers could break into the car and unload the ore along the miles of track that flashed past. It would be impossible for him to reload the stuff under any circumstances. No, Gordon was right. We must look to dishonesty among the smelter officials.

The toot of a laboring freight engine came to us, and presently a long train went past with a clanking roar that gradually lessened. We judged it was switching, and knew this to be the fact when it bumped into us. Five minutes later we were off.

The next five hours are more pleasant in the retrospect than in the enacting. If you have never spent a night in the darkness of a laden ore car, bumping heavily over a rough mountain track, you cannot guess our discomfort and a description of it would be wasted. Yet, I must have dozed a little, too. When, at last, the train jolted to a hesitating halt we were alive, and that is all that can be said of us

"We must be in Vistuena," whispered Jack. "Keep very quiet."

Five, ten, thirty minutes, I waited breathlessly. Nothing happened. Then Jack spoke: "What did you say the number of this car was?" he asked.

"One, three, O, double seven. You know the car number as well as I."

Jack laughed. "See what the car number is now," he said, opening the door.

I climbed out and looked. Then I rubbed my eyes and looked again. The number was no longer 13,007 but 79,009. I was amazed, but Jack only laughed.

"You'll tell me the whole business now," I pleaded, "and how you found out what you must know. The case is as mysterious to me as it was at the beginning."

"No, my son," smiled Jack. "I am not going to tell you anything. You will have to find out things for yourself. There is just one thing I will tell you, though, and that is that I shall have the thief by eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

"I don't see what you're driving at," I grumbled. "You might give me a look in."

"It's up to you to find things out for yourself, Tommie," he said jauntily. "I'm going to stretch my legs. You had better stay here in the car and keep out of sight."

He crossed the bright patch of moonlight and disappeared in the shadow of a row of buildings. An hour passed before he slipped back through the darkness. "How would you like to take a run down to Smoko?"

"Not me," I answered. "I'm going to stay in this car till the finish."

"You can do both," said Jack. "This car will be in Smoko by daylight."

"What—what—," I spluttered.

"Just as I said," interrupted Jack. "There's an engine backing down for us now, and I think, to avoid suspicion, we had best close the door. You might try for some sleep, Tommie. We'll need clear heads in the morning."

We were shunted and switched back and forth for half an hour, then our car rolled slowly away, across frogs and switches, to the main track.

"How do you know this train is bound for Smoko?" I asked.

"Oh, that's just one of the things I know. Better try and get some sleep," he grinned, looking at the pointed rocks beneath us. "There won't be a thing doing before six o'clock."

Daylight did finally come, though I had almost given it up. Our car was run under a shed and left there.

"We are in the smelter at Smoko — Hennessy's smelter?" I whispered, a light breaking over my bewildered brain.

"You're certainly getting warm, Tommie." The sound of footsteps came to us.

Jack edged closer to the door.

A startled voice exclaimed, "The seal's broken."

I threw back the door and Jack, a revolver in each hand, confronted three men. "Morning, gentlemen," he said pleasantly. "How's everything with you?"

Two of the men edged away, but the third held his ground. He was a splendidly built Irishman with a face as hard as hammered steel.

"Mr. Hennessy, I believe," continued Jack. "Now, if you'll kindly dismiss your fat friend and his shadow, we'll do business.

The minor thieves lost no time in making tracks.

An amazing revelation swept over me. "Jack," I said, "Jack. Wait a minute, a minute. This isn't Smoko. This is"—I could hardly believe it myself as yet—"this is Molest. We're where we started from."

"Right, for once, O sapient lieutenant," said Jack dryly. "That's where we are. I just observed the fact a moment ago. Would you like to hear an interesting story, Tommie?"

"If you please," I murmured humbly.

Jack deferred to the Irishman. "If you would prefer to tell it, Mr. Hennessy—"

Hennessy waved his hand. He was as cool as a frozen phosphate. "Oh, this is your little funeral. I'm not in it."

"Just as you like. Well, here goes, Tommie. After Gordon had told his story I guessed the game was not so clever as bold. Wandering about the yards here, I spotted seven cars whose numbers bore the signs of having been tampered with. It had been an artistic job. An ordinary observer would never have noticed it, but it happens to be my business to notice things. The rest was easy. We simply rode with the car, knowing that wherever the changed number took the car, there the thief would be. However, I made a miscalculation. I expected to be in Smoko this morning. Twenty-four hours more with the car, however, and we would have been in Smoko. The trip up here is just a little extra mystification to throw the overly curious off the scent. Here's the game. Gordon ships one car each evening. Hennessy ships two. To-night, this car of Gordon's ore would have been shipped to the smelter at Smoko in Hennessy's name. He would, also, have sent another car of worthless stuff to Vistuena. Now the train from Smoko arrives at Vistuena at the same time as the train from Molest. In that train there is always an empty for Hennessy. When the car containing the worthless stuff reaches Vistuena, a very clever man in Hennessy's employ, changes the number to One, three, double O, seven. The man then changes the number of the empty, and puts the real number of the empty on Gordon's car. That brings the car of high grade ore up here. The man then applies for and receives the newly-numbered empty, there being no record of such a number at the station. I guess that is clear enough. Isn't it, Mr. Hennessy?"

Hennessy took the cigar out of his mouth. "Suits me if it does you," he said coolly.

"You're a cool hand," said Jack admiringly. To me he explained: "It was make or break with Mr. Hennessy. I have an idea his wife will be quite well to do when he gets out of the pen. He foresaw the possibility of detection, arrest, and even conviction, and put everything in his wife's name."

Hennessy laughed. "And what do you get out of it?"

"I'll think we'll leave that to Mr. Gordon. He can't say less than two thousand."

In point of fact, Gordon's check to Jack said five thousand.

THE SIEGE OF FOURTEEN

By Forest Blake

TROUBLE started soon after school opened that fall. It was all on account of Rooster.

He came from somewhere with an eighth-grade diploma and a large opinion of himself, and entered first year High School with a strut and a crow. Hence the name—branded in chalk across the back of his coat before the first day was over.

But Scotty the Scot never scented danger for nearly two weeks. Even though Rooster bobbed up and recited at every seen and unseen opportunity; even though he could reduce the declension of "amo" into a humming blur and thirty-six seconds of time—that was all right. But when Scotty began to notice that, after one of these particular stunts, Rooster's eyes would roam over to the fourth seat from the front in the second row, and that back from that seat he would receive fair speechless messages—then Scotty's troubles began.

He couldn't help it—this failure to be frivolous. Thirteen years was he from his native heaths; but his name was still Donald MacLure, and life to him was, aye, a serious matter. And one of the most serious of all things in life was that fourth seat from the front in the second row.

* * *

She was a pretty little girl. Her cheeks had dimples and her hair was tied back in a mop of yellow curls. Poor Scotty! Poor Rooster!

"They just write me the softest, silliest letters!" She drew a note from her algebra and handed it to the Latin teacher. "Read that."

Red ink splashed over pale green paper. Miss Lane read, trampling with profane feet into the sacred realms of Rooster's heart.

"DEAR EDNA:—I want to tell you how much I love you. I fell in love with you at first site. I dident use to think they was such a thing as love at first site till I seen you and then I knowed they is love at first site. Edna I don't think you could find a better fellow than me. I maid 87 on our last algebra examation and I was the first one out. That felow they call Scooty he maid 98 if I staid at it long as he did I would of maid a 100. You ought to see me in the jimnashum preforming on the trapease and jumping and the other night I swung clear acrost the room on them rings. I maid some poertry too last night all in 10 minutes. I do it by inspriation. That's the way Longfellow wrote his, its by inspriation.: Here is the verses I wrote:

Edna I love you
As much as can be
I wonder o how I wonder
If you ever will love me.

I think of you all day
And I think of you (pretty near) all night
Sometimes I lay awake and think about you
Till the sun is shinning bright.

There were nine more stanzas like unto these. The last was a revised quotation.

"'Tis sweet to love but o how bitter
To love a girl with all your might and then not git er.

"Yours respt

"JAMES HENRY STODDARD."

The Latin teacher wiped her eyes. Edna giggled—then turned sheepishly through her algebra.

Out came another note, and again the teacher read. (This was a copy-book model in black and white.)

"September seventeenth.

"EDNA:—Do you not think you are getting old enough to go with the boys? You always said your mother would not let you until you are sixteen but you will be fifteen next August. I would like to go to Endeavor with you next Sunday night. I would like to go very much. I will take good care of you, Edna, I have always liked you ever since you were a little girl and I were a little boy. I cannot wait until you are sixteen. Please ask your mother if I may have the permission.

DONALD MACLURE."

"Donald's a fine boy," remarked the teacher.

"Oh, I just dee-spise him! He's the greenest thing that ever happened!"

"Edna, if you dislike the boys so much, why do you smile at them?"

Edna looked like a poor little kitty that had been terribly 'bused.

"Why I can't help it 'cause I smile at them! I've tried to look sour at 'em—and then they smile at me—and—and—I just can't help it."

Two minutes later her voice was heard in the corridor.

"Why, here's Mr. MacLure! Grouchy-looking as usual!"

* * *

Something that happened at Elma Dane's party was an event in the life of Scotty.

It took him a good while to get ready that night. But at last his mother came in and with her toil-hardened hands, straightened out his tie and brushed back his hair nice and sleek. Then she kissed him good-bye, and stood looking after him with tender eyes. For he was her only bairn, and muckle help had he been, too, since Tammas died. A bonnie gude laddie he was, and Tammas had been ower proud of him.

When Scotty arrived at the Dane home, a dozen of his classmates were already there, sitting in the parlor in a circle of misery Rube and Paddy and Bunce were on the sofa, with Clabber and Stub and Rooster at their right. Sooligan, encased in a celluloid collar, sat in pitiable state in the Morris chair. Over on the other side of the room sat a straight row of girls, and, surveying this animated scene from the doorway, stood the young hostess, prim and excited. She had wanted a party and now she was having it."

When Miss Lane, with Edna Freeman and other girls, passed up the stairway, Scotty twisted around and took a nervous peep at himself in the mantel mirror. He wanted to see if there were any twigs sticking up in his hair. But Rooster straightened up in his chair and calmly folded his hands across his vest. He knew he looked all right. And he was there the first one, too! Ran half the way so he'd be the first.

Even after Miss Lane entered and started the game of "Wink 'em," and the ice broke up into little chunks and finally melted in roars of laughter—even then, Scotty was deeply aware of a crisis. It was evident that Rooster was a star in society as well as in the school-room. He could laugh the loudest of anybody there. He could walk right across the room, before the whole crowd, and never stump his toe. When refreshments were brought in and Scotty sat looking over a huge embankment of ice and angel-food, with awe but with grim determination to do his duty, Rooster was calm and untroubled. His life purpose, to be first in everything, was a working principle, good for all occasions. The cream was solid and the cake was sticky, but that made no difference. In three minutes he wiped his hand across his mouth, stalked proudly across the room, and set his empty plate on the piano.

But it was the time for departure that Scotty recognized as the crucial moment. He lingered in the lower hall, waiting and listening and fingering his hat. His heart was thumping.

At last she came.

Scotty started toward her.

Another boy stepped in between them. He said something to her, and together they said good-night to the hostess, and left the house.

Out in the street they walked along, keeping about three feet apart. Rooster's hands were in his pockets, his head was very high. To offer her his arm would have been scandalous. But when they came to a puddle of water he would call out gallantly:

"Watch out there, Edna! Don't get your feet wet!"

But Scotty the Scot—stumbling away from the jeers of his mates, out into the darkness! Puir laddie, 'tis a sair, sair nicht for thee!

* * *

Sissy Barker was a very industrious boy. The next morning after the party, when Miss Lane had charge of Freshman A and Junior B in the assembly-room, Sissy was buried deep in the study of Assyrian history.

He bent with bated breath and rapt countenance over Meyer's account of the reign of Tiglath-Pileses I. There was no doubt that Sissy was studying hard. He scarcely twitched an eyelid.

Miss Lane stooped to look into a drawer.

Up from Sissy's desk something rose in the air. It circled over three or four heads, and hit Scotty MacLure's desk with a little click. Miss Lane raised her head. Sissy was bending over the history of Shalmaneser II. His lips moved studiously.

Scotty, not so deeply engrossed as Sissy, picked up the missile. He unfolded the tightly wadded piece of paper, read it, and turned a color bordering on darkness and the shades of night. Seizing his pencil, he wrote on the other side, bearing down with great heavy strokes. Then, with Miss Lane's eyes directly on him, he half rose in his seat, and, with a big savage swing of the arm, he lammed the note right back at Sissy.

Freshman A and Junior B were shocked —then lapsed into half-audible snickers. At Miss Lane's command, Scotty brought the note up to her desk and received orders to meet her at intermission in the Latin room.

Miss Lane read the two notes. On one side this:

"Say there Scotty! got left last night, dident you?"

On the other side this:

"You ornry little fiste I'll knock your blamed head off I'll smash that darned Rooster I'll just wallop the whole set of you if you don't quit tor—" The pencil ran against the corner of the paper and had to stop.

The bells sounded through the building. While half a thousand young feet were clattering eagerly out of open doors, Scotty, now limp and contrite, trudged humbly into the Latin-room. Here, teacher and pupil talked, first on the edge of things, finally pressing to the inwardness.

"I've always wanted her for my girl," said Scotty; and while they talked, Scotty had a revelation.

Thus came about that episode that for days did not cease to be a subject of wonder.

When Scotty came out at noon, he skipped whistling down the steps, and greeted Rooster with a knock at his hat, and a brotherly punch in the side. But to her he gave not one single soulful glance.

*   *   *

It was understood that Rooster had the inside track. He helped her with her English, sent her tender missives which said, "*Amo te. Amas-ne me?*" kept her supplied with chewing-gum, and sometimes would even bring her a red carnation that cost ten cents at the greenhouse. And the maiden smiled at him—because she couldn't help it.

And so for a few weeks Scotty was the under dog. A patient, well-behaved young cur he was; but at last he began to show signs of getting on top.

Class election was drawing near.

"Who for President?" Name after name was taken up and thrown down, until finally only two remained. One was a case of the office seeking the man; the other, the man seeking the office. One was Scotty and the other was Rooster.

There was a pretty clear understanding in the class that this was a game of hearts as well as politics, and the fellow who won would get more than a chair facing the crowd. But Scotty, having consented to let his name come before the convention, sternly did no electioneering. He had no boss, he made no speeches, he bought no votes. But Rooster arranged his wires, mapped out his campaign, and sought favor of the rabble. He gathered great crowds on the back steps at noon, discussing the issues of the day. He went to a crowd of bashful little girls from a district school, and with a ten-cent bag of chocolates secured the promise of their support. Paddy Long, his political manager, worked another bunch with cracker-jack. Before three days the class was divided into two distinct factions. Only one person in the whole ninety-one professed to be neutral. That was the young lady herself. When Clabber Jimson tried to coax her down from the fence, she said she didn't care one cent who got it—not one cent.

At last the final hour had come. The class met in solemn assembly in the auditorium. Miss Lane occupied the chair. Edna Freeman was making a rabbit out of her handkerchief, and bestowing great care thereon. Rooster sat with his hands in his pockets, his big blaring eyes already sweeping, President-fashion, over the assembled crowd. Scotty was reading a library book. It was very, very interesting!

"Whom will you have for the secretary of the meeting?" asked Miss Lane.

"Madam President," said Dewbury Armfield rising, with a jerk in his face, (Dewbury was a funny boy), "I nominate Miss Edna Free—"

"Second the motion!" bawled out Rooster.

The convention howled. After Rooster had been corrected by the chair, and poor Edna in red-faced terror had refused the proffered honor, another person was chosen, and the convention proceeded to business. The ballots were given out, the hats passed, the votes called out and recorded on the board. A dark horse appeared, and there was no majority. The chairman called for a vote on the two highest candidates—and again the convention prepared their ballots.

The neutral member voted—but nobody knew how. She wrote slyly in a disguised hand, folded her ballot, and thrust it far down among the others. Mystery, thy name, also, is woman!

Again the votes were called off, and the teller recorded them on the board. After Scotty's name, a line of straight marks began to grow. After Rooster's another line. Rooster had crawled out of his seat and was sitting mostly on atmosphere. Scotty had laid down his library book and his face was fairly white. Edna Freeman forgot about her rabbit and leaned forward with the rest. Oh, no, she didn't care one cent!

The lines kept close—almost neck to neck. The ninetieth vote was read, and there were forty-five each. The ninety-first would decide.

"James Stoddard," called out the Secretary—and Rooster had won!

Rooster plumped back into his seat and rubbed his hands through his hair in ecstasy. A mighty cheer went up from the Stoddard party—generously joined in by the MacLure's. Then Rooster puffed and swelled. He looked as though he would burst.

The other offices were soon disposed of, and the merry convention was adjourned. Laughing and scuffling, the young politicians tumbled out through the dusky corridors. The woes of defeat slipped lightly off the losing party. But they fell heavily on the young leader, and under the weight of them he crept out into a secluded corner of the hall way. And here they crushed him down across the window-sill.

Down below, Rooster was lingering near the door of the girls' cloak-room, waiting for that which was his now as a matter of course. When she finally came out he straightened up his neck as if he was about to crow.

"Ready to go, Edna?"

She looked at him with blasting, shrivelling young eyes—and said not a word.

Upstairs she went, peeping into corners and peering into doors. At last she came to that corner of the hallway.

"Donald—I've just been—why, are you here?"

* * *

Down on the grounds, Rooster was surrounded by a crowd of his henchmen. But, out from the circle of their adoration, he looked back with uneasy eyes toward the building.

At last they came out. He was carrying her books and his face was that of a victor.

In sudden silence, the crowd watched the two young figures fade slowly into the autumn dusk. Sooligan was the first to speak.

"Gee, Rooster! How d'ye like that?"

Rooster squinted his left eye at a knot on a tree. Then, as the stone from his hand thumped against the knot, he answered loftily:

"Don't care. Didn't want her, nohow."

THE BUNKER HILL SPOONS

By Gertrude Robinson

IN Charlestown, at the corner of Mead and Main streets, stands to-day the wreck of an ancient colonial mansion. On the sixteenth day of June, 1775, this old mansion was one of the most stately and elegant abodes in all Charlestown. At least, so it seemed to eighteen year old Abigail Stimpson as she stood on the steps to watch her father coming from the camp at Cambridge.

"Bring in the toast, Ann," she called, as the portly figure of her father, Captain Ebenezer Stimpson, advanced down the street, in company with Judge Winslow. There was something portentious in the bearing of the Charlestown patriots, and Abigail, athrill with the stir of the times, burned to learn the news.

As the two men stopped at the gate a bit of their conversation reached the girl. "It is the safest way, Judge. But be sure to take all your valuable papers with you."

"Never fear that I will leave more for the British to loot than I can help, Captain. Be on time."

Abigail met Captain Stimpson as he strode up the broad path to the front door. "Oh, father," she whispered, "I wish I were a boy. Something's going to happen."

Before the Captain could answer his wife came to the door. "What has kept you so long, Ebenezer," she cried anxiously, "and where is Ezra?"

"He is at the camp in Cambridge. He will not be at home to-night. I have no time to eat supper," continued her husband in a guarded voice, "but you must all eat something and be ready to start for Father Snow's at nightfall."

"Start for Somerville at night with the British in town?" expostulated Mistress Stimpson.

"When the battleships in the harbor began firing over Charlestown at the fortifications on Bunker Hill tomorrow, you will be glad you are safe in Somerville," rejoined the Captain significantly. "But mind, not a word to any one. All in Charlestown whom it is safe to trust, have been warned."

During the next hour the family silver was done up in waterproof packages and lowered into the well, secret papers were burned in the fireplace, and a few light bundles of clothing were made up to be carried with them, not many lest spies be met and the reason for the exodus be guessed. Most important of all, the half dozen silver spoons brought by Great Grandmother Brewster from Holland, were made into a compact packet and laid beside the house deed in the secret drawer of the desk, until they should be transferred to Dame Stimpson's own capacious petticoat pocket.

It was a solemn procession that started out at nightfall to walk the four miles to Father Snow's farm house. The two stout horses owned by the Captain were in use at Cambridge, so even Dame Stimpson and baby Prudence must make the weary distance the best they could. When they reached the cross-road below the Snow farm, Captain Stimpson and Judge Winslow, who had joined them, left the women and children, in their haste to reach the camp.

Mother Snow was expecting them, for her husband had spent the afternoon in Cambridge and knew the plans of the patriots. She had hardly greeted her daughter before she asked if she had brought with her the Brewster spoons. The spoons had been given to Dame Stimpson on her wedding-day and had been handed down to generations of brides before her. They were the most sacred of family heir-looms.

For answer Mistress Stimpson reached in her petticoat pocket. Then she leaned back white and limp in her chair.

"What is it, Mother," cried Abigail, "are you sick?"

"No, child, but I—have forgotten the

Brewster spoons and the deed. Your father will lose the house and the plot of land in Chelsea and you can never be married, at least with the family spoons as your dowry."

"Hush, Mother," plead Abigail, "the British may not touch Charlestown, and if they do, General Washington will drive them out some day and then the Council will give father the house and all back—they'd take his word rather than any old deed granted by King George. As for the spoons, they were thin and old, and I never mean to be married anyway."

"And faith, daughter," put in Mistress Snow, overlooking for the time the heresy of Abigail, "'tis a poor time to be lamenting the loss of a deed and some spoons, when the country is up in arms and many good men may lay down thier lives to no purpose before another night comes. Now let us put the children to bed."

There was no sleep for the older people in the farm house that night. They watched fearfully for the sounds of battle that would show that the plans of the Americans had been divulged to the British. But all night long it was quiet. At daybreak, the familiar round top of Bunker Hill grew into view. But there was no redoubt bristling on the summit! Had the attempt failed? Presently Grandfather Snow pointed toward Breed's Hill. There they were, the fortifications that had grown miraculously, noiselessly in a night. At the same instant there was a loud cannonade from the ships. The artillerists on Copps' Hill also saw and fired a few shells over Charlestown. Then all was again silent.

Abigail slipped away from the group that was watching the harbor, ran into the pantry, snatched a few mouthfuls of bread and meat, took her long brown-hooded cape from the hall and hurried out at the back door. Across the yard, into the orchard, through the meadow, and onto the river road she sped. A daring thought had come to Abigail. Her father should not lose his deeds or her mother the Brewster spoons. So, through the early morning light she hastened down to Charlestown. An occasional shot sounded from the ships or a shell from the batteries. Once a blue-coated soldier appeared and tried to intercept her. But through it all she flew on, her nerves tense, her muscles steel. The great clock in the belfrey was just striking nine when Abagail reached her father's house. She had not met a person on the street, which stretched calm and pleasant as though unrest were not in the land.

A strange hush fell upon Abigail's spirit as she entered the familiar rooms. Only the uncleared supper table suggested the hurried flight of the family. Abigail ran to the desk and pulled out the secret drawer. There lay the spoons, but the envelope which had held the deeds was empty. Abigail dropped the envelope, hurried to the fireplace and began searching through the charred fragments of the papers they had burned the night before. After a time she found a scrap of the house deed. The rest of the precious packet was in ashes. In their haste, her father and mother had seized upon the wrong bundle to burn.

As she knelt there, a noise behind her made her start. She turned. There beside her was her little white kitten. Abigail caught him up and poured out a saucer of milk from the pitcher standing on the table. "You shall go with me when I start back, Jed," she promised.

Presently Abigail remembered that her father used to keep the Chelsea deed at the shop. She ran down the street to the shop, broke in through a window, for it was locked, and searched fruitlessly for the deed or other valuable papers. As she left the shop the clock struck noon. She looked out over the water. There coming up the river were boatloads of men. Others were putting out from Boston. Abigail dashed into the house and hurriedly snatched up a few things her mother would miss most if the house were burned. As she passed her father's Sunday suit which hung on the wall of his room she noticed a pouch in the pocket. She ran her hand in and drew out the Chelsea deed. There was no time to exult over the finding of it. She stayed only to pin it securely inside her pocket. Then she caught the packet of spoons in one hand, the kitten in the other and started boldly off toward Somerville.

The soldiers were almost at the landing. As they were near Morton's Point they would probably take the Morton Hill road. So Abigail took the Town Hill road. If she could only get by Breed's Hill before the firing began she would be safe. Before she had gone far, though, the air grew heavy with smoke. A shot shattered the wall at her side. A giant tree by the walk was half blown down by an exploding shell. Flames burst forth from the roofs of several houses. The batteries on Copp's Hill had fired Charlestown. Abigail dropped to her knees and crawled over the ground. She could not breathe, standing erect in the reek of smoke and flame and stifling odors. The spoons she was forced to hold in her mouth. There was no place to put them, for her pocket and the front of her dress were stuffed full. The kitten, about whose neck she had tied a long cord before starting, ran at her side, frantic with fear. Long before she was out of the town her hands were torn and bleeding and her knees stiff with the cruel friction. Once when she stopped to rest she looked back. A great wall of smoke shut out the British soldiers from sight. By the sound of distant tramping she knew that they must have taken the east road from the Point.

Suddenly the wind changed. The smoke was blown away from her. With difficulty, Abigail rose to her feet and turned toward Charlestown. The town was a rolling sea of flame. A black cloud of smoke was surging over toward the columns of king's men slowly marching up the redoubt on Breed's Hill. Out in the river, the Somerset was spitting tongues of fire at the already destroyed town. Farther out the Glasgow was raking Charlestown Neck with a murderous volley. No help could come from the men in camp at Cambridge. In the midst reared the defiant breastworks behind which the farmer soldiers were silently awaiting their first conflict with the trained fighters of old England. Presently there was a lull. Not a shot hissed or a shell burst. The quiet of an afternoon in summer rested for a moment upon the land; a quiet broken only by the subdued roar of the fire and the steady tramp of the men. Then from the chaos of old Charlestown spoke for the last time a solemn voice, the town clock proclaiming three. Immediately after, Abigail saw the dark mass of the steeple go crashing down through the ruins of the church.

Fascinated by the spectacle, the girl stood watching and forgot her danger. Sometimes the shifting of the smoke revealed, sometimes concealed, the steady onward rush of men. Were the gunners behind the redoubt never going to fire! The red-coats were within eight rods of the breastworks. Then came the crash of the musketry. The patriots on the hill were not sleeping. Simultaneously the whole country-side shook with the hoarse, malignant roar from the harbor and Copp's Hill. Then in a moment the hill was thronged with the downward, surging mob of terrorized men. Abigail knew that the British regulars were put to flight.

She again dropped to the ground and began crawling towards Somerville. She must get to her mother, and tell her the good news, that the Americans had won. In her excitement she got off the road. Several fugitives ran by her. Stray shots hissed over her head. Once she passed something that was warm and hideous to feel. One of the fleeing red-coats had dropped by the way and his comrades had not stopped to help him. Abigail began to realize that she was on the outskirts of the battle-field. Presently there were more quiet forms in the way. Abigail was thankful for the haze of smoke that prevented her seeing them. For the first time she thought of what might happen to her father and Ezra behind the fortifications.

It seemed as though she must have been crawling for hours when again the ground shook with the regular tread of marching men, and again, also, the roar from the redoubt, was followed by a downward rush, irregular, unlike the ascent. After this Abigail lost consciousness of the passage of time and the noise of the battle. She crept doggedly on, now stopping to rest, now picking up the spoons which kept falling from her mouth in which she had been obliged to carry them the most of the way, now soothing the kitten that still tagged feebly at her side. It was nearly twilight when she reached the last turn on the Neck and was nearing her Grandfather's. Every attempt at walking had proved useless. She was so stiffened that it was easier to crawl than to rise to her feet. To her horror the tramp of marching men sounded in the rear. With a last exertion of her strength the tired girl crept under a little bridge and waited. Over it went hurriedly yet steadily the feet of the soldiers. Abigail, looking out from her covert, saw that they wore blue coats and not red.

"What have we here," called a voice, "do the women of Charlestown fight as well as the men?"

Abigail did not answer. Beside the man who spoke stood her brother Ezra, his blue uniform stained and torn. She stretched out her hands to him and cried exultantly, "O, Ezra, we've won!"

Ezra only stared in bewilderment at her.

"No, little girl," answered the stranger, "only the right to fight and the respect of the world."

When Ezra and young Lieutenant Watts carried Abigail into the Snow farm house half an hour later, she still had the spoons carefully tucked under one arm and the kitten under the other.

Abigail finally recovered from the long illness that followed her trip across the battle-field of Bunker Hill, and went back to live in Charlestown in the old home, which was almost the only house in that part of the town to escape the fire. Despite the loss of the deed it remained in the family many years. But though Abigail lived to be an old woman of eighty-six, she bore on her hands and knees, to the day of her death, the marks of her journey across Charlestown neck, on the seventeenth of June, 1775.

Her husband, the same Lieutenant Watts who helped carry her home that day, used to declare that had the men who fought behind the breastworks possessed half the pluck and determination of his wife, they would have driven the British back into the sea.

He was especially wont to make such remarks when he stirred his tea with one of the Brewster spoons.

JUNE

By Edward Wilbur Mason

NOW in the moon of roses, all the skies
Are clothed in flame of splendor, as with robe
Of living fire; the round green-mantled globe
Spreads lovely as a dream of paradise.
For now its woods and steepy hills arise
All grandly wearing like a century flower,
The beauty of magnificence an hour,
Imperishable even while it dies.

Now sings the nightingale, and on the breeze
Soft the enamoured airs of romance blow,
Fragrant with poppy and with violet.
And in the gardens and the balconies,
A half the world is stretched like Romeo
Adoring, at the feet of Juliet!

PILLS

DON'T I know all about it? The article in the February number of The National, made something crawl up into my throat and stay there for an hour. It was some of those pills I was forced to take over fifty years ago. They will not stay down. We did not have the nice, slick, easy-swallowing, warranted-not-to-come-back pills in those days that they have now. They were little, brown fellows, put up in a wooden box, with liquorice powder. When the box was opened, an aroma would fill the room, which was cause for a glue factory to hold its breath. The idea of putting the pills in little balls of snow for me, never entered my mother's head, for where I was raised, we had snow only every fourteen years and three months; and as I had to take from one to three pills every ten days, sick or well, it wouldn't have done any good for her to have thought of it any way. A soft, mellow apple was the thing. A bit of it was scraped from the side, the pills concealed therein, all but the smell, and I was made to swallow the dose. Today, after all these years, I cannot eat a mellow apple.

After some years, two or three, I was trusted to take the pills out to the water-shelf at the back of the house, and take them with clear water. Right there my poor innocent mother taught me a habit which has never left me: To take water afterwards.

I had a brother in those days, three years older than I, who knew a thing or two, He told me to do as he did: throw the pills on the ground under the shelf and go into the house, making a horrible grimace. I tried this plan, and it worked all right for several months. Then, that brother of mine put a most fearful idea into my head. He said that I had better look out, for the pills would be liable to sprout and grow. On looking back now, I can hardly say which thought caused me the most terror. The fear that there would be a more abundant crop of pills for me to take, or that I would be found out, if they did sprout. Be that as it may, I tore around the house and pulled up every sprig of grass or weed, whether it looked like an embryo pill tree or not.

F. W. Brown.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the little helps found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National

TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

TO REMOVE FOREIGN SUBSTANCE FROM EYE

By Mrs. G. S. Thomas, Cody, Va.

If baby, or one of the smaller children, gets any foreign substance in its eye, do not try to remove it by using a soft cloth, pulling one lid over the other, or any such method. Instead, hold the little face firmly between your hands, and with the tip of your tongue lick out whatever causes the pain. The tongue is so sensitive that you can tell the instant it touches the substance and it does not irritate the delicate membrane of the eye. This bit of knowledge is particularly useful when traveling with children, as cinders can be easily removed despite the motion of the train.

DRY SHAMPOO FOR LIGHT HAIR

By G. W. W., So. Dakota

Provide yourself with several newspapers, a clean comb and brush, and about two cupfuls of corn meal. Spread the papers on the floor, let down the hair and rub the corn meal well into the scalp and through the hair, shaking the meal on the papers, after the scalp and hair have been thoroughly cleaned. Then, with the comb and brush, remove all the remaining corn meal and tangles, which will be but few. The hair will be fluffy and easy to adjust, and will not be broken. There will be no danger of taking cold.

SOFT FEATHERS

By E. T. S., Washington, D. C.

Instead of scalding and picking fowls in the usual way, take up a small bunch of feathers at a time, in the fingers (dry), and cut them off with a pair of scissors; drop them into a stiff paper bag (leaving the quill ends to be plucked out after the scalding) a large paper flour sack is good to keep for this purpose. By using a little more time only, you have nice soft, downy feathers, and the fowl just as easy to pick afterward.

DELICIOUS MARSHMALLOWS

By Mary K. Munson, Pasadena, Cal.

Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of water; take one tea-cup of granulated sugar and one-half tea-cup water, and boil it until it "hairs," then pour into the gelatine, beating about fifteen minutes; pour into a pan well covered with cornstarch, and when cool cut and roll in sugar and starch well mixed.

TO WASH WHITE SKIRTS

By Mrs. B. A. Larwood, Buffalo, N. Y.

When washing white skirts trimmed with embroidered ruffles, if a soft brush is used on the fabric, the dirt will be easily removed from the little openings.

TO PREVENT LOCKJAW

By Mrs. Geo. B. Scrogin, Cincinnati, O.

To prevent lockjaw, or to heal severe bruise or cut, apply *hot* turpentine.

TO DESTROY WEEDS

By Mrs. C. W. Tilden, Los Angeles, Cal.

To destroy weeds in walks, make a strong brine with one quart of rock salt and four quarts of boiling hot water. Pour the brine, boiling hot, on the weeds and the roots will be killed. Wash the salt off if your walk is brick, in the course of a few days. Do not let the solution reach the roots of trees or shrubs as it would do them permanent inquiry.

TO TEST MILK

To test the purity of milk, take a clean, well-polished knitting-needle; dip it into the vessel of milk; draw it out upright, and watch it closely. If the milk is quite pure, some will adhere to the needle, but if the least water has been added, the needle will come out perfectly clean.

PROPER WAY TO COOK VEGETABLES

All vegetables, with the exception of potatoes, should be cooked in uncovered vessels.

TO IRON SHEETS EASILY AND QUICKLY

By Mrs. H. E. Buell, Washington, D. C.

Fold lengthwise through the middle—then *crosswise* through the middle—and *once again*—then if you have it on a surface sufficiently *wide*, iron the upper surface and fold half over; then iron the next surface and fold over, repeating until all is done. If your ironing-board is *narrow, fold once more* before beginning to iron, and *unfold* as fast as upper surfaces are ironed, all this without removing the folded sheet from where it lies, until done. This plan irons the ends and hems nicely, and the inner part is pressed sufficiently, and this is quicker and better than the long, unfolded way.

ENAMEL FINISH FOR SHELVES

By Mrs. G. W. H., Haverhill, Mass.

An excellent idea for pantry shelves is to give them two coats of ordinary white paint, and then a third and finishing coat of white enamel, letting each coat dry well before applying the next. As soon as the enamel dries wash it over with cold water, and it will harden quickly. If the shelves have never been painted, give the knots (if any) a coat of shellac before painting, or they will show through the white paint. The shelves need no cover, and the enamel is easily wiped clean with a damp cloth. No soiled paper—notice the improvement. Shelves kept clean all the time.

SAVE TIME AND STEPS

By Mrs. W. H. Al.m, Macedon, N. Y.

When making pickles, I put them away in gallon crocks, then I keep a fruit jar filled with each kind on a shelf in my pantry; these jars will keep a small family supplied for some time, and will save a trip to the cellar each day.

Mix well together enough flour, lard and salt to make a dozen pies, pack this away in a jar; eight large tablespoonfuls of this, moistened with a little water, is sufficient for one pie. You will be sorry when the jar is empty.

CELERY SOUP

Parboil three cups of celery cut in inch pieces, in two cups of boiling water for ten minutes: add one cup of stock made from Armour's Extract of Beef; cook until celery is soft, and rub through sieve. Scald one slice of onion in two cups of milk; remove onion, add milk to stock; bind with two tablespoonfuls of butter and a little flour; season with salt and pepper.

A FEW TESTED RULES

By Mariam Sheffey, Bristol, Va.

If those who suffer with hard corns on the toes, or painful callosities on the soles of the feet, will trim the affected parts very carefully with a sharp knife, and then apply squares of thick adhesive plaster, great relief will be experienced.

For sores on any part of the body, apply dry boric acid powder, and they will heal very quickly.

For bealings, "run arounds," risings, ingrowing toenails etc., wrap the affected part in a cloth covered thickly with antiphlogistine, which can be purchased at any good drugstore.

For croup, either membraneous or spasmodic, apply a flannel cloth spread with vaseline mixed with a little kerosene to the patient's throat and chest. Then beat into the white of an egg one heaping teaspoonful of granulated sugar, and give to the patient, a teaspoonful at a time. Keep the patient warm, and do not allow a draught in the room. Act quickly. As a last resort, give a few drops of kerosene internally.

A DELICIOUS CONSERVE

By Mrs. H. C. Stewart, St. Petersburg, Fla.

A fine conserve, and the best of all seasonings for ices, puddings and creams, or used as a flavoring or sauce to pour over desert when serving, is made in the following manner: The foundation or stock is one pint of good brandy, ten pounds of sugar, ten pounds of fruit (fresh fruits added to the stock as they come in season). Stir every day while making. Don't be alarmed if it "works;" it will keep for years. Four pounds of pineapple, four pounds of sugar; one pound of red currants, one pound of sugar; two pounds of cherries, two pounds of sugar; two pounds of strawberries, two pounds of sugar; one pound red raspberries, one pound of sugar; one pound of green damson plums, one pound of sugar.

TO RID YOUR GARDEN OF ANTS

By Margaret Etherton, Mosca, Colo.

Dig a hole in the middle of the ant-hill and place an empty pint bottle in it. The bottle must be placed so that the mouth will be just level with the top of the ground. Every few days take a hoe or spade and dig up the ant-hill, taking care not to fill the bottle with earth. At the end of two weeks dig up the bottle and note results.

TRY THIS FOR A BURN

By Ada Crandall, Union City, Mich.

Take the white of an egg and lard, and stir together till it is a salve (the quantity of lard to be regulated by the size of the egg)—spread on soft cloth, and apply. The effect will be immediate, and it heals readily, leaving no scars.

NEW WRINKLE IN IRONING

By Mrs. T. E. Welch, Emporia, Kan.

To smooth and clean flatirons when ironing, and to impart a sweet odor to the clothes, rub the irons on a sprig of evergreen.

CURE FOR NEURALGIA

By Addie Whipple, New Hampshire

After having been afflicted with neuralgia for two years, I cured myself by drinking lemonade every day for some time.

WHEN YOU SCORCH YOUR WAIST

By Lois Dolamore, Akron, Ohio

If you should happen to scorch the front of your shirtwaist when ironing it, the marks can be removed by applying borax (dry).

SAVES THE BABY'S STOCKINGS

Facing baby's stockings with ribbon or cloth will prevent the garters or pins from tearing them.

The offensive smell of water in vases of flowers may be avoided by putting a few small nails in the bottom of the vases.

Cranberries, rhubarb, etc., will not require nearly as much sugar if sweetened just a few moments before removing from the fire.

In peeling onions, peel from the root upward, and they will affect the eyes very little.

If your cake rises in a heap in the middle, it is baking too fast.

HOW TO KEEP EGGS FRESH

By Maud Mair, Mukwonago, Wis.

For people who keep hens, there are many ways of preserving eggs, while cheap, to be used when eggs are high. One of the simplest and best is to get fresh bran, pack the eggs carefully in this, so that they do not touch, and they will keep perfectly fresh for nine months or a year, if fresh when packed. This is a good thing to know when eggs only bring ten cents per dozen, as at some seasons of the year they are forty cents per dozen.

HINT ON EYELET EMBROIDERY

By E. J. K., Brogueville, Pa.

In working eyelet embroidery, so fashionable now, before piercing the eyelet, with small scissors, cut a thread or two each way, and the hole will be smooth and no danger of having threads drawn, even in the thinnest material, as is often the case when the hole is punched without the cutting.

A SIMPLE EGG TESTER

By E. M. Darrington, Yazoo City, Mich.

A simple egg tester can be made by rolling a paper to form a cylinder that will just hold an egg in the end without admitting any light. Hold up to the sun or bright light, and look through egg from the other end of cylinder. If the egg has no dark spots in it, it is fresh.

REMOVES ALL FRUIT STAINS

By Mrs. L. S. Axtell, Wardsboro, Vt.

Whiskey will remove all fruit stains.

PREVENTS NAUSEA

A linen towel heated as hot as the flesh can bear, and held close to the throat, will stop the worst case of nausea.

TO VENTILATE A BEDROOM

By Mrs. Elva Yarnell, Canastota, N. Y.

To ventilate a bedroom, make a frame to fit the lower half of window, or use an old wire screen frame, and cover it with unbleached factory cloth. With this in, you can sleep with window up all night, even in coldest weather, and not feel the wind unless it is blowing very hard directly into the window.

TIMELY HINTS FOR TIRED TOILERS

By Mrs. Peter Berry, Madisonville, Ky.

Starch and iron wide lamp-wicks, or wicks for oil stoves; they will not then cause trouble in fitting them into the burners, and will give a clear flame.

Do not wash woodenware in hot water, and it will not turn black; wash with soap and lukewarm water, and rinse in clear cold water.

Always wash off the top of the milk bottle before removing the little paper cap, since it is by the top that the delivery man always lifts the bottle.

Use a few drops of disinfectant on the damp cloth with which you wipe off the mouth-piece of the telephone. The reason is obvious in this germ age.

The disagreeable smell caused when cooking greens or cabbage may be prevented if a small piece of bread is thrown into the water while boiling.

If custards or sauces are stirred for five minutes after being made, it will prevent the skim, which is so objectionable, from forming on the top.

CLEANING WALL PAPER

By Willametta Preston, Danville, Vt.

Soiled wall paper can be cleaned upon the walls without injuring the most delicate or the highly-colored. Dip a whitewash brush in hot vinegar and brush all over it very quickly, but thoroughly. You will be surprised to see how dirty the vinegar becomes. When dry, the paper will be fresh and clean as if newly laid.

REMOVING PAINT FROM WINDOWS

With a sponge or bit of cloth, put on hot vinegar two or three times in quick succession; then scrape with a putty-knife, and it will all come off.

TOOTHSOME SANDWICHES

By Mary T. Jenkins, Peter's Creek, Penn.

Grind together a cup of English walnut meats, the whites of six hard-boiled eggs, and three tablespoonfuls of chopped sweet pickles. Mash the yolks, add one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one of prepared mustard, one tablespoonful of melted butter, and thin with one-half cupful of vinegar. Mix all together and spread on thin slices of bread.

SQUASH PICKLES

By C. M. C., So. Dakota

Small green squash are as good or better than cucumbers for either sweet or sour pickles. Soak them in brine for a few days, freshen, and put in vinegar the same as cucumbers.

A FINE LINIMENT

By B. T. Jinkins, Pleasantville, Ohio

A fine liniment for *man or beast*, internal or external use, is made of equal parts of turpentine and sweet oil; put into this all the camphor-gum it will cut. The camphor-gum should be put into the turpentine before the oil is mixed with it, or it will cut more gum than is needed.

FOR CUT OR WOUND

Put into the wound and on it plenty of finely pulverized rosin. This has a tendency to stop the bleeding, and it keeps out all poisons and heals up the wound immediately. Wrap the wound well, and do not remove the bandage for several days.

HOME-MADE POTATO CHOPPER

By L. W. R., Jericho, Vermont

I have a home-made potato chopper which I find a great convenience in "warming over" potatoes. Take a half-pound baking powder can, punch several holes in bottom (discarding the cover) and you are ready for work. Simply pare your potatoes and place in dish, chop with the inverted can, and you will be surprised at the celerity of the operation. Does not leave potatoes mushy, as is the case of food choppers, and also it is much easier to clean.

KEEP THE BREAD SWEET

An apple kept in the bread can will keep the bread in much better condition.

KEEP YOUR HANDS WHITE

To keep your hands in good condition when doing housework, use a little cider vinegar rubbed into skin after having the hands in water. I keep a bottle setting by wash-basin in my kitchen and never take my hands out of water without using it. The result is that my hands keep as white as one would wish, and I can do any kind of work without staining them.

AN APPETIZER

By Emily H. Pontius, Louisville, O.

Three quarts of ripe cucumbers, four quarts of green tomatoes, three quarts of onions, four green peppers, chopped; one quart of celery, two quarts of vinegar, two quarts of brown sugar, one cup of white mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls whole cloves, four tablespoonfuls of salt, four tablespoonfuls of mustard, one tablespoonful of turmeric, one tablespoonful of horse radish. Cut the cucumbers in small pieces, onions and tomatoes in thin slices; chop the celery and peppers and cook each separately. This is delicious.

TO RENEW JET PASSEMENTERIE

By Clara Douglas, Livonia Center, N. Y.

Rub the passementerie with a cloth dipped in equal parts of alcohol and water. Dry it afterward with a clean cloth.

UTILIZE OLD BLANKETS

When old blankets become thin and unsightly from long use, have them washed, put two or three together, and cover them with pretty satteen to make quilts. Button down the quilts here and there, mattress fashion, to keep them in proper shape, and finish off with a nice frill of satteen.

HOW TO LACQUER BRASS

By L. M. S., South Portland, Me.

Brass work, such as the trimmings of iron bedsteads and other ornamental pieces, if left exposed to the atmosphere will gradually blacken from corrosion. Any housewife can make a perfectly transparent lacquer which, being applied with a brush, will form a complete protection, by dissolving a few cents' worth of gum shellac in a small quantity of alcohol.

TO FACILITATE BREATHING

By Mrs. W. H. Fairchild, Gladbrook, Ia.

A child not accustomed to breathing through the mouth cannot sleep soundly when the nostrils are obstructed by reason of a cold. I find a kerchief, damp with camphor, waved over the face of the sleeper, brings quick relief, and if it is placed near the face, the child will sleep comfortably.

poor man's dyspepsia was brought on by unsuitable food in his younger days. I don't know how it was with the girls, but we boys got melancholy when the girls were around, to test their sweet smiles of sympathy. How nice it was when the belle of the class, Miss Violet-Eyes, would come around to cheer me up with the assurance,:

"You don't need to feel discouraged; you're a real, bright boy, you know. You'll drive the *bus* some day."

Looking back now, it seems to me that the one thing that was not included in that curriculum for the high school was the happy habit,—which was not preached but unconsciously practised.

After boys and girls get out in the world, and prove its adversities and successes, getting up and falling down again a few times; they discover that true success consists in having absolute control of oneself, and there are no more "fits of the blues," but a constant striving after at least a semblance of cheerfulness and courage. The sympathy that comes in the low-spoken word, the swift glance, or the close handclasp are always welcome, but they are not sought for as in past days; for boys and girls have learned to meet conditions bravely; to hold the chin well up, and to realize that the happy habit is largely a matter of training and acquirement, rather than of temperament.

If I had the opportunity of delivering another high school oration, I think the subject this time would be the Happy Habit.

* * * *

WHO does not desire to return to the scenes of childhood? One favorite dream of my life is to see the old mill pond once again a lake, and dotted around by the homes in which all the old school friends live joyously, so that we may meet again in the little brick school house. We hear again the school bell calling us, as the London chimes called Whittington when he was returning disconsolate and unsuccessful from "the city of the big smoke!" "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London—Turn again, Whittington! Lord Mayor of London!" and Dick cheered up and "turned" to renewed effort, and greater success.

So, again and again, after we have grown sad and weary with the endless fight, that old bell of the village school house or academy, rings out for us a new inspiration, calling up bright memories of the home of our childhood, for:

"There are no friends like the old friends, we loved when we were young."

Today the memory of the school bells of America ring out the same message to the boys and girls:

"Turn again—turn again—be up and doing—always happy, turn again, turn again, be up and doing—'never nappy.'"

* * * *

What memories the clang of the old school bell awakens—to me there can be no more stirring call to Happy Habiters in these rare, sweet days of Junetime.

DR. J. H. CAMPBELL, INVENTOR OF CONCENTRATED MILK

PURE CONCENTRATED MILK

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

DESPITE the many good bills that never become laws, the American people can be congratulated on getting everything from their government that they really desire. However much the politicians may dislike a measure they have never yet flatly defied a people really aroused; and the depth of feeling, the earnestness of desire, the irresistible force of public will has brought from our Congress one of the most radical measures ever passed—the Pure Food Law. Great power was behind the opposition—all the profits of the adulterations that were well-nigh universal in manufactured foods were at stake—and no effort to obtain a great public benefit was ever more bitterly opposed by those who wished to continue their evil practices undisturbed.

The American people were positive, as never before, that they must be protected against every form of slow poisoning; and that protection is now a recognized governmental obligation.

On no part of the pure food question is the public so deeply aroused as on milk; the foundation food of the nation, and the only sustenance of the babies. Cereals, universally used, are incomplete without milk to supply the proteids, the elements that build bone, muscle and brain. These properties are found of the right quality and in sufficient quantities in milk only. While it is realized that infant mortality in great cities (running as high as one in every three born into the world) is chiefly due to impure milk supply, threatening the very development of our population, and the necessity of milk for adults is dimly appreciated, nothing appears in the new law about milk except regarding the essentially imperfect condensed milk which is often lacking in butter-fat, yet was before this law often labeled "cream." This, the new law forbids.

Though the agitation was thorough and the new law commendable in the highest degree, the *greatest* food problem was left un-solved, even unmentioned, for *no law can give pure milk to cities.* Here the laws of man must give way to the laws of nature, for milk is as perishable as the flower of the field, and even under the most favorable conditions, unless consumed within forty hours, it becomes an insidious poison.

Setting aside deliberate adulteration prompted by the spirit of greed, the fact remains that, even under ideal conditions rarely met with, the *time consumed in transportation* from the dairy farms has made it *impossible* to deliver sweet, fresh, healthful milk to the congested portions of a great city. The necessity of meeting the demand in some way has made it a case of "deliver sweet milk if you can, but deliver something," thereby saving the babies from starvation, only to make them victims of disease, until the infant mortality is almost beyond belief; and with this the public has had to be content.

With New York City, Chicago, Boston and a hundred others growing in population at a rate that is bewildering, this problem of pure milk is the one greates pure food issues; for it may safely be said that the spread of contagious or infectious diseases, such as typhoid, tuberculosis, scarletina and other dread maladies common in American cities, is caused more by impure and contaminated milk than by any other one thing.

This extraordinary situation has engaged the attention of scientists, statesmen and philanthropists. Much has been done to relieve this curse through the generosity of such men as Mr. Nathan Strauss, who is considered to have saved the lives of 10,000 babies annually in New York City alone, by establishing free pasteurized milk stations. Such acts as these not only emphasize the vital importance of pure milk, but give a humanitarian aspect to the whole milk question.

LABORATORY AND TESTING ROOM

But this benefaction has reached only a small fraction of those in need. Literally millions must be supplied, and pasteurization, which is simply well-regulated cooking of the milk at 170 degrees fahrenheit, cannot fill the need. It changes the taste so that only babies will regularly accept it. It is more difficult to digest — a danger in itself — so cannot accomplish what sweet pure milk could. If attempted on a large scale, the difficulties and expense would be enormous (estimated at over $7,000,000 for New York each year) and the same carelessness and deliberate "money saving" by producers would make the product more dangerous than now, for the label "pasteurized" would inspire misplaced confidence in an inferior and dangerous product, while pasteurized milk, even when properly treated, is more likely to absorb and propagate disease germs than the fresh article.

CHARLES H. CAMPBELL

It is knowledge of this fact that has made city health boards hesitate before demanding a law that all city milk shall be pasteurized. No other question has been more honestly considered, nor more carefully thought out. Prominent scientists have given years of study to the subject. Among them the late Dr. Joseph H. Campbell, who with his sons Messrs. Charles H. Campbell and Pearl T. Campbell, conducted experiments covering a period of over twenty years; and the result of their labor is now the main topic of discussion at meetings of health boards. It is because I came in contact with these men, and learned of their work, that I have given the preceding resumé of facts already quite generally known, though not often set forth, in order that the meaning of what is to follow may be more readily understood.

Through Mr. Walter B. Pelton, a friend of years ago, who has been identified with the work, I met Mr. C. H. Campbell, and from him learned that the solution of this great milk problem which has been baffling scientists for years was simple concentration—concentrated milk.

Quite innocently, I said, "Oh yes, condensed milk."

And right there I learned the first principle; for with the peculiar easy grace of a man who knows, and who is patient enough to explain, Mr. Campbell showed that condensed milk is not milk, but a *product* of milk, with many vital elements necessarily changed or left out in its manufacture, whereas concentrated milk is whole, unchanged milk with simply the animal water taken out.

The removal of the water from milk without changing its nature has been always sought. But how? Heat enough, causes cooking, that is, changing the very nature of the milk, as in condensing and in pasteurization. Less heat, permits the milk to sour before the water can be evaporated.

Dr. Campbell's experiments determined that a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit had no effect whatever on the nature of the milk, and to hasten the evaporation he turned on a blast of filtered air through the warm milk in the tank.

And there nature revealed to man her most valuable secret—a life work was crowned—for no other discovery of the ages has had such power to preserve human life and promote human happiness as this simple expedient.

This was not all realized at first. The facts were too great to grasp, and only years of testing and trying (a process that has cost over $300,000) could bring out all that this meant to humanity.

It worked, that was all. The air blast took away the water and left the milk otherwise unchanged. The first step on the new road had been taken. Without following Dr. Campbell and his devoted sons through their years of toil in detail, we can sum up their accomplishments rapidly.

The first and greatest advantage of this new process—originally unsuspected—is that it eliminates disease germs, stable dirt and all results of contamination. The second, that concentrated milk will keep, because the process arrests the activity of the natural bacteria that cause the souring of milk.

It is a well-known fact that a contaminated brook rushing, bubbling over the stones will purify itself by aeration in a few miles. That the combination of aeration (the bubbling air blast) and heat (140 degrees) will eradicate all disease germs and impurity while removing the water is therefore readily understood. That it does so, even when disease germs have been purposely placed in the milk by bacteriologists, is attested by the most famous men known in the science, over their own signatures. And these men represent health boards whose burden of millions of lives is not lightly borne. Their tests were made to see if this great thing could be true. They state that their astonishment is only equalled by their conviction of its effectiveness, and their enthusiasm at the prospect it presents; for here we have pure, sweet, wholesome, healthful, digestible, germ-free, unchanged milk that will keep—that can be carried a thousand miles—yet when delivered in a great city will duplicate in freshness, healthfulness and taste the fresh product of a healthy cow. A milk that has the natural flavor of new milk, that will raise cream, churn butter and make cheese after the addition of the missing water.

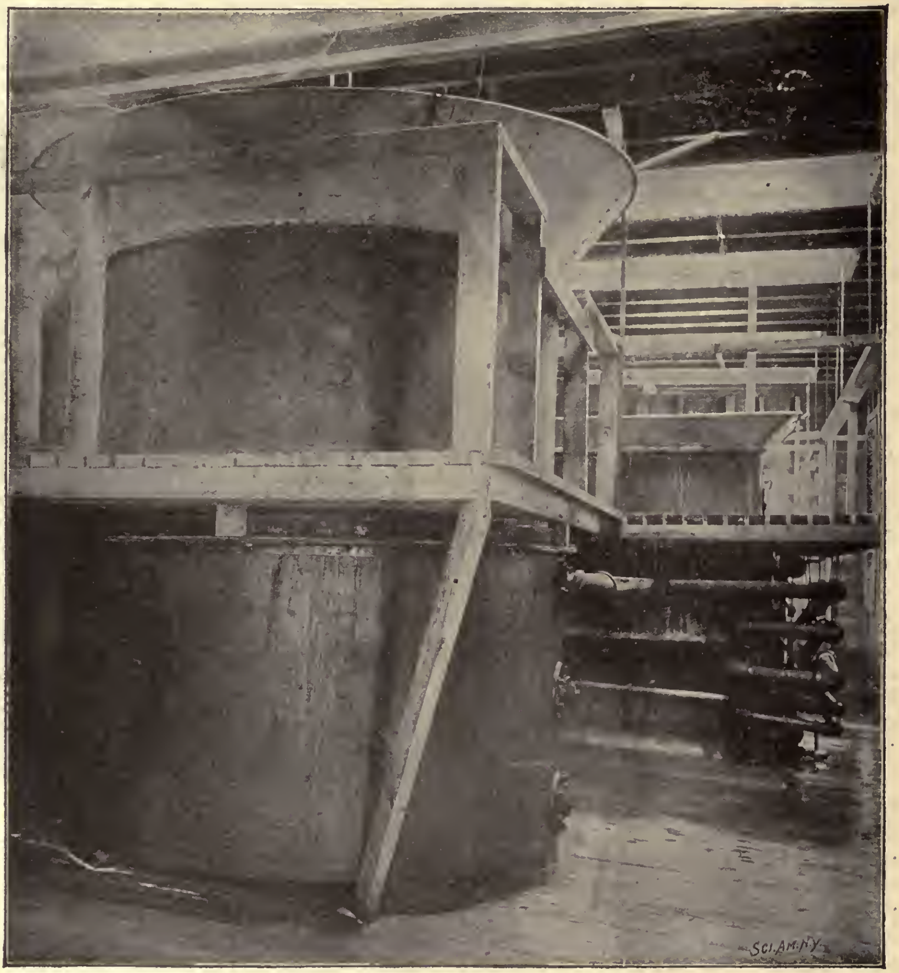
When Mr. Campbell had covered the hundred odd features, of which I have selected only the most important and most readily understood for the above description, I asked "How does the cost of this process compare with the expense of pasteurizing?" Judge my astonishment at the reply "It costs nothing. That is, it costs the public nothing extra, for the saving in transportation and waste saves far more than the cost of the process. It may even cheapen the cost of milk at retail."

Here was a surprise as great as that felt at the first realization of the marvelous import of the discovery itself. I cannot recall the figures in detail, but here is the general outline as I now remember it, which I trust will make this striking feature plain.

The farmer gets less than two and one-half cents a quart for his milk. The public pays eight cents or more. While the dealer makes a profit, most of this six cents a quart goes to the railroad that brings in the milk (charging for milk and cans alike as so much weight), the dray-man who carts it, and the men, horses and wagons that deliver it, besides the loss by souring and that thrown out by the authorities as not up to standard (though the standards are low enough, goodness knows) for all of which the consumer must pay before the dealer can balance his books. And this does not take in the waste in the home through souring, which is a chapter in itself. Thus over half the cost of milk is due in one way or another to *transportation*, which is also the cause of its deterioration—the great bugbear in the whole question of "city milk."

P. T. CAMPBELL

Concentrated milk is almost exactly one-fourth the bulk of whole milk. The difference in water is added after the consumer receives it. Three-quarters of the freight is cut off. The dray-man handles one-fourth the weight for the same amount of actual milk. The driver delivers four times as much on a single trip, and makes his trip only perhaps twice a week, so one driver can now cover four drivers' routes, because the milk will keep practically until used. There is *no waste;* for it is absolutely free from souring, free from disease germs, absolutely up to the standard the cow sets, and waste in the household stops also, for it is mixed with water only as used, and the last drop is as fresh as the first, so *none is wasted at home.* Further—and this article will not approach the end—the grocer can now handle this concentrated milk, for its "life" in the store is several times that of bread, vegetables or even eggs, and should the family supply run short at any time, a trip to the grocer's will fill the deficiency without risk. The grocer's milk is to be the purest and best milk known. How different it is today, any housewife can tell. The grocer's part is another whole chapter, including as it does a great reduction in the dealer's cost of delivery. In the final development, the grocer will be the principal distributor, buying from the dealer in single large cart-loads, at increased economy of transportation costs.



A CONCENTRATOR, SHOWING PIPES FOR HEAT AND AIRBLAST

Milk that has reached the city in marketable condition is often unsold, and to prolong its salability many devices for "preserving" it, and even poisonous chemical treatments to destroy the unmistakable taste after souring, have been resorted to. These tricks are little short of murder, yet the extent of the practice is not limited by the boundaries of the nation. Even the temptation to such deviltry is removed by concentrated milk.

There are at present delivered in New York City some 1,600,000 quarts of milk per day, and the demand is increasing at the rate of 219 additional quarts every day. I figured a bit on the saving possible in New York alone, but the figures soon became too big for quick comprehension of their meaning. You will understand them better if you figure it out yourself.

The district from which a city's supply is now derived is limited by the speed of the milk train. Concentrated milk can be brought from anywhere in the country, to any city you have in mind, for *it will keep*. Millions of acres now too far off to be available, will become important sources of supply when the concentrator gets to work. That is a side issue, and I mention it principally to give you an idea of the many side issues that are revolutionary in themselves, but are dwarfed into comparative insignificance by the greatness of this discovery.

The commercial side of the whole proposition will be only secondary to its humanitarian value, for the United States Patent Office, after refusing a patent on the ground that it was "only condensed milk," were persuaded to examine the plant, whereupon they not only granted patents on the process and on the machine, but called attention to the fact that the product itself was patentable, so that no one else could legally make it by any other process, and have issued that patent also; the broadest possible patent, insuring to the inventors of concentrated milk and their associates their full material reward. Soon every section of the country will have its machine for the concentration of milk. The first plants are located at Jersey City and Augusta, New Jersey; Amenia, New York; Omaha, Nebraska, and Los Angeles, California. From this modest beginning companies are being organized to supply all parts of the country; from Vermont, which has nearly one cow for every inhabitant, to the District of Columbia, with only four lonely cows to every twenty-five inhabitants.

The impossibility of arranging for a single company to supply the nation struck me, and on asking about it, I found that question also had been solved by those who have worked so long and so hard to prepare this great boon for the public. The company in charge will lease machines and take a royalty on the product—(this charge also saved by the solution of transportation problems), so each community can form its own companies for its own district, and thus arrange to obtain a supply of concentrated milk quickly.

While yet enthused over the possibilities of concentrated milk, I journeyed to the Amenia factory, located eighty-five miles north of New York City, in the heart of the finest dairy lands, a tract of country which supplies the great metropolis with many trains of milk a day. Amenia is a little old-fashioned town, so old indeed that the trees which line its crooked streets have grown ponderous and gray with their years. Coming from a city where the "noise habit" has its permanent location, into this sequestered village, one is suddenly transported into another world, as it were,

> "Couched at ease the white kine glimmer
> And the trees lay their dark arms about the fields."

And there is an atmosphere of peace and plenty which impresses the visitor with the thought that the town is most appropriately named; for Amenia means "Peaceful Valley."

Located amid such ideal surroundings for hygienic dairying, the concentrated milk "factory" at Amenia draws the best quality of raw product from the neighborhood farms each morning. Along the winding roads that thread the valleys come the teams with their heavy loads, following each other into the great circular driveway that leads past the platform for unloading. Alert hands swing the cans out of the wagons and into the tanks ready for weighing, and as each can is emptied it is thoroughly steamed, sterilized and replaced in the wagon, ready for the next supply. With no "lost motion," the wagons pass by in a constant stream, the driver of each taking its weight from the tally sheet beside the weighing tank, and heading homeward, rattling a merry tune that tells of relief for the overworked farmer's wife, from whose tired hands the care of the milk has now been taken.

From these tanks, the milk is strained into another reservoir, to be heated to the right temperature for skimming, and thence into the separators, which divide the cream from the milk by centrifugal force; the same power acting as an additional strainer in that it removes particles of dirt too minute to be taken out by the usual method. This reduces the raw product to skimmed milk and cream, each of which is put separately through the concentrating tanks before they meet again in their "concentrated" form.

Following the skimmed milk through the process, we find it pouring into a large tank holding several hundred gallons, with coils of steam pipes in the bottoms and sides, arranged to maintain the heat of the contents at the required temperature. In addition to this, pipes are arranged to carry a strong filtered air blast underneath the milk, pumped through a blower at the rate of 450 cubic feet per minute. The result is a lively bubbling and agitation of the entire contents of the tank, a fountain-like process called aeration, whereby the milk is purified by air on the same principle as the stream of flowing water, yet which leaves the elements in their original form as to taste and food properties, minus any germs that may have been present, and the water that has passed off in vapor.

The cream is treated in the same way, with the exception that it is not given such a vigorous aeration, which might have a tendency to churn the globules into butter.

When the concentration process is complete, portions of both milk and cream are taken to the laboratory, and by scientific calculation the two ingredients are once more united in exactly the correct proportions as in the original milk. This process is also patented. In this form it is bottled, sealed and shipped to the city for distribution. In all, a process as simple as it is wonderful.

The successful concentration of milk has made it possible to separate the different parts of the milk and treat each as a new product, Continuing this process brings new surprises. The milk without cream can be so far aerated under heat as to lose all the water, leaving a heavy paste readily dried and ground until it resembles flour. This product is called Nutrium, and is of wider usefulness in many ways than the concentrated milk itself, for it keeps indefinitely. Not that milk powder is new, but that this is the first and only milk powder which has not been cooked, and which with water will produce milk anywhere at any time, that tastes and acts just like the fresh skimmed milk which went into the concentrator. Do not confound this uncooked skimmed milk powder with other milk powders; all of which are truly skimmed milk, but all of which have been cooked and the nature of the milk completely changed.

Cream contains the heat-producing elements chiefly. Skimmed milk holds the properties most often lacking in other foods in common use. Thus the milk powder, Nutrium, creates a portable form of the most desirable food, and makes it available for use at distant points, on long voyages, by armies, campers-out, travelers, and in the home where bread and cake are vastly improved by its use, mixed with the flour. This powdered Nutrium will be used to mix with all cereals, supplying the proteids that are lacking and making them a balanced food. In the future the best baking powders will contain this Nutrium in place of starch that is now universally used. The chemical reaction being a food for the body, this Nutrium Baking Powder is made to do the work of several times the amount of ordinary baking powder, much of which is harmful as well.

In looking back over these facts, and very naturally "summing them up", my mind first reverts to the humanitarian side of the subject—the giving to thousands, yes millions of children a germ-free milk, a guaranteed milk, its purity beyond the reach of suspicion. The greatest blessing from this milk will be in the life and health of the little babes in the tenements, for whom there will now be good milk, the flavor of which seems to call up the very invigorating scent of the green pastures and the flowering clover. Moreover, it gives to every American his inherent rights as a citizen, to say how much water shall be in his milk, for with concentrated milk he will be at liberty to add "water to taste," *after* the milk has crossed the threshold of his own home. The consumer and not the milkman will "turn on the tap" in future.

Photo by Thompson

WATER WORKS AT ILION, N. Y., SHOWING FILTER BEDS

ILION, NEW YORK

By the Board of Trade

IN the midst of that necklace of thriving towns and cities strung along the line of the Erie Canal from Albany to Buffalo, midway between the cities of Utica and Little Falls, is the village bearing the classical title of Ilion.

Although small in size and unassuming in its tendencies, this village has created a recognition for itself far beyond the average village of its class.

In general, it is not unlike the average town of its size in Central New York. Its population is upwards of 7000. It is situated on the Mohawk River at a point where the river is joined by a tributary known as Steele's Creek. The village extends along the river flats, up the line of this creek and covers the steep hills to the East and West, which form the confines of the stream.

It has the advantages of transportation in common with the other Mohawk Valle, towns, the Erie Canal, the New York Central Railroad, the West Shore Railroad and the Utica, & Mohawk Valley Trolley System.

The Utica and Mohawk Valley Railway provides a very desirable way to reach Ilion. Coming to Utica, one can take as luxurious interurban cars as can be found in the State, and after a thirty-five minute ride, along the Mohawk river, will reach Ilion, the home of the Remington typewriter. The railway runs a main line from Rome, New York, to Little Falls, New York, with tributary lines reaching smaller towns. No trip to this section is complete without a ride to Ilion in these electric palace cars.

Its development and growth have been more sudden than that of the neighboring villages. Not even was its charter obtained till the Mohawk Valley had been settled a century.

The origin of its name may be interesting. At first it was known as London. Later, when the Erie Canal had been constructed, it was called Morgan's Landing, and then again, Steele's Creek. After Eliphalet Remington purchased some land within the present limits of the village, it began to be called Remington's Corners and the name of Remington has been associated with it ever since. Due to the request of Mr. Remington and to the fact that the name was so similar to that of many other places and produced confusion in the mails; at the suggestion of a Mr. Devoe, a man of classical tendencies; it finally assumed the name so prominent in the literature of ancient Greece and Rome. It became Ilion.

But the Ilion of the present will most interest the reader. Her people are public-spirited and are justly proud of the advancement they have made in village improvement.

Photo by Thompson
PLANT OF THE REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY AT ILION

The water system is unusual and by far the exception. The soil being sandy and gravelly, the water percolating from the higher to the lower sections of the town made unsanitary conditions. The only remedy was a system of water supply that would be independent of local conditions. The people have installed a system that, up to date, has cost them over $216,000. By this system, the water is taken from a stream some miles away; turned into two great reservoirs; filtered through the filter beds by what is known as the "slow sand" process by which every drop of water used has passed through four feet of sand and coarse gravel; distributed through the 13 miles of cast iron piping and brought to the homes at the lowest possible expense to the consumer. The capacity of the system is 1,200,000 gallons per day. The maximum demand at present is 900,000 gallons per day. All the municipal departments, schools, sewer system and hydrant service are supplied without cost. Regardless of this fact, the revenue from the system is such that the interest is paid and the bonded indebtedness annually decreased without resorting to direct taxation. The water at 115 lbs. pressure to the square inch is piped to 113 fire hydrants throughout the place. Thus the citizens of Ilion are rendered secure from the encroachments of disease and calamity from fire by the efficiency of their water supply. In connection with the water supply, a very complete "Sanitary" sewer system, automatically flushed each day has been installed.

Photo by Thompson
A. M. RUSSELL & SONS' COMPANY, ILION, NEW YORK

The church societies are as follows: Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Roman Catholic, Episcopalian and Free Methodist. Each denomination has its own church edifice and the church work is well sustained by loyal and generous congregations.

PLANT OF THE CLARK & BAKER COMPANY AT ILION

The schools are well cared for. They receive the support of the community and, as a result, they stand high. The school registration is nearly 1200 pupils, accommodated in three modern school buildings. Over 200 of these pupils are registered in the high school. But very few of the high school students are non-residents. The majority of the graduates pursue the higher work in the colleges, normal and technical schools.

* * *

The town has a modern library building, erected in 1892 at a cost of over $30,000. This building was the gift of Mr. Clarence W. Seamans. It is Romanesque in style, built of rock-faced pressed brick trimmed with red Lake Superior sandstone, elaborately carved. The interior is finished with quartered oak panel work. It contains 15,000 volumes.

In addition, Ilion is soon to have a hospital within its own limits. $30,000 has already been donated for the purpose. The site has been selected and the plans well under way.

An article of this nature would not be complete without making mention of two or three organizations, the existence of which proves the public-spirited nature of the citizens.

The Board of Trade is an organization of the business men of the village for the purpose of promoting the business interests of the town. They hold regular meetings at which all questions concerning the welfare of the community are discussed. Through its efforts $3000 and half a car of goods were sent to the San Francisco sufferers.

The Cemetery Association has as its object to care for and beautify the cemetery of the village. Through the generosity of friends of this organization a $10,000 chapel has lately been erected at the entrance of the grounds.

Photo by Thompson

MAIN STREET, ILION, LOOKING WEST

There is a Building and Loan Association which offers an opportunity not only for saving and sound investment, but also furnishes, on easy terms, the means for those who desire help in building and owning their own homes.

The village has a national bank, two weekly newspapers, five hotels, a well equipped fire department and an efficient mail delivery. It is also the distributing point for several rural delivery routes.

Ilion is essentially a manufacturing town, and the history of its growth is the history of the growth of the great manufacturing plants that have made it famous. The story of the

Photo by Thompson

ILION PUBLIC LIBRARY, CORNER OF WEST AND SECOND STREETS. LIBRARY TO THE RIGHT OF THE CENTER OF PICTURE gun, from the first hand-forged gun-barrels made by the senior Remington, to the modern auto-loading shotgun and rifle of the Remington Arms Company, is too long a story for a magazine article of this character; so is the story of the development of the typewriter, from the first crude idea of a machine on which to write a letter, to the perfected modern Remington. It is sufficient to say that Ilion has grown as its industries have grown, from a little hamlet on the Erie Canal to a thriving village of seven thousand people and the center of an immediate district with a population of twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

Photo by Thompson

RICHARDSON MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT ILION

The principle manufacturing industries are the Remington Arms Company, making the celebrated Remington gun—sporting and military; Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, producing the Remington Typewriter; Clarke & Baker Company, manufacturers of filing devices, office and library furnishings; the Sterling Mills, makers of sweaters; A. N. Russell & Sons Company, manufacturers of store fittings and fixtures, and The F. Coleman Carriage & Harness Company, builders of high grade carriages.

The Remington Typewriter plant has the distinction of being the largest of its kind in the world. The Remington Arms plant is the foremost in the manufacture of military arms in this country and is the second largest producer of high grade shotguns and rifles for sporting purposes. The Clarke & Baker factory, while it is yet a comparatively new industry, has furnished among many other libraries the fittings for one-half the Carnegie libraries of New York and Brooklyn, and the Mercantile Library and the public libraries of Utica and Syracuse. These industries employ over 3000 skilled laborers.

In closing, we make these special claims for Ilion: For its size, it has the greatest number of skilled laborers, the largest circulation of daily papers, and the largest number of people owning their own homes. The feature which is most noticeable as well as most important, is the high class of operatives required by the accuracy of the work in all Ilion manufactures. This has resulted in developing a village of mechanics of exceptional ability, whose average pay is probably in excess of any other industrial center in the world, and whose standard of living is one unknown in most factory towns.

Photo by Thompson

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY'S PLANT AT ILION

WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN

By W. C. Jenkins

FEW counties in Wisconsin present such an exceedingly rich and rare field for general study to the geologist and archæologist as Waukesha; and for the more particular examination of the details of that wondrous period during which the different strata of limestone were given to man, no other county is its equal. Peculiar features of the not less peculiar lacustrine system for which Wisconsin is famous, are quickly discernable in this county, as well as of springs and the unmistakable evidences of the glacial period's stupendous work. The evidences of this power and work can never be effaced from Waukesha County by the energies of mankind.

Geologically speaking, the vicinity of Waukesha is the oldest in Wisconsin, that is, it was covered by the ocean for ages after later formations began to come into existence in other localities. It was for unknown centuries the bed of an ocean teeming with invertebrate, or back-boneless life, while the earth's crust in other localities was undergoing various changes and receiving additions. Waukesha, geologically belongs to the first or oldest period of the Paleozoic age—the Silurian, or age of invertebrates. The backboneless fossils of this age are visible almost everywhere in the county.

The most interesting feature of Waukesha, and regarding which this article is intended to be an analysis, is its many mineral springs. Nothing ever gave this section of the United States so great a notoriety as the famous Waukesha mineral springs. The providential discovery of the virtues of these springs, at once gave Waukesha a reputation worldwide in extent, but only a few compared to the number known to exist, have been improved, advertised and their waters sent abroad. These springs are nearly all of astonishing size and their waters are giving health and vigor in every country where civilization may be found; in fact, nature has gratuitously furnished, a free and delicious remedy so unlimited that every person afflicted may have an abundance of this wonderful specific. The curative properties of these springs were unknown to the whites prior to 1834, although the Indians had one of their oldest and largest trails leading to these springs. Their medicine man told the first settlers of the wonderful curative properties of the springs, and it may be judged from these facts that the aborigines fully understood the health-giving of the famous waters, and drank of them with that understanding.

In 1834, a party was sent out by the Topographical Bureau to survey and fix a road from Port Lawrence to Fort Armstrong. The survey was delayed at the confluence of the Fox and the Illinois River by the illness of the men. At this time the whole region from Portage City to Chicago was purely an Indian territory, and the Indians outnumbered the whites by immense odds. A half-breed guide informed the commanding officer that at the head of the Fox River were springs of great virtue, well known to the Indians, and a small party was detailed to follow the river and endeavor to find these healing waters. When the party arrived at a point where the city of Waukesha is now located they found not less than a hundred Indians drinking the waters and using them as external applications, and pouring them into rude vessels for transportation.

The source of the curative properties of these waters has never been satisfactorily explained. The use, by the most skillful physicians, of the substances found in Waukesha water, would have very little effect in curing diseases for which these springs are a specific. When all other remedies failed in the attempt to overcome certain troubles among the victims of yellow fever in the South in 1878 and 1879, Waukesha water proved a blessing, and some of the leading Southern physicians asserted that numerous cases of recovery were attributed alone to its use. The flow of these springs has no peculiarities. Their temperature remains the same throughout the year and the water loses none of its curative properties by transportation, when shipped in sealed glass vessels.

It is impossible to trace the course of the subterranean channels through which the Waukesha waters receive the exact qualities they possess, but the analysis renders it highly probable that months, and perhaps years, are consumed by its slow but sure percolation through millions of pores in the lower geological formations before it appears at the outlets, perfected in the laboratory of nature, for the cure of some of the most distressing diseases that affect mankind. These waters possess marvelous curative properties in diseases of the liver and kidneys. Chronic constipation yields to its mild but potent influence when all other known remedies have failed. Many valuable lives have been prolonged, for those doomed to die from Brights disease and diabetes, whose only hope of a reprieve was found in Waukesha water.

Analysis of Waukesha waters show that they are of wonderful transcendent purity, free from those animal and vegetable contaminations with which mineral waters are so frequently impregnated, and which greatly reduce or destroy their remedial value. That mineral waters are among the most powerful agents ever brought to the relief of human maladies, is now fully acknowledged by eminent physicians the world over. Common consent, which is after all one of the best testimonials to the value of any theory whatever, has conclusively substantiated the extraordinary advantages to be derived from the proper use of such waters. This theory is no novelty; it is as ancient almost as civilization itself. It was entertained and put in practice by the Greeks and Romans alike in their palmiest days; and in the earliest traditions of Great Britain, France and Germany we find ample traces of the medicinal effect of certain springs, which were believed to be either endowed with some magical power or to be under the special protection of one or other of the national deities. As time went on and knowledge increased, the belief in mineral waters became stronger, because it received the support of scientific demonstration as well as that of the oft-repeated tales of the wonders they had wrought. Henceforth, that which was supposed to be supernatural became natural and intelligible; the learned and the ignorant, without distinction, had sufficient basis for the faith which was in them, and the specific qualities of nearly all the renowned old European springs are now as thoroughly known as is the commonest article in the oldest pharmacopoia.

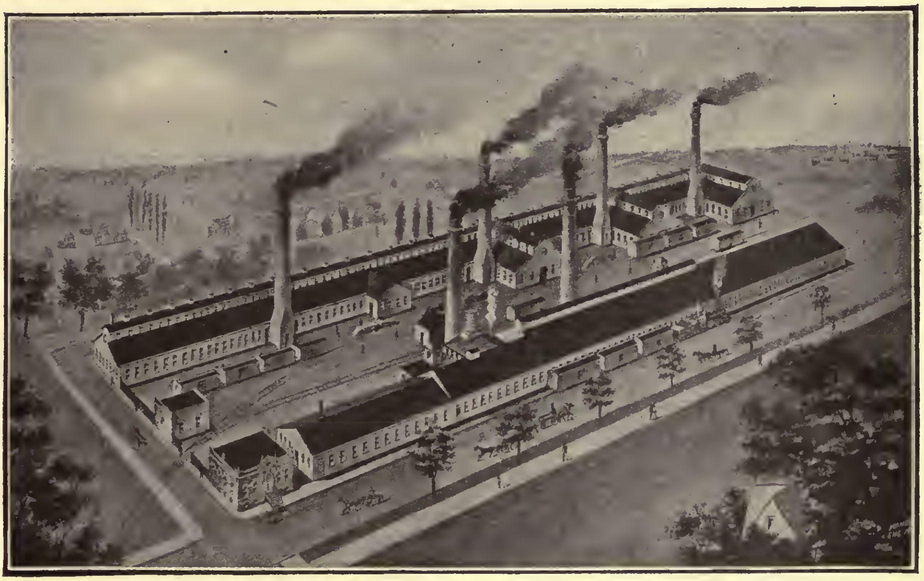
According to renowned scientists, mineral waters are absorbed and enter into the circulation, and change the consistence as well as the composition of the fluids; they course through the system and apply the medical materials which they hold in solution in the most minute form of sub-division that can be imagined, to the diseased surfaces and tissue. They search the most minute ramifications of the capillaries and remove the morbid condition of those vessels which are so commonly the primary seat of disease. It is thus that they relieve the chronic discordant action and impart natural energy and elasticity to vessels that have been disturbed either by inflammation or congestion, while they communicate an energy to the muscular fiber and to the animal tissues generally which is not experienced from the administration of ordinary remedies.

How many sick persons, abandoned by their physicians, have found health from drinking the Waukesha mineral waters? How many individuals, exhausted by violent disease, have recovered by a journey to, or a simple use of these renowned waters?

The wonderful development of the Waukesha mineral water industry during recent years way be attributed to two causes: The curative properties of the water have been demonstrated in thousands of cases, and the industry has been in the hands of men of energy and ability. The waters have been advertised and sold where mineral waters had never before been introduced. In every civilized land, the sales during recent years have been enormous. This condition has been attained through judicious and careful advertising. It is certain that the new Clysmic Spring Company, a corporation recently organized, with large capital behind it, will prove to be an important factor in further introducing these celebrated waters. The Clysmic Springs are among the oldest and best known in Waukesha—their waters have brought welcome relief in distressing illness to thousands. Thirty years ago Clysmic waters were sold in immense quantities in New York. They were found in all the leading homes and principal hotels. In those days their health-giving qualities were distributing happiness and contentment, and hundreds of testimonials which told of gratifying results were sent to Waukesha by appreciative patrons.

Many people have wondered why such a meritorious article should have fallen into obscurity during the last decade. It was no fault of the waters, as today their health-giving properties exist in the same proportions as they did twenty-five years ago when Henry Ward Beecher was one of hundreds who sent unsolicited testimonials expressing gratification for benefits received from Clysmic waters. Its use was discontinued because of litigation over a lease and injunction proceedings brought by the owner against Mr. J. L. Lockwood who had introduced the waters so effectively in the East. Through these disagreements, the property was tied up in the courts for years. Frequent attempts were made to straighten out affairs, but the sale of the waters was practically discontinued until Mr. Earle E. Carley and associates of New York, bought the property and organized the Clysmic Spring Company.

A visit to the Clysmic Springs' new plant by the writer showed that the owners are men who have been educated in that industrial school where the motto, "The best is none too good," is strictly observed. They began at once to obtain the experience of the most successful men who were prominent in the great mineral water industry, and as a result the plant, which has recently been installed, is, undoubtedly, one of the most modern in the country. Few people realize the absolute necessity for system and cleanliness in preparing for use a mineral water. Unless the bottling process is conducted with intelligence the product becomes laden with impurities and is but little better than ordinary waters. With these facts in mind, the Clysmic Springs have thrown every safeguard around their process, and patrons may be assured that absolutely no change has taken place from the time the Clysmic waters gush forth from the rocks at Waukesha until the bottle is opened in the home. It is a well known scientific fact that water undergoes a chemical change when it comes in contact with the atmosphere, but by an ingenious arrangement the Company has succeeded in equipping the plant so that the waters may be bottled without coming in contact with the air, and thus the consumer gets the product with the same degree of purity as if he drank it from the spring.



WAUKESHA MALLEABLE IRON COMPANY'S PLANT, WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN

Mr. J. H. Ahern of New York it president of the corporation, and he will have charge of the Eastern market, while Mr. Carley will give his personal supervision to the work of bottling the waters at the plant. Mr. Carley attaches the utmost importance to cleanliness and absolute purity, and he announces at the outset of the career of his corporation, that these principles will govern the bottling and shipping of the product of the Clysmic Springs.

The Clysmic Springs have a capacity of 2,000 gallons per hour. The location of the springs is at such an elevation that there is never any danger of contamination.

In the present age of substitution and deception, when men seek to enrich themselves by playing upon the credulity of the public, it is perhaps not generally known that in the manufacture of ginger ale, soda water and other soft drinks, unprincipled operators find abundant opportunity for their nefarious work. What is characterized as ginger ale oftentimes bears no resemblance to this well known drink. Cheap extracts are used, and ingredients are employed that do not blend and which are positively harmful to the human system. After the liquid has stood in the bottle for a few days a cloudy sediment begins to appear—a condition which never occurs when the article is pure.

1868-BETHESDA
1868-BETHE

BETHESDA SPRING, WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN

It is not perhaps generally known that the Waukesha Arcadian Company has reached the highest degree of perfection in the manufacture of ginger ale. The Company has obtained this distinction by constant experiment and enormous expense. Through a secret process, whereby nothing but the best ingredients are used, the Waukesha Arcadian Company is manufacturing ginger ale that will keep for twenty years, and still be as pure and delicious as the day it was bottled, and this without any preservatives whatever.

A visit by the writer to the bottling works of the Arcadian Company compels the unqualified statement that absolute cleanliness and perfection in every detail are the factors that give this well known drink its national popularity. The water used is from the well known Waukesha Arcadian Springs. The user of Arcadian Spring ginger ale enjoys all the health-giving properties of this celebrated mineral water, and at the same time knows that the ingredients used in the manufacture possess no impurity. The company caters only to the discriminating public. It seeks to establish itself through merit, and judging by the enormous shipments from the Arcadian Spring, its efforts are successful.

The carbonated and plain waters of the Arcadian Spring are sold in large quantities, and considerable of the product is exported. The spring is among the oldest in Waukesha, and the chemical analysis of the water, with the additional evidence furnished by hundreds of grateful patrons, who have sent in testimonials, impels the conclusion that Arcadian waters are among the very best.

The White Rock Springs, are now owned by the National Water Company of New York, which is undoubtedly the largest shipper of the celebrated Waukesha waters. Through an ingenious system of advertising, combined with ample capital and unquestioned business ability, the White Rock waters have been introduced into every civilized part of the globe. The spring is among the very best in Waukesha, and the bottling plant is second to none in the world. White Rock waters are used by more people than any other mineral water, and the spring, with its immense trade is considered a very valuable one.

Waukesha, before the discovery of the valuable medical properties of the Bethesda Spring, was a dull and unimportant place. Whether Richard Dunbar's discovery was providential or not, it certainly was fortunate for himself, and for countless thousands who since that time have been rescued from graves that seemed already yawning to receive them.

Colonel Dunbar was rapidly failing in health, being afflicted with diabetes, and his family physician advised a trip to some of the European watering places as a possible means of relief. This journey, however, produced no beneficial results, and when, in 1868, the sick man came to Wisconsin on account of the death of Mrs. Dunbar's mother, the real history of Bethesda Springs began.

When taking outdoor exercise at Waukesha, Mr. Dunbar's insatiable thirst led him to the spring which has since become so famous, and in his eagerness he drank six tumblers full of the grateful water. His thirst was fully satisfied, and a strange refreshing sensation went coursing through his system. After resting under the old garden oak, near the spring, which is now preserved as a relic, he again drank freely of the water, the result being a profuse perspiration and restful relief, followed by the first night's sleep he had enjoyed for years.

After returning to the East, he suffered a relapse and was again brought to Waukesha, where he experienced rapid and permanent benefit. He purchased the property and called it Bethesda, in memory of the healing pool at Jerusalem.

Colonel Dunbar proclaimed to the world the facts regarding his wonderful discovery and in a short time, hundreds similarly affected, drank of the waters and were cured. Since that time Bethesda has been a household word. Its fame has followed civilization's flag into every land.

The Bethesda Mineral Spring Company is shipping Bethesda water to every part of the country, and a considerable quantity is exported. These waters are recommended by physicians, and it is chiefly through their knowledge of their curative properties that the waters have become so popular. Their action on the system is mildly laxative and diuretic. They have a useful application in abdominal engorgement, Bright's disease, diabetes and bladder troubles generally.

Nestling beneath shady trees, on the brow of a beautiful hill overlooking the Fox River, is located the wonderful Almanaris Mineral Spring. The spot where this health-giving water gushes forth from the limestone rocks is about a mile above the town proper, and at an elevation of two hundred feet above the river. Thus, it will be seen that there is no possibility of contamination by seepage from the river or by city sewage.

The Almanaris Mineral Spring began its commercial history when Mathias Schock, who came to the United States from Germany, conceived the idea that at this spring he could manufacture a beer of a character similar to the German article, but second to none in purity. After constructing his brewery and getting his beer introduced in the local market, Mr. Schock died and the brewery was closed down. In later years, the property was purchased by the Almanaris Mineral Spring Company, and the brewery turned into a bottling plant.

With its famous cellars built in solid rock, the brewery was admirably adapted for reconstruction into a first-class bottling works. The waters from the spring are conveyed through pure block tin pipes to the several departments of the bottling works, and absolute cleanliness prevails everywhere. The product of the Almanaris Springs is being shipped to all parts of the country. The carbonated waters are in great demand, while the Almanaris Ginger Ale is becoming one of the most popular drinks wherever it has been introduced.

CLYSMIC SPRING, WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN

Nature has been particularly kind in furnishing mankind a water that shows an excellent analysis as Almanaris. It is as free from organic matter as any known water, and its chemical ingredients are among the very best for disease of the kidneys and bladder.

Its absolute purity commends its use not alone to those who are in poor health, but also to those who believe that one of the necessities for maintaining perfect health is the use of drinking water free from impurities. Almanaris is crystal white and its temperature never varies; neither does the flow increase or diminish. It is always the same, thus demonstrating that its source is not affected by drought or excessive rains, and therefore must originate in some subterranean region far beneath the earth's surface. It is used extensively all over the country as a table water, with the trademark "Almanaris, The Nation's Favorite Table Water," and is endorsed by a great many people.

"The most beautiful spring I ever analyzed," is what Professor Haines, of Rush Medical College, says of the Waukesha Roxo Mineral Spring.

INTERIOR MODERN BOTTLING WORKS CLYSMIC SPRING, WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN

This praise is deserved. The Roxo Spring is, without question, a beautiful one, situated amid beautiful surroundings in the very heart of Waukesha. Its natural beauty pleases the eye as its water pleases the taste.

The location of the Roxo Spring is unusually good. It is almost 100 feet above the level of the Fox River and consequently has one of the highest locations among the Waukesha Springs. Its water, evidently, comes from deep strata, as is shown by the fact that it is colder than many of the Waukesha Springs. It is, moreover, one of the few "bottom boilers" to be found among these world-famous springs. The Roxo water comes from deep within the earth and is sparklingly brilliant and refreshingly rich in quality.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN

Particular pains have been taken by the Waukesha Roxo Company to protect the spring and to preserve the unsurpassed purity of its water. An 18-inch wall, laid in cement to the depth of 15 feet, makes it impossible for surface water to find its way into the spring. Careful tests show that the water of the Roxo Spring is as pure as water can be. It is the kind of water that means health, as well as pleasure, for those who use it.

Roxo water is a mineral water with peculiar curative properties, as many people have come to know. Its use has been proven to be highly beneficial. From the days of the pioneers down to the present, people have found relief in its health-giving qualities. It is a source of strength to mind and body.

Roxo water, however, is not alone to be praised for its medicinal qualities. As a water for table use or for ordinary purposes, it is unsurpassed. Waukesha has a number of far-famed springs, but none more deserving of unqualified commendation than the Waukesha Roxo Mineral Spring.

Twenty-five years ago, A. C. Henk of Milwaukee began the shipment of waters from one of the leading springs in Waukesha. Following the early shipments came testimonials expressing gratification over the results obtained and Mr. Henk proceeded to extend his business and build complete bottling works. A line of customers was secured, some of whom have used the Henk mineral waters for the past twenty years. When the writer visited the Henk Mineral Springs he was shown unsolicited testimonials from several appreciative persons, who within the past few months, have been benefitted by the use of these mineral waters. One southern firm used sixteen carloads of water from the Henk Mineral Springs during the past year. The Company employs no traveling salesmen, as business comes from customers who have been using the water for several years and are satisfied with the results. The Henk Mineral Springs ship their product to all parts of the United States. Their principal shipments are the carbonated waters, although their ginger ale trade has grown rapidly during recent years.

The springs have an excellent natural flow and the temperature never varies. The analysis show that these waters possess those curative properties so helpful in many distressing diseases.

One of the most imposing buildings in Southern Wisconsin, is the Waukesha Springs Sanitarium, situated upon an eminence overlooking the picturesque valley of the Fox River.

This institution was opened for the reception of patients early in the year, 1898, since that time has grown steadily, and about four years ago the present building was erected in order to accommodate its patients.

The design of the Sanitarium is the graceful Italian Renaissance with a suggestion of the Colonial period in its broad porticos; an essential feature of the outdoor life of the patients. The spacious building contains fifty sleeping rooms; is absolutely fire-proof, with various departments perfectly equipped for the care of nervous invalids.

There is a solarium at the south, a necessary provision in this northern climate. The view is extensive and patients find this retreat a very pleasant feature of sanitarium life. In the basement is one of the most perfectly arranged bathing departments in the country. Turkish, Russian, electric and many other kinds of baths are provided for and form an important feature in the therapeutic treatments recognized as so great a factor in nervous ailments. There is a gymnasium specially enjoyed by the convalescents. A beautiful park of twelve acres surrounds the building, with a broad stretch of amply shaded lawn, and a tennis court and croquet grounds afford delightful recreation during the pleasant season, varied with driving and motoring in the adjacent picturesque country.

The institution has been exceptionally successful in its treatment of the special line of cases received here, and those who are in need of sanitarium care and treatment are constantly under the personal observation of those experienced in institutional work and who are accustomed to meeting their daily requirements.

The history of the Glenn Rock Mineral Springs shows that this famous water has been placed upon the market, not merely to enrich the owner of the property but to extend a helping hand to the afflicted.

Colonel M. W. Glenn, a well known manufacturer and capitalist, recently of Seattle, but formerly of Minneapolis, was taken seriously ill some years ago. His ailment was such that fourteen physicians pronounced his case hopeless; and in the same issue that the St. Paul Pioneer Press published the news that Cleveland was elected in November 1884, the paper contained an announcement of Mr. Glenn's death. This was a mistake, however, and Mr. Glenn was ordered by his physicians to leave for Mexico as the only possible means by which relief might be obtained. When the patient reached Milwaukee he could go no further. In a few days he was taken to Waukesha and after drinking this mineral water for five weeks he was entirely cured.

When Mrs. Glenn became ill, three years ago, after three physicians had abandoned hope, she was brought to Waukesha and began the use of water from what is now the Glenn Mineral Springs. In a short time she, too, was entirely cured and Mr. Glenn purchased the property.

The Glenn Mineral waters are not placed upon the market with a commercial object in view alone; they are offered to suffering humanity by the owner, because he firmly believes that great benefits may be obtained. Mr. Glenn is wealthy and does not need the financial returns from an investment in mineral springs, but he believes he is lending a helping hand to the afflicted when he points out the paths which brought renewed health to himself and wife.

COURT HOUSE, WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN

There are three springs on the property, the waters from each being a wonderful specific for Bright's disease, stomach trouble, derangement of the liver and dropsy.

The Glenn Springs were known and appreciated by the various tribes of Indians of the Northwest long before the coming of the white man. When civilization reached the little hamlet of Waukesha, the early settlers conducted the waters from these springs in hollow logs for three-fourth of a mile to Waukesha's first house, which was then the home of General Barstow, Wisconsin's territorial pioneer governor.

The following analysis of the Arcadian spring water shows the general character of the Waukesha waters:

One gallon of 231 cubic inches.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS	Grs.	EXPLANATION (IN COMMON LANGUAGE)
Chloride of Sodium	0.3070	Common Salt.
Sulphate of Potassium	0.4568	Laxative; acts on lower bowel.
Sulphate of Sodium	0.9083	Laxative; used in gouty conditions.
Bicarbonate of Calcium	16.2000	Flushes the kidneys.
Bicarbonate of Magnesium	10.9070	Prescribed for kidney trouble and rheumatism.
Bicarbonate of Iron	0.0647	Enriches the blood.
Bicarbonate of Sodium	0.9089	Common baking soda
Phosphate of Sodium	a trace	Prescribed for rheumatism and gall stone.
Alumina	0.0874	A natural ingredient of spring water.
Silica	0.6713	A natural ingredient of spring water.
Total	30.5114	Grains.

ARCADIAN SPRING, WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN

Waukesha is an ideal city of about 8,000 inhabitants and a more picturesque spot would be difficult to find. It is situated eighteen miles west of Milwaukee and three prominent railroads enter the city. It is also connected with Milwaukee by a street railway. The city has well-paved streets and many beautiful homes. Its parks, with their abundance of shade trees, give the city an aspect that is truly delightful and make it an ideal place to live. Several thousand visitors spend the summer months in Waukesha. Many come for rest and recreation, while a large number come to take advantage of the health-giving quality of the pure mineral spring waters.

All the leading religious denominations are presided over by talented ministry, and the public schools are in charge of a competent corps of teachers. There are two banks in Waukesha,—the Waukesha National and the National Exchange. The latter bank has made remarkable gains in its deposits during the last few years. Its officers are men in whom the public have absolute confidence and are among the most progressive men in the city. Its resources amount to three quarters of a million dollars. The officers are W. P. Sawyer, president; W. H. Sleep, vice president; and R. P. Breese, cashier. The institution stands among the foremost banks of the state.

The Waukesha Gas & Electric Company stands unique among corporations of this character, inasmuch as its relations with the municipality are the most cordial, its history being free from that contention and litigation which seem to be a prominent feature of most public service corporations. The gas franchise was granted February 10, 1886, while the electric light franchise was granted a year later. The original gas rate was $2.50 per thousand cubic feet but several reductions have been made, the price now being $1.20 for both illuminating and fuel gas. The rate for street lighting is $85.00 for all night and every night schedule. The company has 1350 patrons.

The corporation is in charge of local business men, but the majority of the stock is owned by the American Gas Company, of Philadelphia. It is capitalized at $100,000, and stockholders are well satisfied with their investment. The officers are F. H. Putney, president; Morris W. Stroud, vice president; T. W. Haight, secretary and H. M. Buck, manager. The management has been successful in building up an excellent business for a city of this size, and its relationship with the citizens are the most cordial.

The largest and most important manufacturing plant is the Waukesha Malleable Iron Company, a corporation composed of local business men and enjoying a large trade throughout the country. The firm employs 360 men and could give employment to many more if competent moulders could be obtained. The Waukesha Malleable Iron Company makes a specialty of castings of every nature. The corporation began business in a small way in 1895 and has grown to be one of the largest institutions of its kind in the West. The following are the officers of the Corporation: F. H. Putney, president; E. R. Estberg, vice president; A. S. Putney, secretary, and C. A. Haertel, treasurer and manager.

THE "HALL MARK" OF STAGELAND

By Bennett Chapple

WHEN one learns that a show is produced by Henry W. Savage, it is understood that, like the sterling "hall mark" on silver plate, it is a guarantee that there is no base metal in the production—and this reputation is as jealously guarded by Mr. Savage as it would be by a merchant who had built up his business by selling only thoroughly reliable goods to appreciative patrons.

I was enjoying the performance of "The Student King" one night recently, when Mr. H. L. Gilmore, secretary to the Press Bureau of the Savage productions, came up and leaned over my chair.

"Would you like to go behind the scenes and see how a show is run from the other side of the curtain; and perhaps interview Mme. Lina Abarbanell?"

Would you go behind the scenes—would you not—especially if the opportunity came when you were under the spell of one of Henry W. Savage's great productions like "The Student King," with its wonderful chorus of forty male voices and as many charming chorus girls—all incidental to an interview with a celebrated prima donna?

During the preceding act, the spell of Mme. Abarbanell's exquisite voice and wonderful acting had been growing on me with the rapidity of Iowa corn in a hot sun—so fast as to make my ears fairly tingle—and she had just left the stage after singing her famous "Rat Song," in which she hypnotized almost everyone in the audience, until most of us were sitting on the edge of our seats, to give room to the great fat rat, which she had so cleverly evolved out of nothing, with extended arms and labored "pouff, pouff, pouff." It was amusing to see old ladies puffing in sympathy with that old fat rat—the Falstaffian spectre or *scin-laeca* the Bahr-Geist, of Mme. Abarbanell's imagination.

I am glad of an opportunity to "go behind the scenes" in most of the affairs of life, and decided to open the door to this "knock of opportunity," so we went to the little side door entrance, where the man who stands guard to see that none except those who have business are admitted, allowed us to enter. We passed up to a great area of flooring, walled on three sides, but which seemed ceilingless. A few rough benches were near the walls, and all about us hung stage scenery and paraphernalia of all kinds, the chief features of course being the great painted screens on rollers, high overhead, with the "flies," or shorter screens, which give the sky, ceiling and other effects. Side scenes, or "wings," for several acts were there, ready to be pushed into view when needed.

We ascended a narrow stairway with gas-pipe railings, leading to the main dressing rooms, and on this stairway and all about, the fantastically costumed members of the great chorus were gathered in groups, chatting merrily, while waiting for their cue. The principal artists are favored with little rooms on the main floor, just off the stage, in size not unlike staterooms on ship-board, although not so luxuriously furnished. It would seem that the artistic temperament prefers a kind of work-shop atmosphere in the dressing room.

I was introduced to Mme. Abarbanell, who received me with a pleasant smile, and offered me the only extra chair in her room. Over in one corner was Madam's maid, sewing away as if she were quite at home beside the old Dutch fireplace; the only picture in the room was that of a little girl five years old, Mme. Abarbanell's daughter, who is at present with her grandmother in Europe.

"It's hard to have her so far away," said Madam, as she read the inquiry in my eyes, "but I go home to see her every summer."

Then she told me of her struggle for success in Berlin, Germany, her home city, and her later triumph—her engagement with Herr Conried to sing in grand opera last year, which brought her to America—and then of Mr. Savage's generous inducement to change from grand opera to comic opera.

"It's more in my line," she said, and I could believe it; for while she can sing and act tragedy until the shivers run down the backs of her audience, yet her eyes and action are the soul of comedy—speaking of wholesome fun and the joy of living.

Mme. Abarbanell took her part in "The Student King" on such short notice that the costumer had to pin her gowns for the first performance. To a man who has lived through an experience of having his suspenders hitched to his trousers by a shingle-nail at a church social, this statement of Mme. Abarbanell's was accepted without hesitation. It is needless to say that her taste in costumes is perfect, and that those now worn in "The Student King" are no longer unfinished "creations."

MME. LENA ARBABANELL, IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S "THE STUDENT KING," A ROMANTIC LIGHT OPERA BY REGINALD DE KOVEN

Later, as I stood behind the scenes watching Mme. Abarbanell and the well-known tenor, Mr. Henry Coote, sing "Ring Around the Rosey,"—I recognized that a great part of her success is due to the delight which she takes in acting; her every movement is instinct with life and animation, and bespeak the true artist that she is. A kindly old man beside me, who has been operating the "spot" lights at theaters for over fifty years, noted my interest, and he finally said:

"She is an actress clear to the tips of her fingers"—an exceedingly graceful compliment from one who might be supposed to be surfeited with such things, but I found the same opinion expressed by members of the chorus and other parts of the cast, for all her supporters seem to know and recognize her worth, even as the great audiences before the footlights.

* * *

IN scenic productions, the stage manager is the "god of the machine." When he wants a forest, he gets it by the roots, so to speak, and literally pulls it down out of the sky. It did seem uncanny to see a couple of sturdy oaks flapping their massive trunks in a giddy manner, as they slowly dropped to earth. When the time came to shift the scenes for a new act, I was invited into the "crow's nest," a little iron platform from which the electrician directs his lights, whence I could see, and yet be out of the way of the hurly-burly of the stage. No sooner had the curtain descended, and while the applause was yet ringing, the stage manager clapped his hands, and a score of husky young fellows, in their shirt sleeves, appeared, as if by magic. Each man had been carefully trained in his particular branch of the work, and the painted walls and frescoed ceilings disappeared to be be replaced by something else as wonderful.

Baron Von Seyffertitz, the stage manager, stood in the very center of the stage, with his back to the curtain, calmly fanning himself with his Derby hat, but while I could see that, despite his composed demeanor, he was in "quite a sweat," to get the change made in short order. He had so well trained his forces, that he had few instructions to give, as each scene was destroyed and a new one arose. His eagle eyes were everywhere, and he evidently was on the watch to see that no smallest detail was lacking or faulty. The toy wheelbarrow and the wagon-load of dolls were placed in a handy position for the use of the ten little boys and girls who help Miss Eva Fallon make a hit with her song, "Would You Like a Little Girl Like Me?" I don't know how people felt out in front, but from the "crow's nest" I should answer a decided "Yes."

But the grandest scenery and side plays

would avail little without the magnificent lighting effects now securable. Electricity has greatly enlarged the possibilities in this direction, and has become a very important and responsible part of the modern stage outfit. Mr. Joe Wilson, the electrical expert, who has been with Mr. Savage in his most important productions for several years, is probably the best-known artist in his line. He arranged all the lighting scheme in Parsifal, and when the play was touring the country, he had so perfected it, that all they needed at any opera house was the electrical connections—all the rest was carried in their "bag and baggage." He has invented an electrical indicator, by which the director in front of the stage can indicate to the waiting chorus behind the scenes the time beat of their entrance song, as clearly as if he stood in front of them, instead of out of their sight.

Mr. Savage seems to have a magnetic attraction which draws toward him all that is needed to make his productions perfect. If he needs a first-class electrician, "Hey, presto!" he arrives. If he is preparing a play that requires an artist who can both sing and act—a rare talent, for many can sing who cannot act, and vice versa—he discovers a "new star." Other men might make such a discovery, and not succeed in obtaining their desires, but Mr. Savage reminds one of Kipling's description of classic times,

> "When Homer smote his bloomin' lyre,
> He'd heard men sing by land and sea,
> And what he thought he might require
> He went and took—"

for, if "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," "Savage hath charms to woo music," and his work in musical comedies, as well as his English grand opera, marks a distinct epoch in American opera. The success of the "Old Heidelberg" song in "The Prince of Pilsen" induced Mr. Savage to feature in "The Student King" the largest chorus of trained male voices ever heard in comic opera, and the artists are fortunate to get off with four or five encores. Mr. Coote as the "Student King" carries his songs with the dashing, reckless manner of student life, in a clear voice that has given him a great vogue, despite his youth; for he is the youngest leading tenor on the stage.

MISS EVA FALLON, A DAINTY LITTLE SOUBRETTE IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S "THE STUDENT KING"

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WE have never made a direct appeal to our readers for any charity, but the horrors of famine in China, and the situation there, certainly should enlist the generous sympathy of everyone. Some two months ago an appeal was published in The National, requesting funds, and we believe that many responses were received, but we feel sure that there are thousands of readers who would like to contribute to one of the most deserving of all benefactions.

In the month of April telegrams received from various points of the famine district showed that the conditions there are growing worse, and though the Chinese government and people have contributed over $4,000,000 for famine relief, in addition to about $500,000 from outside aid, the need is still great. Those who contribute may rest assured that the money is promptly applied to the relief of the sufferers, the work of dispensing these relief funds being managed in the broadest possible manner; Confucianists, Catholics and Protestants all working amicably together, aided by the telegraph and steamship companies, who transmit messages and supplies of food, free of charge to the famine-stricken districts. Incidentally it seems that the assistance thus rendered, is doing much to lessen the popular dislike to "the foreign devils," which has always been strongly marked among the masses of the Chinese population.

The terrible estimate comes in that something like 5,000 persons are dying daily from lack of food, and the committee at the front report that they find bodies, with faces turned green or black, due to death by starvation; in some cases whole families have been found dead in their houses and corpses are frequently seen by the roadside, while the survivors are beginning to pull up the growing crops for food, which will, naturally, lead to a still more serious condition in the following season.

The relief committee send in the astonishing information that $1 will save a life until the harvest, which is expected about June 25, but though the sum for the support of a single individual seems absurdly small to us, in the thickly settled populated China these single dollars soon mount up, and $10,000,000 is needed, a sum which cannot be raised in that already depleted country. The situation is certainly desperate, being considered even worse than the well-remembered famine in India. It is hoped that during the next month, Americans will contribute $3,000,000 for this life-rescue work.

The committee, led on by the wide-spread suffering, have done all that could possibly be done with the funds entrusted to them; but must now decrease this relief work in several places unless more funds can be sent in. At the present time hundreds of women and children may be seen searching for roots and scanty blades of grass in the fields, and thousands of the people are subsisting on wild roots and other substances unsuitable for food, which are causing disease.

The Christian Herald, under the efficient management of Dr. Louis Klopsch, has raised a considerable fund, to be sent to China in aid of the starving people, which now aggregates $400,000, the first instalment of $5,000 having been sent on Christmas Eve, 1906. The latest instalment of this

HAPPY HABIT IN GRADUATION DAYS

By the Editor

HAVE you ever observed the high average of happiness noticeable in June? It was a happy thought that assigned school graduations to the rare days of this rare month, for what month can better bespeak the joys of budding life? In the morning to raise the curtain and let in a flood of June sunlight, the breath of sweet air from green fields and blossoms, still unscorched by the hot blasts of July—to see all Nature smile, arrayed in her best, to all of us each recurring June brings back the memories of those other June days and especially that June day when we graduated at "our school."

There is no more important event in youth than one's graduation at high school; an event packed full of memorable interest. What preparations were made for that oration, which was to startle the world! The pressure of those final examinations, and if the knowledge is really assimilated and not learned by rote, the realization, "I have really learned something—I now *understand* this." What delight to find that the laws and rules of physics, amid which we have blindly groped for months, may be applied to life itself—the dawning perception that the laws of reflection and refraction apply to our own vision, and that the laws of physics have an actual application to all humankind!

The possibility of original thought, is grasped. Instead of "what teacher says," the belief in his power to create ideas in an oration comes slowly but is one of the most delightful of human emotions, making light the long evenings of work after school, when the dear, patient teacher labors to see that those struggling ideas and straggling sentences are at least put into cohesive form. Every sentence, every paragraph is carefully considered, rounded out and polished, before being submitted even for the consideration of the teacher, and though the young student may be mortified at the flaws pointed out, there is always a realization that flaws indicate the possibility of improvement.

Walking to school in the morning, coming from school in the evening,—how our thoughts are filled with the sentences of that oration, that rings out over the grassy fields, and across the meditative heads of the browsing cows—who can forget that first essay prepared for the platform to be delivered from amid that little group of classmates with whom so many tender years have been spent? Perhaps there are even some bashful thoughts of how it will impress the young lady who has accepted the apples and the flowers for months past, and who sometimes was so considerate as to allow the budding hero to assist her with her problems.

How curious were the exhilarating prophecies regarding the future of our classmates. There was Amos, who was to be a doctor, partly because we did not consider him physically strong enough for any kind of manual work.

There was the belle of the school, with her wonderful violet eyes,—and her way of tossing back that saucy head of hair when she said:

"Do you suppose—do you suppose that *I* would marry a farmer?"

We felt crushed of course, and did no more supposing,—for she was certainly the leading lady.

Then the little soubrette of our school stage, with dark hazel eyes. She kept the class gallants busy hunting up the answers to problems that she failed to solve.

There was Artie, that dainty little man who emulated the famous George Washington and never had a stain on his copy book, never an imperfect lesson, and I am sure up to that time was never known to tell a lie, or look upon cherries when they were red. We had the idea that he would die young, but he is still living; so the proverb, "Whom the gods love die young" didn't hold good in his case, —or else he was so small that he was overlooked.

In contrast to Artie, Ricker was our stalwart ideal of manly beauty, the Beau Brummel of the class. We all felt a reflected glory in Ricker's appearance, being in some sense our property—the leading man.

There was another member of the class, whose name it will not be difficult to guess, to whom it was given to deliver the valedictory: to let loose, so to speak, the final pyrotechnic display of oratory. He elected to speak upon "John Chinaman," and, with the perversity of youth, he chose a point of view contrary to the very pronounced popular speeches of that day. His oration was a plea for John Chinaman's admission into the country; this "land of liberty:" for the schoolboy takes his ideas of liberty from those inspiring expressions in political and philosophical literature, literally as spoken or written, and as undeniable and basic facts. In later years, we grow too much into a habit of elastic belief, whose opinions conveniently expand or contract as pleasure and profit dictate.

That day of graduation—who could forget it! There was a baccalaureate sermon from the distinguished Doctor of Divinity—who had a very bald head and a very white necktie. We got enough mental philosophy in that sermon, which was delivered to us page after page, to sum up those deep-based thoughts suggested in Carpenter's Mental Philosophy.

* * * *

OUR class was like a family, for to us our teacher had been more than an instructor who inspired us to assimilate knowledge. She stimulated us to high ideals and noble purposes. She gave us something more than mere dessicated facts from antiquated chronicles, for she created in us a desire of knowledge for its own sake, and encouraged us to read good books and the acquisition of information that would be useful. She awoke our ambition to go to college, and the career and work of each one of us seemed to be her special charge, for no mother could have been more concerned as to the growth and training of her children, and through all the after years she followed their paths in life with keenest interest.

In view of these facts, I am impressed with the force of the suggestion made by Mr. O. D. Baker, president of the G. & C. Merriam Company, who prepare the big Webster's Dictionaries for the schools and home. He believes that high schools and teachers ought to hold reunions from time to time, and assemble together in later years to bring back those memories of the rare days in June when they graduated at the old school.

This brings to mind the thought—why not have high school alumni reunions —why not have the various classes meet—it would mean more than even the meeting of men who have been to the same college? For when the days of the high school are over for the boys and girls, and they go out into the world, for good or evil their tastes are formed, and to a certain extent will always remain what they are then. The foundation has been laid, and the destiny of the individual is to a large extent fixed.

But to go back to the story: There was a suit of clothes to be bought; though it was not at all like "Jane's Graduation," when "They brought the hull town out," and the house was "upside down:" for I did not get time to think about my suit until the eventful day, and then I bought it in haste and repented at leisure, for it was a "bright check" sure enough, right out of the store and purchased so late that there was not time to make the necessary amendments to the trousers before attending the exercises, held in "Union Hall," where sundry "barn-storming" theatrical and local amateur companies held enthralled our village audiences.

There had been rehearsals with the orchestra, which played the "San Souci" Overture, "Poet and Peasant," and "William Tell," to say nothing of the supreme choral effort of "Rolling Ocean," wherein Doctor Shepherd hit the strong roll in the bass at rehearsal, we somehow discovered that a stranger who came to play the first violin in the orchestra was our teacher's old friend, and after that came the still more important discovery that he was a pretty attentive "old friend." We felt somewhat aggrieved to think that one whose life we thought was to be devoted to school work, was to be taken away by this "man who played the fiddle" to a far off home. We never became quite reconciled to him, and at best he was looked upon as a sort of kidnapper, for it hardly seemed possible that a reasonable person like our teacher could prefer one strange man to so many devoted scholars, and indeed some of us doubted the truth of the mysterious tale whispered among us, —but the secret was verified in June when the wedding came off.

* * * *

EARLY that June evening the hall was filled, and in the front row of course were the younger brothers, while everywhere about sat those nearer and dearer who came to "see 'em graduate." The dear teacher never looked sweeter than that night, and yet how dignified she seemed; ay, the very essence of greatness as she directed our movements with little motions, scarcely visible off the platform. There was just a slight tremor in her voice as she spoke to us that night—feeling it would be the last time we should be all together.

The opening oration passed off as well as could be demanded by the most exacting audience. The girls, in white, beribboned with blue and pink, naturally attracted more attention than their confreres who sat in the semi-circle. Never shall I forget what a time I had trying to mak up my mind where to keep my legs—whether they ought to be crossed in a careless stage-like attitude, or set straight down in military fashion, and as to my hands, I knew not how to dispose of them, and secretly envied the girls their superior composure, which I still believe was partly due to the firm clasp of their essays, beautifully written and elegantly tied with long streamers of ribbon, afterwards read with every inflection and comma distinctly marked.

I had just had an Adam Kellar hair-cut and in that check suit must have looked like a convict; but fortunately that view of my appearance did not occur to me then, or I should have lost the little courage I had.

The situation was not made easier for me by my knowledge of the fact that an inch or two of superfluous length ought to have been eliminated from my trousers and that a less remarkable check would have set off the charms of figure to greater advantage. As I looked over that sea of faces and saw many familiar friends, I felt my heart going "bump, bump" at an appalling rate.

The coolness with which Amos and Artie held to their subjects without a flaw in pronunciation or a single tremor of voice, giving full weight to every semi-colon and period made me more nervous than ever, and when at last "John Chinaman" was called, my knees almost refused to do their duty, though I managed to approach the footlights. I could remember those gestures so well—"all in curves"—the ponderous fortissimo, the dainty pianissimo, and that I must throw my shoulders back and keep them so—so I began but for the moment felt that I was lost—and forsooth, I was. Before my horrified mental vision floated a blind paragraph, without beginning and without end, the connecting link in the most important part of my oration. I could see just how the neatly written "as" looked and the indecisive "Perhaps" and the paragraphs which succeeded that elusive one came clearly up before me, but those missing words refused to come at my call. After a few vain mumblings I was stung by a titter down in front, and I suddenly caught the next paragraph with a death grip and dashed on to the last, putting extra emphasis on every word, and reaching out for that last sentence which I considered the capsheaf of the effort,

"And let the listening world around, remember—that this is a land of liberty." A long breath.

No sooner had my final "liberty" rolled off my tongue than I knew that, however I had fared during the agonizing peroration, I had at last landed square on my feet in the final round-up.

How sweet the applause sounded as I sat down, drenched with perspiration, short of breath, and trembling in every limb. There had been plenty of applause before, but that was for the others, this was *my very own.* And then the books and bouquets were handed up, and we all sat back to listen to a sentiment from Judge Trainor, as he looked us in the eye and gave us stately words of advice as he handed us parchments—real diplomas, ribbon-tied.

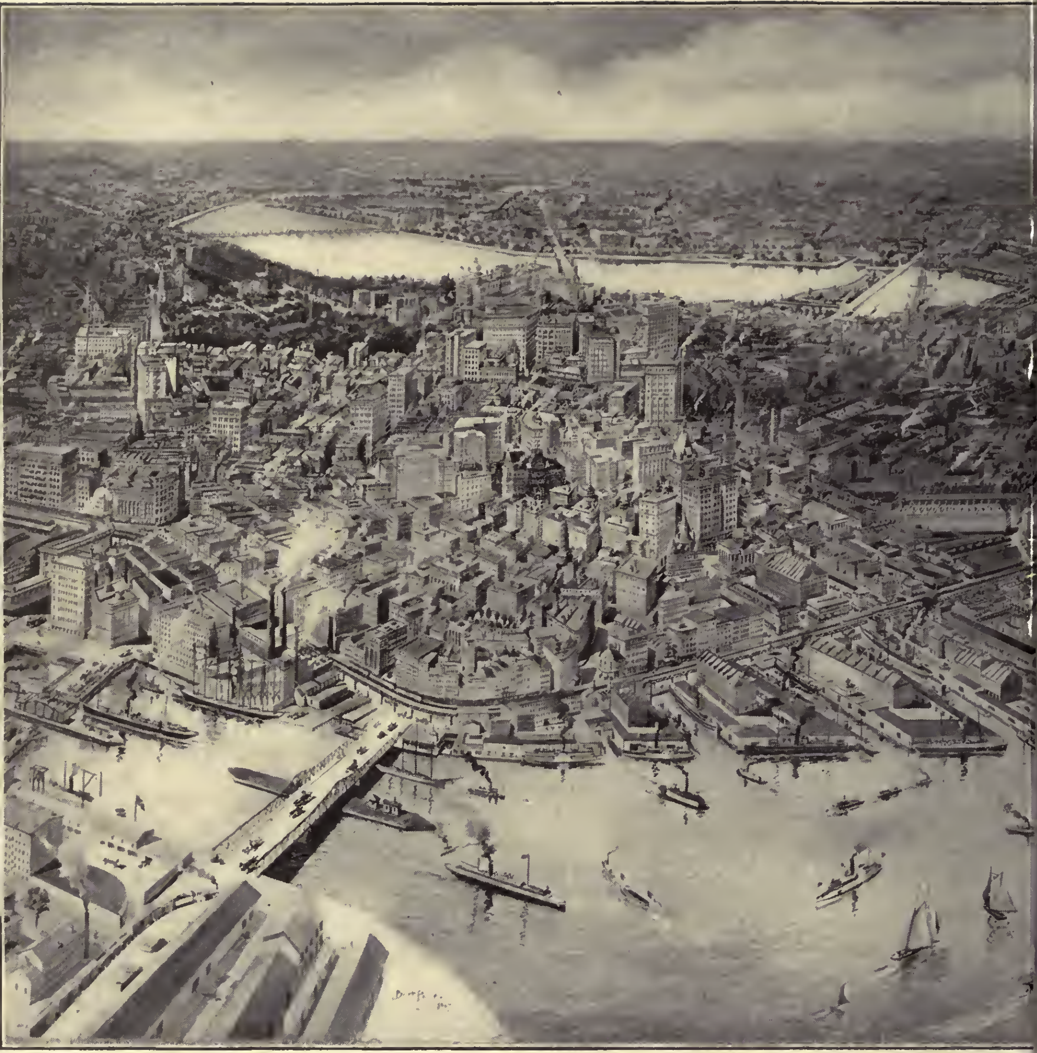
After the graduation that night we had to discuss everything and make comparisons—of course the girls had the most flowers and the most congratulations, but when it was all over, how fine it was down at Jarvis's cigar store, to hear the village philosophers holding forth in their nightly "council of the elders," and to have them turn around and congratulate me on my speech. At the store they talked it all over and decreed who did well, and who not quite so well, and I was consoled by the assurance, that, while I forgot part of my piece, "you were on the program."

* * * *

THIS is but the simple experience of thousands—aye, millions—of young Americans of yesterday, today and tomorrow. Look back on those days and linger among memories of long ago. Could we only maintain that old-time school spirit—that clearer vision of "unstained youth," when the empty baubles of a more artificial life, have no control of lusty, fearless, hearts, and a sunshiny day or a hearty laugh disperses the worst of ills! All honor to the school graduates with their eager ambition, and poignant sense of the rights and wrongs of life; the fearless hopeful youths and maidens who must recruit the Happy Habiters; for if they start out on the path to cheerfulness now, there will be no fear of mental dyspepsia by-and-by.

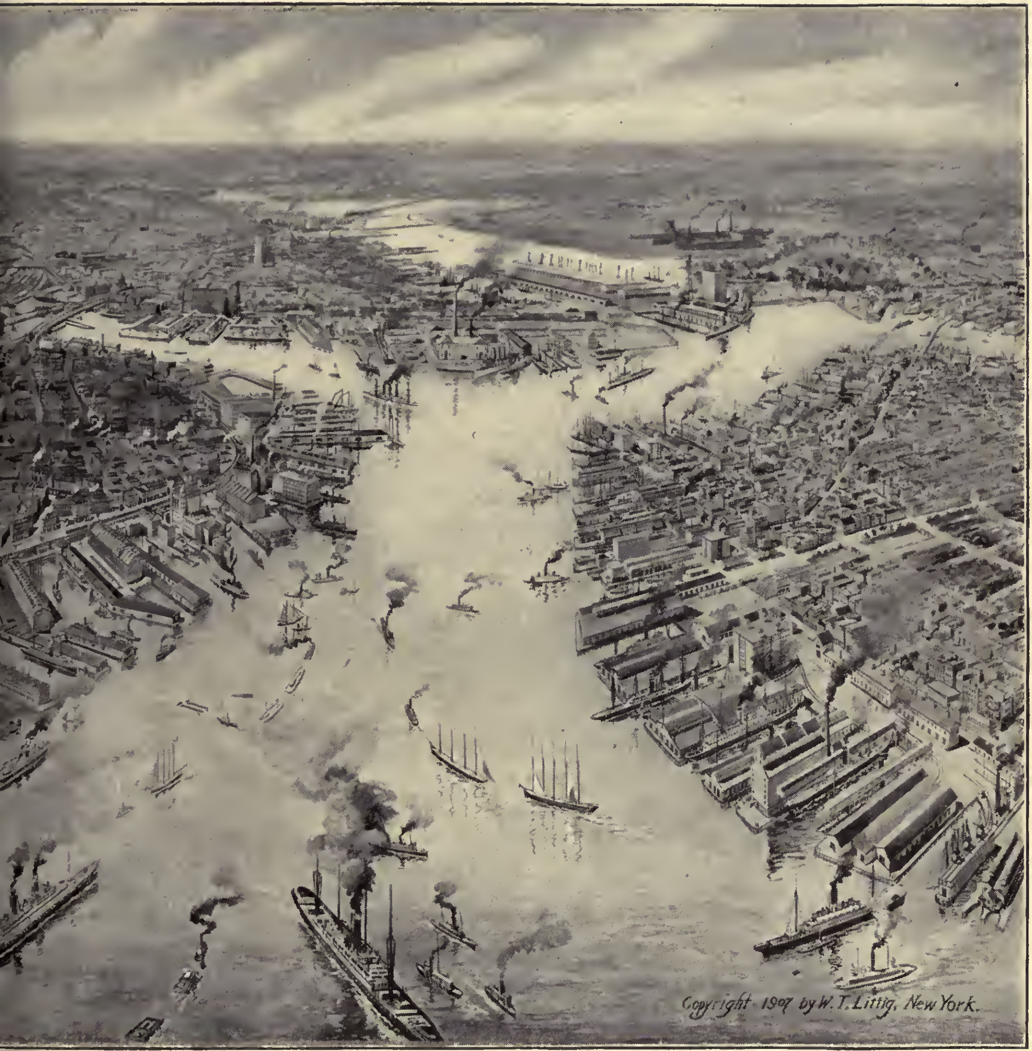
At no time of life do practise and preaching differ so much as in our teens, at least in regard to cheerfulness. Young people are nearly always impressed with the belief that all that is great in literature must have tears or tragedy in it—there must be wails and sobs—musical of course, but still wails and sobs—or it is not "literature, for these, verily, be the earmarks of genius." But while our high-school girls and boys conscientiously admire mournful verses and tales, they do not *practise* gloom—the ghost of a joke will call up a laugh.

It was considered, in those old school days, quite a distinction to have a real "fit of the blues." To say the truth, however, these "fits" might not always be quite genuine. I used to think if I became real blue it would win sympathy and words of encouragement, which would be worth the moments of despondency. I fancied that if I could discern in myself the dyspeptic gloom of Carlyle, I should soon find the "budding earmarks of genius"—quite forgetting the prosaic fact that the



THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BOSTON

BOSTON, famed throughout the world for its culture, its crooked streets, and its affinity for baked beans — the "Hub of the Solar System," "the Modern Athens," the delightful city of Colonial and Revolutionary history and of American literary traditions — has succumbed to the "Old Home Week" movement that is sweeping through the country just now, and will this summer hold a grand "at home" for the benefit of its thousands of wandering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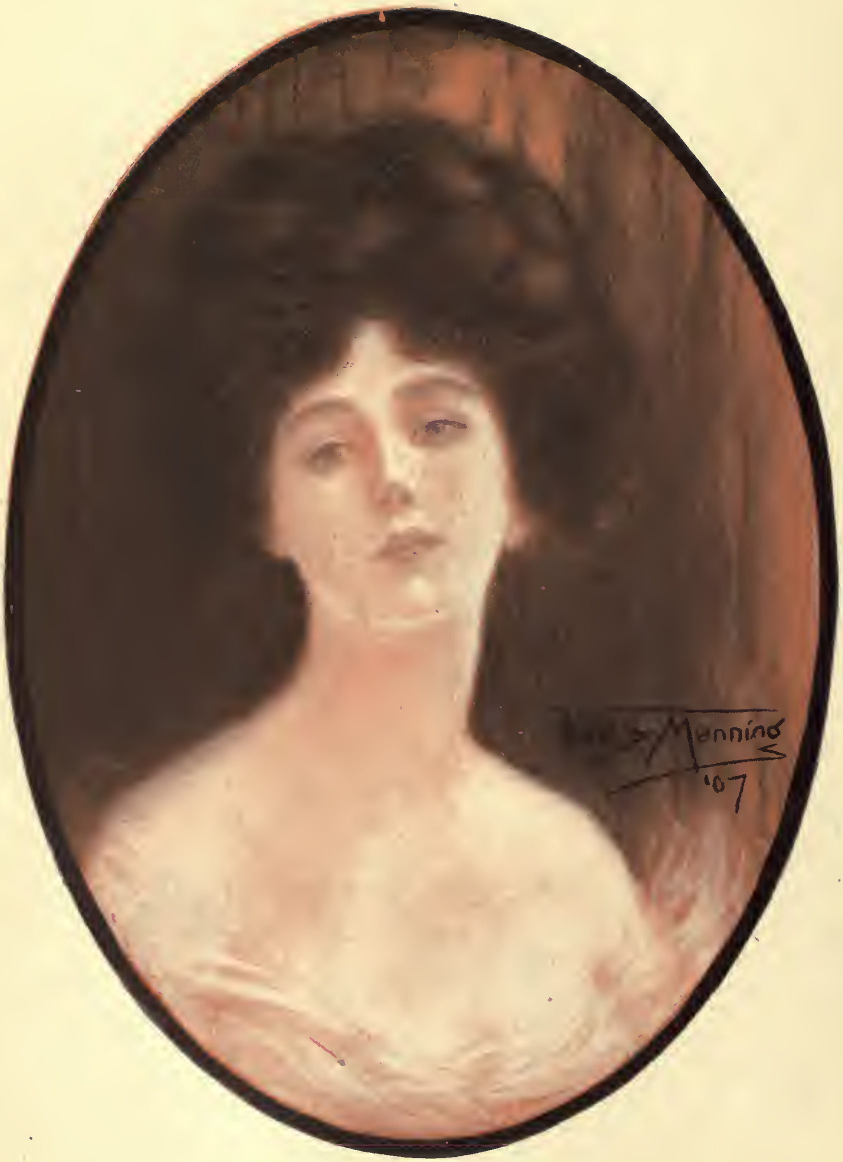
—"BIGGER, BETTER AND BUSIER."

sons and daughters scattered over the face of the globe. "History, sentiment, patriotism, art and militarism have each and all been invoked by the Committee of One Thousand, in charge of the wonderful program of out-door and in-door festivities being prepared for the edification of the home-comers and others who expect to make the birthplace of Revere and Franklin their Mecca during the week of July 28-August 3."



"A MANNING MAID"

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVI JULY, 1907 NUMBER FOUR

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

A FLOOD of Washingtonian memories were awakened at the funeral of Mrs. McKinley at Canton. The beauty of the domestic life at the home of William McKinley will illumine the brightest pages of our national history when years shall adjust the true perspective by which men can justly see the true spirit and beauty of our age. As I was speeding down in the interurban car, with Senator Dick and scores of others who were on their way to attend the funeral, it was aptly remarked that Mrs. McKinley was indeed the heroine of a great national love story.

MC KINLEY MONUMENT.
CANTON, OHIO

THE MC KINLEY MEMORIAL TOMB

As we crossed the fields and passed amid the farms and lakes which the sturdy youth had loved, Senator Dick pointed out the ponds and woods and other favorite spots where the days of McKinley's young manhood were enjoyed. The story of his life is indisolubly associated with that vivacious, blue-eyed girl whom the young lawyer won at Canton, where he had come to make his future home at the suggestion of his favorite sister, Anna McKinley, then a school teacher.

Canton was thronged that day, as in the days of yore when the magic name of McKinley was cheered. Now flags were at half-mast, edged with crepe, and during the hours of the funeral all business activity was suspended. Throngs gathered along Market street on either side, and clustered around that modest house at the corner, which had been the center of great events in years past. The project is now being discussed of preserving intact the house as it is today—keeping furniture, gifts, paintings and statuary, everything in the house, exactly as it was when occupied by the hero and heroine of the nation's great love story.

* * *

President Roosevelt arrived with members of his Cabinet, and with Vice President Fairbanks, a very near friend of the dead president, walked from the home of Judge Day to the McKinley mansion. Here in the corner room, amid a veritable bower of blossoms, lay the sweetheart-wife in peaceful repose, looking like a tired child just fallen asleep. At the foot of the casket was a bust of McKinley, and near-by a painting of "God's Own Temple"—the majestic forest trees. On the walls of the room were the emblems of a life's activity as a member of various organizations. In the library is a large portrait of Mother McKinley, looking over her spectacles upon the books which she so delighted in reading with her son, and here also is a picture of that Pythian friend, the late Senator Marcus A. Hanna.

With two members of his Cabinet, Secretary Wilson and Secretary Root, who had served with McKinley, the president sat in the room where Mrs. McKinley had for five years past looked out and wondered and wondered and waited. The soft, sweet strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" brought to memory a similar scene of years gone by—the sounds floating out into the street amid a reverential hush as the last verse was sung in almost a whisper. Then came "Lead, Kindly Light," and Rubenstein's "Angel" was sung by Mrs. Rachel Frease Green and Mrs. George Clarke; the favorite Scripture selections were read, and prayer was offered, and with the beautiful refrain of "Somewhere, Somewhere," the simple service at the house was closed.

Photo by Courtney, Canton

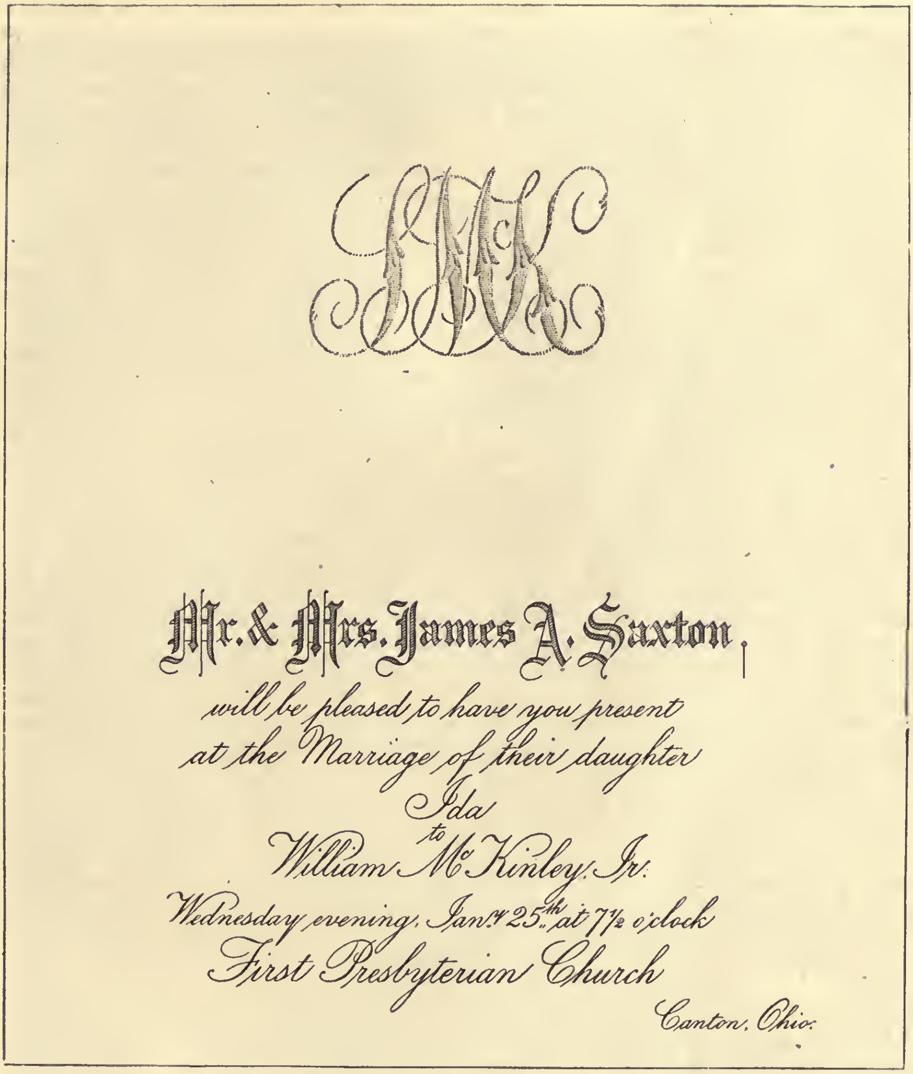
MR. AND MRS. MC KINLEY'S SECOND CHILD KATIE, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF THREE AND ONE-HALF YEARS

* * *

The arrangements were made by Secretary of the Treasury George B. Cortelyou, the close and intimate friend of President and Mrs. McKinley; with them in the joy of their triumph and at the dark hour of death. At the door of the vault stood President Roosevelt with his Cabinet and hundreds of friends, with bared heads, amid the fragrance of myriad flowers on the sloping greensward, under the sunlight of the beautiful, full-orbed afternoon. Reverently, all listened to the last words as the casket was carried into the vault and placed beside the banner-draped one of her illustrious lover and husband. On the bier of the wife were three simple carnations—the flowers that her sweetheart had so graciously offered in those cherished days of long ago.

How vividly all these simple and tender incidents recalled that September day of six years past, as friends and relatives turned sorrowfully away, leaving the bright, fresh blossoms glistening in the afternoon sunlight, all seeming to speak a benediction of rest, rest — rest at last for the weary watcher and sweetheart of early days.

There was a serenity and beauty about this occasion that surpassed in impressiveness the most tremendous scenes of turmoil and battle. In the life of a nation, it is not the days of strife and struggle, nor even the days of active organization and effort for the solution of the problems of everyday life, that call up the tenderest and most uplifting emotions; for these can only be awakened by hours of keenest joy or sorrow. That afternoon stirred in every soul present some clinging, tender memory, and the heart of the nation was touched as the veil was gently drawn over the closing scene of one of the most beautiful love stories ever portrayed; the influence of which is far deeper than that of any statute or enactment; it is graven in the home life of America for generations to come. While all else may pass away, the enduring sweetness and beauty of life in that home across the hills will remain an imperishable memory; for, after all, as has been remarked, the "greatest thing in the world is Love."



Mr. & Mrs. James A. Saxton
will be pleased to have you present
at the Marriage of their daughter
Ida
to
William McKinley, Jr.
Wednesday evening, Jan.y 25th, at 7½ o'clock
First Presbyterian Church
Canton, Ohio.

FAC SIMILE OF THE INVITATION TO THE McKINLEY WEDDING

Not far away from the resting place of William McKinley and his wife lie their children. At the head of the two little graves is a bronze cherub upholding a basket of flowers; the figure seems the very emblem of immortality, and almost speaks aloud of victory over death and the grave. Hundreds of people visited these tiny graves. Just over the brook, its waters running "smooth music from the roughest stone," on the crest of the ridge, the McKinley memorial, erected by a loving nation, now nears completion. It is approached by circular terraces with spacious flights of steps, recalling a picture of some old Grecian temple. Before it is a lagoon whose tranquil waters will lend the charm of a magical restfulness to the landscape. The memorial may be reached from the rear by two other stairways, and from the height one looks over the beautiful green hills and valleys, forests and lakes of Stark County.

It was the day before Memorial Day; the cemetery was ablaze with blossoms, and no more beautiful scene could be imagined. The throngs that gathered there that day demonstrated the interest that will center in this shrine sacred to the memory of one of our greatest Americans. It is expected that the McKinley Memorial will be dedicated in September. It is a significant fact that it has been built by the small contributions of the people—an enduring taken of their love.

The tender tribute always paid to William McKinley and his wife in their home town impresses the stranger. From the time of the stirring campaigns of early days, to the days when the dignified, quiet man had grown to full development among them, and met defeat and victory in the same calm, sweet demeanor, there are always some new incidents to be gleaned from the memory of his townspeople. At the funeral were hundreds of men who had taken a prominent part in those campaigns; and on every side one might hear little anecdotes of the kindness of Major McKinley and his charming wife.

In the old photographer's gallery in McKinley Block, where the young attorney had his first law office, I found many stirring mementos. This studio was owned by Mr. Courtney, a photographer with whom the late president was intimately associated. He has recently died, but his widow still preserves a few of the beautiful, life-size portraits autographed in that open-hearted, generous way so characteristic of William McKinley. These photographs are being eagerly sought by the many people who desire personal remembrances of one of America's greatest men—a man and citizen in the highest sense of the word.

* * *

WAS there ever a woman in America in whom a greater heart interest centered than in the late Mrs. William McKinley? How well we remember the sweet and winning smile of the mistress of the White House on those occasions when an affectionate and grateful people tried to give expression to the love and devotion which they felt for the chief executive of the country. And always on these occasions we felt that the President's first care was for the comfort and well being of his life companion. We recall the dark waving hair and bright smile and the glance of loving pride with which she followed that manly presence if he left her side for a moment, and the whole seemed the better for the reflection of the halo that glowed above the home of the President. But all this is gone. After the death of Mr. McKinley it was difficult to obtain even a glimpse of his beloved companion; for she was very averse to having photographs taken or being visited by anyone except relatives and the most intimate friends of the family.

In the rush of time, only a little over six years have swept by since the terrible tragedy at Buffalo. With many of us it has become a patriotic duty to visit the tomb at West Lawn Cemetery,—to many loyal hearts a sacred shrine, where, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, beneath the flowers that show the grateful love of a nation for her noble president, William McKinley sleeps as he was laid to rest by the hands of a sorrowing people. Here now, his grief-stricken wife has at last found consolation and eternal peace, lying by the ashes of her beloved husband.

The green-sward at the back of the tomb was never more beautiful than when, with scores of other mourners, I stood with bared head, to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. William McKinley. I felt that many a heart, like my own, went out to that lonely woman who has now joined her husband in the great beyond.

* * *

The McKinley home is almost exactly as it was on that day when, after the repairs had been completed, the President put his arm around his wife and was able to say, for the first time during twenty years of married life:

"This is *our* home."

The grey and white awnings of the veranda threw a subdued shade about the house which somehow seemed to strike a note of solemnity in my thoughts as I approached, and a rush of sad memories came over me as I noted the lawn made so famous in the campaign of '96. Upon that lawn I had many times seen the distinguished American, a statesman who might have done honor to any nation on earth. The click of the telegraph, that in the old days could be heard almost at any hour of day or night, was hushed, and through the house was absolute silence.

I well remember my last visit to that home when the familiar rattan rocking chair swung in the breeze on the piazza as I entered,

WILLIAM McKINLEY

and through the folding doors came into the presence of Mrs. McKinley in the room across the hall.

The Sabbath was drawing to its close, and she sat at her favorite window in her accustomed armchair, with the Bible open on her lap and her spectacles lying upon the open page. Her face spoke of resignation at once sad and sweet, and as I took her hand, with an emotion I could not overcome, I felt that I was paying the homage due to a queen—queen of American homes, for do we not owe to her and hers much that is brightest and best in our homes today? I doubt if any one man had more influence on the prosperity and welfare of this country than William McKinley; an influence exerted at a critical time when we were seriously involved in vital and serious economic problems.

Little was said. Speech was not needed, for there are occasions when sympathy is felt rather than spoken and words are then superfluous. In the corner opposite Mrs. McKinley sat Miss Galt, who was at one time Mrs. McKinley's school teacher, but was afterwards made postmistress of Medina, Ohio. Mrs. McKinley had aged somewhat since that terrible day; her hair was a little whiter, her gray eyes not quite so bright. Her expression was sad, and when she spoke there was a slight quiver of the lips that indicated something of the great depth of grief ever present with her; and the sweet smile, that will be remembered so well by those who met her at the White House, no longer illuminated her face when she spoke.

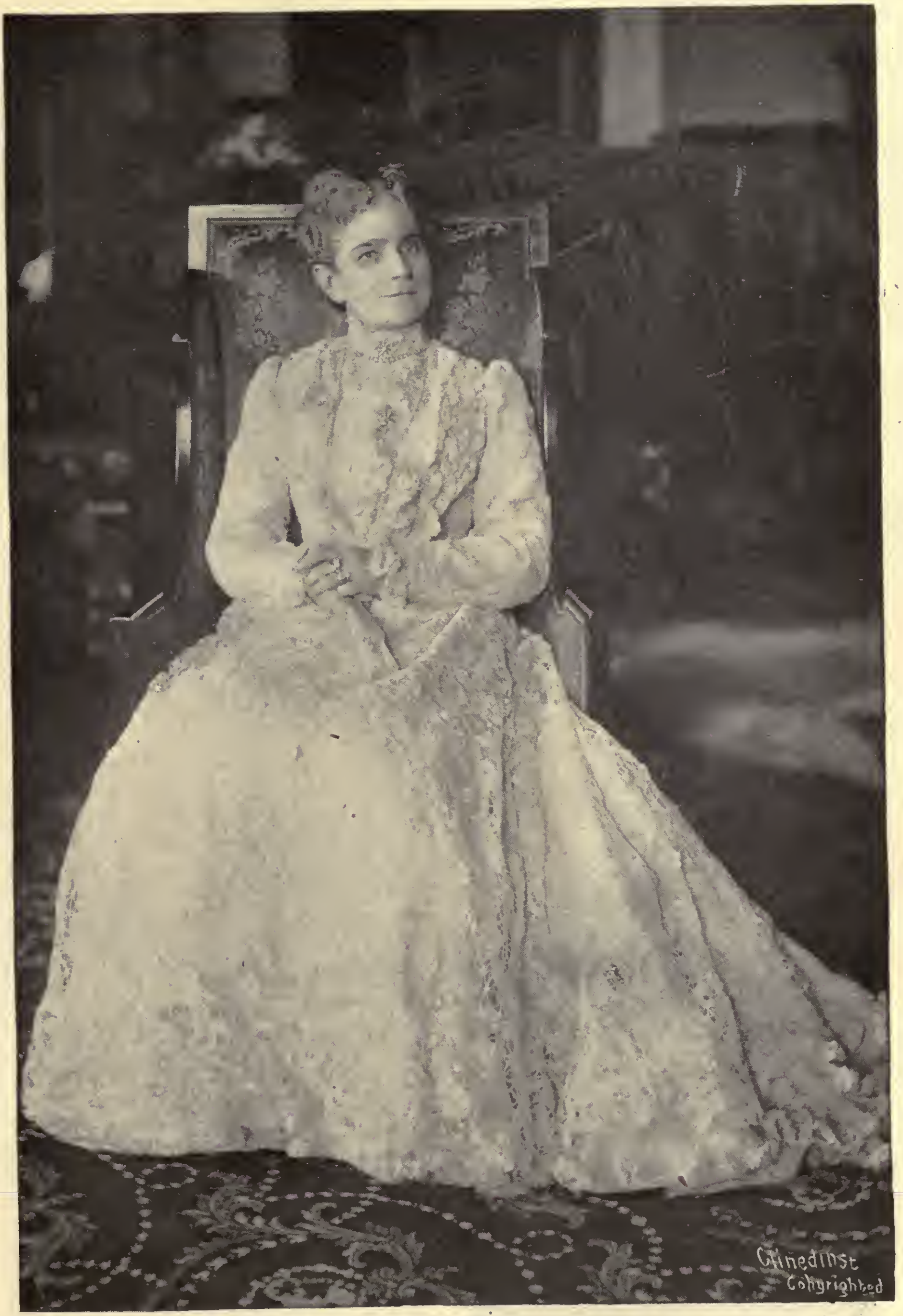
What a comfort it must have been during her last days to have with her the beloved teacher and friend who had been her confidant and companion in those earlier years when she met the handsome young attorney of Canton. Mrs. McKinley seldom talked of the years in which she was wife of the president; the earlier days of her married life, when her husband was congressman and district attorney, seemed to be dearer to her than the era when she presided as mistress of the White House. He was then "the Major."

During the last five or six years, she used to go for a drive twice a day, and occasionally visited the farm in which the president felt so great an interest. Her general health was poor, but she was able to take a special interest in all the household matters connected with her home, which was doubly endeared to her as the spot where her children were born and died, and from whence she followed the remains of her beloved husband to the cemetery on the hill; from which she in turn was finally borne away by tender and loving friends.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. WILLIAM MC KINLEY WHEN SHE WAS MISS IDA SAXTON, AGE NINETEEN YEARS

Mrs. McKinley was much interested in her younger relatives, and they often visited her. Her daily life was very simple; crocheting or sewing, seldom spening an idle moment. It was indeed touching to note the respectful and sympathetic air with which she was greeted by all who met her as she drove along the streets. Working men and wealthy citizens alike united to do homage to the widow of William McKinley.

As I passed by the house a few days since, I noticed the old fashioned petunias blooming in the great urns on either side of the path, and as they swayed in the summer breeze, they seemed to speak of the swiftly-fleeting hopes and ambitions of the two gentle hearts now joined once more in Heavenly bliss. That same Sunday, I worshipped in the church which they had been accustomed to attend, and with which they were connected, and here, too, their memory is kept green; for though the fourth pew from the front was vacant, there was something in the service and bearing of worshippers that told that the former occupants of that pew would not soon be forgotten. The place seemed fraught with cherised memories of an ideal home life,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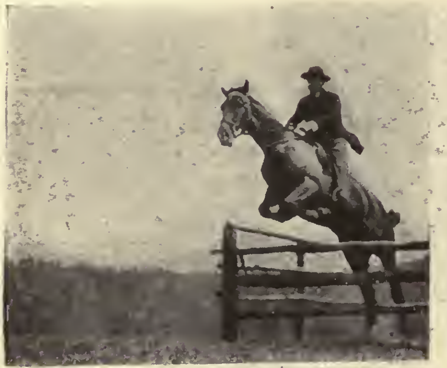
MRS. WILLIAM McKINLEY



The President makes an extra high hurdle

Almost over the fence

Here's for a graceful landing

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Right side up with care

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The McKinley memorial, to be completed in September, is a record in enduring stone of the love and reverence of the American people for the martyred president. It was the wish of Mrs. McKinley that she might live to see it completed, but this consolation was denied her. The money for the memorial has come mostly in small sums from working people, rather than a few large contributions from our wealthy citizens. The site selected for the memorial is a half-mile west of the receiving vault where the bodies of the president and his wife now lie, and not far from the original McKinley lot in West Lawn Cemetery. From this spot there is a beautiful view of the lake and general landscape of the surrounding country, which is so intimately associated with the life and memory of the McKinleys.

* * *

A RECENT letter to the War Department concerning the inefficiency of the army officers as horseback riders created quite a stir in army circles, and, apropos of this, the President has set an example that will, perhaps, interest a large number of those who have taken their course at the riding school at West Point. Everyone knows that President Roosevelt is an enthusiast on the subject of horseback riding, and he certainly could give army officers and others a practical illustration of saddle craft, for his is no easy-going jog trot, or gentle prancing before the eyes of fair ladies on the parade ground—nothing so mild as these exercises would satisfy the chief executive as a horseman. There is a dash and daring about his riding that is now familiar to the people in and about Washington. To see him in the Capital City, during the summer months, on his big horse, clearing the fences, in company with some of the foreign diplomats, is a sight worth beholding. It is now facetiously remarked by some of the Roosevelt critics, that when the President has Secretary Taft trained to clear the fences as he does, the secretary will be more emphatically a presidential candidate.

Automobiles find little favor with the Chief Executive when there is a good horse around. He also evidently believes in practising what he preaches; for he is teaching his sons and daughter in the equestrian art, and it looks as though they would master the art of horsemanship with the same fervor as their father.

PRESIDENT AND THE SERGEANT WHO ALWAYS RIDES WITH HIM

THE PRESIDENT STATING WHO SHALL MAKE THE NEXT JUMP

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Reading from right to left: The Sergeant, President Roosevelt, Mrs. Henry Wadsworth, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Captain Fitzhugh Lee

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DOES LOOK WELL WHEN MAKING A HURDLE

Do not climb up em- ankments, simply jump over them

Hurdle jumping over earthern embankments is easy work

The President likes a tone wall just as well as a fence

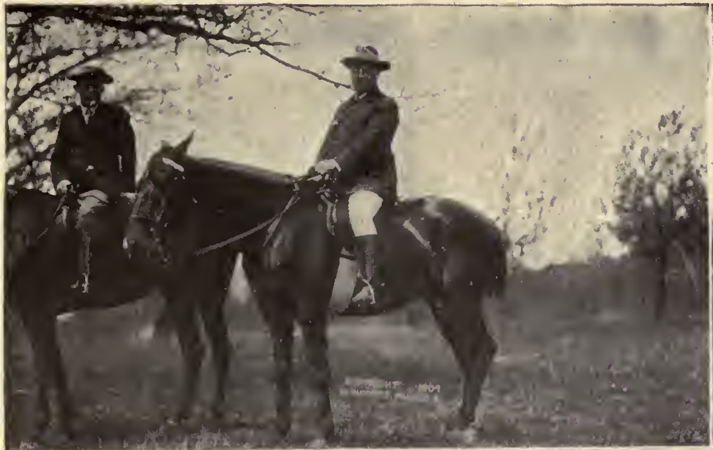
Photograph copyrighted, 1907, by Clinedinst, Washington

THE Pullman was crowded to suffocation. There were tourists going to Washington, and on to the Jamestown Exposition from all parts of the country. In that crowded car there was scarcely a pleasant face to be seen, except back in Section Number One, where a bride and groom were on their way to join the bridal brigade in its "toural" visit to the Capital City. They had been shrewd in selecting this rear seat; for, as Emerson says, "All the world loves a lover," and—they will gaze and gap—the public. There is nothing on a long journey more interesting than to watch the shy movements and soft whispers of a brand new bridal pair, where all unconsciously, sweet innocence radiates like virgin sunshine. This bride seemed to glory in the flowers on the seats and in the white ribbons and gloves—a yard long—and all the other tokens of the happy event which had "just occurred."

After a while, it became known that in the drawing room an elderly woman was very ill. We stopped at one of the stations to call a doctor, but a nurse could not be obtained. The elderly husband was in despair. A crusty old traveler began to grumble because his berth was close to the drawing room, and "what a horrible night it would be, with a sick person probably moaning all the time."

Just at that moment, up jumped the little bride—her arms full of beautiful flowers. Laying aside her hat trimmed with white, she entered the drawing room, and in a few minutes made the suffering woman comfortable. That little act of kindness was the "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin," for in a few minutes and all through the day, there was a change in the facial expression in that car. There was hot water, whenever required, without asking, and even the crusty old man with side whiskers, who had grumbled, went out to obtain some fruit. We all worked under the generalship of the little bride, and tried to console her lonesome lord. Curiosity was aroused to know who this little bride might be, who had brought so much comfort to the sick woman and proven herself a real daughter. She was a congressman's daughter, refused to allow me to use her name, but everyone in that car will remember the sweet mission performed by the bride with her bouquets and her cheery ways, on that dreary ride to Washington.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND CAPTAIN FITZHUGH LEE IN AN OUTING ON HORSEBACK



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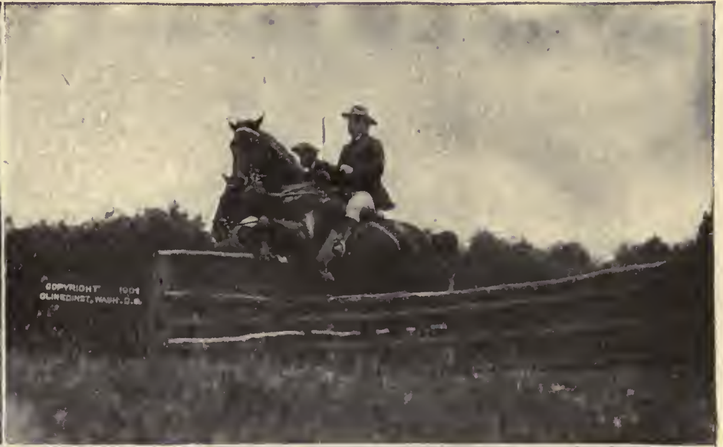
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND CAPTAIN FITZHUGH LEE JUMPING A FENCE ON HORSEBACK



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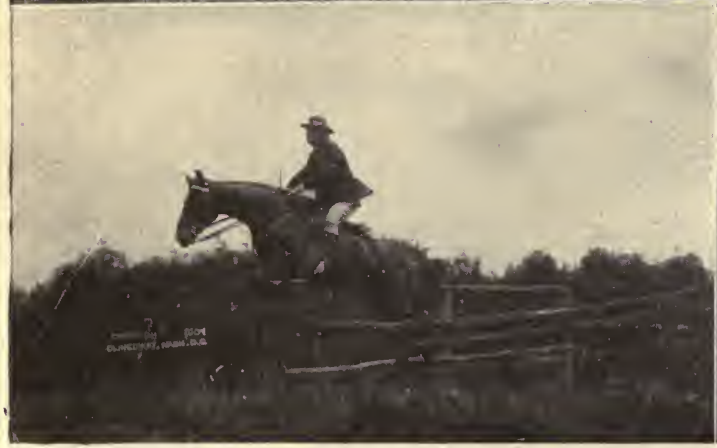

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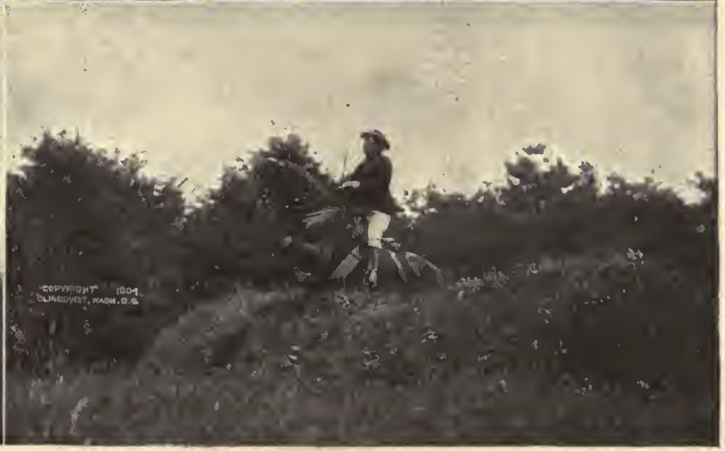
THE PRESIDENT TAKES A HIGH FENCE, HIS HORSE SEEMING TO ENJOY THE GAME



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A BIG MOUND WAS NO OBSTACLE, THE PRESIDENT'S MOUNT MAKING THE JUMP WITH EASE

FROM the child studying his first lesson in history, to Carlyle, propounding his tremendous question, "Whence, and Oh, Heavens! whither?" there is no human being who is not deeply interested in the history of the race, and any discovery, any research, which throws light on the habits of those who once occupied the land in which we live, is eagerly sought. No modern institution has contributed more largely to the fund of positive information regarding the aborigines of America than the Smithsonian Institute. This is especially true in connection with the ancient quarries in and around Washington.

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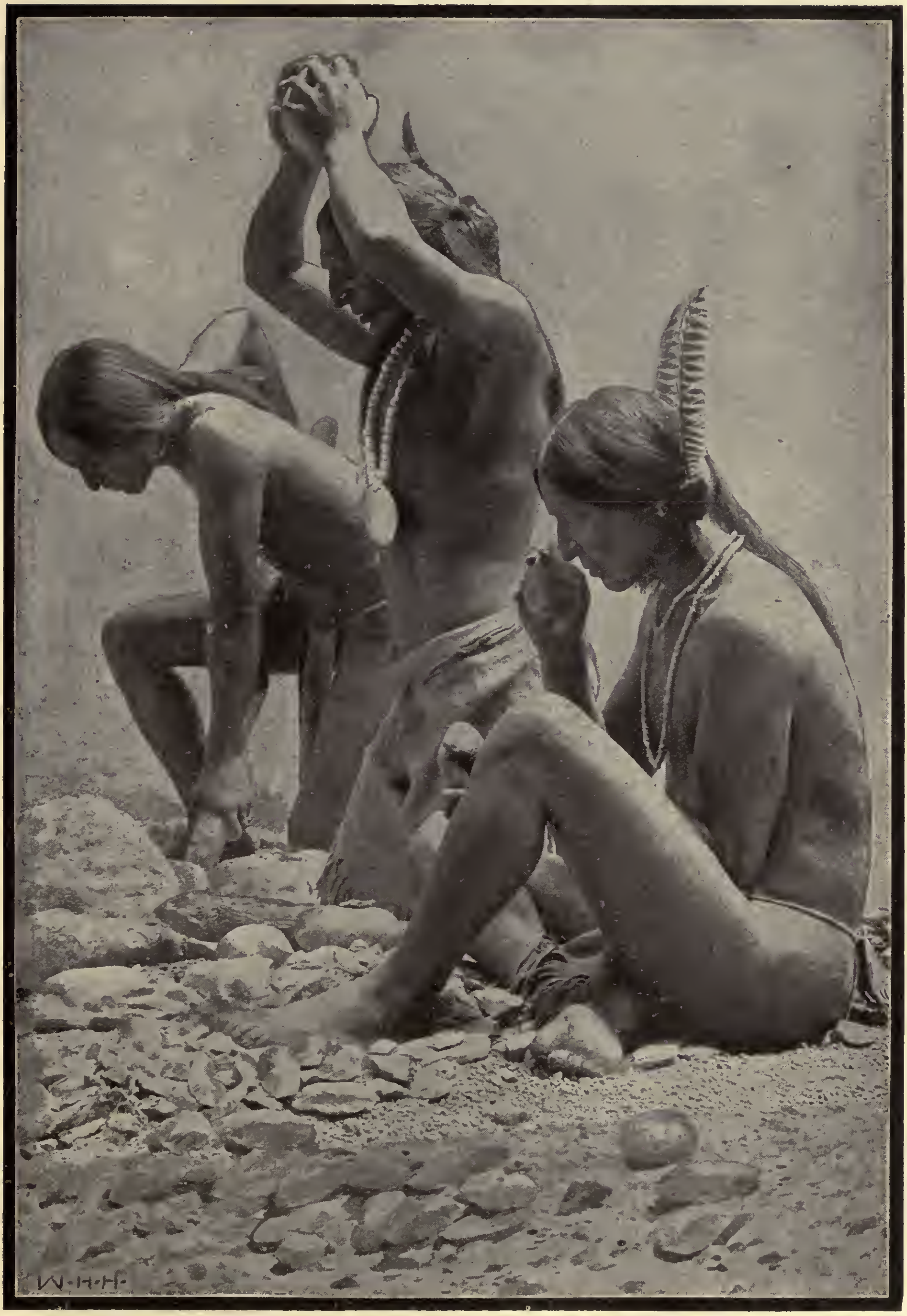
A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRESIDENT HURDLE JUMPING A STONE WALL

The discovery of fragments of rude stone implements, and of the boulders from which they were evidently cut, dates back about twenty years, though worked stones are so common that many of them pass daily through the hands of the laborer who breaks stones by the wayside for the streets, and it is a singular fact that Washington is paved with these relics of a race long since passed away—claimed by some experts to have lived in the District of Columbia long before the Indians occupied it. Others are of different opinion as to the great antiquity of these objects, but it is a fact that the implements found closely resemble those discovered in Europe, belonging to the paleolithic age.

The life-size group from which the accompanying illustration is made was modeled by U. S. J. Dunbar, from drawings published in the works of Hariot and John Smith. It was made on the assumption that the quarrying in and around Washington was done by the Algonquin tribes of the early days of the founding of Jamestown; but whether these quarries were worked by Indians or a race centuries older, it is believed that the process of working the boulders is correctly represented in this group.

The two regions most carefully explored in the search for these traces of bygone civilization, are the bluffs of Piny branch and the locality of the new Naval Observatory, on the western side of Rock Creek. The mode of investigation was the trenching of the deposits yielding these manufactured objects, and the search showed plainly that these marked the sites of ancient quarries, or quarry-shops, and the rude implements found were evidently merely the rejects which would be the natural result of such work anywhere. The whole District of Columbia abounds with these traces of paleolithic man. The investigation also shows that while some quarrying had been done in other places, the aboriginal inhabitants knew just where to find the stone best suited to their needs; in the bluffs of the Potomac and in Rock Creek valley, where the workable deposits are more uniform, and better than elsewhere. They also understood that though the desired material might not be exposed on the surface, it could be obtained by digging, and traces of extensive quarrying are plainly to be seen, and to the eye of the expert, the site of the ancient quarry workshops can readily be distinguished from the quarries proper. In the former it is often noticed that the "failures" and the broken tools with which they were made, lie together, side by side with the "flakes," struck off in the making process. In digging down, places were found where chipped boulders, portions of stone, blades and working tools, were found, evidently just as they had been dropped by the hands of those old-time workers.



A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP OF INDIANS AT THE OLD QUARRY AT HISTORIC ROCK CREEK PARK, SEEN IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
PRESENTED BY W. H. HOLMES

The great age of some of these deposits is proved by the fact that on inspection the roots of oak trees, known to be over 200 years old, were found to be wrapped around and grown through this quarry-shop refuse, so that it was evident that the tree considerably post-dated the quarry.

The traces of these old-time workings are found no lower down, up to the present time, than about eleven feet below the surface, but it is believed that, when deserted, the quarries were much deeper, as the action of wind and weather has carried off, and re-arranged large portions of the surface of the slopes.

The method of uncovering these old quarries is to dig trenches at various intervals, where the surface shows that work has been done. Thus rejected material, and broken tools are revealed, or an occasional "pocket" is found where considerable shaping had been done and where the broken tools were more plentiful; this spot having, evidently, been used as a workshop by the ancient quarrymen.

The discoveries that have attracted most attention are those at Dunbarton Heights, the tract that Mr. Charles Glover hopes Congress will buy. This group of old quarries and work-shops, is situated on the western side of Rock Creek, a quarter of a mile north of the new Naval Observatory, and a mile and a half southwest of the Piny branch site, which is known to many Washington people. The quarries are in a narrow, heavily timbered projection of the Tennallytown ridge, above a deep ravine, which is a genuine relic of the primeval wilderness, though within easy reach of the city, and already surrounded—at least in theory—by plans for suburban avenues, which, in a few years, will probably obliterate this beauty spot of Nature and memento of what the country all around Washington was until comparatively recent years.

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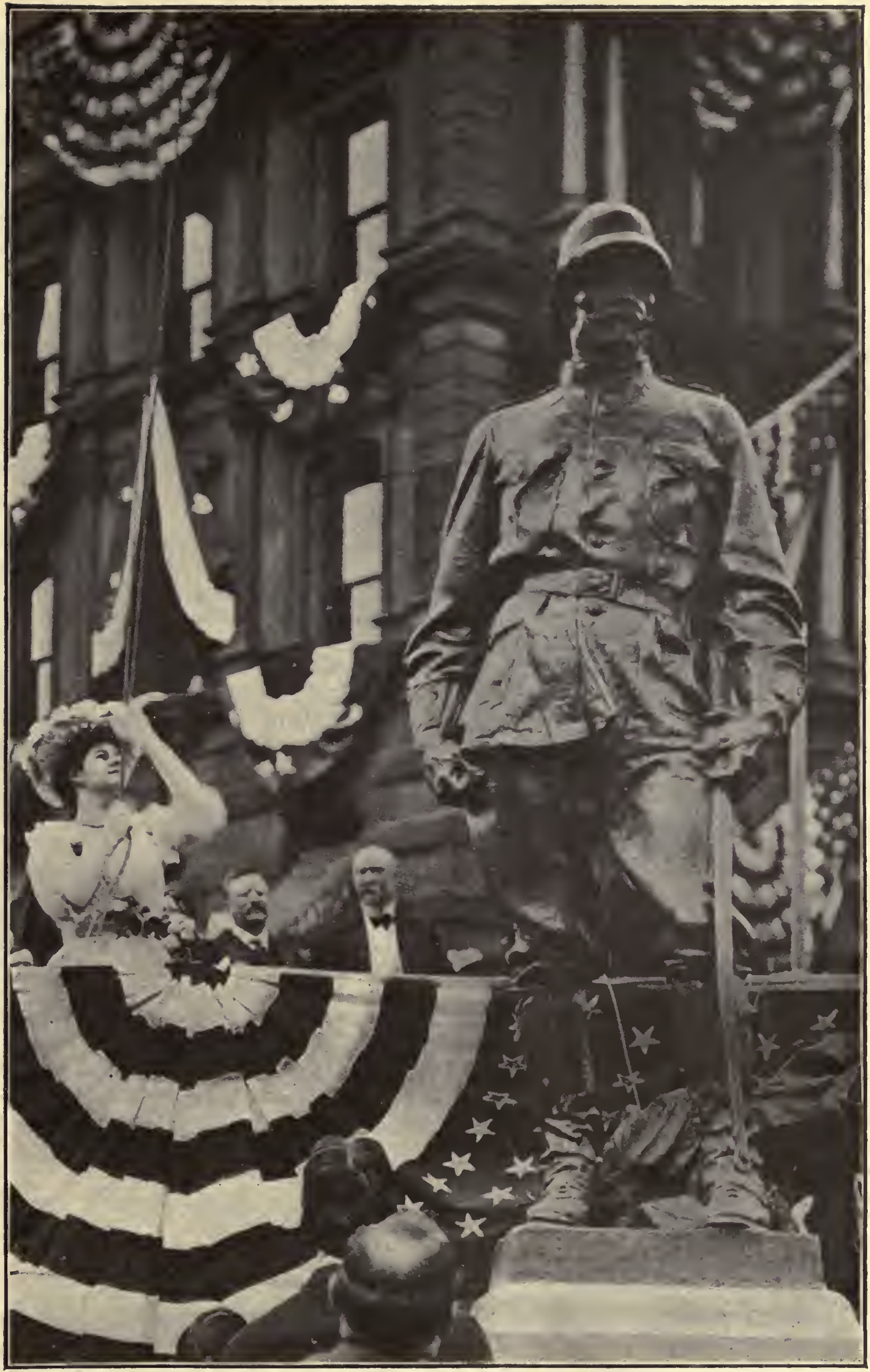
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT INSTRUCTING HIS SON THEODORE IN HURDLE JUMPING

* * *

THE unveiling of the statue of General Lawton at Indianapolis, awakened many memories concerning the soldier-hero who



Photograph by the National Press Association

UNVEILING THE GENERAL LAWTON STATUE AT INDIANAPOLIS. THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER, MISS LAWTON, UNVEILED THE STATUE OF HER DISTINGUISHED FATHER. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS PARTICIPATING IN THE CEREMONIES lost his life in the Philippines. The ceremony was one of more than passing moment; the President's address made still more clear his position on the problems of the day, and was a declaration of widespread interest; but even the importance of his words did not shadow the feeling of soldierly comradeship which was evidenced at the unveiling of this monument. Many men were there who had been with General Lawton in that last desperate struggle in the Philippines, where not only there was the human enemy to combat, but the fearful onslaughts of disease and hardships of life in the tropical jungles had to be encountered. Few returned from that campaign without some grim reminder of what they had passed through.

Photo by Harris & Ewing
CHARLES CURTIS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM KANSAS

As the veil was drawn by the daughter of General Lawton, the heroic figure burst into view in a blaze of sunlight, with President Roosevelt and Vice President Fairbanks standing near at hand, paying tribute with bared heads to the Indiana soldier who, by his loyalty to the Stars and Stripes, in a far away clime, added further luster to the Soldiers' Monument at Indianapolis.

Well do I remember bidding General Lawton good-bye when he left for the Philippines. I recall the pompadour iron-gray hair, the kindly eyes beaming over his spectacles, the slightly-stooping shoulders—yet withal a man with whom one could associate the character of the intrepid warrior in the field, though the kindly gleam of his eye seemed to belie the accepted idea of the soldier. In the losses of the Philippine war, none stands out with more sorrowful prominence than that of General Lawton, and it was a beautiful tribute that I heard on every side in Indianapolis, from many of the boys who had served in the Philippines, as to the undaunted valor of the man whose splendid soldierly career was now pre-eminently recognized as one of the most illustrious of the age.

The general was something of a joker. It was about the time of his leaving that the National Magazine was sending out a correspondent to the Philippines, who was none other than the indomitable Peter McQueen, now in Central Africa. He is a small-sized man, and his locks are scanty. Peter stood beside the general's powerful form, when Lawton reached out and laid a kindly hand on his head. "Well, friend Peter," he said, "there won't be much hair on that scalp for the Filipinos to get hold of—if they lay their hands on you."

The full significance of those last moments at the War Department was not realized until afterwards. I remember him hurrying down the shadowed corridors, and how at the last moment he turned his face and passed out with a kindly wave of the hand to us whom he had left behind. That was the last I ever saw of the valiant hero of the Spanish-American war, but as I stood among the great crowd gathered about the stately soldier's monument, the day before the unveiling, the incident of that last meeting was vividly recalled.

* * *

ONE of the most interesting publications I know of, called "The Silver Standard," is issued by the Meriden Brittannia Company, under the able editorship of W. G. Snow. This little magazine constantly presents thrilling glimpses of the past, recording many changes which have occurred during the past two generations, since 1847, when the Rogers Brothers first became known to the world through their famous silver ware.

"THE TIME, THE PLACE, AND THE GIRL"

In the February issue, for instance, we find on the front page an engraving of General Zachary Taylor, standing by his horse, sword in hand and with his chapeau in the other, a picture which must have appealed to the voters of that time, for this is the reproduction of a very old picture.

"Looping the loop" it seems is not a modern amusement after all, for in 1847 an illustration was published—and is reproduced in The Silver Standard,—showing how it was done then and that it was in vogue at that time in Paris.

Photo by Henry Shaw, Meriden, Conn.

WILLIAM G. SNOW

The distinguishing feature of The Silver Standard—which, by the way, has been published for the past three years—is that it presents fascinating old time wood cuts interspersed with dainty, up-to-date illustrations. For instance, two views of the water front in New York are shown; one an old time view, showing some sailing craft in the harbor, a clump of trees and soldiers drilling on the green slope, while the other view depicts New York as it is today, with the masses of steam shipping and the lines of sky-scrapers "heaving their towers upstairs," as the French man said. There is also a view of old New York as she is, and an illustration showing old St. Paul's church and the sky-scraper which has been given the same name in honor, probably, of the sacred edifice. We are given a glimpse of Lola Montez, on tiptoe, and informed that she is a famous dancer, and in the text of the same page mention is made of Colt's Pistols in connection with the agitating question, "Are they to be made in Mexico?"

To my mind, no period in history is more picturesque than the eventful days of "the forties." The more history is studied the more interest in this period increases, and this little publication will doubtless be preserved for perusal over and over again, and as a work of reference by those who read it. The paragraphs on John Jacob Astor, John B. Gough, and Henry Clay—who had recently had a silver pitcher presented to him—and the headlines announcing that 5000 miles of railroad have been constructed in the United States at an expense of $120,000,000, all throw a new light on those times. Here we learn that the first railroad built in the United States was at Quincy, Massachusetts, was four miles long and was completed in 1827.

A note of warning is sounded against the use of ether for the extraction of teeth, and the suggestion is thrown out that pain is an aid to recovery, stimulating the nervous system to combat the injury received. This is quite a new view of pain for our ease-loving people of today. The writer boldly describes the use of ether as "intoxication," and denounces it.

Truly one cannot read these little magazines without being impressed with the force of Galileo's conviction, though in another sense, that "the world does move," and nothing emphasizes this more than the mention of the works of Charles Dickens as "present-day trash, bringing the author thousands of unearned dollars for sensational gush."

* * *

THE congressman who will represent the Niagara Falls district in the Sixtieth Congress experienced some trouble in securing the party classification which he desired. He succeeds James W. Wadsworth who served nearly twenty years in the House of Representatives, and whose defeat for re-election was one of the most notable incidents of the contest at the polls in November. It was his attitude on the meat inspection bill which caused Mr. Wadsworth to lose his seat. Congressman Wadsworth had held the office so long that it seemed a part of the numerous possessions of the Wadsworth family. In 1904, he received 34,000 votes as against 19,000 cast for his Democratic opponent. In consequence of the sentiment against him in his district, owing to his attitude in the beef controversy, independent Republicans placed Mr. Porter in nomination by petition, and he was endorsed by the Democrats and by the Independence League. Mr. Porter received 26,000 votes as against only 20,000 cast for Mr. Wadsworth, and he claims that at least fifty per cent. of his vote was Republican. He has always been a Republican, and is to be classified as such in the directory of the Sixtieth Congress. He wishes to vote with the Republicans in caucus, but for a time feared that he might be "marooned" by the party leaders.

Representative-Elect Porter's father, Colonel Peter A. Porter, was killed at Cold Harbor during the Civil War. The present congressman was born at Niagara Falls in 1853, and like Mr. Wadsworth, is a graduate of Yale. He served in the New York Assembly in 1886 and 1887, and introduced the first bill for the "harnessing" of Niagara, but it is as an historian rather than as a politician that he has been best known heretofore. He has written a history of the Niagara Falls region, has taken a leading part in marking historic spots, and knows every foot of the historic ground of his native section. Mr. Porter is of Mayflower ancestry, being a descendant of John and Priscilla Alden, and his wife, who was Miss Alice A. Taylor, is descended from "Elder" Brewster of Mayflower fame.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT HIS DESK. THE LATEST AND ONE OF THE BEST PICTURES OF THE PRESIDENT

* * *

FEW days pass at the Executive Office in Washington that the President does not have his favorite heliotrope on his desk, but the American Beauty roses have steadily persisted for first place in the President's work room at Washington, in recent days.

ONE of the almost sensational revelations in the collation of government statistics is the remarkable growth of electrical industries. The radical innovations in electrical devices for general use are fascinating phases of recent commercial growth. The value of the output of 128 establishments, engaged primarily in the manufacture of electrical equipments, is now estimated at $20,000,000. When one stops to consider that all this has come about in twenty years—the wonders of modern progress may be realized.

Snapshot by Clinedinst

SENATOR HANSBROUGH THINKING OF THE WHEAT FIELDS OF DAKOTA

The amount of telephonic apparatus manufactured in 1905 was over $15,000,000, which is regarded as one of the results of the establishment of rural free delivery, for it is estimated now that every farmer has his telephone as a matter of course, and as a necessity rather than a luxury.

Telegraphic apparatus is, for the first time in its history, showing a falling off of nearly a half-million dollars in the year 1905, as compared with 1900, so it may be concluded that, to a large extent, the telephone is supplanting this electrical means of communication. Aside from this, all electrical appliances are on the increase, and the electrical power, generated by gas, has reached the tremendous proportion represented by $22,000,000 invested in electric motors alone in a year, which is twice as much as that expended in dynamos. This represents a horse power of over 678,000.

These are the kind of facts which the representatives of foreign governments all over the world are eager to learn, and of which they are now making a careful study. Not less than twelve representatives of official governments were in Washington last month, collecting data for the purpose of exploiting industrial operations in their own countries, and they all seemed to agree that nothing was more potent in the development of American institutions than the question of cheap and efficient electrical power.

* * *

THERE have been lively times about the Post Office Department in regard to the new Canadian postal regulation requiring all periodicals in the United States to pay one cents for every four ounces of matter. This decision was reached by Canada because of the fact that by equal interchange of mail matter, as provided for by the former arrangement, the American publications were flooding the country with second-class matter, whereas the Canadian government was sending very little matter to this side. On the face of it, of course, it appeared inequitable, but the precipitate action caused a considerable stir. While the ruling will, to some extent, lessen the interchange of periodicals between the two countries, the feeling is that the English-Canadian publications will be given a protection that will enable them to build up Canadian and English periodical literature, so that they will get the full benefit of this protective tariff,—so to speak.

This new regulation is especially advantageous to English publications, which were heretofore working at a disadvantage caused by the prevalence of American periodicals—as the English government up to that time had provided no second-class pound rates. Now English publications can be delivered in Canada at about one-fourth the price of those from the United States, but the American people, whether on this side or that of the border, have a way of securing what reading matter they want, and postal regulations are, after all, subject to the demands of public service, and it is believed that the arrangement will finally be adjusted satisfactorily for all concerned. There is a marked determination on the part of the Canadians to develop a distinctive national spirit, especially in the great, growing provinces of the West, and the outcome of this resolution will be watched with keen interest.

holding good, it seems. The senator looked the part of a typical American, attired in his slouch hat and good substantial shoes—on a glance at the latter, I once more meditated on the mystery of "why they call him 'Gum Shoe Bill,'" and came to the conclusion that it must be the quiet way in which he goes about obtaining results, while others are still thinking of making a beginning. He was accompanied on this tour by his wife and daughter, and they are planning to visit Alaska, on the return trip, as the senator has a mine there in which he is interested, and he wishes to find out what it is worth.

Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly.

MAGNIFICENT PALACE IN WHICH PEDRO ALVARADO RESIDES. NOW THE RICHEST MAN IN MEXICO, BUT WAS ONCE A POOR MINER. HE STRUCK A BONANZA IN THE SIDE OF AN UNKNOWN HILL IN PARRAL, MAKING HIM A MILLIONAIRE AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SIX

VACATION activities will have much to do with molding the trend of legislation at Washington in the Sixtieth Congress. It seems that one cannot go anywhere but what some member of Congress is there also, looking for information. At Vancouver, I bade Senator William Stone of Missouri *bon voyage*, after he had set his face toward the Orient. He has all the enthusiasm of a youth obeying the injunction to "go West, young man"—the wisdom of which is still

During the coming session, when the senator from Missouri rises in his seat, and talks of matters in the Orient or in Alaska, his colleagues will understand that they are listening to one who knows whereof he speaks; for "he has been there."

As he boarded the steamer Empress, en route for the Orient, Senator Stone was probably impressed with the fact that something ought to be done in the way of developing American merchant marine; for he expects to return home over a subsidized Japanese line which is now taking a prominent part in exploiting the commerce of the Pacific.

* * *

EVER since my return from Mexico, I have been hoping to receive a photograph of Pedro Alvarado and his family. Those who have visited Chihuahua, always feel an interest in this patriotic home-loving Mexican whose passionate love for his family and native town has always evoked admiration. He is worth millions, but he says that his little family is the greatest wealth he can ever hope to possess. He is growing more and more appreciative of Americans as his acquaintance with them enlarges, but his confidential man is a German. He carries the silver from his mine in the same carriage in which he drives out with his motherless little family. The fabulous millions which he has been offered for his mine is of no concern to the man who has never been outside the province in which he was born and reared.

Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly.

ONLY PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF ALVARADO, THE MEXICAN MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, AND HIS THREE SONS, THE ELDEST OF WHOM CAN REMEMBER WHEN HIS FATHER WAS A POOR MINER

* * *

IN British Columbia I also met Congressman W. A. Towne of New York, duly attired in a steamer cap and freighted with "plenty o' readin'," as our country cousins say when they see the city visitor arriving.

Mr. Towne is also on a quest for more information in connection with his work as a national legislator.

"In meeting great world problems, there are two important factors that always count," said he, "and they are racial and economic." These words give the clue to his investigations.

Congressman Towne is still known as Senator Towne, for he served a brief term in the Senate for Minnesota before his election to the House of Representatives from one of the New York districts. He has a stately way of saying things, but his words are always forcible and incisive, and he is acknowledged to be one of the leading orators on the Democratic side. He has certainly gone far afield for more information to add to the picturesqueness of the perorations for which he is noted, and the fact of his undertaking this long journey in quest of knowledge is proof positive of his determination to make a thorough investigation of world problems.

Something of the strength of his convictions was apparent in the heartiness of his handgrasp as he bade me good-bye on the streets of Vancouver, as he was about to emulate Mr. Bryan's example in "seeing things" on the other side.

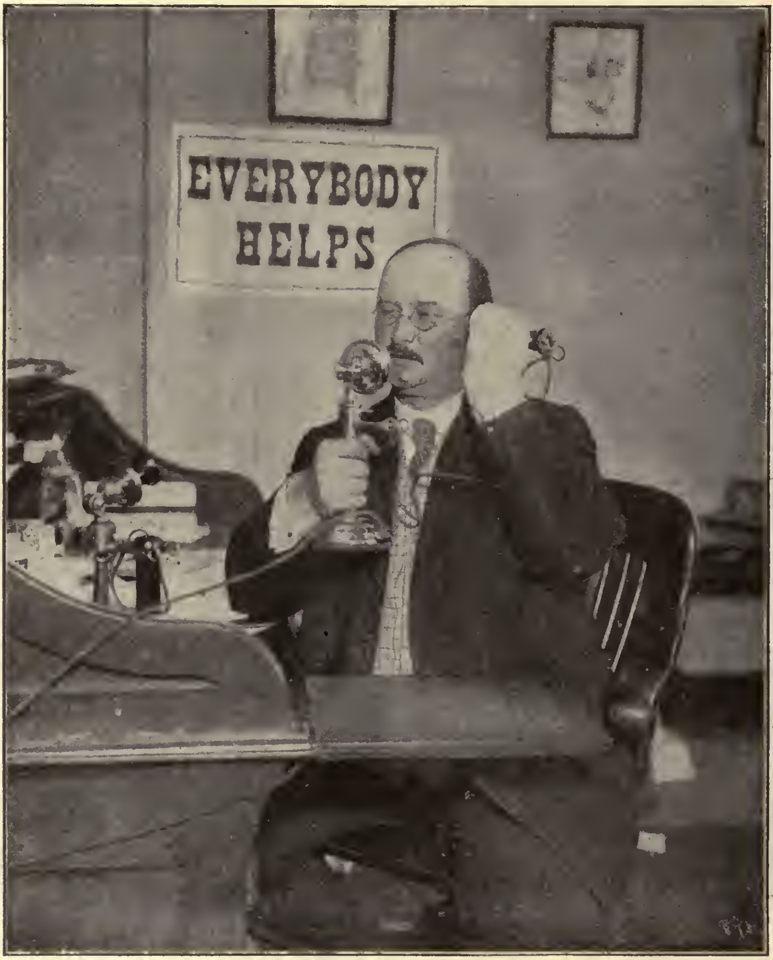
* * *

YES, I was in Seattle just long enough to catch the Seattle "spirit." No sooner was the ink dry on the Washington hotel register, than I was impressed with the fact that the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition would be held in 1909. A visit to the new exposition grounds was made at once with Director General Nadeau, and the president of the exposition, Mr. Marmaduke. Every time I visit this marvelous City of the Sound, my wonderment increases at its tremendous growth, as one of the modern miracles of Progress. Terrace after terrace of streets have been added since I saw it last, and every one is a busy artery of activity. There seems to be no limitation to the development of business in Seattle, and I had not been there an hour before it was deeply impressed upon me that the city was destined to have 300,000 inhabitants at the opening of the exposition. It seems almost incomprehensible that such figures can be attained, when you look back over the few years, and remember the time when a handful of settlers took up their abode on the point opposite, intending to locate a town. The Indians told them there was a better site "over yonder," pointing out the present location where the red soil soon turned into real gold. The town was located—located to grow and expand.

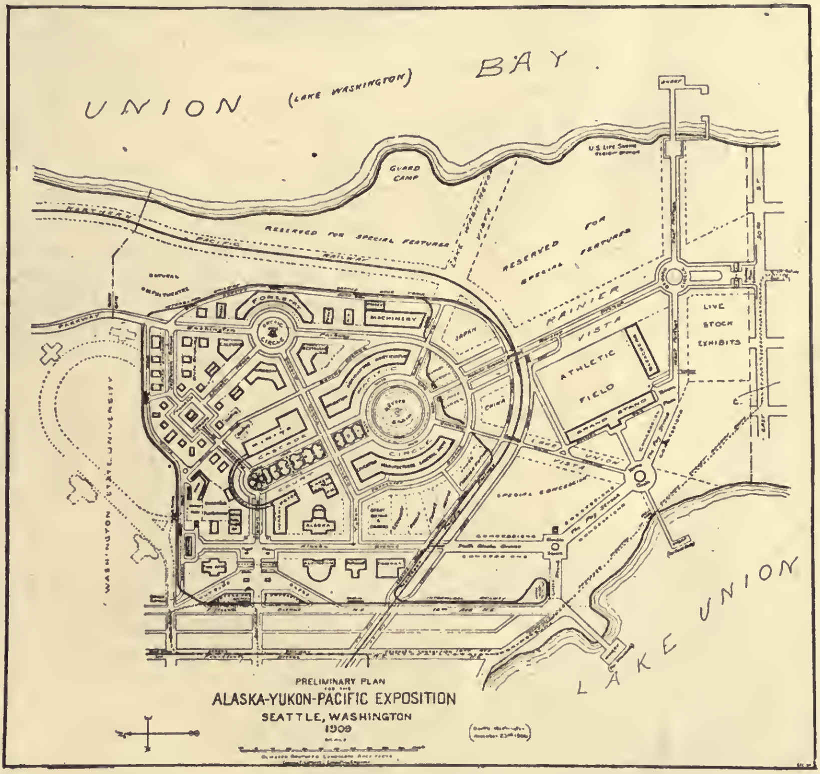
PICTURESQUE BIT OF SHORE LINE ON LAKE WASHINGTON. GROUNDS OF THE ALASKA YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

The Seattle spirit has been well defined by Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Yarnell, as "everybody doing the right thing at the right time." When Director General Nadeau casually retorted to an interruption in his address regarding the proposed exposition, as to how long it would require to raise the money required, "It can be raised in one day among the people of his city," he did not realize that he was speaking the literal truth; for the $650,000 was actually contributed in one day. The slogan went forth, "Everybody helps!" so it will go down in the traditions of this marvelous city, how in one day, between sunrise and sunset, this large sum was subscribed. The whistles blew at noontime in unison that day, as a reminder of what was "doing." The old-time town meeting spirit of New England prevailed, and everybody helped, no matter how small the subscription, while Will Parry kept his slogan, "Everybody Helps," strung to concert pitch.

The site of the exposition is one of the most beautiful ever adapted for this purpose. Occupying a stately peninsula, reaching out into the beautiful waters of Washington Lake—a large inland body of fresh water—near the University grounds, the natural foliage and advantages of the place will lend themselves admirably to picturesque treatment. On June first, the work was formally begun, but previous to that I was present at the test of the acoustic qualities of the natural amphitheater, which seems as perfect an audience chamber, as any speaker could desire, hollowed by the hand of Nature out of the side of the hill, fringed by a primeval forest. An orator,



WILL H. PARRY CHAIRMAN OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE, ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION standing on the rostrum below, merely speaking in an ordinary tone of voice, can easily be heard by 15,000 people. The background of the speaker's platform was a huge mass of solid green foliage, while on each side are trees reaching up 200 feet in height, a typical bit of Puget Sound landscape. Nothing could have been more interesting than the test made by Mr. Nadeau, when he stood on the platform designed for the speakers and declared in a conversational tone "here will be held one of the greatest expositions ever known on the Pacific Coast." Then he raised his voice to a Ciceronian or Demosthenic roar, and the air fairly cracked with the sound, as it came to us, although we were standing fully 600 feet away. This place is considered one of the most remarkable examples of its kind known in the world, being one of the few natural amphitheaters where a speaker out of doors can easily be heard by an audience of from 10,000 to 20,000 people, comfortably seated and shaded from the sun. What a superlative Chautauqua auditorium this would furnish; for as "the groves were God's first temples," so no structure made by human hands could equal this natural amphitheater.


UNION BAY
(LAKE WASHINGTON)
GUARD CAMP
U.S. LIFE SAVING STATION
RESERVED FOR SPECIAL FEATURES
RESERVED FOR SPECIAL FEATURES
RAINIER VISTA
MACHINERY
FORESTRY
JAPAN
CHINA
LIVE STOCK EXHIBITS
ATHLETIC FIELD
GRAND STAND
SPECIAL CONCESSIONS
CONCESSIONS
WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY
PARKWAY
LAKE UNION
PRELIMINARY PLAN
FOR THE
ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
1909

Crossing the University grounds, we saw the students vigorously at work in the imitation "surveys," and if there is a plat of ground within a radius of twenty miles which has not been surveyed by these embryo engineers, it is inaccessible to mortal foot, for they seem to have run their lines in every available spot.

Down on the shores of the lake was a boat house, and the placid waters of the lake were dotted with sail craft. All around the shore, and reaching far into the distance, were beautiful homes.

Seattle is a city to be envied of all the world for its water supply. Here, too, people dwell in the enjoyment of rare good health, for they know no such thing as inertia. Though the climate is one of many rainy days, yet the citizens welcome and thrive upon the "dry" mists. In fact, there does not seem to be anything lacking for superlative comfort for the present and large hopes for the future to the citizens of Seattle. The exposition held on the University hillside will be indeed worthy of the young Giant City of the West.

WAR ON THE WORLD'S WIRES

LITTLE-KNOWN "ARMIES" AND "NAVIES" MAINTAINED TO DEAL WITH ENEMIES OF THE TELEGRAPH AND CABLE

By W. G. Fitz-Gerald

THAT we may communicate at will with the remotest corners of the earth is so familiar a fact that we never stay to ponder the more curious details. The land lines criss-cross the sky in our great cities, follow the railroads, climb the mountains, and shoot over prairie and through forest to the ocean. You can hardly escape them where ever you go. Their red-gold glint allures the Mobanji cannibals of the Haute Congo. Or climb 12,345 feet above sea level to weird Titicaca in Peru, the loftiest of the World's lakes, and you may flash a message thence to New York or Chicago.

The camel caravans of the Sahara; the kangaroos and "black-fellows" of Australia's Dead Heart; the elephants of Malayan jungles, and the nomad Monguls of the Great Gobi Desert of Central Asia,—all are familiar with these nerves of the world's trade.

Less familiar, perhaps, are the deep sea cables, yet their circuit is no less daring. The coasts of the continents are fairly festooned with them. At least twelve swing over ocean abysses between the Old World and the New. There are three from Land's End in England, to Lisbon; three from Spain to Brazil; two from Gibraltar to Alexandria, in Egypt; four down the Red Sea from Suez to Aden; three across the Indian Ocean from Aden to Bombay; two from Madras across the Bay of Bengal to Penang, and thence on by the Straits of Malacca to Sumatra, Java, Australia, and New Zealand.

Even the cable map of the China Sea, Formosa Strait and the Yellow Sea now compares favorably with that of the Gulf of Mexico. In short these carriers of hundreds of millions of the world's messages, trade and personal, total 740,000 miles of land wires and 173,000 nautical miles of cable.

Now if the establishing of these at prodigious cost (the capital of the Western Union alone is $125,000,000) was a monument of pioneer daring, engineering skill and rare science, their maintenance is a business calling for thoroughly equipped armies and fleets of ships with all the weapons that modern telegraphy can suggest.

Were it not for these forces we should gradually drift back to the condition of things prevailing when Morse was sending his first message in 1844. And that is surely unthinkable in these days of wonders, when the British House of Commons in Westminster and our own House of Representatives in Washington actually play chess by cable, exchanging moves in thirteen seconds.

To ensure such miracles of human skill, the great cable companies must employ whole fleets of ships—huge ocean-going craft of a distinct type manned by seaman-electricians, to whom the ocean floor is as familiar as the prairie to a land surveyor. With thousands of messages a day flashing back and forth between Wall Street, London, and Paris time is indeed money, and a cable break may be a thousand miles from land.

For just such an emergency is the Anglo-American Company's "Minia" kept.—one of the racing cable-ambulances of the deep sea. She is capable of paying out five hundred miles of new cable coiled in mighty tanks, or repairing one in an ocean abyss two miles deep. The magic coated wire is paid out from powerful machines on the main deck; and there are whole batteries of grapnels for fishing up broken ends.

How the people on shore, maybe 2,000 miles from the "fault," can tell the "Minia's" captain just where he will find the break at a certain spot far deep in the pathless ocean is one of electricity's marvels. And

HANDS OF THE CABLE "HOSPITAL" STEAMER GROPING FOR A "BREAK" IN MID-OCEAN.

not less wonderful is the conversation the "Minia" will keep up with both continents, assuring them at length the injury is now made good and they can "go ahead."

The enemies of the cable are not many. One of the chief causes of "faults" are the anchors which careless fishing vessels let drag on the ocean's bed. The teredos, or marine animal-borers too, are responsible for many costly expeditions of the cable ships, for they eat industriously into the outer covering and finally lay bare the wire.

These queer little creatures are found principally off the coast of Ireland, and eat enough gutta percha in the year to convert themselves into good tennis-balls. Then shipwrecks frequently foul a cable and render it useless for the time being. Not long since part of the cable between Para and Cayenne was brought up for inspection, and many fish teeth were found sticking in the gutta percha. They were apparently those of sharks and saw-fish. Even whales have often been entangled by sub-marine cables.

A curious example of this was found in the Persian Gulf. A sudden jerky strain seemed to indicate to the repairers "rocks engaged." You may judge of their astonishment when the dead body of an enormous cachalot rose to the surface, inextricably tangled in the cable lines.

* * *

The enemies of the land-lines, however, are far more numerous and formidable. No better example exists than the marvellous wire that runs for four thousand miles through Eastern and Western nations from London to Teheran, the Capital of Persia. This is the famous Indo-European system, and a word about its route may be interesting. It slips away from London to Lowestoft on the Suffolk coast of England, and then runs under the North Sea to Emden, on the German coast.

Then straight across the German Empire to the Russian frontier, and by Warsaw and Rowno to Odessa and the Black Sea. From here the line passes through the Crimea to the Straits of Kertch, across which three short sub-marine cables make connection. From this point the line runs along the north-eastern coast of the Black Sea, through wild mountains and dense forests to Tiflis in the Caucasus. From this remote city the wire strikes south, passing over a formidable range of desolate mountains and arid wastes to the Russo-Persian frontier at Djoulfa.

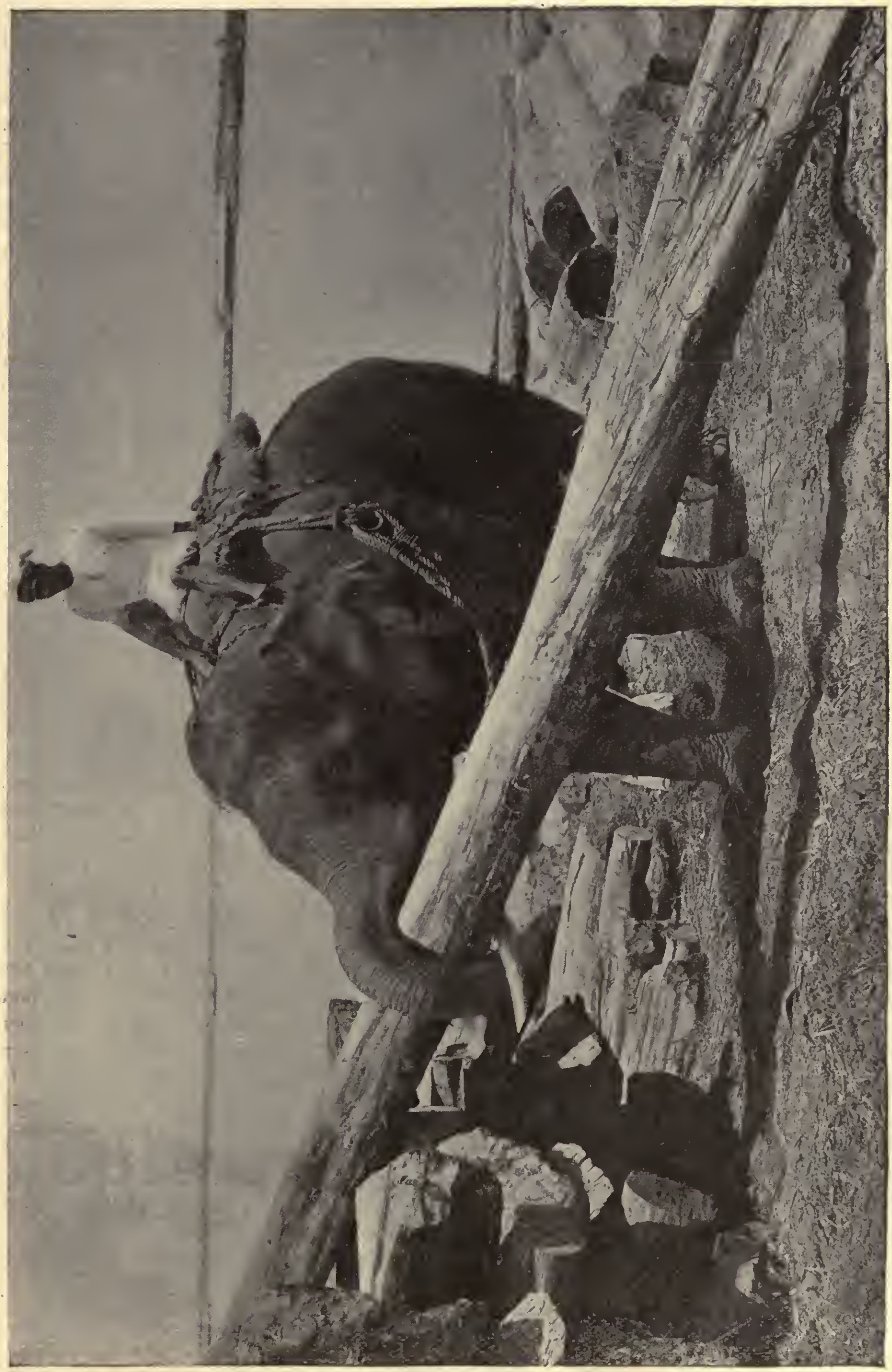
From this point the line runs across the desert to Tabriz, Persia's old capital, and then on to Teheran. Now the difficulties of maintaining this vast system are at once obvious. At certain times of the year repairing armies set forth and are obliged to hew their way through dense forests, occasionally fighting sharp skirmishes with bands of nomad robbers who may have stolen great lengths of the wire, and cut down the poles for firewood.

In stormy weather falling trees are a frequent source of total interruption; and even the great flights of wild geese will often cause contacts. The most disturbing cause of interruption on the Persian wire, however, is what is locally called "reifis," a severe form of hoar-frost. This collects on the wires and sometimes forms a sheet of ice from one wire to the other. Then when oscillation is set up by a high wind, the wires are torn down altogether.

In Persia proper much wilful damage has to be contended with. The insulators offer an irresistible mark for the Persian's skill with the rifle; and wandering troops of irregular cavalry work great havoc to the line by shattering the insulators with their big round bullets.

In Northern Maine it is said the black bears sometimes climb the posts and break off the insulators; and in Norway and California woodpeckers are a serious source of annoyance to the companies. In the former country a very large variety of bird, deceived by the buzzing sound emitted from the wires, concludes there is a nest of insects inside the pole. Accordingly he sets to work and picks large holes in the supports, even piercing them through and through, only to discover that all his work has been in vain.

In California the green woodpeckers use the red cedar telegraph posts as storehouses, boring holes at the top and filling them with acorns against the day of starvation. In the Malay Peninsula, India, and Africa, the companies are at their wits' end to know how to stop the depredations of elephants, who take malicious delight in curling their



ONE OF THE TAME WORKING ELEPHANTS OF INDIA STACKING TELEGRAPH POLES TO REPLACE THOSE PULLED UP AND BROKEN BY HIS WILD COMRADES OF THE JUNGLE.

trunks about the poles and dragging them clean out of the earth, tearing down miles of wire in the process.

Only the other day a case was reported by the telegraphists of the Uganda Railroad in British East Africa, where three magnificent giraffes were found dead underneath the telegraph wire, which had evidently strangled them. It is thought they must have fled in frenzy from a lion, or some other enemy.

It seems a considerable descent from elephants and giraffes to ants, yet these tiny creatures are even more formidable foes to the telegraph than the largest of animals. In tropical countries the termites or white ants fairly riddle and devour wooden posts in an incredibly short time. Rubbing the timber with creosote oil palliates this serious nuisance, but the only possible way to absolutely prevent this destruction is to replace the wooden telegraph posts by iron ones, costly as this is.

The Japanese wires suffer from a certain spider which hangs its immense web from pole to pole, thereby causing a serious disturbance, especially in the morning, when the webs are heavy with dew.

Other enemies are wasps that build their nests between the wires or near the insulators, and minute plants that grow upon the poles. Near Rio de Janeiro indeed the connection is frequently stopped altogether through a parasitic plant that takes root in the poles from seed dropped by birds. The small boy, too, is a very serious enemy; and in Belgium it has been thought expedient to use insulators of a dull gray, such as is not easily visible, so that boys may not be tempted to throw stones at them.

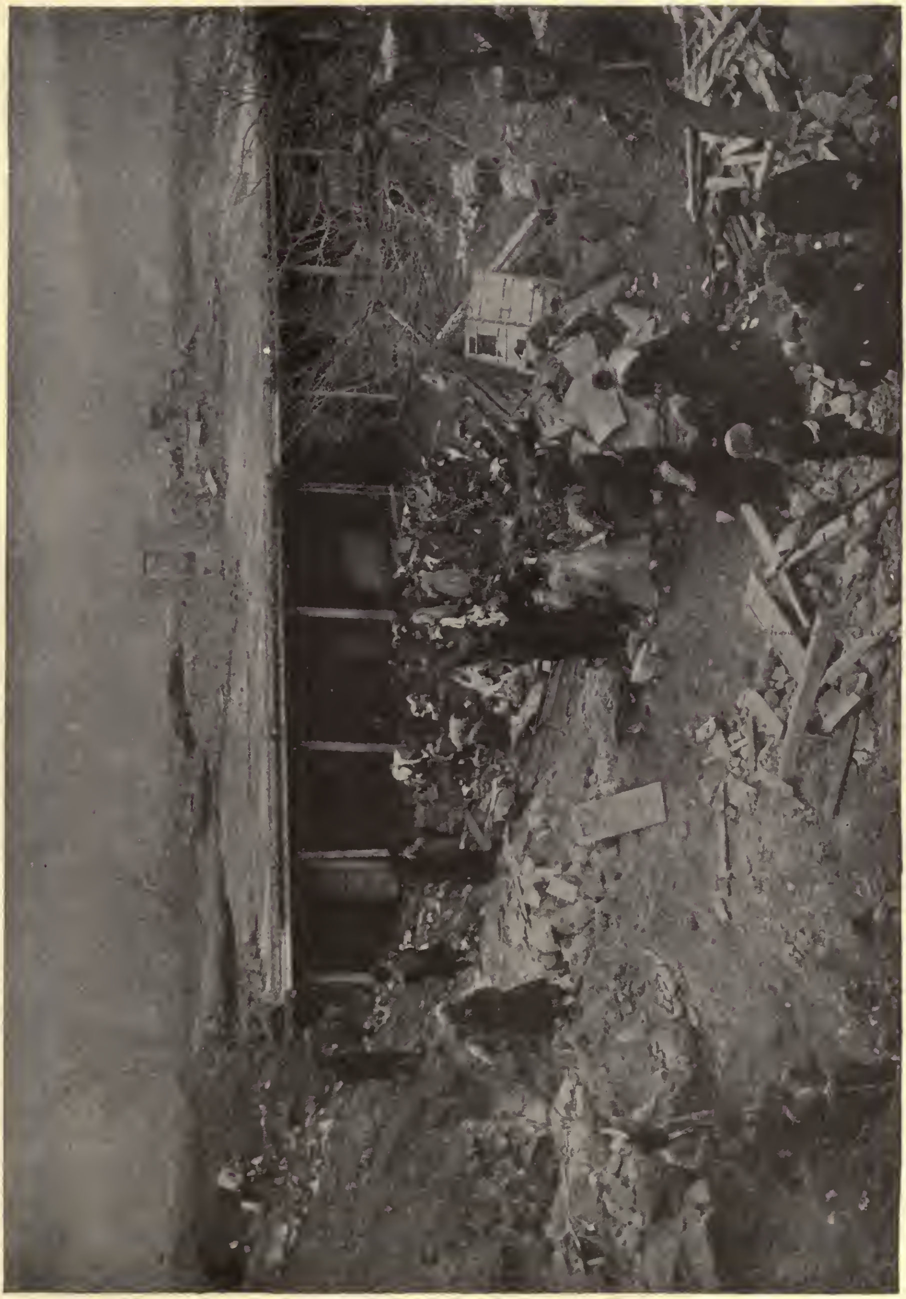
Savage tribes are perhaps the most serious hindrance of all. On the "Macdonald line" in Western Australia the blacks were ingeniously made acquainted with the power of the telegraph by giving them powerful electric shocks direct from the wires. Needless to say, they would never afterwards touch them, much as they needed the metal.

Mention of Australia reminds me of the infinite risk and hardship attending repair work in the burning interior of that island continent. Here every inch of wire, most of the poles, and all supplies, have to be taken across a waterless desert so burning hot that thermometers will burst and pork melt in the brine. Morover the natives harass the repair gang continually, stealing supplies, threatening their finished work, and rigging up the insulators as spear-heads to use when their own boomerangs are not up to the occasion.

In the same region floods and high winds are a terrible drawback at certain time of the year. In South Africa, too, the natives attempt to steal the wires for the purpose of making bracelets, nose rings and other ornaments. This has been prevented in certain cases by the repair gangs carrying along a supply of cheaper and more attractive wire wherewith to buy off the tribesmen and their women.

Nor must we forget native prejudices in speaking of the enemies of the telegraph. The Northern Telegraph Company of Denmark had a curious experience of this when laying their lines inland in China. There are, of course, no burial grounds in the Celestial Empire, each family making a sepulchere for itself upon its own premises. And dead ancestors are so revered that even a shadow cast upon the grave is looked upon as an unnecessary insult which cannot be tolerated.

Now when the Danes began to put up poles for their wires, the shadows were sure at some time of the day to fall upon the grave of some man's ancestor. And so there were constant disputes between workmen and natives, and the enterprise was very seriously interrupted for some months. It required nearly a year of diplomacy and bribery before the Chinese were convinced that the long, regular, narrow shadows cast by the telegraph poles would not seriously interfere with the comfort of their dead and gone relatives.



THE DJOULFA STATION OF THE INDO EUROPEAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY ON THE RUSSO-PERSIAN BORDER AFTER THE STATION WAS WRECKED AND ROBBED BY BRIGANDS.

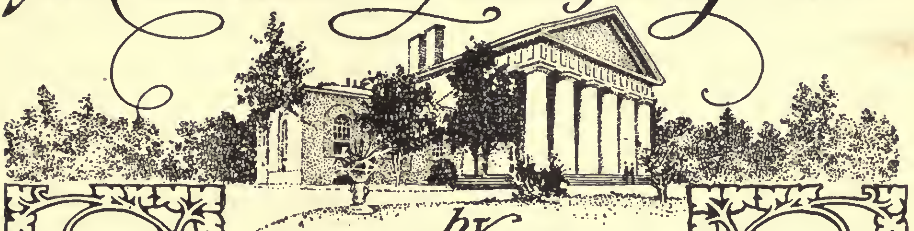
OUR "HEAVENLY GIFT"

By M. F.

MEN say the tree of Liberty
Shows fissures, deep and wide, that wax
Within its trunk,—that destiny
Has marked it for her woodsman's axe.
They point to moss-grown wood that strewn
Around the ground, profusely lies,
When storms assailing might have shown.
"A noble tree—but one that dies"
Men say. Perchance, a careless knife
Has pruned when spring-time sap did flow—
(No wilful hand has sought its life—)
Or, one-time gardener thought to grow
A finer fruit—engrafting tried,
Perchance, and failed—unknowing brought
A blight, that glorious hope belied
Of skillful hand which faithful wrought.

In legends told of Druid folk,
We read of sacred mistletoe;
That found upon beloved oak—
They cut with reverential show
And cherished well as "Heavenly Gift."
They gave "All Heal" for fitting name—
Believed it virtue had to lift,
For those who then in trouble came,
All weary weights of pain and care.
And if thus doomed our National tree,
May we discern a trust to bear—
A sacred trust that's grown to free
Each wronged one—now ours to claim,
And hold, and use—a gift Divine;
As ancient priests of lasting fame
Healed by their cherished, holy vine.

A Romance of Arlington House



by Sarah A. Reed

SYNOPSIS — This beautiful story was begun in the National Magazine for May. It consists of a series of letters written by the young lady Virginia, while she was visiting at Arlington House, to her mother at home. The first installment contained the letters concerning the trip to Arlington House, telling of an accident that befell the chaise on the trip and how a gallant Captain Worthington came to the rescue. She tells in another letter of her reception by Mr. and Mrs. Custis at Arlington House; of the rides and drives, of the viewing of family portraits, heirlooms, etc., but through it all the gallant Captain Worthington is not forgotten. The second installment starts with the third letter written by Virginia to her mother, and tells of the visits with General Lafayette and his son, of dinner parties and receptions—both at Arlington House and in Washington; of a visit to President and Mrs. Adams at the White House, and there is plainly seen a growing attachment between Virginia and Captain Worthington. The present and last installment of the story starts with the fifth letter written by Virginia to her mother.

CHAPTER V.

Arlington, October 20, 1824.

This letter, mother dear, will be quite unlike any that I have written you, and you will be greatly surprised over what I have to tell.

I don't know where to begin or what to say, it is all so new and strange and wonderfully delightful and beautiful. I am so dazed that I can't remember when I wrote you last.

But never mind. I will just tell you of yesterday, for that is the day that will forever stand out from all the others. The day when I wakened up to the knowledge that I am blessed among women; that I am rich and happy in the love of the noblest of men. It seems so strange that he should care for me, and how can I ever return this beautiful love and devotion?

I wonder if I can make you understand all that happened yesterday. Captain Worthington says that he felt in honor bound not to tell me of his love until he had an answer to the letter he wrote father several days ago.

There! That reminds me that this letter will not be such a surprise to you after all, for that letter must have reached father, and also one from Cousin Mary that Harry tells me he asked her to write in his behalf. So you and father know all about the great gift that has come to your daughter, and it only remains for me to tell you how I came to find out about it before the time.

Yesterday—yes, it was only yesterday—although it seems much longer, General Lafayette and his son went over to Washington to spend the day with the President. So Captain Worthington was left free, so he said, to devote himself to me, and of course, we went for a ride in the park. It was another of those perfect autumn days that have followed each other all this glorious month. Cousin Mary came out to see us mount and start off, saying that she envied us the joy of riding under the grand old trees that are now brilliant with their autumn tints. We did exclaim a good deal at first over the charm of it all, but we soon grew quiet and subdued, for we knew that it was likely to be our last ride together. And the Captain talked a good deal about his plans for the future, when his duties as aide to General Lafayette would be ended, and he told me that he should take advantage of his first leave of absence to visit Wyndham.

We took a long ride, and as Captain Worthington assisted me to dismount at the great block in front of the mansion, he said: "Whenever you are at leisure you will find me in the little waiting-room."

This little room has been our favorite place of meeting whenever we wished to enjoy a quiet talk together. I always write my letters here, and it has grown to be the dearest place in the house to me. I found Cousin Mary busy giving out stores to the servants, and Mary deep in her morning lessons. So I was not long in finding my way to the dear little room. As I entered, Captain Worthington said: "Excuse me for a few moments, for I am putting the finishing touches to a little memento of our visit, that Mr. Custis has given me permission to trace on this window."

I wonder if I have told you that one of the Captain's accomplishments is tracing on glass. He has made some lovely things for me.

My curiosity led me at once to the window, where, to my surprise, I found a delicate and beautifully carved picture of two rings interlocked together, and he was cutting a wee initial within each ring. It needed only a glance to show me that one was that old ring of grandmother's that I always wear, and the other a small diamond ring, the Captain has told me, was very precious to him, because it had belonged to his own mother.

I said, "That is beautifully done. But what a queer fancy to carve them there. Why have you done it?"

He did not answer me in words, but simply turned and looked into my eyes, for I was standing close beside him, and then something wonderful happened, for, like a sudden flash, everything was made clear and I felt a great wave of joy sweeping over me. My eyes must have spoken for me, for his face became as radiant as my own, and he bent over and kissed me. So, without a spoken word, we came to know that we belonged to each other.

After a while we had a long, quiet talk, and Harry (he is not to be Captain Worthington to me any longer) told me of his letter to father, and that he had felt that he ought not to speak to me until the answer came.

I said, "You did not speak, you only looked: and some way the look told me everything."

I found that he had talked with Cousin Mary and had her approval, so now we only wait for the letter from home, which is sure to add your consent and blessing to our already full cup of joy.

O, mother, you will be delighted with Harry. He is so noble and good and kind, and father will find such satisfaction in his high ideals, his lofty patriotism and his good common sense. He looks at everything just in the right way. Only think what a help he can be to my brothers. His influence will always be on the side of all that is good and true.

He is an ideal soldier, and I must tell you a secret, that Cousin Mary said was I not to tell any one, but you and father now have a right to know it. The Secretary of War told Mr. Custis the other day, that a promotion to the head of a regiment would be given Captain Worthington as soon as his duty as aide to General Lafayette was over. But I am not going to write any more until the home letters come. Harry has to go to Baltimore on business for the General tomorrow. He says that he will hurry back as fast as a swift horse can bring him, but I am to open and read father's letter if it comes, as it surely will, while he is away.

Now, there is just one thing more that I must tell you. We had fully resolved, before we left this little room yesterday, that no word was to be said to the friends here until after the home letters came. We felt that it was due to to you and father, so we decided to act just as if nothing happened. And I am sure I tried to, but when I went into Cousin Mary's room to ask her something about my dress, she looked at me and said: "Why, Virginia?" And then she put her arms about me and told me how pleased she was over my happiness, and by dinner time everyone in the house had loaded us with congratulations. General Lafayette kissed me, and called me "a blessed woman." Still, mother, there is nothing settled. No promises will be given until we have your and father's approval.

Your happy, happy,
VIRGINIA.

VI.

Arlington, October 23, 1824.

Dear Mother—I am writing because Cousin Mary has made me realize that you will be feeling troubled and anxious. Still I do not believe that my letter will bring you relief. I never could keep anything from you, and if I write you will know how crushed and brokenhearted I am. Only think! Three days ago I wrote you such a happy letter, and now all the joy in my heart has been killed by father's letter. It came only a few hours after Harry had started for Baltimore, and I brought it up here that I might read it in this little room that is now so full of tender associations. I read it over twice before I could take in its full meaning. And when I did realize it I must have fainted, for Cousin Mary found me lying on the floor, with the open letter in my hand.

She was so alarmed lest something awful had happened at home that she read the letter. Then she had me carried to my bed, and O, she has been so tender and kind and so wise in her advice.

I suppose that father did not mean to be cruel, and he had no idea that I would ever see his letter; for he not only withheld his consent, but he forbade Harry speaking to me of his love. But you see it all turned out so different; and the one thing I am thankful for is, that the letter came while Harry was away; for he must never know how I have suffered; and by the time he comes I shall, with Cousin Mary's help, be able to meet him calmly, and prepare him for what he has to endure before he sees father's letter.

When you receive my happy letter; the last bright, joyful letter you will ever receive from your heart-broken daughter; you will understand, and you can make father comprehend that in any case I would have had to know about his letter.

How cruel, and bitterly hard it all seems! How can father look at it as he does? Surely he loves you and can realize how desolate life would be without you. And yet he seemed to think nothing of asking Harry to put me quite out of his life.

Of course I have long known that there had been a tragedy in our family; for you had to tell me in order to explain some things that father did and said. And, oh! I felt so sorry for him. But I thought it was all a thing of the past, and never dreamed that its dark shadow would cloud my life. I cannot believe that it is right, but I know father too well to have any hope that he will ever see it in any other light.

But, mother, you will believe that Harry is everything that is noble, and I shall love him always. Poor mother! You will have a sad time trying to believe that father is doing right, while your heart will be full of sorrow for me. I can't write any more now. Don't worry. I am going to be brave and strong, and I will write again as soon as I have seen and talked with Harry. I cannot bring myself to send any message to father, but you will doubtless let him read this letter. O! mother, I wish you were here. I need you. Still it helps me to know that you love me. And even if my heart is too heavy for me to know the joy of having such a mother, yet I am your own loving daughter.

VIRGINIA.

VII.

Arlington, October 25, 1824.

Dear Mother—Your sweet letter has helped us both very much. I prize it most of all for the comfort it has given Harry. He has been so self-contained, brave and manly, so that if it were possible, I love him more than before this trouble came upon us. He needs comfort, for he has the bitterness of feeling that his own father's act brought this sore trouble to us. Yes, it must be true, although I never believed before, that the sins of a father are visited upon his children. But was this a sin? Doesn't father think it all right to fight a duel?

Harry doesn't think that any circumstances justify one man in killing another. But I remember hearing father say that only by holding a man's life of less value than his honor, could society be kept up to a high standard. Doubtless he would have counselled Uncle Thomas to accept Major Wood's challenge; and then when it ended in the awful tragedy of the death of both, why should he lay the penalty on an innocent child whom it made fatherless and motherless, for the shock and grief killed Harry's mother.

I would lay all the blame on that wicked, scheming Aaron Burr; for Harry tells me that he drew them both into one of his deep, iniquitous schemes for gaining political power; and then to still better work out his evil purposes, he filled Uncle Thomas' mind with false accusations against Harry's father, so that he was moved to write Major Wood an insulting letter that called forth the challenge to the duel.

Harry understands all about it. For although it was kept from him until he was twenty-one years old, his uncle then told him the whole story of the terrible tragedy that had made him an orphan. But, as he never saw any one connected with it; never heard it alluded to save in that one confidential talk with the uncle who had been a real father to him, and whose name he bears; it grew to be only a dim, half-defined horror, from the memory of which he always tried to escape.

But when he wrote to father, he felt that he ought to tell the story of his father's death, and of his adoption by his uncle. I asked him if the name of Colton did not suggest the tragedy. But he said "No," for his uncle had purposely withheld the name so sadly associated with his father.

Harry seems able to enter into father's feelings far better than I can. He says that he can understand the shock his letter must have given, and that he does not wonder that father shrinks with horror from even the thought of giving his only daughter to the son of the man whose hand brought upon him the bitterest sorrow of his life, while to me it looks like an even thing—the wrong as deep and terrible on one side as the other. Why not let our love bridge the chasm?

But I know father too well to have any hope. I know how strong his prejudices are, and that he can hate as intensely as he can love. There is nothing for us but broken hearts and divided lives.

O, mother, mother! why did it have to be? It breaks my heart anew each time I realize that you are never to know Harry. For to know him would be to love and admire his noble, unselfish character. Oh, if only you could hear him plead with me to be patient and forgiving with father! But he does not understand father as I do, and I know that he is indulging in the hope that the letters sent from here, and especially that of General Lafayette, will make father see it all in a different light. But I know that there is no hope. Only, mother dear, I am sure you feel for and with us, and if it were in your power to do it, you would sweep all this misery away.

I have not yet told you how Harry received the news. He came into this little room the day he returned from Baltimore, looking so handsome and happy, and one glance at my face told him that something was wrong, and then, instead of living up to my high resolves, I just lay in his arms and sobbed. And when he begged to know why I was so heart-broken, I gave him father's letter, and oh, mother, how it would have touched your heart if you could have seen the anguish in his white, drawn face. It was a long time before either of us could say a word.

Harry was the first to regain command of his voice, and then very quietly and calmly he told me what he knew about his own father's death, and that made it all clear. And I did forget myself in sympathy with him. And I even offered to give you all up for his sake.

But he at once said: "No, Virginia, I will not tempt you to be unfaithful to your father and mother. We must wait and hope for some other way out of our sore troubles."

But there! I hear him coming up the stairs, and this is our last day together. I will leave my letter until the parting is over.

Only a day since I left this letter. But it seems like a lifetime, for I have said good-bye to Harry. The party all left this morning and Mr. Custis went with them. So the two cousins and I are quite alone. Cousin Mary has been so good to your poor child. She tries to keep me with her all the time. But I told her that I must finish this letter to you. I don't think I will write another letter while I am here. There will be nothing to tell, for everything has come to an end. I hope Cæsar will be here in a day or two, for I want to go home. I want to see you. Sometimes it seems as if I were turned to stone, and did not care for anything. But I do long for you, mother dear. I shall not try to tell you much about this last day. Only I do want you to know how good General Lafayette was to me. He asked me to take a little walk with him down to the spring, and as soon as we started he began to talk about Harry. I shall treasure always the lovely things he said, for he seems to admire and love him almost as if he were his own son.

Then he talked to me about his wife; told me of her wonderful courage and cheerfulness during those awful days and long, weary months that they spent together in that fearful prison at Olmutz. Then, turning suddenly, he took both of my hands in his and looking into my eyes, he said: "And you, my dear young lady, must learn to be like my noble wife if you would be worthy of my brave friend."

I think his words inspired me with courage, for I was able to stand with the family and watch the party start off this morning. Of course, Harry and I had had our own leave-taking up here in this little room, but that is something I can't write about.

There were a good many people to see them off, and I am sure that in all the excitement no one noticed me, and I saw little save Harry's pale, calm face; and I know it pleased him that I was there and could control myself.

General Lafayette, too, looked his approval, and as he bent to kiss my hand at parting, he whispered just two words: "Be brave!"

I watched them until the winding road was lost to sight under the great trees. Just at the last turn, Harry faced his horse about, lifted his hat and waved it. I hope he saw that I was standing just where he left me. And so it is all over.

I asked Harry to write to me, but he said that not even for me could he do a dishonorable thing; and it would be dishonorable to do so when father had so positively forbidden his even telling me of his love. And when I pleaded for just one letter he said: "I could not love thee dear, so much, loved I not honor more."

I shall go back to you, mother, no longer your gay, light-hearted girl. I am years and years older than when I left you.

It will be hard to say good-bye to Cousin Mary. She has been so good, and I have come to love her dearly. I wonder if I will ever feel like coming here again. General Lafayette is coming back to Washington before he sails for home, and he told me that I must surely be here to meet him. But, of course, that cannot be.

O, mother, mother, why must that dreadful past mar my life? But I am forgetting General Lafayette's farewell words, and I must reremember to "be brave." I will try not to distress you any more. So good-bye until I see you. And be sure that nothing can make me other than your devoted and loving daughter. VIRGINIA.

It is evident that Virginia Colton kept to her resolve of not writing again, for the letter of October twenty-fifth was the last one in the package marked:

> "My daughter Virginia's letters from Arlington House, October, 1824."

But you will remember that the secret compartment of the old desk held also a package of Arlington letters written nearly a year later, and two of these will give the always-to-be-desired happy ending to this little old-time love story.

VIII.

Arlington, September 1, 1825.

Dear Mother—Can you imagine my feelings as I sit here in this dear little room, and realize all that has come to pass since I sent you my last wild, despairing letter from here last autumn?

I wonder sometimes if it can all be true, or if I have simply passed from a horrid nightmare into a lovely dream.

But, thank God! it is all a blessed reality. When father bade me good-bye, he told me that the past was to be very truly a dead past to us both; that we must try to put away even the memory of the dark cloud that had come between us.

Don't think for one moment that I fail to appreciate all that he has given up. He had so much to overcome, and he has been just splendid in the way he has done it. It is simply wonderful. I suppose that fearful sickness of mine did it. You have told me that even a heart of stone could not have resisted the incessant pleadings of my wild delirium.

O, what a coming back that was to life and reason, with life made so beautiful! It was all sunshine, and how rapidly I grew well and strong. I can never forget the joy Harry's first letter brought to me, for then I learned how grandly generous father had been.

But here am I, writing all this out of the fullness of my happy heart, and forgetting in my selfish joy that you are looking for a report of the journey here.

But there really isn't a thing to tell; or rather, it is all swallowed up and lost in the one all-important event of the meeting with Harry. And where do you think we met? Why! on the very spot where he came to my aid last year. It isn't a full year, and yet it seems a life-time.

I had my face close to the window of the carriage watching for the spot; when, to my great surprise and joy, I saw Harry standing by the roadside, and Peter beside him holding the bridles of two saddle-horses.

Could anything have been arranged lovelier than that we should ride to Arlington just as we did last year? Harry was beside the carriage as it stopped, and I ready to spring out, and—well—I suppose Ceasar will describe the meeting to you, so I need not try.

Harry's joy was subdued and solemn. He said that it seemed almost as if I had been given back to him from the dead. And I could not keep back the tears, but they were tears of joy.

But we both grew very light-hearted and gay as we rode on together, and talked over all that had happened since the sad day of our hopeless parting. And then of the future—our future together! It was all so lovely and full of brightness, like the dawn of a beautiful new day.

We reached Arlington just at sunset, and such a welcome as they gave us! Even the dogs knew me and barked joyfully.

Cousin Mary is the same dear, kind soul as of old, and Mary has grown more woman-like and lovely. Mr. Custis seemed so glad to see us, and congratulations were quite the order of the day.

General Lafayette is the guest of President Adams at the White House, so I shall not see him until tomorrow. I feel as if I could hardly wait a day for his greeting and good wishes.

Harry has told me of his gleeful reception of the news that father had given his consent to our engagement, and I just wonder how he will receive me.

We had a quiet little dinner last evening, and even Harry endorsed Cousin Mary's command that I should go early to bed.

Harry has his headquarters in Washington, in order to be near the General. But Cousin Mary had a room ready for him, so he stayed here last night and we had a fine ride right after breakfast. Then he went over to Washington.

Cousin Mary plans to take me this afternoon for the call on General Lafayette. I will write again in a day or two; but I know that you will be satisfied with the word that I am well and happy. That word happy does not seem big enough or strong enough to hold or tell all that I feel. Joy is a better word, isn't it?

But good-bye for this time, with my best love for Pater and the boys and your own dear self.

VIRGINIA.

P. S.—True to my habit, I must add a postscript. You will remember my telling you about the linked rings that Harry carved on one of the windows of this, our little room. Well, when we came in here last evening the light of a full moon falling through the glass caused them to sparkle as if really set with jewels, and when I remembered all they stood for to Harry and me, I could not resist going up and kissing the glass; whereat Harry said: "Don't waste kisses on cold glass." And he didn't.

As we stood there looking out at the beautiful moon, it seemed as if it really were our honeymoon. At any rate, all things beautiful and bright have come to us.

IX.

Arlington, September 5, 1825

Dear Mother—Your letter with its good news from home came this evening, and Harry and I enjoyed it together. He has already quite adopted himself into the family, and always speaks of you as "mother."

I am so sure of his place in your heart, and you will, I know, be greatly interested in the all-absorbing news that I have to give you, which is nothing less than that Harry has received his commission as colonel, and with it orders to report for duty at West Point, as soon as General Lafayette sails for France.

It is a great honor for so young a man to be appointed instructor in tactics at West Point, and Harry says that he owes it all to General Lafayette; while Mr. Custis remarked that it required brains to teach tactics, and that the Secretary of War was very careful in his selection of instructors for the young soldiers; which remark I accepted as a compliment to Harry, although he is too modest to see it in that light.

But the most wonderful part remains still to be told. Yesterday the President sent for Harry to come into his private office; and when he obeyed the order he found General Lafayette and the Secretary of War closeted with the President. Mr. Adams at first questioned Harry as to his knowledge of tactics and his ability to speak the French language. The last question the General answered for him, saying: "I assure your Excellency he talks quite like a Frenchman."

Well, the result of the conference was that the President told Harry to prepare himself, while at West Point, for a trip abroad, as, in deference to the request of General Lafayette, it had been decided to send him to Paris next June, where he was to spend six months studying the tactics of the French army.

Of course, this is not official, and all I am writing you is to be for some time, a family secret. But only think, mother dear, this means that I am to realize my dream of going abroad, for you and father will surely give your consent to our marriage in June. It is all so wonderful that I still feel as if I were in dreamland.

But I must tell you about my visit with the General, who seems to be our good providence. We went over to the White House Wednesday morning and after a wait of a few moments in the blue parlor, a message came from Mrs. Adams asking Cousin Mary to come to her room, as she was suffering from one of her headaches. So I was left to receive General

Lafayette alone. And such a welcome as he gave me! He fairly overwhelmed me with compliments and congratulations. And he was was so excited that he mixed his French and English in a manner that taxed my wits to fully understand.

But it was good to see him and hear him talk about Harry. He said that his one disappointment was that he could not stay in America long enough to be a guest at our wedding. "But," he said, "you are coming to France and we will make that one grand occasion."

Then he told me that he was going to send me something to wear on my wedding day—something very precious, because it had been his dear wife's—a pearl necklace that he had given her soon after their marriage. And he said it was always to remind me of one of the bravest and best of women.

While the General was talking President Adams came into the room. Everyone says he is cold and distant in his manner. But I did not find him so at all, and he quite won my heart by telling me that he considered Harry one of the most promising young officers in the army—one whose future was likely to reflect credit both on himself and on his country.

Don't such words from the President of the United States make you feel proud, mother? The President asked the General if he would spare me for a brief call upon his wife in her room, and he himself went with me.

I found Mrs. Adams as lovely as ever; and she, too, had so many kind words to say, and showed such genuine interest in our plans and hopes.

But I cannot tell you more of this visit now, for I am all impatient to write you of our plans for next June.

Harry spent last evening here, and we talked everything over with Cousin Mary and Mr. Custis. By the way, they are both coming to Wyndham for the wedding, and I have asked Mary to be my bridesmaid of honor, and Harry it going to invite young Robert Lee to stand with her. That will make Mary happy and please all the family.

We have everything beautifully planned, but it is all conditioned on your approval, and we have until next June to talk it all over and make and change our plans. But it all seems simply perfect to me.

What do you think Mr. Custis did last evening? He asked me to go into the dining room with him, and then he took from the sideboard a lovely old-fashioned silver teapot, and after telling me how often he had seen his grandmother pour tea from it, he said: "And it is to be yours as a reminder of all that has come to you in Arlington."

Only think of your little daughter, Virginia, falling heir to Martha Washington's silver teapot and Madame Lafayette's pearl necklace, and having before her the prospect of a wedding journey to Paris, and a visit in the home of that grand and noble friend of our country and our special friend, General Lafayette.

Surely "To him that hath shall be given." For all this is coming to me because I am to be the wife of one of the best and noblest of men.

I long to have you as proud of Harry as I am, and that, too, is coming in the happy years before us, when you and father will learn to lean upon and trust him as your son.

Tell dear old Mammy about the June wedding. She has always said that June was my lucky month.

Chrissie is holding her head very high, for she, too, expects to go to Paris.

Love to Pater and the boys and a heart full for your own dear self, from your happy, happy daughter,

VIRGINIA.

THE END

CONTENT

By Celestia Seymour Lewis

HOW sweet and still the country lies
On early summer days;
When only song birds fill the air
With bursts of joyful praise.

From buttercup-fringed roadside
To yonder bending blue,
What varied scenes of beauty
Greet every change of view.

Here, fields of fragrant clover,
Beyond, the waving grain;
While *life*, hid deep in fresh brown earth
Awaits the latter rain.

There, nestling low between the hills,
Begirt by fir and brake,
Coquetting with the passing clouds,
Glimmers the placid lake.

The restless soul may wander far
Mid wilder scenes, and seek
To drown his care by torrents' roar,
Or climb through cloud to peak.

A broader view and purer air
For one short hour to gain,
Nor deem the labor unrepaid,
Tho' mixed with fear and pain.

But everything beneath my sky
Hedged out with forest green,
Breathes peace, and love, and faith and hope;
Here, sweet "Content" is queen.

THE NEATNESS OF LUELLA

By Edith Richmond Blanchard

WHEN Priscilla opened the letter which she found on her plate that morning her brow clouded so darkly that I was filled with sudden presentiment as I looked at her over my paper. I did not betray my feelings, however.

"How big a bill is it, my dear?" I asked with fine unconcern.

She handed me the little folded square of paper.

"It isn't a bill. I'm not sure but what it is worse," she answered gloomily. Naturally, then, I was relieved when I found nothing more terrifying than the following:

"DEAR PRISCILLA:—This is not an answer to your delightful letter so lately received, but just a little note to ask if you and your husband cannot run down to spend the Fourth with us. It is really time we renewed our acquaintance, and I shall enjoy meeting your husband whom I as yet know only through his charming books. It is deliciously cool here at Kent's Crossing. One can hardly believe the dusty, dirty city is so near. Tell me what time to expect you on the third, and don't disappoint,

Your ever affectionate,
LUELLA."

"Well," Priscella questioned, when I had finished reading.

"Well," I repeated lightly, "though I don't know Luella, I should judge from at least one phrase of her letter that she is a most discerning person; and it certainly is kind of her to ask us. Of course, we don't need to go. I'm not a literary hack for nothing I hope. Sometimes my trade is a convenient one. Now I think at this moment of three or four of the choicest excuses why we can't possibly—"

Priscilla interrupted me.

"Don't be a goose, Robert. Besides there isn't any reason. I told her in my letter that we had no plans for the holiday. I'd not written for nearly a year, and why I wrote last week I don't know unless some evil spirit prompted me. She'd know we could have nothing come up so soon. We've got to go, that's all there is about it."

"Is she as bad as that," I inquired, really impressed by her earnestness.

Priscilla shook her head. "It isn't she, it's her—"

"Oh, her husband's the ogre, is he," I suggested, somewhat enheartened. "Well, probably he's not as bad as he's painted. Husbands generally are not."

Priscilla ignored my comments. "It's nothing about either of them personally," she exclaimed. "Luella's a dear, and ever so clever, and though I've seen Mr. Warner only once or twice I thought him very pleasant indeed. It's nothing to do with their characters that makes me hate to visit them. It's because—, well, it sounds queer, but it's because Luella's so frightfully neat."

"Neat," I repeated wonderingly, "neat! Well, we're not absolutely devoid of ideas of cleanliness ourselves, are we? I always wash my face and hands, and comb my hair once a day anyway, and I could make an extra effort and take a tooth-brush when I go to this strange woman's, if you say so, dear."

Still Priscilla frowned. "It's no laughing matter, Bob. Luella isn't just plain neat like ordinary mortals. She's what country folks call "poison neat." Cleanliness is an obsession with her and her sister. Their room at college was a miracle of order, at college, mind you. I never liked to go into it; most of the girls didn't, though we were tremendously fond of the twins. I've known very little of Beulah, for she married right after graduation and went West, but Luella spent the following winter with her aunt here in Boston. I've not seen her since her marriage, and of course it may be—"

"Oh, very likely," I broke in. "Men are filthy creatures and probably by now she's quite hardened to dirt."

"Well, I hope so," Priscilla assented, rudely. "I'm sure I hope he's not like her. The combination would be something terrible. I suppose," she added meditatively, "I suppose I may as well get that linen suit I thought of buying later."

"Is there no loop-hole of escape for us," I pleaded, now thoroughly awakened to the impending disaster.

"No," she returned with decision, "really there isn't; and, Bob, you *must* get some new socks. I can't mend your old ones any longer. The heels are not simply worn, they're gone."

For my own reasons I persistently adhered to the first topic of conversation.

"There are five days yet before the third, my dear, and many things may occur in that period. Now, five days before I met you, I never would have said—"

But Priscilla interrupted my levity. "You'll see, my fine sir," she declared oracularly.

In very truth the five days of which I had spoken so buoyantly, took to themselves wings with unseemly haste, developing nothing to relieve our obligations. The third dawned bright and clear, at least it must have done so, for that was the condition of the weather when I was awakened by Priscilla's plaintive wail.

"Robert, you must get right up. It's late, and you shut the suit case last night, and I can't get it open. I've decided to wear the waist I put in."

The ensuing struggle with the perverse bag effectually aroused me to the unavoidable. From past experience, I knew that I should in all probability be frequently given to this exercise during the day, still I was relieved at the moment to have a dumb, uncomplaining thing on which to vent the first rush of my disinclination. One's spirit being resilient while the day is young, I managed a wan smile by the time I came to adjust my tie.

"We're going to have a fine day," I said tritely, looking over Priscilla's shoulder into the mirror.

She refused to be enheartened.

"It will be hot and dusty on the train, and my hair has just been shampooed so it won't stay up. Are you sure, Bob, that you have taken all you need. I didn't see your socks. *Robert*, you haven't forgotten them! I reminded you again only yesterday."

Being guilty, I endeavored to assume an air of patient rectitude.

"My dear, you should have looked more carefully before you assailed me. No, I'm not going to open that suitcase again to make sure. I hope I have mind enough to know whether I put them in or out. Besides I'm in a hurry for breakfast. I've an errand,—that is, I've some business down town before the train leaves. I'll take this leathern ark with me and you can carry the valise with the things you change your mind about. I'll meet you at the station. If you get there first you might save a seat.

"You won't be late, like the last time we went away, Bob?"

I assured her that I would not with a heartiness that I later regretted. About two minutes before the time set for our departure, I was struggling through the viciously long train-shed, my hat in one hand, and the demoniac suit-case bumping my legs at every stride with a faithful and undisturbed pertinacity. Fortunately it was dark in the car when I at last reached Priscilla, so she could not observe my dishevelment until I had had an opportunity to mop myself into some sort of presentability. We did not converse on the ride. Priscilla was too intent on keeping her fresh shirt-waist immaculate in spite of the clouds of cinders which settled about us; I was too warm for any civil utterance.

When at last the brakeman flung back the door and announced Kent's Crossing, we both assumed a cheerful expression for the first time since setting out. Indeed the tang of the salt air that swept down upon us as we stepped upon the platform, stirred me into an activity, which, a moment before, as I morosely contemplated the loathly redness of the dusty velvet seat in front of me, I should have imagined impossible. I sprang down the steps, turning to hand Priscilla out gallantly, but she had chosen the farther flight.

"It's muddy there," she explained, and in another moment was on the platform and had been accosted by a gentleman who stepped quickly forward with outstretched hand.

Now it is my usual custom to look a man honestly in the face when I am presented to him for the first time, but on meeting Mr. Warner, I was aware that my eyes, quite involuntarily, wandered below his chin, passing in quick review, his tie, the set of his waistcoat, the polish of his shoes. Priscilla's last remark to me in the train had been:

"Pray that he may be untidy!"

He was not untidy. Without any trace of foppish concern for his clothes, he nevertheless presented a singularly, in view of existing circumstances, I may say dangerously well-groomed appearance. He chatted easily as he stowed us away in the smart trap that was waiting behind the station under the care of a carven image coachman, and took the reins from this stiff individual, who came to life for the single instant in which he transferred the lines to his master.

Fortunately, the horses were nervous high-spirited animals, so our host was too much occupied to be aware of all that passed on the seat behind him. Our conversation rehearsed in its entirety certainly presented obvious peculiarities. As we rounded the station drive, Mr. Warner directed our glance to a low stone building on our right.

"That's the new Carnegie Library over there. Rather attractive, isn't it?"

Priscilla assented cordially. "Yes indeed, and how often one does come across Carnegie's benefactions. Robert,"—this last under her breath—, "see if you can't get that awful black streak off your cuff."

"My dear, I'm afraid I should only make it worse," I expostulated, in a voice that was intended to be inaudible, but Mr. Warner turned.

"What's that, Mr. Burnett?"

"I was saying," I lied hurriedly as I scrooged forward out of his line of vision and attacked the offending cuff with my handkerchief. "I was saying that, in spite of his famous dictum, it looked as though the great magnate would die dir—I would say, rich," looked at Priscilla and extended my wrist with a glance that was meant to say: "Is that better?"

"No, worse," she whispered. "Here, let me try."

Draping her handkerchief about her forefinger and moistening it in the only available fashion, she bent over the troublesome spot while our host ran on pleasantly on topics to which I from time to time threw in an earnest "yes indeed," "really," "to be sure," until Priscilla lifted her head and revealed the extent of her success. I looked at her. I did not speak. I think Priscilla would have been relieved if I had.

The rest of the ride remains in hazy remembrance. I believe Priscilla lapsed into apprehensive silence, but I, in the security of the back seat, waxed glibly conversational, until we at last drove up between the sloping velvet of close-clipped lawns, to a wide veranda where a lady in white awaited us. In the pleasant luxury of greeting which followed, I could not avoid noticing Priscilla's emphatic assertion of joy at being able to see her dear Luella in her own home, and Ananias being unwilling to be outdone by Sapphira, I in turn forced upon Mrs. Warner the information that I had long been waiting, with feverish impatience, for just this opportunity to meet her,—or something to that lurid effect. I was a trifle disconcerted during the last of my remarks, by Priscilla's dumb signals to me to keep my limp cuff out of sight. Moreover, I had a fancy that Mrs. Warner, also, was a bit abstracted. In any case, she turned to Priscilla after a moment.

"Now I'm going to have the maid take you right to your room, dear," she said. "I know you feel all hot and dusty from the ride in the train, and will want to cool off a bit. Lucy," as a trig little person in cap and apron appeared, "show Mr. and Mrs. Burnett to their room."

Only too glad of this seasonable occasion to change my ruined linen, I caught up the suit-case again with cheerful alacrity and my best imitation of what is known as an 'easy grace of manner!' It was when I was ascending the stairs in Priscilla's wake, that, as I waited for her to linger admiringly over a water-color sketch on the landing, I chanced to look back through the banister railings to the open door and the veranda beyond. Mrs. Warner was still standing on the spot where I had left her. At her feet a servant, evidently hastily summoned from the kitchen, was vigorously busy with dust-pan and brush.

Instantly I cast a horrified glance at my shoes. I shuddered at what I beheld. Over each, lay caked in thick black flakiness, the railroad mud which Priscilla had been wise enough to avoid. My footsteps thus far were faithfully traced by distinct and conspicuous smudges. I recalled Priscilla's description of her friend, and felt myself, not only unable to correct the havoc I had wrought, but under the necessity of committing yet more. I did my best, however, in my poor dumb way, by a forced and undignified reaching for every other stair. In the upper hall I minced my steps to the dark patterns on the carpet, and at last, being shown into a room, halted persistently on the rug at the entrance, though the little maid, on leaving us found it difficult to squeeze through the door without dislodging me. When she had gone Priscilla looked at me with concern.

"What is the matter with you? Did you hurt your foot? Oh, my soul, Bob!" for I had mutely pointed to the cause of my affliction. "Don't move. I'll unlace them. Now take them off. This white matting shows everything."

I followed her instructions submissively and in another moment was standing stocking-footed beside her in the middle of the floor, looking back at the wretched offenders on the mat.

"Leaving thy mud-strewn shells by that too cleanly sea," I was moved to misquote. But Priscilla ignored my flippancy.

"*How* are you going to clean them? There's nothing here that you can set them on."

As she spoke I looked about me and heartily echoed her note of dismay. The room was such a one as ladies' journals are wont to extol as "exquisite summer apartments in restful delft-blue and white." Let me here state that the phrase "restful" as here applied is the wicked figment of a perverted mind. My peering glance sought unrewarded for one dark object to relieve the oppressive daintiness. The adjoining bathroom to which I cautiously tip-toed was almost terrifying. I felt as if there should have been a cord stretched across the doorway, and suspended therefrom a card, with the printed information:—

"Style No. 4735. Cost of installing, $600,-000. Please do not touch the fixtures."

Disheartened I returned to Priscilla, who had crossed to an open window.

"There is a little balcony here, Bob," she suggested. "It is a very little one, but perhaps you could get out on it and clean your shoes."

As to what passed through the mind of our host when a little later he crossed the lawn beneath and chanced to espie one of his guests crouched like a couchant beast behind a low upper railing, while part of his raiment was firmly, if ungracefully retained by a leaning figure at the window behind, I cannot take it upon myself to say. I know he looked at us oddly, when Priscilla and I finally appeared below.

It had taken an unconscionably long time to clean away all traces of having "cooled off." Priscilla had even been reluctant about leaving upon the snowy embroidery of the muslin-draped toilet-table her gold-backed brush and comb,—an absurd wedding gift from a rich aunt, and one which Priscilla always carries when we go visiting and leaves about in careless conspicuousness.

Once downstairs again, however, fate was mercifully lenient to us for a season. The heat of the afternoon drove us all from the veranda to the cool shade of a vine-hung pergola overlooking the sea. Here, Priscilla and I gained something of our normal habits of conversation. When it was suggested that the evening meal be served in this delightful spot I am afraid we coincided almost too eagerly. Every moment spent outside of the awesome abode of incarnate neatness would be a moment gained, was our mutual thought. I know the idea of returning to the delft-blue and white room weighed upon me like an evil dream. As the evening spun out I smoked many more cigars than is at all good for me, and ignored Mrs. Warner's smothered yawns, until Priscilla yielding meekly to the demands of outraged propriety, suggested retiring.

In the light of later developments it proved that this was truly a noble action on Priscilla's part. As it proved she was even more daunted by the daintiness lying in wait for us than I, whom the day's exertions had tended to render drowsily insensitive. For her there was no lacking of tense nerves. Not once did I start to lay anything down but what a weary little voice besought me otherwise.

"Oh, Bob, look out for that linen cover! Oh, Bob, do see where you have set your things," it sounded, until finally, when I was forbidden to sit in an outrageous white-enameled chair with pale blue cushions, the trodden worm turned and I swore,—a forceful, heart-satisfying swear.

Priscilla stared at me, a pitiful slender figure with streaming hair. Her wide, tired eyes slowly filled with tears.

"Why,—why you never spoke to me like that before, Bob," she sobbed.

Of course at this I took her in my arms, blaming myself for a brute. I hastened to explain that not she, but the soul-destroying furnishings had caused my language.

"Go to bed, dear," I said at last. "Get some sleep and rest if you can, and I'll sit up and try to remember and repent me of the cardinal sin which I must have committed to be so tormented now."

However I did not sit up. There was no place where a man *could* sit up with ease. I was compelled to try the comfort of the narrow, snowily draped couch awaiting me. Yet this was not until I had turned to the wall with a vicious jerk, a gold-bordered, bare-faced motto which jeeringly urged to "sleep sweetly in this quiet room." "Sweetly," in truth! Twice I was aroused by a soft rustling, and on calling out, was bidden, "Hush! I'm pinning the curtains up for fear the night damp will spoil them."

As a result of these midnight precautions, the sun shone in upon my face with undimmed brilliancy at an execrably early hour the next morning. Though I was aroused wide awake by the glare, I made no attempt to be rid of it. Instead, I blinked fiercely back at it like the proverbial animal at bay, evolving and revolving in my mind sundry plans, which by the time I rose to dress were riveted in my determination.

Without one whisper of complaint I now endured all the discomforts of that exquisitely appointed room. I shaved crouching before Priscilla's hand-mirror propped against the cover of the dress-suit case. I put my brush away damp. I once more climbed out upon the absurd little balcony to polish my shoes. Later Priscilla told me that I reminded her all the while of the central figure in an awesome picture of Christian martyrdom which once hung in her great aunt's parlor. Wisely enough, she refrained from attempting conversation at the time. When we were about to go downstairs she turned at the door.

"Ready, Bob?" she inquired, suavely.

At this the fountains of the great deep were unstopped.

"Ready," I repeated with dramatic earnestness, "yes, I am ready, and more than ready. (Whatever I meant by that last, I'm sure I don't know.) I am ready to leave this room for good, and never shall my living body spend another night in this place."

"Now my dear, don't say that," pleaded Priscilla anxiously. "Don't say that. We can't get away, you know. Of course it's horrid, but we must not hurt Luella's feelings. After all, its only one day more, and, poor dear, she probably thinks she's made us comfortable."

"Comfortable," I echoed wildly, "comfortable!"

I was obliged to cut short the rest of my tirade because Priscilla tactfully opened the door into the hall. For the success of my carefully laid plans, it proved I was indiscreet to have thus given her an inkling of my purpose. Instantly she took up arms to ward off a possible offence to propriety. If I was unduly stiff at breakfast that morning, she certainly concealed the fact by her own conversational efforts. The few times when I found an opportunity to speak, she interrupted me outrageously, and once when I was about to frame a mild request for more butter, she forestalled even even that remark by thrusting before me a plate of biscuit.

"You were going to ask for another biscuit, weren't you, Bob? Oh, so you have, haven't you. They are perfectly delicious, Luella. You must tell me how the cook makes them."

It was then that the telegram came for Mrs. Warner.

"Open it dear," she said to her husband. "It's from Beulah. I told her to telegraph whether she would be here Friday or Saturday."

Mr. Warner tore open the yellow envelope and read the sheet aloud and unsuspecting.

"Plans changed. Business detains me. Beulah and children have started. Expect them on afternoon of 4th. NAT."

Our host looked at his wife in dismay. "But where can you put—" he began and stopped abruptly.

As for Priscilla and I, we regarded each other for an instant, with a glance vividly compounded of comprehension, relief, and opportunity. Then we both started to speak, but Priscilla found her voice first.

"Now, Luella," she began convincingly, "this is perfectly true, though I'm afraid you'll think it is arranged to meet your emergency. Bob and I weren't going to be able to stay anyway. We hated to tell you when we had accepted your invitation for longer, but now it's all right. No,—really, we've got to go home today. Something came up with Bob and he promised he'd go back to the city if he was living. We were talking about it before we came down stairs this morning, weren't we, Bob?"

It is needless to say that with all fervor I added my affirmative. I endeavored to fitly mask my delight as I beheld out of the chaos of expostulation and protest which followed, the gradual shaping to fulfillment of my desire. We were to leave directly after luncheon.

Since then, Priscilla has told me that she never knew me to be so scintillating, or so engaging a talker as I was during that ensuing morning. My spirits rose to as buoyant heights as they had known grades of depression. I discovered in Mr. Warner unexpected stores of congenial interests. Priscilla and Luella exchanged patterns and recipes innumerable. In fact we all became uncommonly friendly.

"I declare, it's a shame that you people must go," Luella exclaimed as we rose from the table and made our way to the porch, awaiting the carriage. "I do wish Beulah had come as she planned and that you could have stayed. Besides," she added and smiled a little nervously, "I was planning a little house-cleaning before she arrived. Beulah is so frightfully particular. I was a great trial to her when we used to room together as girls, and I'm afraid I've fallen into careless ways since we married."

I looked things unspeakable at Priscilla. She was much more collected.

"Why, Luella," she protested innocently, "I think you are a miracle of order. Bob and I both said when we stepped into your dainty guest room—

"Oh, the guest room," Luella interrupted, "that was furnished to please Beulah. She was here when we built, and I said, as she would use that room the most, she should fit it up as she liked. I think it's pretty, but truth to tell, I'm a little afraid of it myself."

"*I'd* sooner sleep in the kitchen-garden among the turnips," asserted her husband sturdily.

Despite Priscilla's warning glance I believe I should have certainly wrung that gentleman's hand in token of reciprocated feeling, had not Mrs. Warner at this point hindered the proceeding by suddenly darting forward to the piazza rail with an exclamation of delight.

"Why here it is, Charles. You see I was right. I did lose it here."

Then she remembered us and turned to explain:

"It's this amethyst. I lost it yesterday out of a pin, an old heirloom. I've felt just about heart-broken about it. I missed it a few moments before you came and I had the maid sweep all about here, but you see it was under the railing and escaped us both. Oh, Charles, must they start so soon," for here the carven coachman appeared upon the scene once more.

It is needless to state that his presence was infinitely oppressive to Priscilla and myself. When in the pleasant bustle of leave-taking, I hastily drew forth my handkerchief to wave to the receding forms of my host and hostess, the fact that a small paper parcel flirted from my pocket at the same time, and bursting in the road revealed two black shapes, this fact I say, escaped Priscilla's watchful glance, but I caught the image's eyebrow in the act of lifting slightly. Perhaps, however, it was well he should be with us. His chill demeanor effectually checked any possible revelation of Priscilla's and my inclinations. We carefully observed opposite sides of the road during the whole drive, and not until we were within the welcome shelter of the homeward moving train, did we dare to look each other in the face. Since it was a holiday, and a noisy one at that, we were not apprehended because of our behavior. I did chance to hear a prim old person opposite, inform her neighbor that indulgence in liquor was bad enough in a man, but it was more disgusting to notice its influence on a woman, "and such a pretty lady, too."

Yet even this imputation against Priscilla's claim to respect I could not find breath to refute. I cannot remember when we finally became calm once more. It was surely well past the "wee sma' hours," for long after I had fallen asleep, Priscilla roused me with a jerk.

"Bob," she gasped, "we left that motto turned to the wall."

MY STRANGE CAPTIVE

A WAR-TIME TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

By George Warburton Lewis

Author of "Wearing the Blue," "The Whip Hand," etc.

I EMERGED from a thick-set wood upon a sinuous, dusty roadway, where I stood and stared about me in some bewilderment. There had been a fierce, hand-to-hand fight. My recollection reached back, vaguely, just so far; beyond, all was confusion and frightful mind-pictures of slaughter. But what, in Heaven's name, could have caused this peculiar buzzing in my head? What could have so benumbed and deadened my faculties? Evidently the firing-line had pushed far to the north, for as I stood groping for light, a faint, droning sound came from that direction. The heat was almost stifling. I raised a hand listlessly and mopped the rivulets of perspiration from my brow, lowering it before my eyes—blood-red! Ah! here was the secret of my stupefaction laid bare. A deep, clean-cut furrow extended across my brow from temple to temple. I heaved a great sigh of relief. In those days, men failing satisfactorily to explain their absence from an action, were convicted of cowardice. This mark, in my case, would bear ample testimony. I remarked that I was unarmed; even my cartridge-belt had disappeared. Indeed, little distinguished me as a son of Mars, active only a short time since amid rushing, excited men and blazing fire-arms.

Wiping the blood from my wound with my shirt sleeve, I walked slowly along the winding white road. Suddenly the babble of running water broke upon my ear. I turned aside and entering the wood, proceeded toward the welcome sound. Soon, still somewhat hazy of mind, I clambered over a natural wall of granite; then I stopped short and stood motionless, staring, incredulous. There, almost at my feet, gurgled a tiny stream of water, and there, also, his back toward me, bent over in the act of laving his face, I beheld the lithe, slight figure of an insurgent officer. He was in full uniform, but to all outward appearance, bore no arms. My duty was obvious. I came close to the unwitting belligerent, and imparted information, the first word of which caused him to spring erect and face me in consternation.

"You are my prisoner," I quietly announced in Spanish. Then I saw why he had been engaged as I had found him. Across his forehead ran a crimson cicatrice, peculiarly like that with which my own brow was marked. In an instant he became calm—disconcertingly so. The abrupt transition somehow suggested a semi-rational state of mind not unlike my own. His manner of speech was languid and somewhat labored, but coherent withal.

"I regret that, generous though I am reputed to be, it is beyond my conception of liberality to give my person into the keeping of one no better off than myself."

This very gravely, though his manner certainly had an aspect of humor. *I* was not joking.

"You are a prisoner of war," I said, more seriously. "Together we shall wash our faces in this stream, and then go hence."

He stared at me queerly. "Yes," he assented drowsily, "wash. I believe I was thus engaged when you officially interrupted me." And bending low over the streamlet, he resumed his ablutions perfunctorily. In the scorching mid-day heat the cool water felt delicious. It acted in a measure as a stimulus to my sluggish brain, and I was thus enabled to perceive that, through an exaggerated sense of duty, I had probably gotten an elephant on my hands. Presently my captive stood up and turned toward me. His peculiar expression was slightly changed. His eyes were those of one who has come suddenly out of a deep sleep. The blood still oozed lazily from his wound, as it did from my own. He spoke slowly, impressively, and his tone savored of reproach.

"Just there beyond," he said, pointing, "are many less fortunate than ourselves. They are forgotten now. No one remains to watch over them; but we, who escaped their fate by so small a margin, we should not forget."

"Ah! the dead," I thought dully; "they should indeed be buried or saved from mutilation by the droves of ghoulish wild hogs that roamed the forest. You are right," I agreed briefly; "come."

We left the little brook and picked our way among the trees in the direction my guide had indicated. Ere long evidence of a frightful struggle began to force itself upon my lazy consciousness. The ground was thickly strewn with severed boughs and leaves, and tree-trunks were barked and scarred as though but recently set upon by some inimical sylvan host. Then we came upon those who remained as mute testimony of the fray—forgotten of their comrades in the heat of the Great Passion. Here a contorted figure lay downward, legs apart, arms wildly outstretched; there two twisted forms, side by side, sprawled ludicrously in the inimitable attitude of the suddenly stricken. And again a half-score of rigid bodies formed a grim, red-splotched huddle. I saw many brown faces like that of my companion, and some, far too many, pallid, blood-streaked countenances that must have resembled my own. Glassy, staring eyes, still full of terror, anon seemed to follow us as we passed, and occasionally a blood-crusted finger, straight and stiff forever, pointed at us accusingly. And some vagary of fate had brought us alive through this mighty carnage, haply to dispose of us in some inconsiderable skirmish of the future!

"There are too many to attempt to bury," said the rebel, somnolently, after we had made a survey of the lugubrious bulks that dotted the landscape at short intervals for hundreds of yards. "We shall have to keep vigil here—perhaps until morning."

He glanced calculatively at the five-o'clock sun, then sat down upon a fallen tree-trunk and looked bored with the duty he had assigned himself. The look did not suit his dark, disfigured face, much less my own fancy. His expression somehow put me in mind that I had not insured his docility by binding him. I sat down near my strange captive, watching him a little closer now, and in a silence at once tense and oppressive our solemn watch began. Twenty yards from where we sat the burnished bolt of a Mauser rifle, lying in the grass beside its fallen owner, had caught a sunbeam through the leafy canopy of the trees and was reflecting its golden glory in a myriad scintillations. And even as the polished steel had caught the lambent sunrays so did their yellow effulgence catch the penetrating, dark eyes of my lone companion.

"Ah! there lies one of our little death-dealers," he said suddenly, rising. "I will fetch it, in order that we may frighten away the grunting ghouls, should they come seeking to desecrate these sacred symbols of valor."

There is small doubt that my brain was still cloudy, for, until the speaker was half-way to the weapon, I did not remonstrate at his strange behavior.

"Hold!" I called, my voice, mayhap, a trifle unstead, "hold!" But already the little man was lifting the weapon from its bed in the trampled grass. A dank, icy finger traced its chill way along my spine. Momentarily, my quickened thoughts ran back and dwelt among cheerful faces and bright smiles. In half-a-dozen heart-beats, I saw the incomparable beauty of a world that hitherto had seemed mediocre and gray. I conceived of an inestimable joy in mere existence. Then a nameless horror of death, an unspeakable fear of the Great Unknown fastened my mind upon the stark, ghastly forms that ringed me around, and an inarticulate cry of terror broke from my lips, went crashing through the wood and was hurled back to me in an echoing taunt of mimicry.

With new-born confidence in his blood-shot eyes, the brown-skinned man was standing quite close to me. In vague doubt as to what I should do in my extremity, I stared at the bright new rifle which he held carelessly in one hand. Somewhere in my seething brain developed a hellish agony of suspense that seemed to clank upon my soul the question: "Will he never end it?—*never end it?*—NEVER END IT?" and I saw that the fellow was enjoying my agony.

"Why do you Americans fear death?" he queried calmly, still making no sign with his weapon. "Is it because you are so wicked, or is it a defect of your religion?"

His nonchalant manner angered me not a little, and his cutting inuendo was efficacious in shearing the cobwebs from my bedazed brain. Such insult would have caused to boil the fighting blood of many another officer of the great republic far less susceptible to gibe than myself. My courage came back, supplemented by burning passion.

"We Americans," I cried, desperately challenging consequences, "we Americans fear death no more than *I* fear *you!* Even at your present advantage, I defy you."

Immediately I delivered myself of that I felt better. Heretofore I had never known the mad joy of exulting in the accident of my nationality.

"You are plainly mad," returned the rebel officer, unperturbed. "The proof of it lies in your obviously having jumped to the conclusion that you were to be dispatched like a sheep. Immediately, your life is in no danger. Fortune favors the wicked with some strange mutations. In this instance of her freakish dispensation, she has simply made me the captor, you the captive, dealing right the whip hand, whereas might was so lately the possessor. We shall now resume our vigil."

He regained the fallen tree-trunk, and sat down complacently, resting his rifle across his small, sharp knees. I followed him as a sleep-walker, as the conquered follows the conqueror. I had grown dead weary. I felt that adhesive rills of blood had again crept down over my face. I languidly fancied the hideous visage of an Indian in war-paint, and smiled grimly at the likeness my own face must bear to such a picture. I reclined against a branch of the fallen tree, allowing a hand to dangle idly down beside the rough bark, where anon it touched something that yielded, causing me to draw back the member in haste. I looked and beheld, stretched out close beside the tree-trunk, that which had hitherto escaped my attention—a rigid, white corpse—white enough to be distinguished as one of the poor devils who, crouching and listening, had stolen into the wood with me at dawn—the dawn of many a life's sunset. Noiselessly as a shadow, I bent down toward the slain, for there by his side lay the weapon with which he had fought, the magazine cut-off up, the piece cocked. Prodigious luck! That the magazine contained cartridges there could be no doubt. There should be quick fun here now. The find was as champagne to my senses. Seizing the weapon, I was up like a flash, and working its bolt while yet the little dark man was staggering back in wonder at the imminence of the duel actually beginning. Our eyes met across the dozen yards that separated us, our rifles leapt simultaneously to shoulder; I caught a fleeting glimpse of the scarlet line across my enemy's brow, then softly, very softly, I pressed the trigger. But I was conscious of no slightest shock at the explosion. *Hell! After all, the piece had not been loaded.*

Something seemed to tell me that my opponent had fired, and that I was shot. Still erect before me, I saw him as one sees objects through a smoked glass. Again he was holding his weapon in one hand, carelessly as ever, while I—I was starting first this way and then that, as if uncertain as to the direction the shame of my defeat should send me. But had I cause to leave this quiet spot, its splendid shade and its motionless, uncomplaining company? An overmastering desire to lie quietly down among the forgotten, the white forgotten, came gradually upon me. Faintly came a strange, phonographic voice as though from a great distance. "Yes, 'tis Fate—in that He first makes mad those whom He seeks to destroy."

A peculiar but most delightful lassitude, a strange numbness was stealing over my entire body, and—yes, I was upon my knees in the act of lying down beside the white-faced comrade whose unloaded rifle had set me at peace with all the world and made me his mute companion. My cheek felt the cool of the feathery grass, soothing as balm, soft as a mother's caress.

* * *

What utter absurdity! This could not be my new home—my eternal abode. I lay upon my back, gazing up with aching eyes at a star-studded sky, half obscured by a filmy rack of scudding cloud, through which shimmered the stinted light of an incomplete moon. Everything appeared so earthly and commonplace that there speedily rose in my mind a doubt that I had passed from the terrestrial. A series of deep, gutteral sounds that suddenly smote my ear cut short my labored cogitation and apprised me that the forest ghouls were indeed coming. After several unsuccessful attempts, I raised myself upon an elbow and examined my surroundings. Beside me lay the still form of the white-faced soldier, and grotesque, dark objects sprawling upon the grass all about me bespoke the presence of the mute forgotten. But that which most astonished me consisted in the fact that my late captor, he of the immeasurable solicitude for the well-being of the dead, was gone. From the increased grunting, I judged that a multitude of the ravenous swine was approaching. Even in that short time, their acute sense of smell had communicated to them the lugubrious secret. I prayed to Heaven for mercy. In their loathesome avidity, they would certainly attack me. My weakness would render me an easy prey to their keen tusks. Desperate at the awful thought, I somehow got to my knees, then inch by inch—oh, the excruciating pain of that moment!—I crawled toward the ghastly huddle of corpses. There I found a rifle, thank God, loaded this time; and sitting down almost exhausted, I waited doggedly for the new foe. Soon I detected a dark object moving in a near-by bunch of lime-scrub. This object must be the forerunner of the great pack. I would bring him down as a warning to his followers. An unconscionable time it took me to bring my weapon to shoulder. Its flash for a moment changed the dim night to a vast Erebus; then the flood of yellow half-light come sweeping back and showed me, as I toiled lamely toward it, the collapsed figure of—a man!

* * *

"Here's a strange coincidence," observed the surgeon, interestedly, some hours later. He was examining the wound across my forehead, while others were caring for those less fortunate than myself—the dead. "A little while ago, they brought in the body of an *insurrecto* officer who had but shortly expired," continued the surgeon, "and though death had resulted from a bullet-wound in the heart, he bore across his brow a wound exactly like yours—a slight skull fracture."

I lay long in thoughtful silence before I whispered weakly: "But my *other* wound, surgeon—is it serious?"

The man of medicine looked at me quizzically and laughed a peculiar laugh; something in which plainly told me that I *had* no other wound.

"That poor fellow was certainly a wretched marksman," I wheezed, absently. And again the surgeon laughed and told a solicitous officer who had known me that the delirium might hang on for some weeks.

THE CRY OF POOR CHILDREN

O CHRIST so merciful and mild,
  Infant born in a manger cave,
Meek Son of Mary, God and Child,
  Hark to the children, help and save!
  Sunken are we in world wide grave;
Tossed are we in pitiless strife;
  Where wild the winds of hunger rave
We are the Quick that die in life!

Despoiled by fate and hapless chance,
  Shut out from the air and the light,
Crushed in the vise of circumstance,
  Steeped in a darkness black as night,
  Lost are we to all glad delight;
Body and soul beneath a knife,
  Maimed by greed and deformed by might,
We are the Quick that die in life!

Far off like swan and cygnet fair
  Full soon our youth and beauty flies;
And Hope, awaking in despair
  Seeking its heritage, the skies,
  Turns back again its smitten eyes
To earth with jail and gibbet rife;
  Farewell, the gates of paradise—
We are the Quick that die in life!

L'Envoi.

Parents of children too well fed,
  Ye who taketh Mammon to wife:
Dost know our blood is on your head?
  We are the Quick that die in life!

Edward Wilbur Mason

THE KING'S RIDDLE

By Jessie M. Whittaker

THERE was a time on this green earth of ours when a crown was an insignia of royalty and a king was really a king. It was in those days that there reigned a monarch who was great and good and wise; whose realm was vast, whose authority was absolute, and whose magnificence would have compared favorably with Solomon's.

Yet it was an open secret that the king was the victim of an overweening ambition; not the ordinary, healthy ambition common to kings, but a consuming desire for something unknown, unnamed and unattainable. Rumor said,(and she speaks the truth oftener than she is credited with doing), that the king sought some unprecedented means of blessing his beloved subjects with an imperishable heritage and of perpetuating his royal fame.

It befell about this time when the glory of the kingdom was at the highest tide and the king's hope of attaining his desire at the lowest that, by a cruel circumstance, the noblest and most powerful fief of the realm was left without an overlord. But the misfortune of the earldom became the king's inspiration. A price was set upon Montmere and that price was the fulfillment the king's desire—nothing less. A strange and thrilling proclamation was read in the royal palace and on the same day twelve couriers rode forth, each by a different path and by a different direction, to apprise the people of the king's intention in regard to Montmere.

Knight, bishop, swineherd, charcoal-burner and vagabond—all were halted on the highways and byways to receive the king's message. To the wayside forge and the sequestered castle, to the church doors and the woodsman's hut came the king's couriers. And every man that heard was in honor bound to impart the message to all he met, neighbor and wayfarer, friend and foe. Men's memory was doubtless better in those days than now, for the royal edict flew from lip to lip, and was never marred by alteration, addition or omission.

Thus at last it reached the remote and isolated valley that lay behind the guardian mountains of Montmere. And of all throughout the kingdom who fell under the spell of the king's message, none was more irrevocably bound by it than was Basil, a young shepherd in the little valley.

Now a shepherd's duties do not lead him into ways where he encounters many of his fellow-men, no matter how vital a message he may be eager to impart. Perhaps it was for this reason that Basil pondered the thing so incessantly in his heart and repeated it so often at his own hearthstone.

"This is the Gift the King desires," he would begin, and the old great aunt in the chimney corner would follow him, word for word, with mutely moving lips.

"It shall be as old as the stars, and as new as the first breath of an infant. It shall be as transient as a candle's flame, imperishable as the sun's ; mutable as the wind, unalterable as the sum of one and one; and so rare that its counterpart is not to be found in the whole world.

"A thing of such subtle influence shall it be, that its presence shall have power to bring peace to the fretted heart, joy to the sorrowing, surcease to the suffering; power to flutter the pulse of the nun at her devotion, and to cool the anger of the passionate man; to bring hope to the despairing, and remorse to the guilty; to beguile the broken heart into forgetfulness, and to soften the callous heart into remembrance.

"Thus also shall it be: of such a nature that the king may share it with every subject of the realm who may desire it, yet continue to possess it perfect and entire. It shall be a gift appropriate alike for a king's son and for a ploughboy; for the good wife spinning by the hearth and for the soldier in the camp.

"The desire for it shall incite no crimes, the possession of it arouse no envy; the hoarding of it shall breed no selfishness, and parting with it bring no regret.

"It shall be within the power of the richest vassal or of the humblest peasant to find and to attain. And to him that brings the gift of the king's desire, be he great or lowly, wise or simple, shall Montmere be given—to him and his heirs forever."

"It is surely a riddle," the little, brown crone affirmed. Thou art surely as clever and cunning as any lad in the land and may yet be Earl of Montmere. And if it be not a riddle, still it must be as the good king says, and thou hast as good a chance as the dweller in the city, or as he that fares to the ends of the earth and back."

Yet it was by no means contentedly that Basil remained in his narrow valley. Often and often when another fruitless week or month came to an end; when every foot of earth, every glimpse of sky, every stone and tree and flower and stream had been probed for a clue to the secret; his heart stirred in a tumult of revolt to venture into the world that called from beyond his lonely valley.

But always there was something to keep his feet from following the promptings of his heart. So he stayed on and on, always on the eve of going, but never setting his feet beyond their accustomed paths.

Now, even in the most ancient times, shepherds found inspiration and companionship in the lovely possibilities of river reeds and the supple young wands of certain trees. Others might have, and welcome, their intricacies of wood and strings or their fantastic tubes of metal, but the shepherds and other lowly folk of Basil's land loved best of all the simple, reed pipes of their fathers. And Basil was a shepherd of shepherds.

Earth held for him but one other joy that surpassed that of breathing his otherwise inexpressible thoughts into an understanding, sympathetic pipe and hearing their transformation into mellow sound.

Every air, blithe or pensive, every lilting dance-tune, every crooning folk-song that generations past had known, Basil knew. There was not a bird-note he could not mimic, nor a wind-voice nor a water-song he could not tune his pipes to.

Thus he sat, one drowsy spring noon, on a sunny slope, watching the white clouds like sheep in the blue and the sheep like white clouds down the green glade. He had played every tune his memory held, and yet some nameless desire lay heavy at his heart or throbbed in his throat for form and soul.

His pipe lay mute beside him in the young grass, and except for the dumb desire that trembled impotently for voice, he seemed to himself to have been dissolved into some delicious essence that pervaded the moist earth, the far sky, the tall trees and the rushing river. The myriads of little weeds within the circle of his touch, the nibbling sheep, the lone bird poised high in the blue—all these seemed as much himself as the half-dormant spirit within him. He was part of the whole world; everything was he, nothing was himself.

From the river-wood came a bird call, three faint, mellow notes, separated by strange, unfamiliar intervals, and in a rhythm subtly appealing; from a thicket on the hill above him the answer rang out clear and blithe and was caught up by an echoing cliff. Again and again the roundelay was repeated, question, answer and echo, question, answer and echo, till it seemed a challenge to the idle shepherd. He took up the pipe from the grass and, laying lips and fingers to its cool, smooth length, found without hesitation or error the tone, the interval, the rhythm of the bird voice; now faint and far, now near and thrilling-sweet, now shadowy as an echo.

The bird voice ceased but the piper played on, pursuing a spirit melody that beckoned and called; a phantom air that could not quite be overtaken, but led on and on, always a few notes in advance of the ardent pipe, until it sank down through a wistful cadence and melted away in one long entrancing tone. There the player overtook it, and pipe-note and spirit-note blended in a happy sigh.

The piper sat like the pulsing stillness around him, returning slowly to the consciousness that he was Basil, the shepherd; that the desire clamored no longer in his heart, and that cloud and stone and slipping waters were things apart.

Suddenly his quieted heart began to plunge and flutter like a snared bird. An electric fluid flooded his veins, a bright mist blinded his eyes and his limbs tingled and glowed as if a soft, delicious flame had danced by him. He sprang to his feet with a low cry of mingled wonder and joy. Something like a prayer leaped from his heart to his lips.

And when the sun went down and the the sheep were safe for the night, he strode down the valley to Margot, the miller's lame daughter. "I know what it is the king desires," he cried exultingly.

She was incredulous.

"I found it today," he whispered.

Still she doubted.

"For a kiss you shall know," he pleaded.

But she would not pay the price. Yet when he left her with a merry goodnight, he went back to the valley, intoxicated by the mingled draught of the day's joys. For a certain fleeting look in Margot's eyes had settled a question that had perplexed him longer than had the king's riddle.

Thereafter it was not Basil, the shepherd, that watched the flocks of the baron of the valley, but Basil, the future lord of Montmere. His acquaintance with noble folk was of the slightest, but he had his secret notions of a nobleman's conduct towards himself, his fellow-man and his God, and he set himself steadfastly to become worthy of his confidently expected title of nobility.

Oftener than was his wont he made occasion to climb to a low gap in the mountains —a sort of gateway in the hills—for a long loving glimpse of Montmere. It was pleasant beyond all dreams to see himself, in fancy, lord of that vast domain. He saw its lands once more populous and happy; saw its wasted abodes rebuilt and its fallow fields verdant again with grain and vine; and heard, in fancy, the whirr of mill-wheels and the songs of scythes and ringing forges.

If time had wings they were wings of lead, for to Basil the weeks dragged by with insupportable slowness. But at last the month of the "bringing of the Gift" came and every highway and forest road and footpath, became a stream of pilgrims moving toward the capitol. The last day of the three years dawned to find the city a surging sea of humanity that, but for the wall of the king's soldiery, would have over-flowed the royal palace itself.

In the great audience hall sat the king. At his right hand, seated at a table, were seven men of such varied appearance and character that even the king smiled at the incongruity of the group. There were a brown, grizzled soldier, a holy abbot, a swarthy Jew, a renowned minstrel, a great scholar, a sturdy forester and an aged hermit. These were the judges whom the king had chosen to weigh the claims of whatever gifts might be offered.

At midday the secretary proclaimed that the "Gift Bringing" should begin. The king waited, the judges waited, but a silence like a shroud enfolded the assembled throng.

"Perhaps they have all brought the king a gift, and from modesty and courtesy each is waiting for his neighbor to be first to prefer his claim," suggested a cynical courtier.

"More likely, 't is curiosity or avarice has brought this mob together," rejoined another.

Again the secretary indicated the king's readiness to examine and render decision upon all gifts that might be offered.

Half-heartedly, almost reluctantly, and at long intervals, the "Gift Bringing" began. Some brought jewels and fabulous treasures, but a gesture or a word from the king or his judges sufficed to destroy the flimsy hopes of the would-be donors.

One brought a mantle, so bestrewn with gems and ornaments, that each one of all that multitude might have plucked from it the jewel of his choice and yet left it the richest garment that a king ever added to his wardrobe. The king gazed at it with longing eyes, but the judges said nay.

One brought a holy book, long lost to the world, whose every sentence was an oracle. But the scholar took it up and turning its ancient leaves came upon a rusty clotted stain among them.

"Here is the blood of its last defender," he said quietly.

One brought a great chest of a wonderful and precious grain; another brought a crystal bowl of the powdery seed of a flower said to be the rarest and most beautiful in the world. The king leaned eagerly forward; surely these were gifts to share with all who might desire it—but which should it be, food for the body or beauty for the eye? And while he pondered the judges shook their wise heads and turned to the next comer.

Then came one and whispered four words in the king's ear.

"Love?" echoed the king, "surely that is the Gift! What say you, good Sirs?"

The good Abbot sighed. "Many sins are committed in its sacred name," he demurred.

"And crimes," added the soldier.

"And ah, the tears and heart-breaks," murmured the troubadour.

"A myth!" scoffed the scholar.

"And who would share it with me, or accept it from me?" asked the Jew bitterly.

Just then the king's musing eyes encountered the averted face of his eldest daughter. How pale and thin it was! Even as he looked the sweet lips quivered and a sigh fluttered in the soft throat. Ah, why must princesses have hearts like other women, and why must royal fathers forbid them their desire?

"No," said the king, turning back to his judges; "I perceive that even love itself cannot endure the test."

Again the appointed signal was made through the palace, the court-yard and the streets, as a warning that the day was drawing to an end and that the king still waited the bringing of the Gift. An hour passed. The judges and courtiers and attendants were becoming restless and impatient; the unspeakable disappointment of the king's heart began to darken his face.

Then, suddenly, the dull stillness was broken by some commotion in the remotest corner of the hall. A stalwart young fellow, in the garb of a shepherd, leaped lightly down from his seat in the deep embrasure of a high casement, whence unnoticed, he had commanded a view of the day's events. By a word here and a touch there he made it evident that he wished to make his way to the royal dais. As he strode down the path yielded him by the curious crowd, many eyes followed with admiration that vigorous, supple figure, proudly poised head and frank, glowing face. With a confidence that, to the wondering spectators, bordered on presumption, he approached the king. But at the foot of the dais he made a gratifying obeisance, and his tremulous voice bespoke the humblest spirit.

"I have brought the king his Gift," he said. "It is so small a thing that I doubt if the king's reward were a fair exchange. Nevertheless I have brought it, for it is surely the thing His Majesty has so long set his heart upon." His voice gained in steadiness as he continued. "If the King will deign to enter some adjoining apartment I will give it into his care."

"A madman, surely," exclaimed one near.

"Or an assassin," cried another, warningly.

But the king, unheedful of warnings and entreaties, led the way into a little curtained alcove, a few paces distant, and drew the arras secure from prying eyes when they had entered.

Ignorant of the strained etiquette demanded by royal presences, Basil told his simple story—who he was and whence he came.

"And to me, dear King, has come the happiness of bringing the Gift. Out of God's great unknown, where He keeps all things until it it His will that man should possess them; where He hides all His wonders till the earth is made ready to receive them—out of that great deep—I have drawn this treasure for thee and for me and for every one that may desire it.

"Every day since it came into my keeping, through the seasons of a whole year, have I fairly and justly weighed it in the balance that thou hast provided, and I have not found it wanting."

The king looked wonderingly at the shepherd's empty hands, yet, affected by his simple earnestness, his own heart began to beat thickly and a tremor of eagerness ran through his limbs; and when the shepherd asked: "Is the King ready to receive his Gift?" he held out his hand in mute consent.

Basil sat down at the king's feet, and drew from its concealment in his blouse something that caused the king's outstretched hand to fall limply and the hope to fade again from his eyes; something neither new nor rare nor beautiful—the slender double pipe that shepherds know so well. Without a word Basil put his lips to the dumb, empty pipe and it became a thing of living magic. From an unseen woodland, mellow and alluring, came bird notes. Close at hand rang out the jubilant answer; fugitive and fading, floated back the echo. A moment the piper paused. Beyond the arras a great hush fell upon the murmuring, restless multitude. It was as if a long-forgotten voice—known in a long-vanished land—called to every heart, "Come with me! Come with me!"

Then Basil played that melody that had come to him that spring noon on the hillside; that spirit-song for which, with quickened inner ear and mobile lips and nimble fingers, he had wrought a living form. It was an air of magic that stole into the secret chamber of every heart that heard, and opened wide its guarded door, so that every hearer entered again the holy of holies of the transcendent hour of his life, and stood once more in the presence of his supremest joy, his profoundest sorrow, his greatest desire, his purest faith, or his holiest aspiration.

The king saw himself again a stripling youth, and felt again the awe and the elation of the long night of his Vigil-at-Arms. Ah, that night, that night! What a gulf—a gulf of more than years—between that exalted, ardent youth and the king upon his throne.

Even after the last, long, entrancing note lingered only in memory, the king sat motionless and mute till an inadvertent touch of the shepherd's arm upon his knee recalled him. He gazed long and wistfully into Basil's rapt, young eyes, and gently touched his ruddy curls. "My son, it is the Gift," he murmured in awe.

Silently, almost stealthily, the king arose, parted the tapestries, and stood looking upon the seven at the judgment table. The grim face of the soldier was broken with tenderness; a tear glistened on his scarred cheek. The abbot's placid features were distorted by some scathing passion. The Jew's morose countenance wore a look of peace. The shrinking, suspicious hermit sat erect, the light of re-awakened purpose in his eyes. The old troubadour beamed with joy. "Ah, he cried, his happy laugh breaking his words; "is it Montmere only, the king will give for such a royal tune?"

Even the grotesque features of the jester were ennobled by a pensive dignity. "Your Majesty hath surely entertained an angel unaware," he whispered.

"The king stole a glance at the pale princess—a sweet color flushed her face and her eyes were soft with a secret joy.

He stepped from his half-concealment, and extended his open hands towards the hushed and waiting people.

"I have received the Gift of my Desire. Ye are all witnesses that the King's Riddle, of which he himself did not know the answer, has been solved. This is the Gift that ye have heard; a treasure without price; a gift not made with hands, that moth and rust cannot corrupt; an heritage the strongest foe cannot take from me. This is the gift I may share with you and your children and with your children's children. And may it be to you and to every one that receives it, as it has been to me, a blessing of unspeakable price!"

Centuries have passed; customs, institutions, governments, languages, religions have been altered and re-altered times without number. Even the name and the boundaries of that ancient kingdom have almost faded from history. Only these three things have survived the ravages of time; the fame of the great, the good, the wise King; the name of Basil, the Shepherd, and the wonderful reality of the Gift.

To this day, the traveller in that part of the world, finds these three things sacredly cherished, untarnished and unaltered. Between the mountains the river and the sea, no longer isolated and remote, he will be shown the lovely land that was once Montmere. Now and then he will meet some happy, honored descendant of Basil, the Shepherd Earl of Montmere, and Margot, his wife.

But everywhere he will hear a strange, a haunting, a divinely exquisite melody that bears the name of "The King's Gift." But though he may hear it in many guises, and from many different instruments it is perhaps never so enthralling as when played upon some soft, wood-wind instrument that is the nearest approach to the long-vanished pipes of the shepherds.

And having once heard it, though having no gift of song or skill of fingers to reproduce it, he can never forget it. For if ever a key has been found that unlocks the secret, sacred chamber of every heart that comes into its presence, it it the "Gift of the King's Desire."

TORIES AND TRAITORS

By Edward S. Pilsworth

As Captain Richard Wells of the Continental Army whipped around the corner, his lungs were pumping with heavy gasps, and the tendons of his legs were aching furiously. His agitated heart seemed to have arisen to his throat, for the beating of it nearly choked him.

A protuberant doorstep, catching his staggering feet, flung him violently against the wall, where, his hand striking a latch, the door gave way, and opened. Hurriedly entering within the aperture, he at once lost his footing, and fell headlong down a flight of steps, fetching up with a terrible jolt upon a hard and solid floor, where he lay half-stunned, bruised and aching furiously.

In a semi-consciousness, he heard the pursuit sweep swiftly by, to the accompaniment of ferocious shouts and derisive exclamations. As his breath returned, he rose to his feet and began to feel his way carefully along the wall, which proved rough and dusty to his touch, giving the impression of a cellar-way, or of something subterranean; it appeared to be composed of rough brick, such as might very well be used for the footings of pier or basement. By extending both elbows, he could touch two sides, and he judged that he was in a passage-way of some description.

The insistent collection of bruises with which he was already endowed, advocated caution, and he advanced with carefulness and a wise deliberation. The passage terminated within a short distance, at a postern and he judged he had traversed underneath a house or building, to the rear of one facing upon the opposite thoroughfare. Pushing the door, he found it open, and he entered at once into the blackness.

There were many Tories in Trenton, as the fact of his being chased abundantly proved, and it behooved him to be careful; for his men were at a distance from the city. The adventure that Richard had undertaken for the purpose of seeing his pretty cousin, was proving passing exciting, and even showed signs of danger, so carefully closing the door behind him, he advanced with more than ordinary caution into the room. Holding his hands extended before him, he pushed forward a step or two and then stopped, then stole onward again, until the tips of his fingers lightly touched the opposite wall; at the same time something sharp and solid came into contact with his shins.

Feeling carefully downward, his hands had nearly reached the level of his knees, when they touched a clammy sickish coldness, that ran, in quivering rivulets up his arms and extended through his body. Snatching his hands away he sprang wildly backwards, for he had been resting them upon the face of a corpse.

Instantly the cellar darkness was alive with voices; little lightlets quivered in the air, and he began to apprehend that the place was full of men, holding their breathing to avoid detection. Clammy chilling tremors flickered up and down his marrow, and sharp pricking rigors cramped his flesh; his nerves were fevered by an abnormal irritability, and he shuddered as he rubbed his hand upon his thigh.

All sense of direction being lost in the darkness, he stretched forth his hands again, and began once more his toilsome advance, aiming to hit the door by which he had entered. When he reached the wall, his heart was thumping at the prospect of another ghastly contact, but his fingers came in contact with the casing of a door; and at the idea that he had once more discovered the entrance, it gave a joyful bound into his throat, for he conceived a deep disgust for the cellar with that corpse.

Passing through, he pulled the door behind him, and then, as he advanced, his foot struck upon a stair, and leaning forward, he discovered that it was the lower-most one of a flight, extending on into the upper regions of the house. For a little he pondered, but the horror of the cellar prohibited a return, and drawing his sword, he slowly mounted. There were thirteen steps to the landing, and he judged that the house must be of a goodly size to contain so high a cellar.

A faint nebula of vague and fluctuous light quivered at the terminus of a passage, and toward it he bent his steps. At the end was another corridor, at each end of which a door showed with a thin ribbon of light top and bottom, and beside these, in the wall of the passage, another door. As he stood hesitating, and striving to figure in which direction the entrance lay, the sound of voices and footsteps came rumbling from behind him. With instinctive action he glided to one of the side doors, and, snatching it open, plunged into the darkness beyond. His nerves quivered as he stood and listened to the speakers drawing closer, stop for a moment opposite his hiding place, and then open the other door and enter.

"A close shave," he muttered, wiping the sweat from his brow.

The murmuring of men's voices came plainly to him as he stood, and he wondered at it, for they had not sounded when he first entered. With infinite care and patience he gradually turned the handle of the door and pushed it gently outward; an inch or two it went and stopped, for the door of the other room was opened against it, and from thence came the sound of voices, argumentative and imperious.

With a sideways cocking of the head he could manage to see with one eye, a long slit of light, between the door and jam of the other room. The bottom half was shadowed he judged by the body of a man while over against him was a long slice of face, which was thin, high and meagre. Pulling the door shut again, he fell to pondering upon the peculiar complexity of his situation, and the possibility of escape.

Then in the blackness of his closet, he became vaguely conscious of a something mysterious; familiar but impalpable. His fancies died away, and he stood with a premonition of strong danger, listening intently. His blood ran cold in his veins as he caught the vibration of another's breathing.

For a little space he thought to fling open the doors, and in the confusion make a dash for it. Then his manhood revived, and drawing the sword again, he stretched the other hand before him, and stepped farther in. Three strides he took, when his hand fell upon a warm face, soft and pliable. For a moment he stood in strained rigidity, while the face remained set and motionless underneath his hand; then his breath came with a sudden gulp, and the other answered with a sob. Holding the sword in readiness, he pressed it downward to the throat and beyond, until his fingers rested on the tender bosom of a woman. She was dressed *decolette* and she trembled with a grave fear. With a muttered apology he withdrew his hand.

"What, in God's name, do you here?" he asked.

"I am hiding." came a husky whisper.

The man in him revolted. "Hiding?" he queried. "Your pardon, madam, but why?"

Her courage however was ended, and with low thrilling sobs she fell to weeping; whilst he, in utter perplexity, waited anxiously for her reply. But, that the voices in the other room were high, they had surely been discovered, and the possibility aroused his terror.

"Hush!" he said, "or you will discover us to I know not whom. Be quiet madam, and remain assured, that though I am a fugitive like yourself, I am still enough of a man to afford you some protection."

"Alas!" she answered, "I am surely most unlucky, for now I must pull a gallant gentleman into trouble with me."

"Believe me," he replied, "I were a poor cavalier to hesitate at a sacrifice for a young and beauteous maiden."

"Dear sir," she whispered, "the keenness of your vision is commendable."

"Madam," he replied, surprised at the levity of the remark, "I admire the vivacity of your spirit, but God knows that I regret I cannot share it. Pray tell me who you are, and how came you here."

"Thank you for the rebuke, kind sir. Your voice I have already recognized, and, had you been as gallant in the light as you are brave in the darkness, you would not need to ask the question."

"There is a familiar intonation in your speech that puzzles me strangely, yet, and I apologize for the discourtesy, I must again request your name."

"Purblind gent'eman, I am your cousin Gertrude."

"The devil!"

"Gertrude, I said."

"I beg your pardon. But how the deuce did you get here?"

"You are importunate, my Richard."

"But you surely did not, of your own free will, choose this lightsome chamber?"

"No more than did you, my dear cousin, who, doubtless with a regiment of ragged Continentals at your back, appear to play the spy."

"'Tis no time for personal recrimination; but I would know for what reason you have thus outraged the fair decorum of propriety."

"Personalities, did you remark? But let it pass. I was brought to a loyalist meeting, called to plot against the patriots, and on refusing to take the part assigned, was locked within a room, from which I escaped in time to have my solitude enlivened by the generous conversation of my cousin, and,—to put a mild construction on it—his unsoldierly actions. If all Mr. Washington's soldiers are as good at hiding, it is little wonder that the British have so much difficulty thrashing them."

"And what was this plot that you so much object to?"

"My lily hand and property were to be used as a bait to seduce Cousin Richard to the side of King George."

"You have had the refusal of that officer's hand for a long time."

"That was one reason why I refused their offer."

"I wish you would accept mine."

"I am at your mercy now, and cannot refuse it."

There was a sudden cessation of voices in the closet, and other sounds assumed a prominence; rustling and moving, and once a little cry of—

"There, Richard, do be done." Then more rustling and anon a short silence.

At last the man's voice. "You have given me an idea, Gerty. Did you really think that I had brought a lot of soldiers with me?"

"Have you not?"

"Not a one. I chanced in here while hunted."

"Heavens! We are surely lost. We must find a way of getting out at once."

"Listen," he said, "to the plan I have conceived. If we try to go sneakingly out, it is almost a certainty that we will be bumping into guards or sentries, or what not; and from recent developments in the dark, I have not the slightest wish to die at present. Therefore, I will open our door far enough to dash the other one to, and we will run a little way down the corridor, where you will stay, making all the noise you can, while I march sturdily back, open the door of their room and enter. The rest is in the hand of God."

The superb audacity of the plot delighted the spirited girl, and she agreed at once. The door was banged shut, and they sped, with flying feet, to where the corridor was intersected by the passage.

"Halt!" shouted Richard in stern tones. "Sergeant Bergmann, place a guard here and one at the other corridor; if any attempt to pass, stop him at any cost. Yes! At any cost, kill—if necessary."

With these words to an imaginary sergeant, Richard marched up to the door, assuming an air of judicial severity, opened it and entered.

The plotters numbered nine, men of weight and grave responsibility, seated around a long and narrow table. He recognized several —a banker, a lawyer, two or three landed gentlemen, and one or two traders of high pretension. Their looks were strained to a point of fineness and a hollow blanchedness of feature; especially the lawyer, who stood at the head of the table, one skeleton claw leaning on the board, the other picking furtively at his bosom. His blood-shot eyes glared wildly at the door.

"Gentlemen," said the soldier, "I am indeed happy to see so many of our best citizens gathered in such general amity; the needs of the body politic being I suppose the cause of the meeting. It is indeed a regrettable fact that the Tories have of late gained such headway in this fair town. Do not, however, let me interrupt the concord of your meeting. Mr. Whitelaw, I presume from your position at the head of the table, that you were presiding. Proceed, I pray you."

The lawyer moistened his cracking lips, and muttered some words of undiscoverable import. His features were suffused with a shameful flush, of fear and indignation. The soldier let his eyes travel slowly around the table. and each man dropped his eyes, or feigned employment for them elsewhere. A penitential abasement was apparent, and the old banker alone met the look of the young man, though even he discovered signs of strange perturbation.

"My dear Mr. Gaffet," went on the young man. "I find you alone of all my old friends with an eye in his head, and I presume a tongue keeps it company. Will you explain to me the meaning of this curious modesty?"

"You are pleased to try your wit upon us, Dick. We heard the orders you gave but a moment since."

"Tut, tut, man. You should understand that we have no inclination for harsh or cruel measures; yet still I would know the meaning of this unconvivial assembly." The young captain drew a chair from the table, and placing his back against the door, stretched his legs in an easy attitude.

"Ask Whitelaw," returned the old man, bluntly. "He is a more practical liar than I am."

"Mr. Chairman," snapped Richard, "you hear the eloquent testimonial of our monetary friend. Find your tongue, sir, and answer me."

The lawyer tried in vain to speak, but his proud lips evolved but a harsh chatter, and his eyes wandered vaguely about the room.

"Gentlemen," rapped the captain, suddenly and sharply. "you are met here, a group of traitors and Tories, plotting the overthrow of the patriot army. I may as well tell you at once that I know the smallest detail of your plots. You would bribe an honorable soldier to the betrayal of his duty, with the hand of the girl he loves." The lawyer gave a hollow rattle in his throat and sank sitting in his chair. The scene was appealing to the recklessness ot the soldier, and, since he saw the mettle of which the conspirators was composed, he began to take pleasure in the game. "What, and I ask you the question in all seriousness, can your various conceptions of honor be, when you would thus scheme to degrade the boy who has played around your doorsteps? Each of you, I speak plainly, is a bigger thief than the other one. You, the best men of the city, to lower yourselves in a plot against an absent boy and a helpless girl. For shame, gentlemen! For shame!"

The soldier paused, while a vigorous consternation was visible in every face. A merchant assayed to speak, but stopped at a word or two, and then all sat and looked at the lawyer, as a man cunning at quibbles and with a known capacity for lies. He, however, made no sign, but sat, his face pinched and ghastly, huddled in his chair.

Richard arose. "Mr. Gaffet," he said, addressing himself to the banker, "I have heard my father say that you were a brave man, when the colony was young, and the Indians were troublesome. Am I right?"

"I believe there was something in it."

"Then you are not ashamed of your present associates?"

"Most damnably, Dick. Most damnably. I blush that you should find me in the com pany of such a pack of cowards."

"Then I take it your conspiracy is ended; and that you are now upon the side of the boy and girl whom you have known all your life."

"It's a sudden change of face, I confess; but I guess that is what it really means."

"Then you will help me to bring these desperate conspirators to reason?"

"Desperate lambs, would be the better term, I think."

The captain turned his eye once more sternly upon the company, and every head bowed, or cheek paled or flushed, as was the nature of the owner. Finally settling his gaze upon the lawyer, "Mr. Whitelaw," he said. "I ask you what were your intentions, as regards my cousin, if your plans did not go true?"

The man made a curiously protesting gesture. "No harm, I assure you no harm."

Richard smiled contemptuously. "All planned for her good, I suppose. Well, gentlemen: for I suppose I must still address you as such; you display a pitiful mediocrity of talent, for such plottings. Nine,—pardon me, Mr. Gaffet,—eight men, with not an excuse among you. Your object, as I understand it, was to seduce me from my allegiance to the Continental Army, with an offer of my Cousin Gertrude. Am I right?" No answer. "Reply to me," he rapped out, smiling with a kind of cynical ferocity. "Am I right?"

"Sir," said the merchant, who had spoken before. "You have treated us like a lot of silly schoolgirls, which, as you have the power, may be all right. But I tire of it. Ask of me what questions you wish, and I will answer; but for God's sake curb your wit, and spare us all these funny quips and inuendoes."

"Ah—ha. I have found another man. Was not the object of this estimable gathering such as I describe it?"

"It was."

"And what disposal was to be made of my cousin if your festive hopes were blighted?"

"It had not been decided. Nay, not even discussed."

"Thanks. And how about the dead man in the cellar?"

The merchant started. "Sir," he said, "your information is very full. He is a soldier, and was killed by your people."

"Mr. Gaffet," said Richard, "will you kindly go into the corridor and bring the person you will discover?"

"Which one, Dick?"

"It will be made plain to you."

The banker nodded, and opening the door, disappeared within the passage. His footsteps echoed through the house, and there came a muttering of voices, and then a mighty shout of laughter. The soldier smiled in unison, while the conspirators glanced uneasily at each other, and shifted in their chairs. Footsteps were heard returning along the passage, and a sob of mingled fear and astonishment rippled round the table, as the door opened, disclosing Gertrude and the banker. Richard rose to his feet with a bow of gallantry, and assuming a fine air of deference, possessed himself of his cousin's hand.

"Madam," he said, with a delicate couresy, "these gentlemen have with roundabout inanity, been plotting to marry us. May I request an expression of your wishes in this matter?"

"My wishes have been known to you for a long time, hence it was needless to take advantage of their kind offer."

"My cousin," said Richard, "refers to her approaching marriage with myself, which will take place upon the formal consent of Mr. Whitelaw, her guardian. I do not think, under the circumstances, that he will refuse it." And he looked sternly at the lawyer.

That gentleman hastily expressed his acquiesence, and Richard turned to the rest of the company.

"Gentlemen," said he, "it appears to me that it would be much better if I sent away my men, before we departed, and save the appearance of wholesale arrest. Can I trust you?"

A mighty chorus of assent arose. "On your honor?" he continued.

"Yes," they reiterated; the lawyer particularly in evidence.

"Then Mr. Gaffet, can I trouble you once more?"

"I took the responsibility, Dick, of doing it before. They left with Gerty and myself." His eye twinkled as he pinched the arm of the young man.

"Then I am defenceless among you, but nevertheless I invite you all to the wedding, and trust that bygones will be bygones for ever and a day."

The company hurriedly disbanded, and as the two lovers walked arm in arm down the stairs, "You have gained me, anyhow," said Gertrude.

"And am still in the Continental Army," returned the officer.

"You would be safer if you were among them," interposed the banker. "For Whitelaw is a foxy gentleman, and I would not trust him too far."

Richard listened to the fears of Gertrude and departed; serving with the patriot army till the departure of the British, when they were married.

FORDWELL'S BOOK-KEEPER

By Matilda H. Wheelock

FORDWELL leaned back in his office chair and sighed. He told himself that the sigh was one of relief, but somehow it proved inadequate and he sighed again. This time he capitulated. After all, being his father's son, he couldn't expect to go through a thing of this sort without a regret at its necessity. And it had been a necessity; he emphasized this fact by several repetitions. He had recognized the necessity more than a year ago, but some sentiment in connection with the memory of his father had kept in abeyance his business sense—his "good sense," he said to himself a little savagely, as he glanced through a small open door at the book-keeper's desk with the empty stool before it. But he frowned and drew his eyes away in hurried annoyance. There was accusation in the closed ledger lying upon the desk where Bretherton had left it and the empty stool faced him also accusingly. Fordwell felt a sudden resentment toward these inanimate objects, and he deemed it particularly unfortunate that just at that moment a certain memory should obtrude itself upon him—the memory of a kindly-faced man who always had a welcome for the little fellow in kilts, whose great delight had been to watch from his improvised high seat beside the book-keeper's stool the growing columns in the big ledger under the swift, sure fingers. And once—he felt particularly ill-used when to the general memory was added the specific one of a certain morning when his father had come in while he was being thus entertained, and had stood for a moment with an arm about the little kilted figure while one hand fell kindly on the book-keeper's shoulder.

"A stroke of policy, this of yours, eh, Bretherton—getting solid with the future head of the firm? Well, that's right. Boy, here, 's a loyal little chap and won't forget old friends."

The smile with which the book-keeper had received this, smote sharply upon Fordwell's memory and gave him a haunting sense of further injustice. Sentiment had no place in business. Bretherton was clearly no longer the man for so responsible a position. He was growing old. The progressive firm in these days of strenuous competition demanded youthful vigor in the men comprising its force. Bretherton was positively getting a bit shaky. And then that cough; it was most annoying, although he kept it allayed as much as possible by the use of troches, a form of medication peculiarly obnoxious to Fordwell, who had approached him a few months ago with the suggestion that he undergo a course of treatment for the bronchial affection. Perhaps a rest—

But the sentence had not been finished. Something in Bretherton's face had checked the proposal of a lay-off which had been on Fordwell's tongue; and after that the troches had been more in requisition than ever and the book-keeper's efforts to suppress the cough when in the presence of his employer had become so painfully apparent that Fordwell in pity had taken no further notice of the affliction. Nerves are strong at twenty-six and Fordwell's were well under control, and so the cough had not been so difficult to ignore. But at twenty-six, ambition is apt to over-weigh questions of other import, and so had come about, at Fordwell's instigation, the old book-keeper's discharge. He had not meant it to be so abrupt, but he took a certain comfort now from the reflection that only his sentimental weakness had been to blame for the suddenness with which Bretherton's blow had come upon him. Had he yielded to his judgment a year ago—even a month ago—Bretherton might have been prepared. After all, he wondered if the wiser plan had not been to have it over and done with—only to be again beset with doubts as he recalled Bretherton's face at the moment the realization of his dismissal had come home to him. And Bretherton had staggered a little as he left the office. Fordwell recalled this fact with a half acknowledged pang of—well. pity. Hang it all! a fellow couldn't let pity govern his business transactions. Of course, it was tough luck, getting old and out of the running and all that. But Bretherton must have a snug sum laid by in readiness for the inevitable, whose approach he would have been inexcusable not to recognize and prepare for. At all events, in the month before his duties ended there would be ample time to secure for him another and less taxing position. Fordwell himself would exert every effort in this direction. Meanwhile—

But suddenly he realized that Bretherton was late this morning, and took out his watch with a swift wonder at so unheard-of a delinquency on the part of the book-keeper.

Eleven minutes past the hour! He glanced a little anxiously toward the door. It wasn't a particularly pleasant thing to look forward to—this first meeting with his deposed old book-keeper. He should really like to have it over. He hoped that by the time the next superannuated incumbent of that accusing stool should require dismissal, his son would be in a position to relieve him of the disagreeable duty. This son had an existence purely *in futuro*, and Fordwell smiled whimsically at the devoutness with which he gave mental expression to the wish.

And then the smile assumed a queerly satirical character, as in conjunction with the thought of this possible son came one of Miss Eloise Hammond, the son's possible mother. Fordwell had to acknowledge to himself after a moment's serious pondering, that there was something incongruous in the thought of motherhood in connection with the noted beauty and queen of several seasons past, so coldly statuesque was she; although Fordwell was coming to know that he of all the men of her acquaintance had least reason to complain of coldness on her part. He expected in the fulness of time to propose to her and to be accepted. He had experienced a certain satisfaction in the expectation, and had always felt a little glow at the thought of her as mistress of the fine old mansion so long given over to the care of servants; for Fordwell barely remembered his mother.

This morning, however, the glow was absent. He hadn't been conscious the evening before that his visit to her had been prompted by a desire for sympathy—until the sympathy failed to be forthcoming. It wasn't a pleasant business, this, of the discharge of his oldest employe, and perhaps he should not have expected her to be interested. But her indifference had grated a little and Fordwell had, quite unreasonably, he was willing to admit, gone away with a distinct sense of disappointment. This morning the edge of his disappointment had dulled a little—but the glow was absent.

He looked again toward the door and caught himself listening for a footstep. At length it came—but surely not Bretherton's. This was too quick, too decisive, and stopped at the door without the book-keeper's gentle shuffle. The door-knob was grasped and turned in anything but Bretherton's deliberate manner and before Fordwell could get to his feet the door was flung open and a girl stood upon the threshold—a child, Fordwell at first glance decided, for behind her, fully visible above her head, rose the indignantly explanatory countenance of Phipps, the office boy. To be sure, Phipps was well-grown for his age and might be expected to over-top a mere girl; but this was really a small creature, although Fordwell saw at a glance that she was not a child.

"I told 'er 'twas against the rules, but she wouldn't listen. She said—"

But the girl's eyes were on Fordwell's face and she paid no heed to the boy's protestations, which Fordwell himself cut short.

"You may go, Phipps," he said, and placed a chair for his visitor.

"No," she said, "I can't talk sitting; I—I—oh! how could you?" she burst out, in a sort of quiet fury.

Fordwell was popularly credited with a knowledge of the tactful thing to say upon most occasions, but now he had for the first time in his life, perhaps, no response ready. He stood looking down at a glowing little face out of which two big, dark eyes were gazing with steady reproach up into his own blue ones; and he had time to note an added detail or two—the length and thickness and curl of the lashes, the perfection of the nose, the distracting curve of the chin—before his accuser again took up her arraignment of him. This time there was less of anger and more of bitterness in her questioning.

"Why did you do it? Why couldn't you have waited until—until we had finished paying for the little country home? Papa knew this would have to come—in five or six years, perhaps—and he was preparing for it. We were to have gone to the country because we could live more cheaply there, and papa thought, too, the outdoor life would benefit his lungs. And we had the home, the dearest little place, partly paid for. We would have owned it quite by this time only Eugene's long illness and death two years ago. He was nineteen, two years older than I, and——"

She broke down here and buried her face for a moment in her hands, while Fordwell's gaze traveled involuntarily along the dainty outlines of her figure, taking in at the same time the well-worn little black gown which was saved from downright shabbiness only by its air of neatness and a certain grace with which it sat upon the petite figure.

"Oh, why couldn't you have waited, at least, until after the wedding?"

Fordwell brought his gaze back sharply from contemplation of the delicate little rounded form to the hands which still covered her face. They had a little toil-worn look, these hands, but Fordwell failed to notice them. His perception of detail had received a sudden dulling shock.

"The wedding!" he managed to ejaculate, and something in his tone brought the face again into view.

"Yes; that seems just now almost the worst part of it. You see, Mr. Merriam is only a young lawyer and poor, and we were all to have lived together for awhile, because one family can live more cheaply than two, and—"

"Merriam!" again ejaculated Fordwell. "Bruce Merriam?"

A look of interested surprise came suddenly into the brown eyes. "Yes; Bruce Merriam. Do you know him?"

Fordwell did know him and had always considered him a likeable fellow; but he had suddenly conceived a fierce hatred of Merriam which, however, being groundless, he hastened to conceal.

"I know him very well," he said. "He's a fine fellow," he added magnanimously.

The brown eyes lighted. "Isn't he? A splendid fellow! I don't know what we should have done two years ago without him. And now he wants it all to go on as we had planned; but that's impossible, for Bruce is proud and wouldn't permit his wife to earn money by going on with her typewriting, and—there's no other way but to put off the wedding."

This time sobs shook the small frame and Fordwell put out an involuntary hand, as one who would comfort a sorrowing child. But he remembered Merriam and drew it back.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked gently, again handing the chair toward her. But she shook her head. Suddenly she turned from him, ran to the desk, flung herself upon the stool and buried her face on the ledger. Fordwell stood looking at her in in amazed helplessness. She was not sobbing now, but her very quiet held a tenseness of suffering harder for him to bear than a more demonstrative grief would have been. Once he heard her murmur, "Dear old Dad!" and he felt certain her lips had pressed the ledger. He dreaded a fresh outburst of her emotion, but presently she raised her head and faced him, one small foot dangling in childish fashion below the hem of her gown, while the other rested on the stool's upper ring.

"But what comes nearest to breaking my heart," she went on, "is the effect it's having on papa. It was such a matter of pride with him, the office and his long association with it—forty years; think of it! Often when we've been talking of the time when he should be obliged to hand in his resignation he has stopped short off and said he couldn't ever bring himself to do it—he'd have to be discharged. And then we'd always laugh at the little joke. The very name, Fordwell and Company; I can't tell you how proud he was of it. It meant more to him, I verily believe, than to any member of the firm. And now—Oh, I can't bear it!"

A sudden access of bitterness shook her for a moment, but she went on bravely: "He couldn't speak of it at first, but we knew from his face. And all night long he tossed and moaned and coughed. This morning he is ill; that's why he isn't here. He'll come to-morrow, though; he won't give up to be really ill." She got down off the stool and stood a moment hesitatingly. "You—you don't think—you could reconsider?" she ventured.

"I have already reconsidered, Miss Bretherton," answered Fordwell. He tore a leaf from a memorandum, scribbled something on it hastily and handed it to her. "Give your father this," he said, smiling down upon her, "and say to him that he is to take plenty of time to get well. When he is ready to return, the place is his until he discharges Fordwell and Company."

She looked at him for a glad moment, her eyes big and shining with happiness. Then she caught his hand in both of hers, pressed it suddenly close against her cheek and the next moment was gone, leaving Fordwell staring dazedly at the door through which she had fled.

* * *

A strange restlessness had come upon the head of the firm. Bretherton, sitting at his desk and seemingly engrossed with his columns, took note of it and felt disturbed.

"He's carrying too heavy a burden for young shoulders," the book-keeper said to himself. "A trip's what he needs. There's that New Mexico branch of the business; I'll suggest to him to-morrow that he take a run down and look after it."

And he did, with the result that Fordwell went But before his departure he wrote to Merriam. There were some interests connected with a newly established branch of the business in an adjoining state; would Merriam take legal charge of these? And he named a salary which would insure acceptance of the offer.

He gave the letter to Phipps to post just before starting for the train. Somehow, he didn't care to see Merriam just at present.

The New Mexico branch proved to be really needing his oversight, and it was three months before he was back in the home office. The morning after his arrival Phipps opened the door of his private office.

"Mr. and Mrs. Merriam," he announced, and Fordwell braced himself involuntarily as he rose to greet his visitors, looking, after the first glance at the pretty blonde who accompanied the tall, be-spectacled young fellow, expectantly past her toward the door by which they had entered.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I was expecting Mrs. Merriam."

"I am Mrs. Merriam," said the pretty blonde, smiling and blushing as she gave him a daintily gloved little hand, "and this is my husband, whom I believe you know. We have wanted so much to thank you in person. My sister has told us of her visit to you. I hope she didn't shock you too much, but really, Neal is such a creature of impulse that one never knows what to expect of her. I think we are expected to apologize for her, although it is impossible we should regret her action, since its results have been so happy."

"There is nothing for which to apologize," said Fordwell, giving his hand in turn to the tall young fellow, who smiled a quiet approval of his pretty mouth-piece, "except—but on second thought, I can accept an apology only from Miss Bretherton in person. If I might call—"

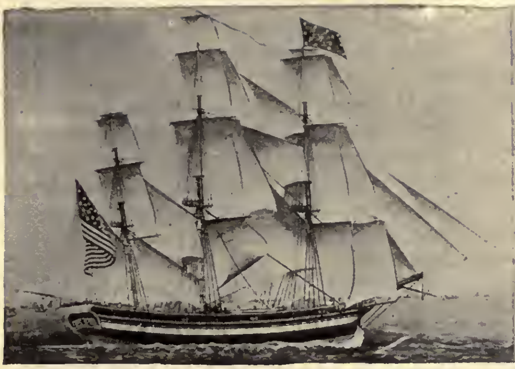
"Do," answered Mrs. Merriam. And to her credit be it said, no mercenary intent tainted the cordiality of the response.

"Neal," said Fordwell some weeks later, "there's only one thing you can do by way of reparation for those wretched weeks when I thought you were to marry Merriam."

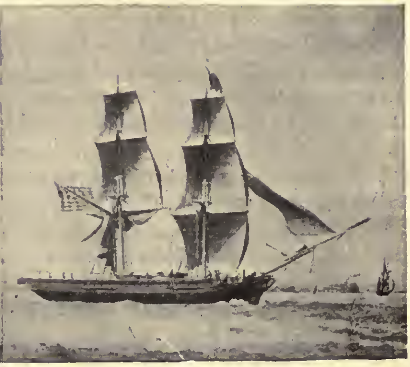
And Neal did it.

* * *

A little fellow in kilts comes almost daily to the office now. Sometimes he is accompanied by a perfectly-gowned little woman, of whose big brown eyes his own are a counterpart; but more often by an old man, who stops at the door with a gentle shuffle and whose one vice is the troche habit.



SHIP BONETTA OF SALEM DEPARTING FROM LEGHORN



SHIP OLINDA OF SALEM, FROM AN OLD FRENCH PAINTING OWNED BY MISS ELIZABETH WHEATLAND

WHEN YANKEES WENT TO SEA

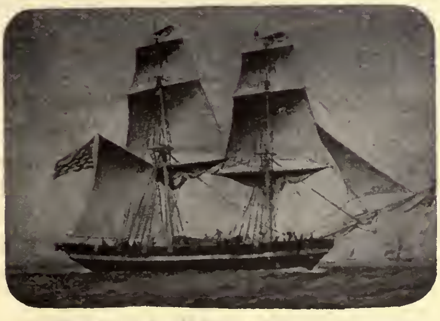
By H. C. Gauss

(Washington, D. C., Navy Department)

SOME time ago I attended an evening entertainment at a colored church. The attraction was in some sure-enough heroes, and the chairman of the evening took heroism for the text of his opening remarks. He illuminated all the gentlemen on the platform with heroic attributes, but when he came to the last man on the list, he evidently did not know much about his career, and he finished in a blaze of glory by saying:

"And here's Mr. So-and-so, we know all about him, he's a hero because — well, he must be a hero because he's here."

It is safe to assume the interest of American readers in matters connected with going to sea because they are here, on this side of the Atlantic; because their presence on the Western continent argues the possession by their more or less immediate ancestors of sea-going blood, of the attributes that in all history have especially tempted man to dare the unknown, to penetrate into the mysteries of the wastes of waters that divide the continents.



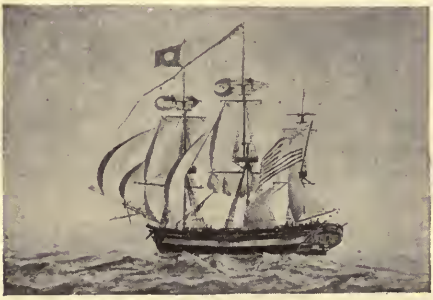
NAIAD OF SALEM, LEAVING MARSAILLES FOR INDIA MARCH 15TH, 1820

There is more than a small pun in that expression "going to sea." There is the deep significance of going to see what haps and mishaps lie on the surface of the vastly rolling deep, what lands and what people are on the other side, and what fortune and splendid estate await those who have the courage to dare its passage.

Start a boy in life alongside of water and he repeats the maritime history of the world. He paddles about the shore on a log or plank. All of his ingenuity is bent upon the construction of a boat that will bear him further out. That achieved, he is at first content to row. Soon he tires of the work that he sees the wind is waiting to perform, and the rest of his life is spent in efforts to cheat the tediousness of water travel.

I have wondered when first those Asiatic races from which we sprung reached the Atlantic ocean and realized that the nomadic life of flocks and herds had reached its limit; that the constant western impulse had received its first check; if that early ancestor of ours had any thrill of prophecy, any dim feeling of the splendor of new achievement made possible by ocean wandering.

And this opens a line of speculation at which I must only hint, that land-wandering is essentially barbaric, wasting of natural things, consuming and replacing nothing, while sea-wandering builds cities and civilizations; that in spite of the boast of Orlando in "As you Like It," that he is inland bred, the gentler manners have been those of the sea-coast cities rather than of the inland farmhouses and hamlets.



THE FANNY OF SALEM, COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN KINSMAN IN 1801

And yet out of this has come the paradox that from sea-going, nations have become too refined to go to sea; that maritime nations founded on warlike or commercial excursions; having so prospered that they have turned their hard estate into one of ease, and have found easier means of livelihood than in daring the dangers of the oceans, have allowed the sceptre of sea-power to pass from them.

And this has been true of the United States, and this is the explanation of our condition, that, with a magnificent coast line on two oceans and a great gulf, with natural advantages for doing the carrying business of the world, we have practically no sea-going class, and comparatively no merchant marine.

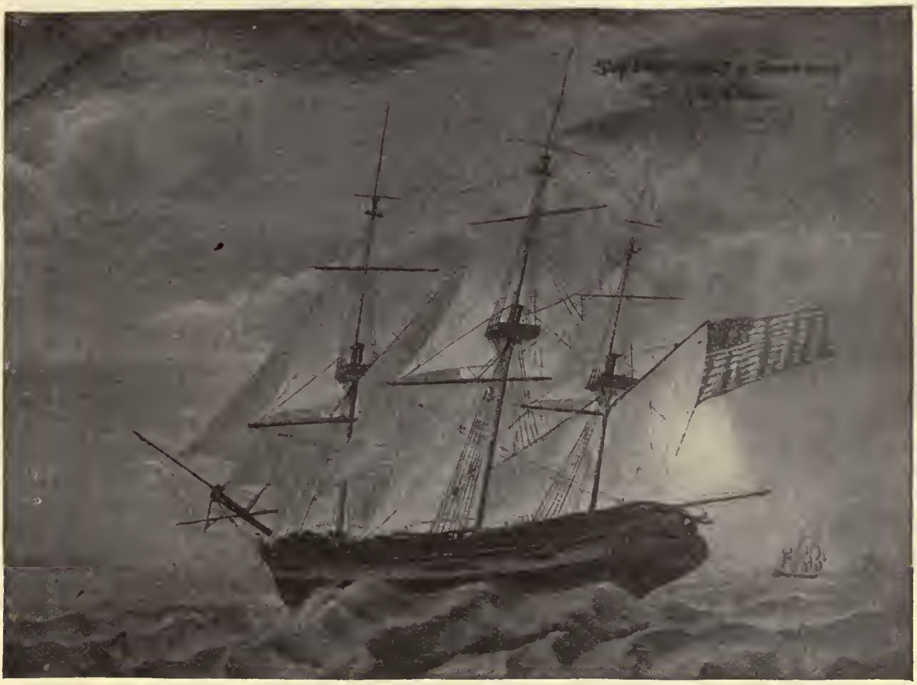
The earlier settlers of America turned to the sea of sheer necessity. Clinging to the edge of an inhospitable continent, they wrested from it some portion of its natural products for exchange with the old world, for subsistence and maintenance at first, for comforts and luxuries later. The earliest work of each band of settlers was to build some kind of a boat for coasting, for picking up furs, for communication, one colony with another.

Then from shipping timber and naval stores to the old country, the colonists began feverishly to build ships for themselves. Early New England suffered frequent shortages of food stuff because the majority of its population were engaged in stripping the forests, in building ships, and in sailing them, instead of raising corn and wheat.

Although, during the colonial period, there were a series of laws and orders from England designed to restrict the independent traffic of the colonies and to retain the profits of the carrying trade and of merchandizing for English ships and English merchants, there was a constantly growing American merchant marine and at the close of the Revolution it burst forth full fledged. We do not know a great deal of the details of our commercial transactions previous to the Revolution. We know that a good many men got rich in a space of time and to a degree not entirely explained even by the opportunities of a virgin country. We know there was a good deal of activity in lines that we regard at the present time as piratical, scoundrelly and inhuman; we argue from the rather easy commercial morals, or rather from the indistinct line between mine and thine, of that era, that the king's laws were broken, sometimes with the connivance of the king's officers, but more often because it was not easy to watch so long and so unsettled a coast line; and if we are at all of an imaginative turn of mind, we can imagine a good many transactions smacking of mystery, perhaps stained with bloodshed.

But the Revolution, and the Revolution was for no small part fought for the purpose, took off the restrictions that made innocent traffic illicit, and in the closing years of the eighteenth century and for the first half of the nineteenth, the Atlantic seaboard went to sea with practical unanimity, and only desisted when the opening of railroad communication made it more profitable to undertake the opening of the great west.

It is the manner of these commercial operations through this sixty years of great activity and great enterprise that I will try to sketch briefly, as to what they went to sea in, what they took to sea, where they went, what they brought back, and what they made out of it. I am speaking especially of the ports of Massachusetts Bay, Salem, Boston and Newburyport. New York, Baltimore, and Charleston traded more extensively at times, but more largely in foreign vessels. Salem was, perhaps, the best example of a trading port, trading in its own vessels with the products of its own immediate country, and distributing the foreign products bartered for, in a coastwise and re-exporting traffic.



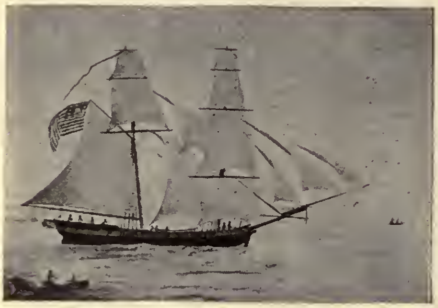
From a painting by Benjamin West

SHIP MARGARET OF SALEM—(1806)

They went to sea out of Salem in almost anything that would float, and made China voyages in vessels not much larger than a moderately sized modern yacht. Two hundred tons burden, old measure, (156 new) was a brig that was capable of the circumnavigation of the world. Now they carry coal from Philadelphia to Boston in an eight thousand ton schooner. Most of the vessels sailing out of Salem on foreign voyages were brigs; two masted vessels with square sails on the foremast, square topsails on the main and a fore and aft sail, (the spanker) on the main. They depended on the big, square fore course for driving power before the wind or with the wind on the quarter, on the big single topsails for lighter winds, and for the spanker and fore-and-aft spanker jib and stay sails in a thrash to windward, which the old brigs did very badly, sometimes making nearly as much leeway as headway.

In the earlier years they had reminiscences of the old towering fore-and-aft castles, but had come down in the earlier part of the nineteenth century to a square stern and the bluff bows that pounded water gallantly in most of the degrees of latitude and longitude on the globe. A brig of two hundred tons carried a crew of thirteen men, crowded into a little forecastle and living on salt beef and hard biscuits for a voyage that lasted for months.

In the earlier days, the voyages were largely mutual affairs. A vessel was built or purchased by subscription of money, material or labor. The officers who were to sail her had a share in her, and the merchant who fitted her out was a shareholder. The ship carpenter who built her left a portion of the value of his labor to start as an investment. The wages of the crew were similarly arranged; they were signed on for so much cash and so much of a venture, that is, they were allowed freightage room for fish, butter, or some form of domestic produce or manufacture, on the outward voyage, and freightage room on the return for the commodities they might secure in barter. The discipline was often ludicrously primitive, as in the celebrated repartee between the Simmonses, captain and mate: "All I want from you, Cap'n Simmons is common servility, and darned little of that."


BARGE SUKEY OF SALEM, BUILT AT FALMOUTH IN 1795, OF 145 TONS, 75 FEET LONG, AND OWNED BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS. MADE VOYAGES TO INDIA AND ISLE DE FRANCE AND MEDITERANEAN PORTS

"And all I want of you, Mate Simmons, is silence, and darned little of that."

In the smaller vessels, the captain and crew made one family in the cuddy aft. The instruments of navigation were equally primitive, and the chief one was the hard common sense and practical experience of the navigating officer. A brine-stained quadrant, a Navigator's Guide, and something that would answer the purpose of a chronometer, with luck and good judgment, carried them all over the world. There are two classic stories of the old-time navigator; one has been told and retold in a dozen forms, but I should feel like having deserted an old friend if I passed it by. Skipper Starbuck of Nantucket claimed to know every shoal alongshore, by the taste of the mud or sand brought up on the bottom of the lead. The cabin boy rubbed the lead in a box that had held potatoes and brought the old man up all standing. "Jiminy! Nantucket's sunk, and we're right over Marm Hackett's garden!"

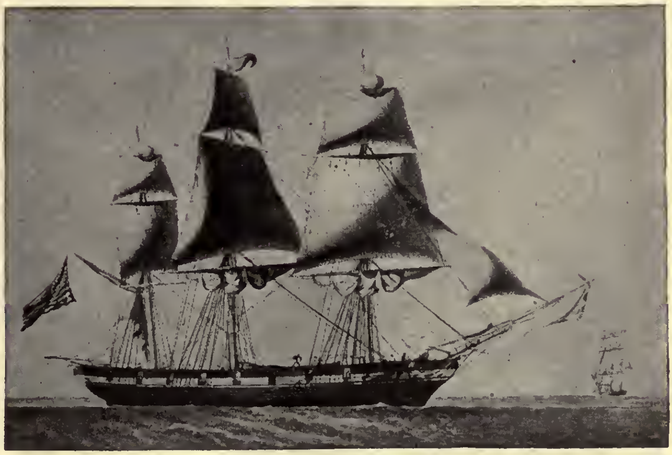
In the other story, you are supposed to imagine the Nancy P. hove-to in a smother of snow, in a northerly storm. The captain calls for that notable volume, The Coast Pilot. They open at Massachusetts Bay, and the storm wrests the leaf from the battered volume. "There," says the captain, "Now see what you've done; we'll just have to wear and let her run before it, till we get on the next page, before we can tell where we are."

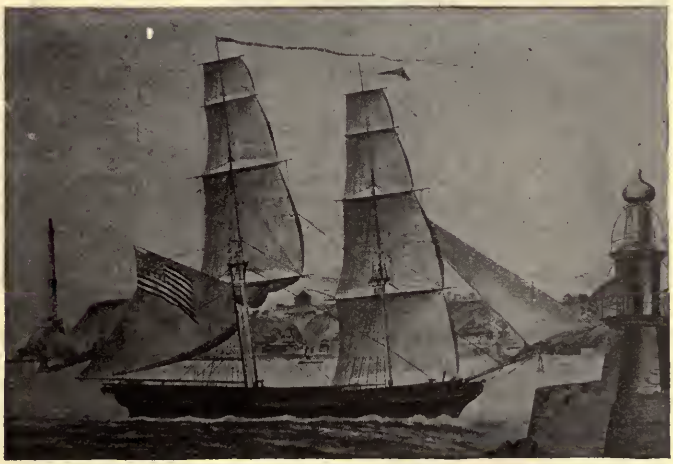
But even before the Revolution, merchandizing had reached a higher plane in Salem, and these more primitive manners had gone farther east, and successively ran down the Maine coast to the British provinces, where they only became extinct in the present generation.

The era of the merchant adventurer followed. He had a counting house and owned brigs and shares in brigs. He bought fish and repacked them in his warehouse, bought country merchandize and lumber and primitive manufactures, or received them on commission. He loaded his own or chartered brigs, and paid the seaman's wages in cash and in goods to the families left behind. The captain still had, besides his wages, a venture or interest in the cargo. The distinctive feature of this period was the dependance on the captain, not only as a successful navigator, but as a successful business agent. Sometimes, it is true, a member of a firm or a trusted employe would go with the vessel as supercargo or business agent, but most often the supercargo was simply a clerk, and from the moment the vessel cleared the dock, the welfare of both ship and cargo was in the captain's hands as a seaman and trader.

Under the mutual plan of the trading of the earlier years, the course of business was practically that of the barter between two tribes of savages, because at the point of destination each made his own best possible trade with the commodities entrusted to him; personally, or by pooling with the transactions carried on by the captain for the benefit of the stock of the vessel. Under the later plan, the procedure was that of the maritime nations of the Mediterranean, ventures sent abroad by merchants, under the guidance of a competent business man, to be exchanged at best market. The master of the vessel might rely on his mate for seamanship, but he must be absolutely self-reliant in the matter of making the voyage profitable. He took the ship to the best market possible under his clearance papers. If he found on arrival that his commodity was at a discount, he might wait for better prices, or sail for a better market. If he could not purchase a return cargo at an advantageous price, he might wait for a better chance, perhaps for six months, getting rid of his crew meanwhile. He had to seek for bits and scraps of information that might guide him as to markets at home and abroad, and had to use his judgment alone, he was months at a time away from his principals. His transactions were carried on in countries strange to him, among customs foreign to him; he ran the gauntlet of hostile men-of-war, piratical cruisers and harbor and shore thieves, the ravages of scurvy and of the myriad sicknesses of unhealthy foreign ports. He pursued merchantable commodities to the place of their production, no matter how remote or savage, and gave rise to the saying of the Spaniards in Cuba, that if there was a bag of coffee hanging at the mouth of hell, some Yankee skipper would go after it.

SHIP GLIDE OF SALEM



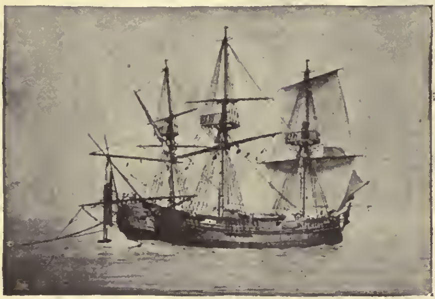


BRIG PHOENIX OF SALEM. W. O. WATERS, COMMANDER

The young lady at the church fair asked a lawyer if an article cost ten cents and sold for a dollar and a half, what the percentage of profit was. He told her that it had got out of profit and into robbery. Such methods of doing business under such risks demanded immense profits. A captain might find on his return to the States that his was the only cargo of tea in the country, and the asking price of his merchant would be limited only by the ability of those who must pay the price.

But if the captain's days were days of responsibility, the merchant's were days of anxiety. Except through occasional letter and more or less accurate ship news, the merchant's fortune, perhaps his all, had gone out of his ken. And the blows that fortune might give him were not alone of wreck, it was not alone coming home for his vessel, it was coming home at the right time, with the right commodity. If the supply of the country was limited, consumption also was comparatively meagre, and prices of all imported goods fluctuated hugely with the arrival of cargoes.

Considerable and rapid fortunes were made. Nathaniel Silsbee, afterward United States Senator with Daniel Webster, went to sea at eighteen, and left seafaring at twenty-eight with an independent fortune, which he increased by merchant ventures, and retired at thirty-five with money enough to keep his descendants, up-to-date, from the necessity of labor. The foundation of his fortune was laid in the rapid turning of the proceeds of one outward-bound cargo during the Napoleonic wars, and among the blockaded ports.



SHIP ULYSSUS, CAPTAIN MUGFORD, OF SALEM, IN LATITUDE NORTH 35 AND LONGITUDE 41 WEST OF LONDON, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1805

The period of the Napoleonic wars was a rich harvest time for the American merchant marine. In one way and another, most of the European and West Indian ports were under blockade, and the food stuffs and provisions of the United States were saleable at any price. The European wines, silks, manufactures and fruits, the coffee and sugar of the West Indies, were at a nominal price at the ports of shipment for lack of buyers.

The Yankee ship that could slip in and out of a blockaded harbor and elude capture on the high seas, made almost incredible profits that are at the foundation of many of the long-established fortunes of the United States.

The first trade of the Atlantic seaboard was with the West Indies during the colonial days. The Revolution enforced communication with Europe, and the Yankees were not slow in finding the way around the Cape of Good Hope, to Calcutta and the East Indian ports; to China, as the Flowery Kingdom grudgingly opened its ports, and they beat the world in opening the trade with Japan. We were early in the African trade on both coasts, and Zanzibar became as familiar to the Massachusetts Bay sailors as their home towns. Later we went to the west coast of America, North and South, for hides and tallow, and explored the great South American rivers for rubber and coffee. We frequented the archipelagoes of the Pacific and Indian oceans for pepper, sugar and hemp.

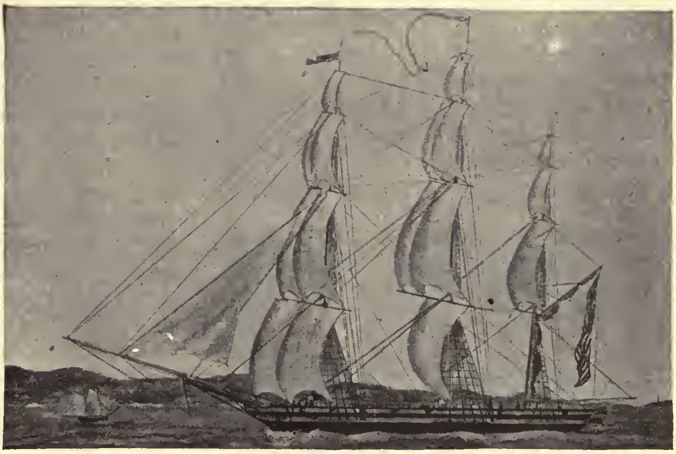
There is no chapter in the history of the United States that is more a source of just pride than the history of that sixty years; not because it showed to the world that the Yankee was a sharp and alert trader; not because we made money and increased in material possessions; but because of the courage, and enterprise and brain power that put the American in the forefront in planning and executing new commercial enterprises, the courage that dared every sea and every condition of savage life and climatic danger. The sharp practice and the cent. per cent. will be forgotten, even if it obtained to any greater degree than with any other maritime nation; but the story of the daring, of the gallant exploits of exploration and discovery, of the opening of the far corners of the earth to the light of progress and of civilization and Christianity, will be told with a plentiful measure of admiration for the sea-kings of the first sixty years of the history of the United States so long as history shall be recounted.

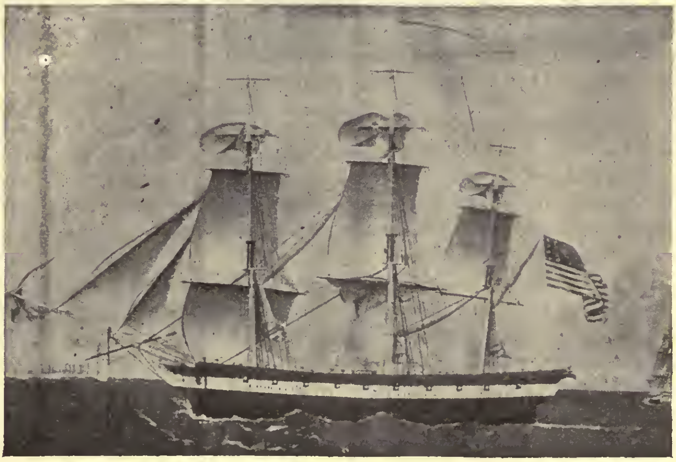
And it was merchandizing of the very first class. We carried out strong and homely stuffs enough, as became a new and virile people. There was beef, flour, grain, lumber, salt fish, the produce of a new and rapidly-being-despoiled country; there were primitive manufactures which depended on a plentifulness of raw material and there was, very largely, rum. The former commodities are to be understood as the reason for the river of rum which flowed from the New England ports. It was all in the course of trade. New England fed the slaves of the West Indian planters and took quantities of molasses in payment. This was too bulky for reshipment to Europe, but in its concentrated form of rum it was coin current in any part of the globe. They sent out the first shipload of missionaries from Salem; shiploads of rum preceded and followed them.

The ships brought back articles of luxurious life,—a rich freightage: spices, teas, silks, wines, tropical fruits and nuts, linens, fine cloths: and the wharves and warehouses were wonder-places of rare things, and no sailor's parlor but had its curiosities which collectors of a later day sought eagerly, as the first fruits of the intercourse of raw western civilization with Oriental culture. They had paid the price, over and above their own homely merchandize, by risking a thousand dangers from the half-charted rocks of our own harbors to the uncharted rocks and coral islands, the unknown and uncalculated currents of the Pacific ocean and the China Sea. Not only the usual dangers of navigation, but the harbor dangers of yellow fever in Havana, of African fever, of each foreign pestilence born of unsanitary living for generations.

They had for many years to contend with legalized European piracy, for American shipping was the profitable prey of France and England; they fought Malay and Chinese pirates and mostly beat them off with rusty cannon and boiling water. As for the pirates of the Spanish Main, they had their troubles with them also, and even as late as the middle of the century, pirates were hanged in Boston. But they were for the most part pitiful fellows in the nineteenth century, these much-romanced buccaneers. The old semi-military expeditions against coast cities and the actions with treasure galleons, had given place to sneaking raids on small schooners wherein they cuffed the crews about, stole their clothes and hunted small deer of that kind, very often turning up opposition from which they incontinently fled. They were not very heroic figures, the latter-day pirates; and small booty and less fighting satisfied their desires.

SHIP GEORGE

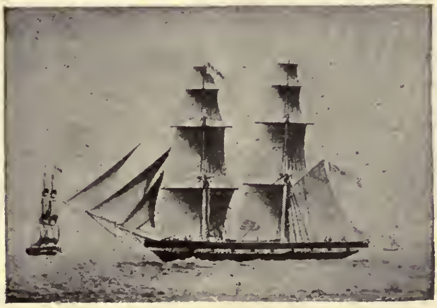




FRIENDSHIP OF SALEM

Two aspects of this maritime period require the substantiation of documentary evidence, which is however, abundant. One is the almost incredible profits, and the other is the youth of the crews and the commanding officers. Boys went to sea at the tender age of eight to ten years, and were captains of ships at twenty-one. I have seen the log of a whaling voyage of four years, where the captain had just passed his majority at the date of sailing, the oldest man aboard was but thirty, and the average age was twenty-two. Some of the most successful and profitable voyages were made by ships, captained and manned by men in their twenties. And on the profit side of the ledger, we who are used to think of a fair profit of five per cent. and a large return of ten, can hardly comprehend a mercantile transaction which returned a value of a hundred thousand dollars on an original stock in trade of ten thousand dollars.

As a case in point, I have recently seen the summarized statement of the voyages of the brig Leander, which took place in the latter portion of the period considered, beginning in 1821. Two successive voyages paid customs house duties of eighty-six thousand, and ninety-two thousand dollars, respectively. Nobody knows what the net profits were, but they were tremendous. On the first of these voyages, the captain was twenty-seven years of age, and had sailed one voyage previously as master of a vessel. In twenty-three years this vessel made twenty-six voyages, and, besides five voyages to Africa, had made the following ports, some of them several times: Leghorn, Batavia, Canton, Manila, Matanzas, Marseilles, Petersburg, River Platte, Padang, Antwerp, Copenhagen, Havana, Mozambique, Zanzibar, Rio Janeiro, Palermo.


CAMBRIAN, FROM A PAINTING DONE IN MARSAILLES

But this aspect of profit was a matter for the individual. The general benefit to the nation from all this intercourse was incalculable. There is no method of estimating the breadth it gave to the national life; how much influence it had in refining and softening the harsh social atmosphere of New England, from which came the social impulses and the social traditions of so considerable a portion of the western development. Life was so much easier and milder, new ideas found so much more a receptive mental soil, because of the culture which came from commercial intercourse with the world. That in one epoch alone—the great Unitarian wave of religious thought—it is difficult to say whether its basis was more largely the swing of the pendulum from the creed of Calvin, or the broader sentiment of humanity that had come of the contact of the best men of New England communities with many men of many nations.

Before seacoast New England began to give its best blood to the West, it devoted the pick of its sons to the sea. The division was a marked one between those boys whose fathers were able to give them an education, and those who had to be wage-earners at the earliest possible moment. The latter went to sea at a tender age; their education the results, as far as they went, of the dame school. They started as cabin boys, and got a good many hard knocks as they grew up. Some took to books and came to command, but the many remained foremast hands their lives long, and for any capability they had, with rare exceptions, in later life, to impart any result of their life-long wanderings, might as well have been any rope or spar. In a fit of exasperation at the difficulty of getting anything like a coherent summary of experience from one of these, I, "in my haste," as David says, set down the following lines, which may illustrate the mental condition of some of these old-timers, who from lack of early education and from subsequent hardship became shell-backed and crustacea-like; had seen nothing, though they had been everywhere:

THAT SOULLESS MARINER.

It was an ancient mariner, and oh, he'd sailed so far;
Had sailed to the south repeatedly till he'd sunk the Polar star.

Had sailed to the north, so far, so far, to the land of the long snowed-snow
That Dame Nature ran all out of north, there was no more north to go

So far he'd sailed unto the east, upon the raging main
He had to turn and sail due west to get his east again.

In divers strange directions, like nor'-nor'-eas'-by-eas'
He'd boxed the entire compass, a dozen times, at least.

I asked this mighty mariner about the things one sees
When careering o'er the ocean before a favoring breeze,

And what the lands on t'other side had curious for to show
And risingly inflective, he answered to me, "Oh!"

"In India, now, ther're ruins vast, like those of great Lahore?"
Said he, "It may be, Matey, but I never went ashore."

"You've sailed," I cried, "o'er oceans vast in hope of pelf and gain;
"What did you on the other side?" "Why, we started back again."

"You've seen the port in far Brazil from which the diamonds come?"
"Why, that's the place," he said with scorn, "where they charge so much for rum."

"You've seen the floating castaway, a sight to be deplored,
"How did he seem, what did he do?" "Why, the cuss he came aboard."

"You've dashed upon the treach'rous rock, in peril, life and limb,
"What did you do?" "What could we do, you lubber, you, but swim?"

"While captive to a savage tribe, oh, ancient mariner, say,
"How fared it then?" "I think," said he, "we got three square meals a day."

But these were the human machines, the "pull-and-haul bullies" of the service. The boys who went to the seafaring with ambition and determination to make it a career, found their opportunities. There were possibilities of a previous education for boys of perhaps even moderate means, in private schools that existed in most of the seaport towns, which gave an education especially suited for success in sea-going. They were modest affairs of one teacher; some wily old Ulysses who had been to sea, who knew the manners and methods of trade and who was a ripe navigator, took the youngsters in hand and taught them to write a fair hand, to be infallible in arithmetic, to calculate like lightning and to work their way in any part of the globe that afforded sea-room. Commercial forms and exchange, and especially the latter were the classics of the instruction and mathematics the Bible and creed of the institution. I know of nowhere that these schools have been described and set down for posterity in exact terms, but I have no question that the superiority of the Yankee in commerce was largely based on this early education, from which all florid accessories were removed, and the one sole object held in mind of making good shipmasters and successful traders.

If I might be gifted with eloquence at some time, it would be my choice that it should be in behalf of the American sailor of the old days, a simply great-hearted creature who did great deeds simply. In our church yards and burial places in New England, we have entombed but a moiety of our sailor dead. Fathoms deep in mid-ocean, or built into the structure of some coral island; in the eternal ice of the far north and in the festering horrors of tropical cemeteries; we count our dead by thousands. There is no corner of the globe, where man has set his foot, but a New England sailor has there paid the last debt of nature. By their humble graves, the semi-savage African strides and the ultra-refined Hindoo shuffles. In Cuba, in Porto Rico and in the far Philippines, American sailors have again rested beneath the Stars and Stripes which they had deemed in their last moments would never again float above their mortal remains.

There is a new American sailor being developed; he is coming from the great West, and the old Anglo-Saxon seafaring blood is tingling in his veins. Educated and intelligent, he is developing on the decks of the new navy into the finest man-of-warsman that the world has ever seen, but the old American sailor of the merchant marine is gone, a type whose time and usefulness have vanished. He was brave without rashness, he was cool, clear-headed and resourceful, and above all he was a man whom no child feared, whom no woman dreaded.

MARQUIS OYAMA *and* HIS WIFE

By Yone Noguchi

OUR Oriental ethics regards it as the highest etiquette to resign your post (whatever it be) when you have created a certain glory in it, and give the younger people a chance. In that respect Field Marshal Oyama is a perfect model. He gave up his place as Chief of the General Staff to General Baron Kodama, who was promoted to the rank of Viscount. Viscount Kodama's high soldierly qualities as well as his comprehensive command of the science of war, so thoroughly tested during the late campaign, mark him out as eminently fitted to the position. "What a hasty retirement," we all exclaimed, when we heard the news. Today Marquis Oyama is a private citizen. There, among the high standing personages, nobody can come near to him in simplicity. His simplicity is that of the Shinto religion, white in body and soul, without a bit of showiness and pride. He believes in equality as Walt Whitman did, who sang that woman is just as good as man. Marquis Oyama would say that to be an umbrella-mender is as great as to be the Chief of the General Staff. You will see him quite often any evening or morning in the streets of the Akasaka district of Tokyo (his home is in the part we call Aoyama, the literal meaning of which is Green Hill), with a stick in his hand, and smiling largely to everybody. His appearance is joyousness and comradeship. Later you will see him quietly disappearing into a certain unostentatious house half in European style, half in Japanese. You would never believe it to be the dwelling of such a great man in the world's eye, if you did not encounter a sign of Iwao Oyama at the gate. Once he said with his usual laughter: "Today I have no enemy, and I swear to God that I will not make anybody unhappy,—excepting, alas, my men servants. I am an early riser, and they are obliged to leave their beds earlier than in those days when I was absent in the campaign." In truth, he gets up at five every morning, and takes a cold bath and a happy morning walk. "With a bath, with a short walk, and with the companionship of my wife, I am perfectly happy," he proclaims. His wife? There is no woman in Japan more bright and sympathetic than the marchioness. She is accomplished in every line, and she is even a fine cook. It is said that she usually prepares the supper, or she directs its preparation. The Marquis' face beams happily when supper is cooked by the marchioness. And he is perfectly contented with his beautiful daughter. She is his pride and joy. I never saw such a silent man as Marquis Oyama, but his stillness is not difficult to bear. On the contrary, it is a quiet entertainment without a word. His silence tells you about his own nature and temperament more than words. If there is anything he hates in this world it is nothing but publicity. He begged me not to write him up, and foolishly I promised him so. "But my wife is slightly touched with a woman's vanity, and she was educated in America. She may not mind it," he said laughingly.

Am I going to write about the Marchioness? To write about her and her family means to write up the Marquis whose sweet and largely quiet atmosphere make the home comfortable and sweet. He is a gold idol to which his whole family burn incense and read the sutra. He is silent like the Buddha idol, but his light and influence spread in the family like the idol's in the temple. He is all in all to them.

It was during the last days of the recent war that I asked the wife of Field Marshal Oyama if she sometimes heard from her husband at the front. She replied: "I should be very sorry if he were thinking of his own family at this time and not wholly of the country. His soul and body are not mine while he is at the front, but the Emperor's and the country's. He carries a great responsibility upon his shoulders and he is completely devoted to his country. I may

MARCHIONESS OYAMA

say that I hear from him occasionally, but I never complain if he does not write me at all. I pray only that he make a safe return and bring much glory to Japan!" Could anything more eloquently express the spirit of the women of Japan than this utterance of the wife of her greatest soldier? But today I am happy thinking that Marquis Oyama belongs only to the marchioness, and especially so since he retired from official life.

YONE NOGUCHI, THE JAPANESE WRITER, TAKING EASE IN HIS HOME

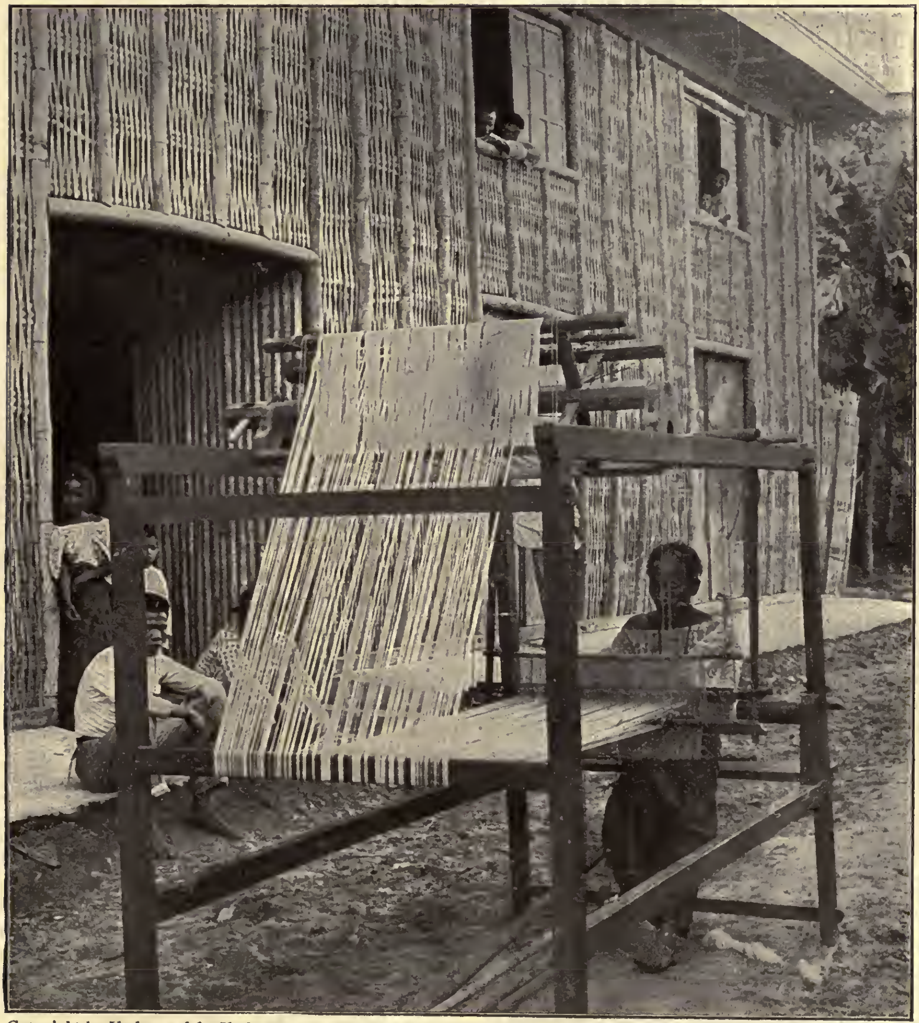
The Marchioness Oyama is the leading figure among the Japanese women today. Having been educated in America—at Vassar—she speaks English fluently, and French and German as well. She is cordial in manner and sweet in nature, having lost none of the genuine Japanese temperament in the process of her Americanization, if it might be so spoken of. She is an expert horsewoman and a good swimmer. She is fond of scientific studies, and has made more or less of a specialty of botany and zoology, as well as of languages. Shakespeare is her constant companion. Aside from her high social position as the wife of our famous field marshal, her own family is a most distinguished one. Her brother, Kenjiro Yamakawa, was the late president of the Imperial University. Her eldest brother was the late Major-General Yamakawa. One sister is the superintendent of the Higher Normal School for Women, one is the wife of Judge Yamagawa, and two are officers in the Imperial household department.

The Marchioness Oyama is the intellectual and social leader of Tokyo, and that means Japan. Her drawing room is a famous salon, often spoken of as a veritable "pilgrim's shrine" where courteous homage must first be offered before any foreigner can be admitted into the polite society of Tokyo. An introduction to the marchioness, and from the marchioness, is essential. (By the way she made a success of the gathering, last summer, in honor of Mr. Carl Young Rice and his famous wife, Mrs. Rice of "Cabbage Patch" fame. They were in Tokyo on their Oriental journey. Dr. Nitobe and his wife invited people to hear Mrs. Rice read in his house. I made presence there too.)

In her Aoyama home there is nothing greatly luxurious or lordly in its furnishings, but good breeding is apparent at the first breath. Afternoon tea there is a delightful hour. The young daughter of the house always graciously assists her mother in the entertainment of the many guests. She is a charming young woman, tall, for a Japanese girl, very white and fair of complexion, with a most entrancing smile, and a pleasing sense of humor. She is keen in mind—almost as clever as her mother. The marchioness has herself superintended her daughter's education, selected her books, and greatly discriminated among her friends. As English is the language of the field marshal's home, the daughter is a fine English scholar.

I had been admitted to the sitting room on the second floor of this agreeable household, where the marchioness and her daughter were receiving. Mme. de Freitas had just left. The marchioness was seated comfortably upon a sofa—an American sofa. (There is such a furniture in Japan.) We laughingly referred to "Americanization."

"I dare say I must have some American blood in me," exclaimed the marchioness. "I am so fond of America and American



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A TYPICAL JAPANESE SCENE, SHOWING A RUG WEAVER AT WORK ways. How I wish to visit there again! But perhaps that dream may never be realized. The American cities, New York and Boston and Chicago, how they must have changed! Why, when I left America, Forty-second street in New York, there where I once lived, where the great railroad station now stands, was quite a remote place, and I am told that the center of New York is moving far up town. It is a tremendous country, that America!"

"Do you think that the Japanese women will be speedily Americanized?" I asked her.

"Yes, I believe so," the marchioness replied, "in the true meaning. As you know, the government tried to adopt Americanism, but it failed somehow. Many women actually thought that American dress and American food were all that was necessary to be Americanized! They did not understand that they could be fully Americanized under the Japanese kimono and wearing the wooden clogs. A true understanding is coming slowly, and as American women are, in my opinion, the best in the world, their graces will be surely appreciated as they are beginning to be here. Spirit is the whole thing, and it will take some time yet to be truly Americanized."

The daughter handed me a cup of tea—American tea—to my surprise, and the marchioness, passing into other channels of conversation, said: "The Russia-Japan war was not only the men's war, it was the women's as well. Think what a sacrifice nearly every Japanese woman made at that time! What patience and what patriotic devotion! Yes, it was our war, too. The Japanese men could fight leaving us behind. We had to be brave as the men at the front, and our hearts and souls turned equally to our country's glory and success. We are Samurai in a different form—the Samurai fighters and patriots. Look at the mothers who sent their boys off to the war with smiles upon their faces. Look at the wives who said they would be glad to receive the dead bodies of those they so loved, if they but died for their country. Ah, the women had the harder lot to bear! Furthermore, look at those princesses and the thousands of our noble ladies who worked in the hospitals and for the ill and wounded. Never before in our history had the Japanese woman so fully expressed her worthiness and loyalty. It has been said in Europe and also in America that the Japanese women are inferior to the men. Are they? Oh, no, never! Simply the Japanese woman had never been properly understood. Not until quite recent times has she been given an opportunity to show her characteristics, and to prove her own value and ability. They were extremely happy to do their best for their country, and they are entitled to share in the glory and the honor.

"Really, in some respects I am glad we had that war. It marks an era for Japanese women. Hereafter one will have chances. Woman's real work may begin. She will no longer serve as merely a household ornament.

"Our model and inspiration, especially at that time, was our beloved Empress. She appeared to us as a symbol of wisdom, benevolence, gentleness and chastity. She is the Empress among Empresses. We are happy to have her and to live under her shadow and become ennobled. Yes, we Japanese women all look upon her, our great Empress, with devotion and love, as of a thousand Japanese mountains turning toward Holy Fujii with the divine white cap so far above us."

The Marchioness Oyama has had a most interesting career. She was born in the Aizu provinces, where the hardy warriors in our history come from. Her father was a great Samurai, and her mother a beautiful woman and a model Japanese mother. Upon the destruction of the feudal government their family was terribly impoverished. The mother had disciplined all of her children well and instructed them nobly. The marchioness learned the teaching of Confucius at a very early age, and I have been told that she was even obliged to work as a little child to earn a few cents. She was only ten years old when she was sent to America. She was chosen as the cleverest among a thousand little girls, and sent by the government to the United States to be educated. That was in Meiji 4, that is, in 1871.

There were two other little girls who shared in the distinction accorded the daughter of the Samurai. One was Ume Tsuda, who has since become Japan's greatest woman educator. The other is the wife of the celebrated Admiral Uriu. They were in charge of Ambassador Owakura, who was the first ever sent to America. The marchioness told me laughingly, and with an occasional tinge of sarcasm, how they were received in

America, especially in Washington and New York. It was an odd circumstance that one evening at the Author's Club in New York I heard the very story, from another point of view, from Edmund Clarence Stedman. The marchioness was delighted to learn of what was said and to find that the gentleman who arranged the details of their reception, their hotel accommodations and a thousand other comforts was the famous American poet and man of letters. "Why, I never dreamed it was he who did so much for us," the marchioness again exclaimed with pleasure.

In Washington the little girls were put under the protection of the Japanese minister, the late Arinori Mori. It was he who decided to separate the children, since they spent all day long only in singing and playing. "And indeed, if we had stayed together, perhaps we should not have learned one English word," said the marchioness.

She was sent to New Haven, Conn., to the Rev. Mr. Bacon's family. In her nineteenth year she succeeded in entering Vassar. At the same time her brother, the late president of the university, entered Yale. He came once a week to visit his sister and to teach her Japanese. In four years the marchioness graduated from Vassar with the highest honors. She read the valedictory, and the subject of her essay was, "England's Policy Against Japan." It won her tremendous applause. It was commented upon in the newspapers and finally translated by the Japanese government.

Such a subject for a girl's essay! Without question she was ambitious, and at that time, America having some small misunderstanding with England, her essay was timely and suggestive.

During her college life the marchioness always occupied the first place in her class and was the president of several clubs and societies. She related laughingly to me how she once lost her nerve, and her speech with it, when asked to make an address before many persons, and she still considers it the most difficult thing to address a public assemblage.

When the marchioness returned to Japan after her degree was conferred she did not know how to make even a Japanese kimono, but it did not take her long to learn. She was married twenty-three years ago to Field Marshal Oyama, then a distinguished general and a mighty figure of Japan. The late Marquis Saigo was the middleman at the marriage. The alliance was at first considered unequal on account of the high rank and distinction of the general, but Marquis Saigo insisted upon it, saying that the wisdom and culture of the brilliant young lady were the rarest things in the world. So the marriage took place and has been a rarely happy one. Marchioness Oyama is so practical, systematic and accomplished that she has made of the field marshal's home a place of comfort and delight.

A TYPICAL JAPANESE COURT YARD

And I am sure she is a great fighter in life's battles, a good and brave fighter like her husband. And she gained glory like Marquis Oyama. As Joaquin Miller sang how was fought "The Bravest Battle":

> "Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
> With sword or nobler pen;
> Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
> From mouths of wonderful men.
>
> But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
> Of woman that would not yield,
> But patiently, silently bore her part—
> Lo! there in that battlefield."

There Marchioness Oyama conquered.

"YES, WE'RE THE BOYS"

THREE LITTLE PROSPECTORS

One of the Boys Tells How They Discovered a Lead Mine

E. W. Hawkes

"YES, we're the boys who discovered the Lucky Strike Mine. I'm Clifford, this is Bart, and here's Fred.

"You see, it was this way it happened: Our fathers are all miners, and sometimes we go up to the mines and watch 'em. So we've learned a lot about ores.

"We used to hear 'em telling stories about discovering mines and prospecting, so us kids got crazy to find one ourselves.

"Well, one day we were digging 'round as as usual on the mountain-side back of the house. Bart and Fred were down in the creek, playing placer miners, and I was up in the dirt prospecting. I was kind of mad and discouraged because we hadn't found nothing, and I let my pick drop into the the ground kind of disgusted-like.

"Gee !! when I pulled it up a red rock all shining with flack came up with it.

"'I've struck a gold mine! I've struck a gold mine!' I hollered to the fellers.

"Bart and Fred dropped their pans and came running up. Bart,—he knows ores best of any of us,—grabbed the rock. 'Gee whiz! kids,' he says, 'it's lead!'

"We all started digging to beat the band. You ought to have seen the dirt fly. 'Hurrah!' says Fred, 'we've struck a five-inch vein!' And sure enough, there lay the vein of lead shining among the other rock.

"We hustled home and got our fathers. When they came they said: 'The kids have struck it rich! It's certainly a lead vein.'

"So us kids worked the mine, our fathers helping us. The past month we cleared above expenses $500. Ain't that pretty good for kids?

"There's a big Company now, but us kids are in it."

MISS LIBERTY BELL

By Katherine Frances Cavanaugh

BELL, what do you think!"

"I can't think—it's too warm," replied Bell as she threw her hat on the settee and picked up a palm-leaf fan which she began to flirt vigorously. "I've trotted all the way down to Ray's for pineapples, only to find they haven't one in the store. I thought iced pineapple would be delicious for our picnic tomorrow."

"That's what I want you to think about," said her sister. "Uncle Birney says that we cannot go tomorrow!"

"Cannot go! What put that idea into his head?"

"I don't know," said Beulah, striving to keep disappointment from her face and voice. "He was just going out with Captain Tolliver to catch the train for Gettysburg, when he turned and remarked that he hoped we would be content at home tomorrow. and see that no mischievous boys cannonaded the house, or sprinted their devil-chasers over the lawns. When I told him we had made arrangements to go on Mrs. Spalding's picnic, he said we might *unmake* them."

"Well, we wont!" said Bell, growing excited and walking up and down the veranda. "If there's anything astonishes me, it is Uncle Birney's unmitigated gall! You need not be shocked at my slang. I mean all I say, he has the cheek of a government mule, or a book agent; the nerve of an umpire; the hardened face of a brass—"

"Bell! Bell! Are you through? Now, are you not ashamed of yourself," said Beulah, seeing the red flame mount on Bell's fair cheeks.

"Yes, I'm through, but only because I can't find any more definitions to suit his character," she laughed. "But I am not the least bit ashamed. Righteous indignation is a mighty good thing to get hold of one, once in a while. If I were a man, I would say something strong, not take it out in slang, which is my mild way of cussing."

"Come, sit down and keep cool," said Beulah. "Here's a pitcher of ice water and a fan—two of them—help yourself."

"Keep cool! It is easy for you to say keep cool—you calm, sweet thing; you are the personification of a vision of Beulah Land, while I—*I* am a regular 'devil-chaser.' You understand I mean a fire-work, one of those things which you never can tell when it is going off, or where it will run when it is set off. But, as I was born on the Fourth of July, I suppose my disposition is only in keeping with the day."

"Just listen," she went on, throwing out her hands in a self-pitying gesture—"If I haven't grievances, no one ever had. While you were sleeping the sleep of the just this morning, I, the unjust, was up baking cakes for the picnic. My cocoanut and orange turned out delicious. Moreover, I ironed my pink gingham dress, for I would not trust it to Roxy. It looks too sweet for anything, and the starch didn't lump a bit. I did all that for tomorrow! But the tomorrow looked forward to; the lovely time out in the woods with our friends; is denied us because of the vagaries of the so-called veteran."

She gave an angry little snort, and raced up and down the veranda again, waving the two fans frantically, much to Beulah's amusement.

"Gone to Gettysburg! I suppose for the next year he will tell everyone he meets that he *fought* at Gettysburg, and he never went any farther than the Chain Bridge, five miles outside Washington. He's like the coon who said he *did* smell powder during the war; under the ammunition wagon! But, anyone would think he was in the vanguard, from the manner in which he runs to all the reunions of the veterans on every known battlefield of the late war. But we—we mustn't poke our noses outside the District of Columbia, it seems. But, just you wait until a year from tomorrow, when I come into my ten thousand dollars, and see if I don't make a start towards spending it in traveling beyond Uncle Birney's boundaries."

"Well, don't worry over it now," said Beulah. "It will be some time before next Fourth of July—"

"Yes, exactly three hundred and sixty-six days," retorted Bell, exasperated by Beulah's coolness. "You are nearly twenty-three, and I can't see why you submit to Uncle Birney's tyranny."

"Because it is too much of an effort to cross him. Besides, it wouldn't be much fun if you couldn't do it, too."

"Well, I'll do one thing—I'll go on that picnic tomorrow as sure as my name is Bell Chesley. By the way—I saw Mr. Thorne down town, and he asked permission to call for us tomorrow. Of course, I granted it. I also saw Mark Meredith and that perky May Patton was with him. I wish you could have seen the condescending smirk she gave me! As for Mark, he bowed as though I was only an acquaintance—"

"I can't blame him," said Beulah. "You treat him as though he is a dog, to be sent away and whistled back at your will. You certainly lead him to think you prefer Steve Thorne to him."

"He has not any cause to worry about Mr. Thorne, for Thorne doesn't come to see me."

"Who, then?"

"You, then! You are as blind as a bat."

"No," said Beulah, a shadow deepening her soft brown eyes, "I am not blind. Steve is very fond of you—but you were always the favorite with the boys. I am too sober, I suppose. But, to change the subject—what are you going to do tomorrow?"

"Go on the picnic, of course. If Uncle can go on a two days' journey to Gettysburg, I reckon we can take a twelve hours sojourn at Soldiers' Springs."

"I am not going," said Beulah. I couldn't enjoy myself, knowing he does not want us to be there. You can, of course, suit yourself. I have some new books to read, and can finish my new table cover."

"Well, I'm going," declared Bell. "I am not one of the calm, contented kind. I am not going to sit home weeping salt tears at thoughts of the fun our friends are having. Besides, I would not let Mark Meredith or May Patton think I paid any attention to their flirtation. I'll go with Mr. Thorne and play a little game, too!"

"Oh don't talk that way, Bell. I can't bear to have you talk of flirting with such a fine, square man as Stephen Thorne."

"Oh, don't fret. It won't have the least little bit of effect on him. Steve hadn't that square-cut face and sandy hair for nothing. He will not mind me any more than a sparrow's chirping—but he will serve my ends."

The last thing that night, when the two girls were going to bed, Beulah asked Bell:

"Haven't you changed your mind about going, dear?"

"Not a bit," stoutly answered Bell; I am going to have my picnic on the Fourth even if I do have a funeral on the fifth."

No alarm clock was needed to waken the girls on the next morning. All the small boys in the neighborhood were "up and doing" with bunches of fire-crackers long before dawn,and at sunrise their papas came out and superintended the firing of pistols and toy cannon, until there was noise enough to waken the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

"Hurrah for the Fourth of July!" cried Bell, bounding into Beulah's room. "See, what a glorious Fourth it is! Come, get ready for the picnic—we'll all be dead a hundred years from now—"

"Chestnuts!" cried Beulah—so unlike mild Beulah.

"No, not chestnuts; leave them for Hallowe'en," said Bell spiritedly. But fire-crackers, torpedoes, devil-chasers, rockets—get-up-an-go things! Come, don't waste your precious youth in sacrifices. There's no virtue in bending to the selfish will of a man like Uncle Birney. If he didn't care to have us go on this private jaunt, why didn't he invite us to Gettysburg? I'd love to go to Gettysburg!"

"It isn't his way. It was papa's way to see that we had good times on holidays, but it is not Uncle Birney's," said Beulah, sadly.

"Yes, it was papa's way." repeated Bell, a silvery mist floating over her dark blue eyes. "If he was alive he would gladly see that we had a good time, especially, because it is my birthday. Do you remember how he used to call me 'Liberty Bell?' So many persons have asked me if I was named after the Independence Bell, and I laugh when I tell them no, but after an aunt of ours."

"Well," said Beulah, "Liberty Bell, here's your birthday present. I knew your tan walking shoes were scratched badly, and wanted you to have a new pair for today. You see, I thought we would go to the picnic. Uncle did not say we couldn't until he was going out the door yesterday."

"Just like him," indignantly exclaimed Bell. "But I do thank you for these, dear. I needed them badly, but my allowance was almost run out, and I had to put up with the shabby shoes. Well, I'm going to dress on the double-quick. Thorne will be here at seven o'clock, for we are to meet the party at the depot about seven-thirty."

The girls had decided not to acknowledge Uncle Birney's unreasonable conduct to the party. When Thorne called he was informed that Beulah had changed her mind about going. He looked surprised, but made no remark until he was bidding Beulah good-bye.

"I am sorry you are not going," he said, holding her hand as she stood on the veranda, waiting for Bell to come down stairs.

"Thank you," she smiled weakly. "I hope everyone will have a good time and not miss me."

He was about to protest when Bell joined them, and then they started to go. When they reached the sidewalk they turned and waved their hands to Beulah, who stood against the honeysuckle, making a morning picture in her baby blue gown. She waved her hand in return and watched them until they turned the corner. Then she went into the house and up to her room, where she threw herself on her little white bed and had a "good cry." She wished for Bell's easy conscience and daring spirit. She longed to have Thorne know why she did not care to go, and half hoped that Bell would explain to him the reason—if she cared to do so. Beulah was a good young woman, but she liked her virtues to be known and appreciated. Bell, on the contrary, was very independent, and did not care a straw whether she was appreciated or not. She took her fun out in doing what she thought was best suited to her disposition. She was wont to say that her disposition was born with her and she had to make the best of it—and defend it, too.

When Bell and Thorne entered the depot they found all of the party waiting; excepting Mrs. Spaulding, who came in later, dragging her Johnny by the hand. Johnny was wailing because he was not allowed to shoot off his toy pistol in the cars as they came down town.

Bell, looking as fair as a spring morning in her pink dress and large white chip hat with pink roses, was congratulated by the crowd on her birthday. Mark was all attention to May Patton and did not come forward. Bell felt this, and his cool good-morning nod struck through her heart like a dagger. She knew she was going to be miserable all that day, if she let herself go. But she determined not to do that.

After an hour's ride in the train, they arrived in a beautiful country, and then commenced a walk of about three miles through a country lane and into the cool woods which girted the farms. The camp was formed and the day's pleasure was fairly begun:

"What makes you so quiet, today, Miss Bell?" asked Tom Baker, "Come, don't look so sober!"

"Oh, me!" exclaimed Bell, coming out of a moody spell resulting from her inability to forget how attentive Mark was to May Patton coming out in the train. "Oh, me! must I always be as lively as a monkey? Can't I be grave for a moment?"

"Not for a moment!" cried Clara Baker, "for this is your birthday! You must not be sad on your birthday."

Must not be sad on her birthday—when Mark had not even wished her happy returns! Here it was almost dinner time, and he had not said anything beyond good morning. On other birthdays he brought her books and flowers and made it as pleasant for her as he knew how. But that was changed! He evidently preferred May Patton to her; He was tired of wooing a fire-fly.

"Come, Bell," called Mrs. Spaulding. "Come help set the table. Where's Mark? If I remember correctly, you two are the expert lemonade-makers at all the picnics and parties in which this crowd partakes. Where is Mark?"

"I *sore* him go down to the spring with Miss Patton," put in Johnny Spaulding, stealthily extracting a peach from the basket, as he gave this information. "They had the bucket with the lemons in it, and I guess they are going to do their squeezing at the spring."

Some of the girls and the young men shouted with laughter at Johnny's surmises. But

Bell could not smile, if it were to save her life. This was really the last straw. He asked May Patton to make the lemonade with him when he knew that it was she who had always helped in that pleasant task. It was too bad!

She roused herself and began to crawl around on her knees, as she helped lay the cloth under the big trees. By the time the table was fixed all the strolling couples were in, but Mark Meredith and May Patton. Mrs. Spaulding was about to send Johnny after them when they came in sight. Mark was carrying the bucket, and May Patton—a silly little straw-colored thing—was looking up to him with such adoration in her pale blue eyes that Bell half sniffed, half groaned, as she turned her head away. Mark was looking so handsome and provokingly contented today.

"It is time for you to make your appearance," Will Trennis called to them—"here we've had an exciting time trying to keep the chicken wings from taking flight."

"And I've whistled the bologna back seven times," said Tom Baker.

"And I've almost been crushed in the jam" said Clara Baker.

"And the cream is sour from disappointment at your not coming," said Mr. Thorne.

"Oh, quit it, quit it!" called Mark, showing his white, even teeth, as he laughed. "Those jokes are hauled out on every picnic I've been to."

"And it wouldn't seem natural without them," said Mrs. Spaulding. "It makes me young to hear them, and I laugh over them as heartily as I did twenty years ago. Now all take your places, and, to air another mouldy joke, before you are too full for utterance, each take one of the lighted candles on Miss Bell's birthday cake, and as you blow it out—the candle not the cake—give her a wish."

Bell laughed and blushed and bowed as as her friends gave their wishes. But she frowned when May Patton hoped that she would never be disappointed in love! Silly May Patton—what did she know about love? But her sense of humor was aroused as the young men arose to the occasion with puns on her name and the day, hoping that she would ever have a good constitution, that she would always be a belle—a liberty bell at that; that her praises would ring forever; that every year would add a happy star to her blue sky, etc., down the line until it came to Johnny's turn. So many had begun their wish with "May you," that Johnny racked his brain for an appropriate sentiment. He had found one beginning in the approved style, and as he blew out the candle with such force that he extinguished Mark Meredith's, across the way, he recited in a singsong voice:—

"May you get married and live at your ease,
And have a kind husband to kiss when you please!"

Everyone was tickled to laughter excepting Bell, who blushed like a rose, and Mark, who bit his moustache and frowned. Tom Baker, patting Johnny on the back, asked:

"Why, Johnny, where did you get that poem?"

"Sore it in a girl's oughtergraf album in school," said Johnny, proudly, "and I learned it by heart. It's bully, ain't it? Oh, say, Mr. Meredith, I guess I blowed your candle out. Let me light it again."

"Never mind, dear," said Bell, giving him a downward pull, "I am quite overwhelmed with your poetry and can't listen to another wish."

This was quite pointed, seeing that all but Mark had made their wish. Mark looked her straight in the eye, took up a glass of water and said:—"I will ask all to drink with me in a toast to *Our Country*."

Without any show of surprise, the company drank. Bell almost choked, and Johnny, thinking she was laughing, asked: "What's up now? Did I do anything more funny?"

"No," said Bell, "You have quite distinguished yourself long ago."

When the dinner table was cleared, Bell went off with Thorne for a walk through the woods. She went simply because he had asked her. Her own inclination was to hide in some obscure nook and have a good fit of misery. She felt that she hated Mark, and was wishing from the bottom of her heart that she had remained at home with Beulah. It seemed as though she came only to be tormented with the sight of Mark's attentions to May Patton, and May Patton's undisguised admiration of Mark. She supposed Beulah would say that she was not happy, because she had gone against her uncle's wishes. Beulah was so illogically virtuous!

After wandering through the woods and lanes for nearly half an hour, Thorne suggested that they rest at the foot of an old hickory. He intimated that he wished to have an earnest talk with her, and folding her small white hands in the hollow of her pink skirt, she waited silently for him to begin.

"Miss Bell," he said, clearing his voice, and looking away from her across the pasture—"I am going to ask you something and I want you to be honest with me, for it means so much—"

"Yes," said Bell, looking into his determined face, and wondering what in the world he was going to say.

"Thank you. I wish to be plain with you and to get a plain reply. I am twenty-eight years of age and have never had a love affair in my life—until lately—"

"Heavens," said Bell to herself, "I hope he isn't going to propose. Poor Beulah! She will never forgive me!"

"Yes," she said aloud, "go on, I am listening."

"Then I met your sister Beulah, and have loved her from the very first."

"Thank heavens," said Bell to herself, "it is Beulah."

"I hope you will not think I am a fool to tell you this, before I speak to her. But, to tell the truth—I am afraid she does not care for me. I can't understand why she refused to come today when you told me yesterday that she was coming. Was it because I asked to call that she backed out of going at all?"

"No," said Bell promptly. "I wouldn't be here either, only I am an independent minx and came against Uncle Birney's wishes. Beulah could not reconcile herself to such a course. She was bitterly disappointed when Uncle gave orders at the last moment that we were not to go. Of course, she did not like to let you know what a rebel she had for a sister, so she did not give you any reason for changing her mind."

"The rebel is very kind to explain," he said, taking one of her hands, "now will the rebel tell me if there is any hope?

"Of Beulah," she smiled—"well I think it would be much better if you asked her. I know she would like to hear the question at first-hand."

"Bless you!" cried Thorne, his pale face lighting so wonderfully that Bell was moved. Then she smiled to think how happy Beulah was going to be, for she had long known that Beulah had more than a friendly feeling towards Stephen Thorne.

When they returned to camp, looking so cheerful, May Patton remarked to Meredith that she shouldn't wonder if they were engaged.

Mark's heart thumped uncomfortably, and he wished May Patton at the other end of the earth—and Thorne with her. Could it be possible that Bell really preferred Thorne? He had told himself that it was only another one of her little by-plays to make him jealous, and it was to pay her in her own coin that he made believe to be devoted to Miss Patton. Without any excuse, he ungraciously left Miss Patton now, and took to a hammock where he swung and nursed his hard luck. He had been a steady gallant to Bell ever since their High School days, but it seemed that a fellow who had only known her a year could come in and win her.

It was nearing five o'clock and Mrs. Spaulding had suggested that supper be prepared. Thorne volunteered to go down to the pasture and get some stones to build a fire-place; and Bell, accompanied by Johnny, set out in the direction of the upland farm to buy some cream.

They had not been gone ten minutes when Johnny came dashing into camp, almost landing in the middle of the table, as he blubbered in a frightened voice:

"Me and Miss Bell was a going up the hill when some big dogs come a running out, and barking like everything. We runned and climbed the fence, but there was a hollow on the other side and she fell in it, and she says she's broken her foot and she's all scraped like everything. She wants some one to come quick!"

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Spaulding. "Mr. Meredith," (he had sprung up from the hammock on Johnny's appearance). "Do you go with Johnny and see what's the matter. Where in the world are the rest of the young men?"

Mark did not wait to reply, but followed Johnny's quaking form through the woods and across the fields till they came upon poor Bell, lying scratched and tearful in the roadside gully. She looked through her tears at Johnny and his companion. She winced when she saw who had come.

"I didn't mean to trouble you, Mr. Meredith—" she began, like the foolish girl she was.

"It can't be helped," he retorted. "Come, I'll have to carry you, for your ankle must be twisted pretty severely."

"No, it isn't," she said, growing red and attempting to rise, but suddenly flopped to the earth again and grew white to the lips.

"Not so easy—is it?" said Mark, looking down at her.

"O—h! No! but I do wish some one else were here to help me—"

"Thorne, for instance?" he asked savagely.

"Yes, Thorne, for instance," she groaned, as she shut her eyes in pain.

"Johnny," called Mark to the boy who was standing on the other side of the gully, "Run back and tell one of the fellows to come here—Thorne, for instance" (very savagely). "Miss Bell thinks I can't get her back without help."

Johnny came back with Thorne, and that square-faced young man, not being as dense as he was thought, saw through the situation, and acted on his conscience, as he said:

"Miss Bell you can never hobble those miles to the station, nor walk across the city when you get there. You will have to be taken home in a carriage, cart, or wheelbarrow, whichever comes handy." Then he turned to Meredith:

"Meredith, suppose you go to the farm and see about a conveyance. Then, you will have to take Miss Bell home, for I am no hand at driving, and besides, am not familiar with the route to the city."

"No, no!" protested Bell, "I'll go back by train."

"You cannot," said Thorne firmly. "We want to catch the seven o'clock train, and in your condition, even with great pain to your ankle, you could not make the distance by ten o'clock. I'll try and catch the 6:30, and go to the house and let your sister know that you will be delayed."

"Oh! I see," said Bell, trying hard to smile. "You want to tell Beulah about what we were speaking this afternoon. Well, I'll let you, on condition that you break the news before I get there."

Mark waited to hear no more, but cut across the fields, almost convinced that it was about their engagement that Thorne was to tell Beulah. Why, under the circumstances, Thorne did not make an effort to get Bell home, was a question that blinded Mark did not stop to ask himself.

He drove back towards them in a dilapidated buggy, drawn by a wooden-looking mare, on which he had deposited his gold watch and chain and ten dollars before the farmer would let him have it. "As though I wanted to run away with the rig," said Mark, scornfully, "I wouldn't be caught out in daylight with it."

They bundled Bell into the buggy and she was driven back to camp. Here, she was kissed and petted and pitied, and given some strong black coffee before she started on the home drive. Her injuries amounted to a sprained ankle and two gravel-scraped hands, but Mrs. Spaulding made as much over them as though she had been half killed.

Down through the purplish woods the two drove. Bell holding her hands tight in her dress and trying to keep from crying. She was telling herself that she despised Mark Meredith, and not a word would she give him all the way home, no, nor would she thank him when she got there.

The object of her thoughts was indulging in bitter reflections, too, as he drove down the white road. The twilight mists had settled over fields and wood, and the air was oppressive and mysterious. The silence seemed so unnatural, and Mark was about to protest against it, when a turn in the road brought them into a country churchyard. Suddenly, from behind the tombs, a great white thing arose, and seemed to shake chains as it did so.

Bell was on the brink of tears, anyway, and when this apparition met her eyes, she gave one long scream, and clutching Mark by the arm, regardless of her avowed silence, sobbed:

"O--h, heavens! What is that?"

The mare seemed to have seen and heard it, too, for she gave a wild snort and plunged to the other side of the road, almost throwing the occupants of the shaky buggy into a gully. Mark knew how to handle a horse and forced her back to the road again. When she had partly quieted down, he looked back towards the graveyard, and trying hard to keep from laughing, said to the sobbing girl at his side:

"There's nothing to be frightened about. It is only a stray white horse with a chain on him. You are nervous, I'm afraid. Wouldn't it be better to talk to a young man than to sit there conjuring up ghosts and other unpleasant things?"

"I don't care to talk," she tried to say in a dignified tone, but the tears had taken the stiffness out of her voice and it sounded pitiful and childish. "You are just as mean as you can be; you hadn't a word or a look for me all day long, and now you inflict yourself on me."

"Inflict!" he interrupted. "Well, I like that! It was Thorne proposed that I take you home, and I couldn't very well refuse, you know. I was somewhat surprised at his asking—but then, I suppose he regards me as being like a brother to you."

"I don't want you to be a brother to me," she retorted stiffly.

"Don't like the role myself," he returned grimly.

"I can't see why you bring Mr. Thorne into the question," she observed after a silence. "He is nothing to me—at present."

Meredith nerved himself to ask: "What will he be in the future, may I ask?"

"My brother-in-law, if Beulah is willing," she said softly.

The poor old horse was jerked to a standstill on the white road, as Meredith exclaimed: "You don't mean it! I thought it was you that he—"

"You shouldn't think," she said sharply and illogically.

"I beg your pardon," he said so gravely that it was comical.

"I'll grant it if you behave better in the future. I suppose you have nothing to say about Miss Patton—have you?"

"Oh, the deuce! Couldn't you see?"

"I didn't see anything but your unwarranted coldness," she said tearfully. "Why you didn't have the courtesy to wish me a happy birthday—and it has been such a miserable birthday!"

"Ah!" he exclaimed—"Then you really did care, dear? Did you care?"

"Of course," she said so low that he had to bend his head for the reply.

"So did I—Oh, so much," he replied, taking hold of her bruised little hand. "But I could not give you a commonplace wish before the crowd, when long ago I had planned something important for this day. A month ago I had the diamonds mother left me, set into a ring, to give to the girl I loved. I believed she loved me then. All day I have carried the ring in my breast pocket—in fact, have carried it there since it was made. Today, it nearly burned a hole clean into my heart, for I was foolishly led to believe the girl for whom I intended it, the girl whom I loved, would never wear it—that she cared for another. Now," he went on brightly, "I think she does not care. Do you think she does love *me*, after all?"

"Ask her!" said Bell, half laughing.

"You darling! Do you?"

"Oh, you foolish fellow! Of course I do."

The yellow moon swam through the mist as he bent over and tenderly placed on the scratched little hand the ring which was a sign of their mutual regard. For a moment the moon shone on the diamonds, and then had the grace to scurry behind the clouds again, as the lover kissed his sweetheart.

The lights of the city were gleaming in the distance when Bell found time to tell him how she came to the picnic that day without her uncle's consent.

"I suppose," she laughingly added, "he will say I got my sprained ankle and scraped hands for disobedience. The Sunday School authors would find in it a moral to adorn a tale. They would write Beulah down as the good sister who was rewarded for her obedience by having the man she loved return to her early in the evening and give a golden ending to her virtuous, dull day. And, if those writers of goody-good fiction had the making of the plot, they would have you marry Miss Patton and leave me—the wicked, disobedient girl,—to eat out my heart in disappointment and remorse."

"Would you?" he asked seriously.

"Don't ask too many questions in one evening," she laughed. "All's well that ends well. I draw a moral which would not quite suit the writers of Sunday School literature. Had I not gone on the picnic I would not have sprained my ankle. You wouldn't have taken me home, and the odds are that we would spend many more miserable days of misunderstanding."

"You're a hardened sinner," he said. "But wait until you have that interview with Uncle Birney."

"You can have that," she said, serenely." You must interview him, tomorrow afternoon, before he sees me. When he hears that we are engaged, he will not have time to scold me for such a trivial thing as a sprained ankle."

"I'll do it," he responded gaily. "I'll give him notice that you have foresworn allegiance to him forever—on this Fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and ninety-four."

Uncle Birney had only been in the house an hour when he was waited on by two young men, who came to claim his nieces. What he said to them could be imagined, for later, when the three men entered the parlor where the sisters were waiting in great trepidation, those two young men were radiant with happiness.

"Ho!" exclaimed Uncle Birney, as he looked at the girls. "A nice way you two young ladies have been celebrating the Fourth of July—swearing away your independence! You don't know what's good for you—and after the liberty you have had in this house!"

"It shall never be forgotten," said Bell so soberly that the old man could not suspect her of sarcasm."

"Ho!" he said, turning his eyes on her. "Ho! You minx! So you sprained your ankle and cut your hands, did you? Maybe you will learn to obey after this! But, I'll forgive you. See, here's something for your birthday. It's a bullet which I picked off the field of Gettysburg. I shouldn't wonder if it was the same bullet that some darned Johnny Reb. fired at me."

"My! He must have been a great shooter," exclaimed Bell, with a solemn face, "to fire a shot all the way from Gettysburg to the Chain Bridge!"

The "veteran" eyed her suspiciously. Then he turned to Mark who was having difficulty in keeping a straight face.

"I warn you, young man, you will have hard work to keep this girl steady. She was born on the Fourth of July, and the clang of the first bell which proclaimed our independence is soft to the sound of her tongue, and its metal is as dough to her spirit."

"May neither of them ever grow less," said Mark very earnestly, as he placed his hand on Bell's shoulder.

"Ah, Mark," she said, bound to have the last word in the discussion—"that's the wish you should have given me yesterday, if Johnny hadn't blown out your candle."

"Johnny's wish was good enough for two!" he declared, and the onlookers wondered why Bell blushed so deeply.

BIRD AND BLOOM

O THOU bird of the countryside,
  Spirit of field and meadow!
What is the song of flowers you sing
  In heights of Eldorado?

"I sing of the red, red rose of joy
  In heart of youthtime blowing;
I sing of violets of hope and peace
  Beside life's pathway growing!"

O thou bird where the steeples are,
  And vine like roads all swinging
Toward the press of the crowded mart,
  What blossoms are you singing?

"I sing of the amaranths of grief;
  The asphodels of pity;
All the pale sweet flowers of brotherhood,
  Star litten in the city!"

Edward Wilbur Mason

The PRODUCT *of the* CRUCIBLE

By Florence Miriam Chapin

THE sun-light, broken by the over-hanging vine, filtered softly into the breakfast room where the doctor's wife stood by the table, sorting a packet of letters.

She laid several beside her husband's plate, and then, glancing around to see that everything was in readiness, sat down to open her own mail.

While she sat there reading, a slight, gray-haired old lady came slowly along the hall and into the room. She was dressed all in black, save for a little white at her throat, and the bit of lace and lavender ribbon that crowned her soft, wavy hair.

Pausing on the threshold, her head held a little to one side, she listened until she caught the rustle of paper; then, her hand groping before her, she came forward a little.

"Good morning, Catherine," she called happily, in a voice low and tremulous.

Catherine Armitage jumped up quickly and led the woman to the table.

"Good morning, *ma cherie*. We won't wait any longer for Phil. He was called out early."

"He must be very happy today, dear," said his mother thoughtfully. "The new instruments are coming, aren't they?"

Catherine laughed. "Yes, and he is just as happy as any boy over some expected treasure. I hope they will come before he gets back."

"With all this new apparatus, and old Doctor Vale ready to give Phil his practice, the boy ought to get ahead splendidly," mused Mrs. Armitage.

The doctor's wife smiled happily.

"Of course he will. Phil will never be content until he gets into the vanguard. But he has been handicapped so far, without his instruments.

"I am sure that he is right in thinking that his surgical work is what is going to tell. That is what the town's people need more than anything else."

"Ah, dear, arn't you proud of him?" sighed the mother.

Leading her to a low chair out on the piazza, where she might wait and listen for her son's return, Catherine smiled down into the sightless blue eyes.

"Proud!" she echoed, a world of feeling in her clear, low voice. "Proud, and very happy."

Mrs. Armitage patted the girl's hand lovingly. "Do you know, dear, there is one face that I want to see even more than Philip's?"

"And that is—?"

"Your own. Ah! is it all that he has said—as beautiful, as gentle?"

Standing there, her slight, graceful form erect, and the sun shine throwing gold lights through her brown hair, Catherine's sweet face flushed.

"You must make allowance for a man in love," she laughed.

"I'm not so sure that I want to, child," returned the mother. I'd rather take Phil's word,—he is never far from right, you know."

As the smile died away from her cheeks, a little troubled note crept into her voice. "Do you know, dear," she went on, "sometimes I feel that, but for me, Philip wouldn't stay here,— that he would go away to the city where the chances are better."

"And leave the old rectory!" exclaimed Catherine. "Wasn't it his father's wish to have him live on here, even if he did not enter the ministry?"

"Ah! yes; but he wouldn't want his wish to stand in the boy's light.".

"It never will, *ma cherie*. A prophet—you know. It is harder of course, but how much more splendid, to win the laurel, right here among his own people!"

A great Saint Bernard came bounding up the drive and on to the porch, followed by Philip Armitage, who swung along with quick, light steps, and a cheery whistle.

The doctor brought with him a sense of energy and vigor, strong as an electric current, compelling, irresistible. His fine, ringing voice filled with tenderness as he greeted his mother and sent her a shaft of pleasantry, before he turned and followed his wife into the breakfast room.

"Instruments come, Catherine?"

She looked up from arranging his plate, and smiled, "Not yet, dear."

"What a jolly pile of mail!" he exclaimed, sitting down.

Catherine busied herself with the table, while the doctor opened his letters. He frowned over the last one, and Catherine, waiting for him to finish, saw him turn back twice to re-read it, and then glance at the envelope perplexedly.

"Anything wrong?" she asked.

Looking up, Armitage held his wife's eyes steadily, for a moment; "There's some mistake, of course," he said, half to himself.

"What is it, dear? something has happened." She went around to his chair and leaned over the back of it. "Won't you tell me?" she pleaded gently.

"The check I sent yesterday to pay for the instruments was refused by the bank. They claim that a check on my account for one thousand, coming through the New York Clearing last Monday, rendered my deposit something like fifteen dollars."

"Check for one thousand through a New York Bank!" she repeated slowly. "What can it mean?"

"Mistake somewhere—but it is mighty strange." The doctor's face looked grave.

"To whom was the check paid?"

Catherine waited quietly, but her husband made no reply. With her hand beneath his chin, she turned his head gently upward until he faced her.

"Answer me, Philip," she said insistently.

"It was made out to Robert Waring," was the doctor's low reply.

Catherine's hands fell to her side, and her face grew suddenly very white. "What does it mean," she whispered hoarsely. "I think I understand—but tell me in so many words."

"Dear, there's something wrong, some one has blundered—that's all;" Armitage stood up and put his arms about her, but she slipped from them.

"You're trying to be kind," she said brokenly; "but you're not telling me quite the truth. You believe that my brother forged your name. Yes, yes you do, Philip, your eyes are telling me that."

As Armitage would have spoken, the maid came to the door. "The Allans have sent for you, doctor, and ask that you come at once."

He nodded, and picked up his hat. "Be brave, dear, we still can hope."

His gentleness unnerved his wife. "What are you going to do?" she asked hoarsely.

"There are a few patients that I must see this morning, then I will run up to the city and straighten out this matter. Can't you trust me, dearest?"

Catherine shook her head sadly. "It isn't my trust in you that wavers, Philip."

After the doctor had gone, she stood quite still by the door, just as when he left her, until roused by the voice of Mrs. Armitage.

"Catherine!" called the mother; "come out here."

A shudder ran through Catherine and she drew her hand across her eyes swiftly.

"Oh, I can't! I can't go to her now," she sobbed, and stepping softly through the the hall, she stole up to her own room and closed the door.

For the first time in her life, Catherine Armitage had been deaf to the voice of Philip's mother.

* * *

That afternoon she tried vainly to work at something, but she could not control her restlessness. After one or two attempts at sewing, she gave it up and went out into the garden. Long shadows were falling across the grass and the quaint box-bordered paths. She wandered slowly on until she came to the old chapel gate.

It was closed now, but Catherine could remember a time when it had always stood open. That was when she was a school girl, before the new rectory had been built across the way.

Swinging open the gate, she kept on to the church and entered by a side door leading to the chancel.

In the church it was already twilight, and standing quietly by the altar, the orient colors from the memorial windows fell all about her. The place seemed filled with memories tonight, and, in imagination, she saw the grand old face of Philip's father smiling down upon her as of old. How long she stayed there, scarcely breathing in the calm stillness, she never knew; but she went back through the evening shadows with a gentle peace at her heart.

She found the doctor on the piazza, a cigar in his mouth. He looked tired and there were heavy circles beneath his eyes, but he tried to speak in his usual bright way.

Catherine listened quietly to his story; it seemed to her that already she knew just what he had to tell her. Even when she interrupted once, to ask whether he had given any inkling of the truth to the bank president, an old college friend; she knew, without waiting for his answer, that the doctor had not spoken.

"That would have meant betrayal," he said simply.

Only once did Catherine's calm desert her, and that was when she heard her husband say slowly. "We will have to send back the instruments tomorrow."

"Oh, the price of silence to you dear," she sobbed. "It is too much to ask."

The doctor was called out a little before midnight, and Catherine watched him go with a heavy heart. He seemed so tired and indifferent that it frightened her.

In her own room, she took off her dress and slipped on a long, silky gown of some soft, white stuff that fell open at the throat. Then she took down her wavy hair, brushed it absently, and coiled it up again.

The wind had changed, and the slight breeze, stirring through the elms, sounded like the patter of rain. Growing restless again, Catherine stole softly past Mrs. Armitage's room, and down the stairs in the darkness.

The dog, hearing her step, came to the screen and whined, but she did not speak and after a little he went back to his post.

Catherine crossed the hall and opened the office door noiselessly. The moon, shining through the open window, filled the little room with pale, white light, and showed the figure of a man sitting before his desk, his face buried in his arms.

"Phil!" she whispered, going toward him, "Philip."

The man started and sprang to his feet. "Oh! why did you come?" she groaned.

Catherine drew back, and as the man's profile stood out clear-cut against the light from the window, she uttered a stifled cry. "You, you!" she breathed.

They stood quite still for a moment; the man's eyes gazing unseeing upon the opposite wall, the woman's searching intently the white, drawn face before her. At last she moved and leaned toward him, laid a firm hand upon his arm. When she spoke her voice was low and insistent. "Why did you come here?"

"I had to come," returned the man slowly.

"But why? Look at me, Robert?"

Obedient to the sway of power in her voice, his eyes met hers and returned their questioning look for a moment, then they wavered and fell.

"I came to see Philip,—where is he?"

"He is not here; he has been out all night. When he comes,—what then?"

"I want to tell him the truth—that's why I am here."

"And then—?" Catherine's hand was at her throat now, as if vainly trying to loosen the tension there.

In the interval between the question and its answer the stillness of the night became intensified. To Catherine, it seemed like a wave from the shores of eternal silence.

When again the man's eyes met hers they were steady. "I am going to give myself up."

The woman caught her breath sharply. "Give—you mean?"

"To the authorities. There is nothing else to be done,—no other way." He sank into the chair again, his head on the desk.

Catherine watched him a moment, without speaking, then she bent over him. "Robert, where have you found courage to trifle with your life as you have done?"

Her brother looked up. "How strangely you use the word, Catherine," he said wearily.

She shook her head. I'm not so sure. It does take courage to deliberately ruin a life, whether it be your own or another's."

"One life!" mused the man. "It doesn't sound like so very much!"

"But it never means just one life alone, Robert, always others near us suffer too. We don't become flotsam until after both storm and wreck."

Waring roused himself and began pacing up and down the room. Catherine still stood by the window, her head against the casement.

"Tell me," she said at last, "what happened that you—"

"Oh! it was at cards, of course. At first I lost heavily, then everything came my way. I staked all I had—and then I made a note and—in one turn everything was swept away. I did not know what to do, where to go. The note was made payable in two days, and I had nothing to meet it with. I went everywhere, but I could not raise the money. Then I tried to get the note extended, but I could not. I was trapped, caught in the meshes of my own folly, and to draw the threads still more taut did not seem so dreadful. I stood alone, Catherine, is it any wonder that I thought to fall alone? Do you suppose that when I forged that note I thought of the cost to you and Philip, the sacrifice of a career, the breaking of a woman's heart? Can't you believe that I did not think of them?"

"Yes," came slowly from Catherine, and her lips curled. "Yes, I can believe it. You thought of no one but Robert Waring."

He stopped beside her now, and, stung by her contempt, exclaimed, "How bitter you are!"

"If I am, it is you that have made me so."

The weariness in his sister's voice hurt Waring more than her scorn. Don't think I blame you for it, Cath." he said more gently. "I don't want pity, and I deserve the scorn."

He turned away, but Catherine laid her hand on his arm.

"Robert, when you drew up that check were you—did you know what you were doing?"

"You mean,—had I been drinking?" She winced at his plain wording and her "Yes" was almost inaudible.

"No, Catherine, I was not drunk," Waring flung back, his voice tense. "I'll not have you think better or worse of me than I am. I promised you that I would not touch the liquor again, and I kept that promise until—until it became a mockery," his words ended in a dry sob that shook his tall frame.

"Until—you mean?" Catherine faltered.

"Until I forfeited my place among men; all claim upon their consideration," he returned.

"But you gave me your word of honor," she urged softly.

"While it was that I kept it, Catherine, but the word of a thief and a forger can hardly be called honorable."

They were silent for a little; only the man's heavy breathing broke the stillness. The woman turned back to the window, and her hand went again to her throat.

"A promise is always a promise, Robert Waring," she said slowly. "In acknowledging your promise to be null and void, you lost in self-respect as heavily as when you forged Philip's name."

"The truth of what you say has come to me many times in the last few days, Catherine. You can't despise me more than I despise myself. I have thanked Heaven that our father is not here to measure the depths to which his son has fallen."

"Bob! it would have killed him!" sobbed Catherine, finding relief in tears at last, at the thought of the suffering that would have been her father's portion.

"I know, I know," nodded Waring. "He was saved so much, so much."

Outside, Hero barked and sprang off the porch, as Catherine's quick ear caught the sound of wheels on the drive. The moon had dropped low in the West, leaving the room almost in darkness, and when Catherine turned on the light, she was half blinded by its glare.

"Philip is here," she said, shading her eyes with her hand, and going to the door.

The doctor's face looked worn and tired as the light shown full upon him.

"Why Catherine!" he exclaimed, "up so late, or rather early, for it must be nearly daybreak? And you've been crying, child."

"Oh! don't mind me, dear, I'm all right, but you—how tired you look." She turned to close the door, as the doctor went toward the desk with his case. He laid it down, and started to take off his coat when he stopped, arrested by the tense figure of Waring. For a moment they faced each other, and Catherine leaned, breathless, against the door, watching them.

The doctor was the first to break the silence. His clear, strong voice had lost some of its ringing tones; more than his tired face, the voice betrayed his wearied, disheartened mood.

"Well, Robert?" he said tentatively.

Waring's shoulders squared, and raising his hand, he tossed back the damp hair from his forehead. His gray eyes, dark with intensity, burned steadily. "Philip, I have come back tonight to prove the worth of the eleventh hour; to mitigate, so far as lies in my power, the wrong I have done you and Catherine. I can't take away the bitterness, or re-gild the tarnished name,—it is too late for that,—but you shall not pay the penalty of my sin. I am ready to accept, under the laws of forgery and theft, the Court's decree."

The doctor sighed heavily; "What answer can you expect from me, Robert?" he asked slowly. "Your sister Catherine is my wife; remember that."

Waring nodded; "Remembering that, I see how I have wronged you doubly. The justice which, otherwise, you would grant, is being withheld now to shield the name, and the breaking heart of a woman. But isn't the heart-ache inevitable now, and isn't it better that it be for one than both of us, for the brother rather than the husband? You who have all before you, Philip, have no right to surrender to some false equivalent, some principle too high and quixotic."

As the doctor watched Waring, he became conscious of an added strength and manliness in him, of a power never before guessed, —the influence of a dominant personality. "After all," he mused, "the game may prove worth the candle!"

He saw that the heedless, wavering boy, stirred to action by the horror of his own possibilities, had aroused the slumbering spirit of manhood. He stood ready to accept life now on its own basis, willing to start with a failure.

"Do you understand fully the price of confession, Robert?" he asked at length.

Waring raised his hand deprecatingly, and then let it fall upon one of the packing cases containing the doctor's new instruments.

"The cost cannot be greater than I am willing to pay," he answered quickly. "There is no use in arguing and questioning, Philip, you can conceal the truth yourself, but nothing can seal my lips. I will not accept your silence!"

As he spoke, Catherine crossed the room swiftly, and threw her arms about her brother's neck. "O Robert! that was spoken like my father's son," she cried, smiling through her tears. A tremor ran through him as he held Catherine close, and bending, kissed her quivering face. "What is your answer, Philip?"

The doctor turned to his wife, but she would not raise her eyes to meet his. "Catherine," he called softly, "will you answer for me?"

For a little she lay very still in her brother's arms, then, quite slowly, she raised her head and her dark, wistful eyes sought the doctor's.

Catherine's soft eyes were grave and tender, and as they were lifted to her husband's face, a wonderful light sprang into them. Seeing it, Robert Waring looked away, abashed.

When at length his sister turned to him, her voice was clear and unfaltering.

"Will you go to the president of the Second National, tell him the story, and abide his ultimatum, Robert?"

"Yes, Catherine," Waring responded. "As soon as the bank opens today." He took took out his watch and glanced at it hastily.

"Philip, will you let the matter rest today, retain the instruments, and do nothing at all about the case?"

The doctor considered a moment. "I will give you this morning to act, Robert, but I feel that I cannot put the matter off longer than that."

And with this Waring had to be content.

* * *

Looking back in after years, it seemed to Catherine that that morning was the longest one in her whole life.

She sent the doctor to bed, and jealously guarded the door, that no chance-comer could disturb him unnecessarily. Remembering her unsuccessful attempt at sewing, the day before, she put her work-bag away with a little sigh at her unfinished work. Once she strolled into the garden, and came back with a great bunch of heliotrope in her hand. It was the doctor's favorite flower, and it grew in great profusion in the rectory garden. Catherine filled a glass bowl with the lavender-tinted blossoms and placed it on the office desk, bending her head to let the warm fragrance brush her cheeks.

When Armitage came down stairs he found her sitting on the veranda steps in the shade of the awning, her eyes veiled. A magazine lay, unopened in her lap.

"Dreaming, dear?" he asked, sitting down beside her and putting his arms about her.

She opened her eyes and smiled languidly. "Only playing the woman's part, Phil—waiting. Oh! you look rested, that is better."

She saw the touch of color against his white coat, and her eyes thanked him for remembering, even when so troubled, to wear her flowers.

They did not talk much after that; each knew what was in the other's mind; there was no need for words.

When they heard the whistle of the noon train, Catherine grew restless. "I'll go in and see if I can do anything about the lunch" she said, getting up. But she was back again, standing on the top step, as Waring turned in at the gate; and her hand was at her throat, just as he remembered seeing her the night before in the white moon light.

Robert swung up the steps, hat under his arm, a flush on his face, and, as he handed the doctor a letter, smiled reassuringly at Catherine.

She smiled, half relieved, half unbelieving, and did not trust herself to speak. Philip opened the letter and drew Catherine to him, so that together they read:

"MY DEAR ARMITAGE:—

I sometimes think that those who from dark places suddenly see the light, are not blinded by its glare, but rather see more clearly than those within the circle. I have had another proof of this today.

"Your check to Wilton & Sons—June 27, has been honored by the Second National. The amount called for, exceeding your present deposit, I have accepted as security a three year's bond of service from Robert Waring.

"The transaction, being purely personal, has nothing whatever to do with you, aside from the fact that it renders your account with the Second, O. K.

"Believe me, Armitage, all debts between us are cancelled. I am grateful for the chance to test tried metal; there seems to me something exhilarating in the venture and—I don't think that I stand to lose.

"Remember me to Mrs. Armitage, and believe me always,

Your sincere friend,
STEPHEN WHITNEY."

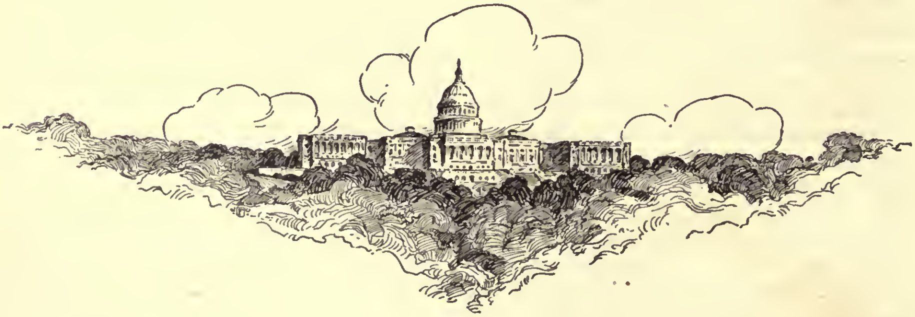
Catherine looked up as they finished reading, her eyes filled with tears. Slipping from her husband's arm, she crossed to her brother.

"Bob!" she cried, a nervous, catchy little laugh breaking from her. "Was there ever such a friend before?"

Waring, unable to answer, shook his head, but Catherine understood; and, brushing back her tears, pointed to Armitage who stood with outstretched hand, smiling gravely.

Covering the space between them at a stride, Waring gripped the doctor's hand.

"I wanted this more than anything, Phil," he said brokenly, "but I couldn't ask."



THE PULPIT AND THE GAME

By May Stranathan

A WONDERFUL pulpit used to stand in the old church at Exeter. The church itself was a big, square, plain building, like many another in country towns, but the pulpit was so old that it was medieval—such as are found in the old churches of Europe; deftly wrought in Flemish oak, and ornate, almost voluptuously so, with carvings of pomegranites, arabesques and gargoyles—or perhaps they were cherubim.

How such a pulpit became a fixture in the church at Exeter is briefly told: Major Dane bought it at the Centennial, at Philadelphia. He was a rich man, the richest by far in Exeter; and he traveled in Europe and was a collector of old furniture. The pulpit was the gem of his collection.

The Major was also a pillar in the church at Exeter, and it was through his efforts that young Mr. Erskine became its pastor. Erskine was the kind of a man you read about as having "great personal magnetism" and he came into Exeter on a wave of popularity. He confided to a bosom friend, of whom he had many, that he had felt a moral obligation to leave the church from which he hailed, because the people there had come to worship him more than they did the Lord.

The Major was chief among the devotees that surrounded the Rev. Mr. Erskine in Exeter; and that the eloquence of his pastor might have a proper setting, he caused the showy and canopied pulpit to be set up in the church in place of the plain little desk from which the gospel had formerly been preached.

But after awhile the Major died, and the Rev. Mr. Erskine, his popularity in Exeter being somewhat on the wane, accepted a call from the church at Brantville, twelve miles away.

Exeter accepted the resignation of its pastor with becoming regret. They realized, the people said, that the church at Brantville was a wider field of usefulness and that they could not expect to always keep a man like the Rev. Mr. Erskine in so small a place as Exeter; and as much as it grieved them to see him go, they would not stand in his way. They met and drew up resolutions of regret, and the women raised money for parting gifts for him and his family and held a farewell social, and all went well till he spoke of taking his pulpit to Brantville with him.

His pulpit! That pulpit belonged to the church. He had no more claim on it than had any other single member of the congregation. The pulpit had been given to the church and stayed with the building.

They were entirely mistaken, answered the Rev. Mr. Erskine, though no doubt honest in their opinions. The pulpit had been a personal gift to himself; and he recited conversations the Major had held with him, proving it conclusively.

In turn the trustees told of what talk had passed between the Major and themselves anent the pulpit, every word of which went to show that it was a gift to the congregation. Also one of the elders recalled what the Major had said to him about presenting the pulpit to the church; then a layman or two took up the tale and told what *they* knew about it.

There still remained in Exeter a faithful remnant who would have any desire of Mr. Erskine's rendered unto him; and for awhile there were lively times, with talks of injunctions and suits at law; but finally the Rev. Mr. Erskine departed from Exeter leaving the pulpit behind him, but none the less claimed it as his own.

That same fall Marsh Adair went to teach school in the country near Brantville. By nature, Marsh was a baseball player, catcher of the Exeter team, but was obliged to teach school during nine months of the year, like many another country youth to whom school teaching is the stepping stone to higher things. There were others in the team in the same predicament; and when the baseball and school seasons lapped, the big games were played on Saturday.

Marsh was a slim, sandy-complexioned fellow with blue eyes and yellow lashes. He was fond of the girls and of a glass of beer—of many girls and many glasses—and there was a constant warfare between his original sin and the probity required to entitle him to a teacher's certificate. But for all that he had taught for three winters in the same school, and was fond of the "little fellows" whom he taught, and proudly showed a picture of them, in a group on the steps of the schoolhouse, himself in their midst.

Three winters weans a man away from his native town, and three months at home cannot altogether repair the damage made in the affections during three times as many months; but the ball team held him longer than all else in Exeter except his mother. There was a girl there, too.

The boys sent over for him when they were to have an important game, and though he began to play with the Brantville boys to keep in practise, he went home and played against them in the two games between Exeter and Brantville that spring. Each town had a game to its credit, and as each team was the best in its own neighborhood, to win the third game between them meant something of glory. On the Saturday that the Renwick team came to play with Exeter, they started Bob Given with a buggy after Marsh early in the morning. The game had been decided on only the day before, and they had not time to send him word.

For the first time in his life, Marsh was not ready to play ball. He couldn't go. Had another engagement. They didn't need him, anyway. They could surely beat the Renwick team without him? Well, he simply couldn't go. They ought to have sent him word. Bob Given hadn't driven twelve miles to be turned down this way, and he got mad. Marsh got mad also and they had some sharp words and Bob drove back alone, swearing at his team and reached Exeter just in the nick of time. The boys cursed copiously when they saw he was alone, and went grimly to work. But the catcher could not hold Bain and the spirit was gone out of them from the start, and the Renwicks hewed them hip and thigh.

They were sore at Marsh Adair and he heard of it, though not from any of the boys, and they did not send for him again. He did not go back again to his own town for six weeks, and when the time was ripe for the big game between Exeter and Brantville, the Exeter team sent fifty miles for a famous catcher and never sent a line to their old standby.

Marsh, meantime, had returned scorn for scorn, and when the big band-wagon bearing the Brantville team came, there was Marsh, wearing the fatal B upon his chest.

Walking down the street with the team of his adoption, he met Josie Ferril. On the way over, this Sir Tristram had thought of her:

"What if she hate me now? I would not this.
What if she love me still? I would not that.
I know not what I would."

The sight of the old team had made him homesick to play with them, but his pride kept him up. Still he yearned for sympathy and so stopped Josie.

She looked at his ball suit.

"Are you going to play with the Brantville team?" she said.

"Sure," he said. He smiled at her but she was as sober as if it were a matter of life and death.

"Why aren't you playing with your own team?"

"O," said he, trying to speak carelessly, "they gave me the go-bye, long ago."

He glanced around, seeking a diversion. It was furnished by a handbill tacked to a lamp-post, and informing the public that on the evening of this day the ladies of the Missionary Society of the Exeter church would hold an ice-cream and strawberry social in the Sunday school room, to which the public was cordially invited. Admission free.

"Say," said he, confidentially, "how about the social tonight?"

"What about it?" said she.

"The boys are going to stay for it, I suppose it will be all right for me to come around for you?"

Josie Ferril had heard things, too. He had left his home team in the lurch for another girl. She felt, too, that she herself had showed her fondness for him too much sometimes.

"Are you going to play with the Brantville team?" she asked, again.

"Sure," he answered, "I can't go back on them, now."

"Then, you needn't come."

"All right," said he, with his face very red. "I'm going to play with them all the same; I've humored you to death already, and that's what's the matter with you. But you've made a fool of me for the last time. I never want you to speak to me again, and if you ever write and try to fix this up I'll never open your letter!"

This was a mean thrust, for she had once before dismissed him and two days afterward wrote him a penitent little note, asking him to come back. So she only gave him a look of scorn and went on her way.

He walked to the ball ground, where both teams were girding on their armor and boasting themselves as those that take it off. There were gathered all the beauty and the chivalry of Exeter. He felt like Coriolanus approaching the gates of Rome. There, as umpire, was his old friend and gossip, Reader. There was Bain, the pitcher, his confederate in many a little battery secret. There were all the boys, his comrades in many a hard fought battle of the bats. And there also, were all the girls of Exeter.

But worse than all else—more terrible than an army with banners—was the ragged fringe of urchins bordering the two sides of the diamond next the batters, and continually crossing the dead line whence they were driven back by the marshal of the day,—the urchins whose unremitting coaching had sustained him in many a former fight, but who now greeted him with diabolical yells of derision. One fell purpose was theirs, in which they were united as one boy, and that was to rattle Marsh Adair and thus pay him out for his desertion of the Exeter team. Among them he saw his own little brothers—the little demons—turned against their own flesh and blood.

There were laconic greetings by the Exeter team as they got busy. It was not Marsh Adair's way to take a back seat, and he started right in as leader of Brantville, as he had been of Exeter, but it was tough luck with a new team against the one with which he had worked for three seasons. They pulled through even, though, till the seventh inning, when the gods turned against Brantville and they began to be slaughtered.

Like General Messina, Marsh Adair was at his best when the battle began to go against him. Chasing along the lines he madly exhorted the boys to wake up and get into the game. Wildly driving off the hesitating basemen, his head thrown back and showing up his saiga-like profile, his face red with rage and extreme toil, except where his long sandy hair was blown away from his white forehead, his thin shanks bulging with awful knobs of underwear beneath his stockings, he led on the fight. But, nevertheless, the Brantville batters fell beneath the fast balls of Bain as beneath a scythe-bearing chariot, and the Brantville pitcher got mixed in the cabalistic signs by which Marsh told him what kind of a ball to throw, and had to be coached between times, causing howls of ridicule. In vain the catcher rushed forward again and again, and held up his hand with his quick "what's that?" The umpire kept his head and Brantville fell behind.

But still they toiled away and Marsh made a home run in the eighth and encouraged his band with the repeated cry that right here was where the luck changed.

In the beginning of the ninth, he hustled the second batter around to third, and chased him off, the score standing 5 to 4 for Exeter. There was a rush, a scramble, a tangle of runner, catcher, ball and base, and the umpire's standing in Exeter hung in the balance.

"Out!" said he.

Then all was din and confusion for awhile and each man yelled what he had seen. And chief among them, jawing like a fishwife, was Marsh Adair. Then the umpire called the game.

"Is that man safe?" demanded a Brantville player.

"Out," said Reader, amid the cheers of Exeter. As one man, the Brantville team dropped its bat and started from the field. It was no out. Reader knew it; Exeter knew it, and Brantville knew it. Exeter knew that Brantville knew it. Brantville knew that Exeter knew that Brantville knew it, nevertheless taunts followed them from the field.

"Take yer dishes and go home! Good time to quit! They dasn't play it out! They know they're beat!"

Marsh Adair turned around and gave the multitude a withering look.

"Let the Hellians have it," he said, "They'll need it bad enough. We can beat them without it." And he led back his band and went to work. It was their last chance and two men out—and Marsh at the bat. With an air of confidence he struck, but "only got a piece of it."

"Wait on him, wait on him," encouraged his men, while the small demons coaching for Exeter, cried:

"O, what a puddin! He's rattled! He's rattled!"

And he *was* rattled. At last that mighty heart had failed. He struck wildly and wildly once again, and for the first time that day the last hope of Brantville had struck out.

Then feeling the eyes of all Exeter upon her, Josie Ferril stood up in her seat in the grand stand and joined in the cheers that deafened the cows in the adjoining pasture.

Marsh Adair gave one swift, sidelong glance in her direction and a smile curled his lip—not the guileless smile of infantile sweetness that he had once been wont to bestow upon her, as she came out of church on Sunday morning, but a smile forced and cynical and bitter. Both were thinking of the old loyal days, when he did not strike out once during the game.

This was known as the big game in Exeter, and for days every small boy in town spoke in raucous whispers.

At supper Marsh's mother told him that Josie Ferril was going away to school in the fall, and that, when her education was finished, she was to be sent out to India as a missionary, by the Exeter Missionary Society.

Afterward, Marsh went to the social and treated two girls. They sat opposite Josie Ferril and her girl chum, but the two parties did not see each other at all. Marsh joked and talked with these girls and bought tickets for every kind of refreshment to be had. He had such a good time that it was surprising he should leave them so soon, and go out into the street alone. There, as he sauntered aimlessly along he met two other girls and stopped to chat with them. These he escorted to the church, and also treated before the eyes of Josie Ferril. They were girls whom she would not recognize. O, well, there was nothing exactly bad about them, perhaps, but they were a little too much in evidence on the streets, and not of her class. He used to be in their company before she met him, and she had tried to influence him to keep better company, but now she had thrown him over and he was going to slide backwards as fast as he could.

The rush was over when Marsh came back to the church. A gasolene stove had acted queerly and all the women were crowding into the back room to see it explode. The husband of one, just starting home with his children, got the tickets for Marsh, and then, not seeing the women who were to take the money, shifted his sleeping baby to his shoulder, dropped the change into his pocket and went home. When the women came back, there was Marsh Adair and two girls waiting for ice-cream and cake and coffee.

The women of the committee gathered in a group and held a consultation over the tickets Marsh had handed them. There were 75 cents worth. No one could be found who had sold them to him. It was very strange. He had already spent nearly a dollar on those other girls, and he made only 45 dollars a month and had to pay his board. One recalled how Johnnie had said at supper that he had stolen a base in the ball game that afternoon, and a person who will steal in sport, would bear watching. She never could bear his looks, anyway. She was not afraid to ask him about it, only she would not go alone. But no one would go with her unless someone else would go—so, finally, nearly a dozen women went in a body to give her their moral support.

She was a woman with an aggressive manner, and her arrogant tone as she questioned him, was an added insult.

"We would like to know who sold you those tickets?" said she. In an instant he knew that they thought he had stolen them.

"If you must know," said he, "I got them from the worst hen-pecked man in Exeter."

It was the husband of the spokeswoman who had sold them to him, and the girls laughed, as they followed him out. But Marsh didn't laugh. Within himself he cursed Exeter; yea, he cursed bitterly the inhabitants thereof. And these were the women who were going to send Josie Ferril to be eaten up by cannibals! Not if he could help it!

Afterward, alone, he strolled past the house of Deacon Ferril. It was ten o'clock, and the old folks had gone to bed, but Josie sat in the doorway looking at the moon.

"Good evening," said Marsh Adair.

"Good evening," said Josie.

He stopped as if he had forgotten all about the quarrel.

"How did you enjoy the ball game?" he said.

"O, fine," she said, "I thought it was the best game we have had this season. We had a fine battery."

"Yes," said Marsh Adair, "you had."

There was silence for a space, and he sat down on the step beside her.

"How did you enjoy the social?" he said.

"Very much," said Josie.

"O, say," said he, "how about this, Josie? They tell me you are going to be a missionary. Oughn't you to be giving up such worldly things as baseball, along with the other ungodly things you are throwing over?"

Josie did not answer but she began to wink very hard and presently she got up and went into the house without a word, and without a word Marsh Adair followed her, softly shutting the door after him. It was dark in the hall but for a faint ray shining from the turned down lamp in the parlor.

"*You* don't want to be a missionary," said he. He was leaning against the door and one arm was around Josie. And here is a new proof of the truth of the words of the poet to the effect that "man's love is of his life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence," for while she forgot alike her wrongs and her vows—alike the other girl and those to whom she had resolved to devote the remnant of her broken life,—he remembered his revenge; and his free hand slid cautiously up the edge of the door frame to where on a nail hung the big key that unlocked the church. He had seen the deacon hang it there in days gone by. Then his hand slipped down and into the pocket his coat. When he went away he left three kisses with her—the long kind of which the poet speaks as "drawing the whole soul through the lips as sunlight drinketh dew." He did think a lot of her that night.

When she went to the postoffice for the mail the next morning, there was a little flat package handed her bearing a home postmark, and because of the hand writing she shut herself up in her room before she opened it.

And there was the church key and a request to hang it in its place before the deacon missed it, and that was all.

That same morning when Rev. Mr. Erskine opened his front door he saw his beloved pulpit lying at full length on his porch. Not even a pomegranite was injured—and he and his congregation were forever telling how it was restored to its rightful owner by a miracle from heaven, but the Exeter people never thought it got there that way.

BUMPS

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

I

BABY, he fell out of bed,
  Oh, the bumpety bumps!
Missed his feet and hit his head,
  Oh, the bumpety bumps!
Baby's voice rose clear and strong,
Con fuoco, loud and long,
This the burden of his song:—
  Oh, the bumpety bumps!

Oh, the bumps, the bumpety bumps,
Coming in clusters and coming in clumps,
Landing a baby boy into the dumps;
Oh, the bump, bump, bumpety bumps!

II

Little laddie stubbed his toes,
  Oh, the bumpety bumps!
Sidewalk hit him on the nose,
  Oh, the bumpety bumps!
Sidewalk, that was mean of you;
Let me rub the sore spot, do!
Shall we rub the sidewalk, too?
  Oh, the bumpety bumps!

Oh, the bumps; the bumpety bumps,
Stub off his toes; he'll be stubbing the stumps!
Is that a nose, or just one of his lumps?
Oh, the bump, bump, bumpety bumps!

BUMPS

(*Concluded*)

III

Went to school 'twas all the same;
  Oh, the bumpety bumps!
In the college foot-ball game,
  Oh, the bumpety bumps!
When the captain gave his yell,
Others understood it well,
But to us it seemed to tell
  "Oh, the bumpety bumps!"

Oh, the bumps, the bumpety bumps,
Backed like a camel and covered with humps,
Nothing at all but a bundle of thumps,
Oh, the bump, bump, bumpety bumps!

IV

Fell once more and fell in love,
  Oh, the bumpety bumps!
You know what I'm singing of,
  Oh, the bumpety bumps!
When he wooed she never heard,
He insisted, she demurred,
But at last she spoke this word,
  "Oh, the bumpety bumps!"

Oh, the bumps, the bumpety bumps,
Hearts were his suite, but clubs were trumps;
Poor little heart with a sad case of mumps!
Oh, the bump, bump, bumpety bumps!

A REVERSAL OF FATE

By Norman H. Crowell

THE Casino, perched high on its patrician bluff across the lake, was the goal of a half score of pleasure craft of varied description. The bosom of the lake, an unfathomed mirror scintillating in the limpid moonlight, was furrowed here and there by the screws of pink and yellow steamers which puffed busily on their courses, apparently intent only upon the commercial side of affairs, but lending to the scene that indefinable undertone of attraction that draws pleasure-loving humanity.

From across the water came the strains of a cornet band softened by the distance, while on the spacious lawn of the resort the rapidly increasing percentage of masculinity seemed to add an element of solidity to the scene. From the dark coast-road in the background, the musical hum of carriage wheels on the graveled way added their mite to the general harmony.

To Tom Brantley the intoxication of a jostling, care-free throng of men and women on a summer's evening was a familiar circumstance. He strolled along the high bank, sending indifferent wisps of smoke over his shoulder and telling himself that none of these things were of personal moment. To Wells Rigby, ever Brantley's inseparable shadow, he turned, at length:

"These things"—he waved his arm in a circular way towards the lights, the women and the overheated band—"take a fellow back to the days when he—that is—he imagined he was in love—eh, boy?"

Rigby drew his brows into a wrinkle.

"I'm no blamed antiquarian, Tom," he grumbled.

The two turned and gazed idly out over the water, smoking noticeably in earnest. Brantley presently removed his cigar and pretended to cough.

"Ha! ha! ha! Amusing, wasn't it? By George, I'd forgotten it clean!" he ejaculated.

"Forgotten what?" snapped Rigby, glancing back over his shoulder.

"Why, that shoe and stocking affair of mine, you know. Winsome damsel—brave Brantley—unexampled heroism, etcetera. I recall distinctly that you were one of the pack of grinning imbeciles who pretended to find amusement in the deal."

"Wrong, Tom. I may have been with the enemy but not of them. Of course, being in the extreme dark as I happened to be, you could not blame me for a little lameness in the explanations I ladled out. I've never really known all about that thing either."

"Sit down and I'll tell you," said Brantley, as he set the example by critically disposing his nether limbs over the edge of the bank.

"Let's see—what was her name?" asked Rigby.

"Tush, boy, I'll think of that later on. I never was introduced to her, you know."

"You never was—what!"

"Introduced. You see it was concocted so suddenly that old man Basswood, the master of ceremonies and the visiting sprites, got bungled and skipped that little preliminary. In the draw I was paired with this Miss—Miss—the one you refer to.

"There were eight of them—a barge crew, you know—and it required an equal number of us young bloods to act as pilots, protectors and horny-handed propellers of the flotilla that we engaged pointblank for the week. Some genius among us planned a perch fishing excursion and of course, we were right in for it. We went over to Walton's Bay, where they reported that the perch were getting hump-shouldered from crowding each other.

"The day was fine and we fished industriously. Perch, however, were not on the menu. But bullheads—we caught them so fast that it got laborious—you see we men had the task of unhooking them.

"Late in the day a strong easterly breeze came along and kicked up some choppy waves that ended the fishing; even the bullheads couldn't see to impale themselves.

The other fellows had their weather eyes peeled and made a general exodus with their proteges. But we—this girl and yours truly we were made of sterner stuff. We remained—gamely teasing for perch.

"But at last we gave in. Leisurely we strolled back until we arrived at the neck of sand that connects the point with the main farm, and then stopped. It was covered by a good foot of dirty-looking water that looked real chilly. I hadn't calculated on that easterly breeze, you see.

"After studying a bit, it came to me that that particular point occasionally became a part of the wild and untamed lake under the influence of just such a breeze as we were having now—in fact the water rose so rapidly that we had to retreat a yard or so while we were looking at it. I suggested, in a friendly fashion, that I might carry her—fine chance to exhibit my muscular ability, you observe—but no, she wouldn't appear to notice my remarks.

"Two trees leaned across the flood toward each other. An expert monkey might have crossed and I pointed them out. She elevated her chin and grew red. Then I said I'd go and bring a boat.

"And leave me alone?" she screamed.

"Er—no! I was merely joking," I said.

"We finally decided to wade—that was better than being marooned over night. I retired discreetly among the willows while the girl hurriedly put her plan into execution. After listening to a ladylike splashing, I heard her call cheerily, and upon uncovering my eyes I beheld her dimly on the farther side. It was growing rather dark by this time. I waded in and took my soaking with a haughty toss of the head and was coming out on the other side when a little scream met my ear.

"Stop—you're near enough!"

I saw her white feet suddenly disappear and knew that she had stooped and covered them with her dress.

"I'll wait till you get your shoes on," said I.

"I left them on the other side," she replied.

"Well, I waded back, searched near and far, high and wide and no shoes. Hated to bring back the news, but had to at last. She made me tear the lining out of my coat to hide her feet as a revenge for my inability to locate the shoes. And—we rode over on a steamer without anyone suspecting that she was—er—bare-footed."

The narrative ended, the two watched an incoming boat as she neared the docks below.

The red face of the fireman appeared suddenly for an instant only to be lost in the darkness as he clanged the firedoor shut. Belated arrivals mounted the stairways and debouched on the sward in twos and threes. The band, resting from its labors, mopped its brow feverishly, and fanned off the myriads of moths drawn by the glaring lights about the stand.

It was during this peaceful series of events, that Tom Brantley suddenly roused from his attitude of languid indifference and bent eagerly forward to peer at the growing group at the landing head.

"Well, by George!" he breathed, and again, "By George!"

Rigby, upon his knees, stared blankly in the direction indicated by his friend's glance.

"Notice the young lady in the flat hat with the streamers?" urged Brantley, with unction.

"Been doing that for some time, Tom," said Rigby.

"Well, that's her!"

"Her? Who?"

"Miss—er—the bare-footed fishing girl, you know."

The group at the landing separated and strolled toward the clubhouse. Brantley sat as if turned to stone.

"Aren't you going to speak to her, hero?" asked Rigby.

"I'd look lovely rushing in there and asking her if she recalled the drivelling idiot who got her into that perch-fishing mess, wouldn't I?" growled Brantley.

"Well, as your best and perhaps only living friend, I see my duty plainly. I must inform yon damsel, that her own particular impersonation of block-headedness is lolling comfortably out here among the weeds. Its too bad!"

"Now look here, Rigby, my boy. No cutting in. This is a one-horse race and Tom Brantley is the only entry. Isn't that perfectly fair?"

"Oh, I should say it was, Tommy!" remarked Rigby.

"In that case, old man, goodnight! There's a boat you can catch by sprinting some. Eh? Well, so long!"

Rigby had jumped to his feet and put off at top speed to make the boat that was un-warping from the dock. Brantley watched his athletic friend until he sprang aboard, then turned his face toward the glittering Casino, his pulses hammering with emotions that seemed puzzling to him. When the steamer was but a point of light far out on the lake he came to himself with a shrug and strolled away from the spot.

The fifth time that Brantley had walked by the landing, he became aware of her presence. She had flitted down as a messenger to inquire something regarding the whereabouts of the steamer, a friend, or perhaps an enemy. Such things do happen—luckily for man.

With his heart in his teeth, Brantley blocked her way and dropped his cigar in an effort to remove it gracefully from his lips.

"Miss Halston!" Brantley started, realizing that he himself had spoken the words.

"Mr.—Mr—Brantley!" she said.

He felt warm all over—to be recognized by a young lady after that perch episode was too good to be true.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Halston. My surprise is too—"

"Yes, I know it must be. And I haven't seen you since—since the time when we—" A little gesture of embarrassment ended the attempt.

"Since your crew won the barge race, eh? I remember that very well," said Brantley, with an accent on the "that."

"Yes—I do now. I wonder if the steamer has actually gone. We were going to return on it," and Miss Halston turned again to scan the lake.

"If you wait thirty minutes you can do it yet, as she will come across again in that time," remarked he, glancing at his watch. "In the meantime, I hope she runs aground over there."

"Why?"

"She might not get back in thirty minutes then," he said, as if to himself.

"I think I'd better call mamma, hadn't I?" said the girl, with a suspicious look at Brantley.

"Not unless you have a chill or something. I see no mad dogs about."

"You haven't changed much, have you, since —since we—"

Again she gave it up.

"N—no, not since—*then*."

There was a pause, both wondering what to say next. A motherly figure was approaching the two unobserved, and was quite near when Miss Halston detected her.

"Why, mamma, did you get worried about me? I was perfectly safe—I think," with a doubtful smile.

"Um—er—ah," assented Brantley, stepping aside, hat in hand.

The girl presented the elderly and dignified Mrs. Frederick Halston and Brantley was immediately beaten flat when that estimable matron distinctly recalled him as the unsung hero of a certain perch-fishing excursion of other days. He was compelled, with confusion, to relate the hidden details of that escapade for the lady's delectation and finished mopping his brow to good purpose.

And at the close, he was presented to the younger Miss Halston, who also, with remarkable precision of memory, remembered him as the erstwhile fisher for perch. By a most elaborate exhibition of generalship Brantley avoided a second narration of the harrowing circumstances, and was really relieved when the watchful Mrs. Halston gathered her daughters under her wing and led them away.

Brantley sat down on a nearby bench and stared out at the light that marked the little steamer on its return journey.

"By George!" he said, as he relit his cigar.

When the steamer docked he was the first to climb into it and stow himself away in an unostentatious spot astern. There he gazed out over the rail and thought. As he cogitated he felt insane desires to walk, to run or toss his hat in air. Queer what a change a mere girl can make in a man—all in an hour, too. But Brantley knew that the two years just passed had been lived just to meet this hour. He could see it now and he wondered that he had only just discovered the facts.

The shrill scream of the whistle aroused him from his dreams, and he saw the little boat warping neatly to her dock. Climbing off, he walked briskly up the dock, mounted the stairs and set out under the whispering trees, homeward. He walked slowly, musing on the things uppermost in his mind.

* * *

Miss Josephine, younger sister of Miss Gladys Halston, played golf in persistent ill-luck. Wells Rigby so expressed it in the quietude of an evening a day or so later; becoming more explicit, he added:

"Why, she's a lot worse than I am, and you all know what that is!"

Subdued chuckles advised him that they knew.

Wells Rigby was performing the arduous and responsible duties of a decoy. To him was delegated the task of monopolizing the time and talents of Miss Josephine, and when that young lady had developed a strenuous liking for golf, Rigby had thought a few vitriolic things to himself but yielded gracefully.

As the alert figure of Tom Brantley slipped through a distant doorway, Rigby espied him and at once started in pursuit. He buttonholed that gentleman as he appeared with a tray of ices.

"Hold on, Tom! A word ere we part!" said Rigby.

"H'm, well?" responded Brantley, allowing a significant glance to dwell upon the tray.

"Item one—my duties are—er—becoming more strenuous every day. Item two—yours, on the contrary, appear to grow lighter. Being a partner—I feel that I may be considered such—I claim that—

"What?" ejaculated Brantley, clutching the tray with both hands to steady it.

"I merely claim that a more equal division of emoluments would be justified. I suggest that you call off your dogs for twenty-four hours and allow us rabble to exist. We will miss you, but—

"I'm game, Wells. We'll say tomorrow—all day. Anything else?"

"No, that's a plenty for tonight, Tom."

Brantley dashed off leaving his friend chuckling softly to himself, as he watched the fleeting figure of the temporarily vanquished.

* * *

At mid-afternoon of the ensuing day, Wells Rigby was hidden securely behind a pine down on the shore and was groping among the pages of a book. The hero of the book had blindly avoided a dozen made-to-order opportunities to declare himself, and Rigby was muttering his disgust when his ears detected the rustling of feminine apparel near at hand.

He glanced around the pine trunk and met the black eyes of Miss Gladys Halston.

"Oh!" If not surprise, a very good imitation of it.

"Don't be alarmed—its not Tom," said Rigby, shrewdly.

"Tom?"

"I mean Mr. Brantley," explained Rigby, feeling uneasy.

"Why, he is in town today on business—he said it was very urgent."

"Urgent! Ha! Ha! That's good!" then, recollecting himself, he added, "Oh, yes, that water bond deal—I'd forgotten that!"

Rigby gasped at his own cleverness.

"The day is perfect for—for—," she began.

"Golfing? Miss Josephine advised me you were going the course this afternoon."

"I altered my plan."

"Maybe you'd like to see my new skiff—featherweight—holds two!" said he.

Noticing a flush of color sweep over her cheek, he added:

"Come on—its right down here," and turned down a narrow path toward the lake.

Before he realized it, Rigby had the light craft out and was descanting on its virtues eloquently. She was enthusiastic in praise of it, and when he, with supreme carelessness, slid it into the water and offered his hand, she took it and stepped easily into the stern, settling cosily on the comfortable cushions. A moment later Rigby was in his place, nervously fitting the oars.

The afternoon was warm, and the sun, still high above the trees, sent its searching rays into Rigby's face as he bent to his task. But he minded them not. He was turning over in his brain a neat plan that had suddenly found lodgment there, and which bade fair to produce a certain deleterious effect on his friend, Tom Brantley. The plan was nothing more or less than to paddle close to the steamer that would bring Brantley across and give him the ineffable shock of seeing his own Miss Gladys Halston enjoying a skiff ride with a free lance of Wells Rigby's description. It was a great idea—a grand scheme and Rigby's eyes twinkled at thought of it.

Under the intoxicating influence of his fair companion and the delightful thrills due to the plan, Rigby had no difficulty in maintaining an exuberance that wafted time away on fleet wings. In fact, he became so absorbed in a certain vexed theological problem upon which he professed to have absolute and decisive knowledge, that he actually started with surprise when the clarion blast of the approaching steamer pealed out.

"We're in great luck!" said Rigby, "We can ride the swell!"

"Ride the what?"

"The big waves she kicks up, you know—great fun."

"But—but—this skiff?"

"Bah!" exclaimed Rigby, like the villain in the play. She'll hold. Hang to the sides!"

As he sunk the oars into the water the throbbing of the engine pounded in his ears—the boat was nearer than he thought.

"Toot! Toot ! Too-oot!"

That was fair warning and Rigby sent the skiff swiftly aside as the rushing prow came up.

For a brief moment Rigby busied himself in bringing the boat parallel to the steamer's course, then set his oars at rest and glanced up at the row of faces that peered at him over the rail.

"Ha!" He tossed his hand gaily aloft as he recognized the pale features of Tom Brantley, whose blood had suddenly chilled as he beheld her—his ideal—participating in what appeared to be a mad—a farcically mad escapade. Even while he stared at Rigby he saw the skiff rise swiftly on the forerunner of a long series of huge billows that followed in the steamer's wake. The light craft hung at the apex as if in doubt—then ran back into the trough and disappeared momentarily.

Rigby, who was enjoying the thing hugely, turned to observe how his companion was liking the experience. He saw her white face gazing towards the bottom of the boat and a glance downward brought home to him with sudden fervor the sensation of a present danger—and of weakness. A thin stream of water, like arterial blood, was spurting upward through a rift in the timbers. The rift was widening—the next wave might tear the craft asunder.

The two glanced at each other and their eyes met in a mute expression of consciousness of hazard. It came soon. The next wave, stronger than its fellow, rushed over them—the skiff had no buoyancy and in a moment it was filled and sank. Rigby found himself thrust some yards beneath a raging element and the fact of his absolute inability to swim gave him a heart pain more acute than his own danger—he knew he could not assist Miss Halston.

A moment later he found himself at the surface, where, dashing the drops from his eyelids, he was astonished to observe his late companion cutting through the waves in the most approved fashion.

"What! Can—you—swim!" he gasped.

"Some—but never in a *swell* before!" she replied.

Rigby missed the last word as he went under at the moment. He was weak from the row and the chagrin of the disaster. He fought at the water fiercely, but ineffectively. He grew frantically reckless—then afraid. He reached the surface a second time, but hardly knew it. One arm alone waved feebly above the water in a protest—then a tremendous hammering attacked Rigby's brain—a slamming—fiercer and fiercer—then darkness!

* * *

The passengers crowded back to make room for the strenuous young man who came plunging in over the rail dragging the limp form behind him.

"Give me room here!" he called, authoritatively, as he circled a mighty arm about and thrust them back.

He dropped on his knees beside Rigby, grasped the limp elbows and beckoned a bystander.

"Grab 'em hard an' pull 'em up—high! Chug 'em down now! Keep it up—hard!"

As he delivered the orders he was alternately lifting and lowering the unconscious form, pressing the chest and lungs and lifting the eyelids.

"Ah! Still in the ring, eh? Just got a thimbleful or so! Are you there, old man?" Rigby signified that he was by stiffening out and taking a quick breath.

Five minutes more and Wells Rigby, considerably muddled in mind and very damp was sitting with his back to the warm engine-pit. His wandering eyes finally lighted on Brantley from whose clothing water dripped copiously.

"Tom, was you in, too?" he asked with a grin.

"S-sh! You're dead!" said the heartless Brantley.

Just then Rigby beheld another sight——stranger than the dripping form of his friend Tom. Miss Halston sat, in moist and clinging garments, chatting earnestly with an entire stranger, who, if eyes could be trusted was likewise in a most saturated condition.

"Who—er—rescued us?" he demanded of Brantley.

"Quiet, my boy—nobody's rescued yet. We're just beginning to get lost—at least I am," whispered Brantley.

Rigby swallowed painfully and glanced toward Miss Halston. She was not noticing him. The bell clanged at this juncture—the chugging of the engine ceased and the bustle of disembarkation ensued.

Rigby, after the climb up the stairs, demanded an explanation.

"Wait till we're dried out some, you—oh you!"

After an hour's delay Brantley condescended to speak. He wore a deceptive smile as he began.

"I have been studying how best to slaughter you, Rigby, but your youth and inexperience has saved you. What happened is just this. When you went under we screwgeed the steamer back in the neighborhood of the catastrophe and I took my dive. I did it in good form I think, but the next minute I happened to recollect that I couldn't swim a stroke and at once began yelling for help. And they rescued me—that is, she did."

"Who did?"

"Miss Halston herself! She came slashing up through the water, slapped me in the face, grabbed me by the back hair and shot me up to the boat where they yanked me in. Say, but I felt grand!"

"Who—who pulled me out?"

"That big fellow you saw talking to her. That was young McPherson who came up here last year and beat Billy Carver a mile in the single sculls, recall? McPherson had suffered a turn-down at Miss Halston's hands some time last August and I'll bet my chances against a lead cent that the supreme court will juggle that decision before tomorrow morning. The signs are good."

"And you?"

"Don't bother about me, boy. I'm in the discard now."

* * *

That evening the two were on the bluff gazing out over the peaceful expanse of water beneath. The measured swish of skirts roused them from their contemplation and they turned. They beheld two very animated young people strolling down the quiet path toward the beach. They seemed to be entirely unconscious of the presence of the two men who watched them.

Brantley turned and faced his friend and the two read each other earnestly for a full minute. Then Rigby coughed and broke the spell.

"I'll be game, Wells—I wouldn't change it—I think," said Brantley.

CUTTAHUNK

By J. A. R.

THOU stanch and wind-swept little isle,
Whose hardy sons by toil and strife
Wrest from the ocean's briny depths
A livelihood at risk of life,

Once more I tread thy pebbly shores
And scan the ocean's broad expanse
Where sailing ships in stately pride
Vie with the steamboat's swift advance.

Once more I view thy hills and dells,
Where roam the sheep from shore to shore,
And gaze far down thy frowning cliffs
While listening to the breaker's roar.

And when the Storm King's trumpet blows,
And Boreas shrieks in fiendish glee,
'Tis then I tremble for thy life
Little island of the sea.

But naught cares she for the winds that howl
When angry waves dash fierce and high,
Naught cares she for the tempest's wrath
When storm clouds gather in the sky.

Enfolded in old Neptune's arms,
A child upon its mother's breast,
She scorns the wildest, fiercest storms,
This eaglet in her ocean nest.

TOPSY AND TUNY

PALMER grinned. So did I. Anybody with a grin left, grins at a kitten's antics. Then there was something grotesque in this mite of a Maltese assuming to threaten the swaying tail of the big family mare.

Palmer and I were not on the best of terms. My chickens had invaded Palmer's garden. Palmer's hobby is his garden. I had a pleasant fancy that hot, spring, Sunday morning that this mutual interest in the antics of Tuny the kitten, playing the crouching tiger at Topsy's fly-fighting tail, would heal the breach between Palmer and I.

It did appear so. Palmer would cautiously steal a look at me, and catch my eyes stealing a look at him. Then we'd sort of redden and fluster, and resume the kitten. Several times I was on the point of saying something, and I saw his mouth open half a dozen times, and close with an empty gasp. We had been nodding when we met, each waiting for the other till we were 'most past. But there had been no conversation since the hens dug up the seeds he sent to Washington for. Palmer had telegraphed for more. These were even now sending up their tendrils.

Puff! Tuny, the Maltese, was like a puff of smoke as she shot from the grass at Topsy's tail. Palmer looked straight at me and laughed. Of course I had to look to see if he did.

The ruminating Topsy, surprised that her vibrating tail had become encumbered, stopped cropping the grass, and stared straight ahead. Tuny's crooked claws had caught in the snarls of Topsy's tail and couldn't let go. Puzzled and frightened, Topsy sort of reached one hoof up, and felt backward and around. The hoof came in contact with the now frantic Tuny. Instantly Topsy aimed a questioning kick at the obstacle she encountered. Owing to the vibration, the kick missed. Topsy laid her ears back and condensed her attention and energies into her tail. She gave a swing that brought Tuny against the horse blanket with a swat. Tuny clung to the blanket with the energy of all her claws. These must have gone through the light blanket, for Topsy gave a lurch to starboard that suggested a harpoon in her ribs.

Then there was something doing. Topsy's proud, patrician nostrils suddenly expanded till a hen might have nested therein, and from these trumpets she blew a blast like the war-horse of Job. This was the signal to start. In an instant Topsy's 1100 pounds hit the frail picket fence between Palmer's garden and my lawn. The pickets went like toothpicks. Topsy took a notion that whirling swiftly around might rid her of that dreadful unknown thing which had destroyed her Sabbath peace of mind. A group of church-goers halted on the sidewalk, and were variously amused and shocked. Topsy was right in the center of Palmer's garden. When the church-goers stopped, Topsy was executing a wild waltz in the midst of the bed with the tendrils of the Washington seeds.

Topsy was like the destruction that wasteth at noonday. The tendrils were left to give a weird effect to a bed of cylindrical loam, while Topsy and the now terrified and squalling kitten went whirling into the other garden beds.

I can record the fact that Palmer executed a dance on his own account all along the edge of his ruined garden; but I cannot record what he said. To make things worse, the people on the walk became aware of the clinging kitten, and were moved by unseemly mirth. This aggravated Palmer beyond endurance. He shook his fist at them, and pranced up and down, and said things. Of course I can't tell what he said. The ladies all started on; but the men laughed harder than ever.

It was while Palmer was facing his tormentors on the the walk that Topsy gave a fling with her tail that sent Tuny straight as a dart into the back of Palmer's neck. The concussion nearly knocked Palmer down. He plunged forward. The kitten was now clear crazy. With a caterwaul as long as the wind, she clawed Palmer's neck, spat, and with every hair erect, ran for our barn and dove under it, just as Topsy tore into her stall.

Palmer is a man who does not rise to the occasion. Instead of hanging his under lip till he almost steps on it, and refusing to see me, he might have turned the episode into a joke by merely twinkling his eyes and saying, "That's a horse on me!"

Henry L. Kiner

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LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the little helps found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

"AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION"

By Mrs. A. E. Brown, Breckenridge, Minn.

When going from a heated atmosphere into the outer air, a cold may be avoided by holding the breath perfectly until a few steps have been taken. This closes every pore of the body for a time, preventing a chill. Many cases of pneumonia might thus be averted.

AN ORIGINAL SILVER POLISH

The fine ashes found over the oven of a cook-stove in which wood is used, furnishes (when used dry) a silver polish equal to any on the market.

FOR A DRAWER THAT STICKS

To make a drawer slide easily if too tight, rub the ends well with a piece of fat salt pork. It will give no further trouble.

CLEANING MEN'S CLOTHING

By Mrs. F. W. Boots, Hanover, Ill.

Take a stone jar or any vessel that can be made practically air tight; place in it the article to be cleaned; cover with gasoline; place cover tightly on jar and let stand for several hours. Then dip up and down in gasoline, drain well and dip in fresh gasoline, draining well again; let dry. Do not wring. When dry, press by using a good hot iron with a dampened cloth next to the goods. You will find your goods as bright and clean as when new. This is also fine for ladies' dress skirts.

SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE

By Alice E. Wells, Princeton, Kan.

A sure cure for constipation, where no organic trouble exists, may be accomplished by eating two tablespoonsful of wheat bran every night, the last thing before retiring. Cream, hot or cold water may be poured over it to make it palatable. "Throw physics to the dogs" and try this simple, harmless remedy.

TO PREVENT VOMITING

By A. M. R., Michigan

When the patient cannot retain anything on the stomach, simply make a mustard poultice with the white of an egg, and lay on the stomach; it will stop vomiting at once, especially good for children.

WHEN THE FIRE GETS LOW

By C. E. Whipple, Danvers, Mass.

When the coal fire gets low while cooking on the range throw in bits of fat that may be saved for the purpose, and a blaze will rise to help along the good work—and at no trouble or expense.

FOR SORE FEET

By Mrs. G. H. Carter, Blackstone, N. C.

Blistering or soreness of the feet may be prevented by covering the soles of the stocking with a coating of the cheapest brown soap.

INEXPENSIVE PICTURE FRAMES

By Martha E. Hackley, Stanford, Ky.

Select at a planing mill or at a dealer's in dressed lumber, strips of hardwood flooring, light or dark oak, as preferred, about two and one-half or three inches in width (wider flooring in small frames has a heavy appearance). This flooring costs only a cent or two a foot. Carefully measure the pictures you wish to frame or glasses of the size you wish to cover them. Have the lumberman saw the strips three inches longer than the actual measurements, to allow for the corner fitting. Then comes the work to put on the strips. First plane off the tongue and cut off one side of the groove. Rub the wood with linseed oil and powder well with pumice stone; then when *dry*, take coarse sandpaper and rub until every bit of the oil and pumice stone are off, and the wood is smooth. Continue to paint the wood with oil and pumice stone and sand-paper it off until the surface is satin smooth. It sometimes requires three or more applications of the oil. Last of all, rub with Spanish whiting, to fill any open pores, and oil again. When dry, sand-paper again, then varnish two or more coats, and when the last coat is dry, with fine sand-paper rub it lightly to take off the high gloss that is cheap-looking. Your furniture dealer, for a small sum, will make the frames. Many times he will do it for nothing, if you purchase the glass of him. You will be highly gratified with the result of your work.

COTTON WASTE

By Mrs. J. E. Hilainds, Bainbridge, Ind.

Why do not housekeepers adopt waste as a cleaning agent? Watch the engineer pick up a bunch and wipe off the oil or dirt, and then throw the cotton in a heap, to be burned at his convenience. How much better than to use a cloth which someone had to hem and someone else has to wash and iron. Why is not cotton waste the best possible stuff to use instead of so many floor cloths, dust cloths, stove cleaners and mops? It is cheap, and can be had anywhere. It is one of the best agencies for polishing waxed floors or furniture.

TO CLEAN BRASS

By Mrs. M. A. F., Marcellus, N. Y.

To clean brass, use a cloth dipped in vinegar, and then dipped in salt; rub the article with this, and polish with a dry cloth.

PANCAKES

Put a teaspoonful of sugar in your buckwheat pancake batter, and they will fry a nicer brown.

WASH YOUR OYSTERS

Wash your oysters and you will find they have a much nicer flavor.

WASH YOUR DOUGHNUTS

By Alice C. Buchanan, Harrisville, Pa.

When frying doughnuts, have a pan of boiling water, and quickly plunge them in and out of the hot water as you take them out of the grease. They will not have that greasy appearance and taste doughnuts usually have, and you will be surprised when the water gets cold at the amount of grease on top of it.

RESTORE THE THERMOMETER'S USEFULNESS

By Mrs. Fred W. Rue, Graham, Mont.

If from a jar or any other cause the mercury in your thermometer has separated, shake the thermometer in quick, sharp jerks until the mercury reunites.

A POST-CARD CHAIN

By Mrs. R. B. Sindle, Terre Haute, Ill.

A post-card chain is cheaper, more convenient, and a nicer ornament than the conventional post-card album. Punch a hole through each corner of the cards; string them on two ribbons, putting the ribbons through the upper holes, from the under side, and then across the ends of the cards and down through the lower holes. String on as many cards as you please, one above the other, like the links of a chain. Tie the two ribbons together at each end and hang your chain on the wall, or finish with a bow of ribbon at each corner of the first and last card and fold in book form, and you have your cards in convenient, compact and attractive arrangement, three things most desired, since the post-card is so popular, so numerous and so beautiful at the present time.

SAWING GREEN PINE

By Chas. Freeland, Custer, So. Dakota

Anyone who ever tried cutting green pine timber with a cross-cut knows of the trouble caused by the sap gumming on the saw, but not everyone knows that kerosene or coal-oil will cut this gum. Take a small necked bottle and fill two-thirds or three-fourths full of kerosene, then from a pine tree pull a bunch of the needles sufficiently large to fill the neck of the bottle, leaving the ends of the needles stuck out, forming a brush, then shake the bottle over your saw; the kerosene runs down the needles and drops off the ends, and your saw is oiled with but little if any waste of oil; the needles serve as a sort of sprinkler.

POWDERED SUGAR

Turn your coffee mill down very tight, fill the hopper with granulated sugar, grind it through once or twice, or even three times, and you have an excellent powdered sugar.

TO CLEAN CUT GLASS

By Mrs. John C. Handy, Buffalo, N. Y.

A good way to clean cut glass:—Wash thoroughly with warm soap-suds and cover with sawdust for an hour or two, or until perfectly dry, then brush off with a soft brush and it will be clear and sparkling.

TO KEEP ORANGES

When oranges are cheap, they may be kept for a time when they are high-priced by filling a box with clean, dry sand and burying the oranges in it so they will not touch, but so there will be plenty of sand between them. Keep in a cool place, where it is also dry and shady, and the fruit will keep as fine as when buried, for six months or longer.

NIGHT SWEATS

By S. E. Griffin, Weymouth, Mass.

Any person troubled with night sweats will find this method of treatment an efficient one: Take an all-wool undervest, fill full of salt by washing in strong salted water; dry in the house, as the salt prevents it drying out of doors; put this on the body next to the skin, and wear three days, salt the vest again, and so on, and in a short time the person will be free from the night sweats.

NAIL CLEANER

By Mrs. E. A. Estes, Ripley, Tennessee

Oxalic acid is excellent for removing stains from your finger nails. Dissolve the acid in water, and apply to the nails with an orangewood stick, and you will find all stains will be instantly removed.

TO FINISH A HOUSE CHEAPLY

By Jessie C. Knox, Butte, Mont.

When plaster cannot be afforded, try using a fair quality of cotton sheeting, say at six cents per yard. Measure off lengths enough for the sides of a room, sew together upon the sewing machine; tack in place, stretching tightly. Next join lengths in one piece to cover both ends of room and ceiling. Have ready small quarter-round (one-half inch) and fine finishing nails. Put up the cloth with quarter-round firmly nailed in angle of wall and ceiling. The cloth can thus be much more tightly stretched than when held only by tacks, and if every corner of the room is fitted with quarter-round, coming down to the baseboard, all tacks will be covered. This cloth finish can be papered as well as plaster, and will not crack if paper is thoroughly brushed on; or it can be finished in kalsomine; either way it cannot be distinguished from a plastered wall in appearance. If put on over boards and building paper, the house or room will be warm.

TO RENEW CANE SEATS OF CHAIRS

By Lizzie Dickie, Twin Springs, Idaho

Cane-seated chair bottoms that have sagged may be made as tight as ever by washing them with hot water and leaving to dry in the open air.

CLEANING LIGHT CLOTH GARMENTS

Light cloth coats or other garments may be cleaned at home with oatmeal and whiting. Lay flat on a clean table, mix the oatmeal and whiting in equal proportions and with a piece of clean flannel rub thoroughly and evenly into the cloth. Shake well, and if necessary go over again and repeat till the cloth looks perfectly clean; then shake well and press on the wrong side with a warm iron.

PREVENTS CAKE FROM FALLING

By A. J. C., Long Beach, Cal.

Mix the ingredients in this order:—Beat the whites of eggs and then add sugar beat thoroughly, soften the butter (not melt it) before mixing it, then the milk and flour alternately, adding flavor last.

TO MAKE JELLY OF A LIGHT COLOR

To make jelly of a light color instead of adding dry sugar, make a thick syrup and add to the boiling juice, in this way the juice is kept boiling. Use a very shallow pan and boil rapidly.

TO KEEP CAKE MOIST

By J. W. L., Superior, Wis.

Cake, especially spice and all dark cake, which has become dry, will become moist and "fresh" if the cake is placed in the bread-box with the bread for a day or so. Cookies which should be moist but are not, will draw sufficient moisture from a slice or two of bread placed in the cookie jar—but not directly on the cookies.

TO MAKE GOOD INK

By W. A., Tombstone, Ari.

A discarded typewriter ribbon if soaked in a pint of soft water for twenty-four hours will make an excellent copying ink.

TO CLEAN OLD PUTTY FROM WINDOW FRAMES

By Mrs. J. E. Fines, Des Moines, Ia.

To remove old putty from window frames, pass a red-hot poker slowly over it, and it will come off easily.

A LIMITED GARDEN

By Rose W. Wheeler, Riverside, Cal.

For those whose yard or garden room is limited:—Take a barrel and knock out the bottom; dig a hole which will allow the barrel to set in over half way down; fill barrel with good stable manure; stamp in hard, and plant your cucumbers round outside of the barrel, some six or eight inches from it, having a nicely prepared soil to receive the seed. When they begin to vine, train them a little, so they wont spread out too far, and you will gather all one family can use in a space six feet square. Fill the barrel with water about twice each week, and the vines will have all the moisture they need.

TO CURE INSECT BITES

By Frank Monroe Beverly, Osborn's Gap, Va.

The bites of insects, and even the bite of the dreaded rattlesnake, have been rendered harmless by using a plaster made by stirring enough table salt into the yolk of an egg to make it of the right consistency.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS FROM BOOKS

Buy a few cents' worth of oxalic acid, and dissolve it in water. With a clean brush, or feather, wet the stain with the solution; the unsightly blot will soon disappear, leaving the page perfectly clean.

FOR A CHILL

By Lizzie Hussey, Skowhegan, Me.

When one is very cold, if the hands are plunged into as hot water as can be borne, the entire body is quickly warmed.

FOR CAR SICKNESS

Eating well-salted pop-corn while on the cars wards off any inclination to car-sickness, and is an agreeable remedy as well.

TO HAVE YOUR PLANTS BLOOM

By Mrs. H. M. Richardson, Sebec, Me.

If your husband is a smoker put the ashes from the tray on your plants, and press the cigar stumps into the earth next to the pot, and you will never be troubled with pests. Water the plants with the water you have washed your roast of meat in, and put all drainings from the beef steak around the roots, and watch them bloom.

A SIMPLE REMEDY

By Frank Kershner, Normal, Ill.

I want to tell the National readers what a good remedy they will find for sore throat, or soreness on any part of the body, boils, felons, etc., in common clay. Make mud with it and bind it upon the part affected, and renew before it dries; for an abcess I know of nothing to equal it.

REMOVES A GREASE SPOT

By Pearl Davis, Petaluma, Cal.

When hot grease is spilled on a wood floor, pour cold water on and let stay for five minutes; it can be moped up, and all traces of grease will have vanished.

TO REMOVE WARTS

By Mrs. R. W. Elliott, Griggsville, Ill.

Warts may be removed by applying the milky juice from the common milkweed.

NEW SEWING MACHINE WRINKLE

By E. E. Pardee, W. Edmeston, N. Y.

To gather on the sewing machine without using the gatherer:—Loosen the upper tension sufficiently to leave the under thread straight. Sew on the line for gathers, then draw underthread the desired length. Much time is saved, and you will have no trouble with the gathers slipping out of place.

TO HEMSTITCH ON SEWING MACHINE

Draw threads as for hand work; baste the hem onto the edge of the loose threads and stitch on the machine. A double hemstitch is made by stitching into the threads on each edge.

HONEY

By Mrs. H. C. Hamstead, Tenn.

Mix ten pounds of sugar, three pounds of water and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; let it come to a boil and skim; then add three pounds of honey, two tablespoonfuls of apple vinegar. Allow it to come to a boil, and when cool flavor to suit the taste, and you cannot tell it from pure honey.

IF A CHILD SWALLOWS A PIN

By Mrs. J. M. Treat, Aurora, O.

If a child should swallow a pin, give it as soon as possible as much mashed potato as it will eat.

FLOUR AS A SILVER POLISH

If silver which is not to be used often is kept in dry flour, it will not tarnish or turn dark, and will need only to be brushed off when wanted for use at a moment's notice.

TEA STAINS OF LONG STANDING

Tea stains of long standing should be soaked in glycerine and then washed in cold water.

BUNIONS

By Mrs. J. H. Bell, Waynesboro, Va.

To those suffering with *bunions* I wish to send a remedy which I have always known to give relief. Take the yolk of one egg, make into a stiff poultice with *salt*, apply to the bunion at night, binding it on; if the first application does not effect a cure, repeat.

TONIC FOR THE HAIR

By H. F. H., Willow Springs, Mo.

An excellent tonic for the hair, and one that will stop its falling out and do much toward removing dandruff, is made by dissolving a spoonful of quinine in as much alcohol as it may require and pouring this solution into a quart of pure rain-water.

A WHITE KITCHEN FLOOR

By Miss M. A. Pierce, South Deerfield, Mass.

Sprinkle common baking soda over the floor, then pour hot water on and wipe with mop or cloth. This will remove stains and make the floor white and clean.

TWO REMINDERS

By Mrs. E. M. Lockhart, Neodesha, Kan.

Always grate nutmegs from the blossom end first.

Nails dipped in soap will drive easily through the hardest wood.

WHITE AS A RELIEF FOR THE EYES

By Clara D. Gilbert, Washington, D. C.

On dark dresses put hangers of white tape that they may be quickly found.

To relieve the eyes when sewing on a dark material, wear a white apron or put a white cloth over the lap.

Make a mark with white thread on the binding of a dress skirt over the middle of the front breadth, that the exact front may easily be found.

To spare the eyes the strain of darning on black, it is well to wear white-footed hose. They are conceded to be more healthful, too.

CLEANING A CARPET

By Jessie Liggett, Ostrander, O.

This is a valuable preparation:—One bar of Ivory soap, four ounces of salts of tartar, two gallons of rain water; apply with a flannel cloth, afterward with cloth wrung in clear water.

KEEPING MEAT IN HOT WEATHER

If you have purchased a Sunday roast or steak and find that you have no ice on hand, try covering it with sour or butter-milk, rinsing in clear water when ready for use. The meat will keep for days by changing milk occasionally.

TEA FORTIFIER AND IMPROVER

By Carl R. Grimm, Olivet, Pa.

One pound of bicarb. of soda, one-third ounce of burnt sugar. Mix well and dry. A pinch of this powder when put into the pot while brewing tea will bring out the full flavor of the tea, and makes poor tea a superior beverage; neutralizing excess of tannic acid, improving the color, and by dissolving the tea gluten increases its nourishing and stimulating effects.

TO IMPROVE BROOMS

By Pearl Morrissett, Danville, Va.

Place the broom on a smooth block so that the ends of the straws may be beaten with a hammer. Beat until all the straws have split or become a finer grain at the end. It is now ready for use, and is no longer hard and stumpy, sweeping better in every way. If brooms are treated this way once or twice a month, one will always have them pliable. This beating in no way destroys the broom.

LIBRARY PASTE

By Mrs. Archie Allison, Cheyenne, Wyo.

One-half cup of cold water, six teaspoonfuls flour, a pinch of powdered alum, five drops oil of cloves. Mix until very smooth, removing all lumps, and boil until thick. Stir constantly, and when thick remove from fire and strain through a thin cloth; bottle and it is ready for use.

TO REMOVE CAKE FROM TIN

By E. W., Sheboygan, Wis.

If you wish to remove a cake nicely from the tin it is baked in, wet a dish-towel in cold water, rinsing it out slightly, and lay on the table; place the hot cake tin upon the towel just as it comes from the oven. If the towel dries quickly wet it again, allowing the cake to stand upon it for a few minutes; it will come out of the tin readily and in good condition.

The HAPPY HABIT *and* OLD HOME WEEK

By the Editor

AS the years come and go, there is nothing that surpasses the emotions of going home — back to the "old home." This is the vital impulse that has built up the country; for what lad leaves home to seek fortune in distant parts, but has the determination, deep down in his heart, to make a name and a fortune that he can some day return to recount. He is dreaming already of the days when he can come home to the old house, and tell the story of his achievements. Through many and many a weary hour of his early struggles, he may feel a pang of regret that he is compelled, year by year, to let slip the opportunity to return home, but if he has left behind a loving mother-heart, he will not long be able to resist the call of the home ties.

* * * * *

OF course things look different now at the old home! The hills are not quite so high; nor the trees quite so large. The river has shrunk unaccountably, though in fact it is just as it was; the old barn is a little bit more sunken and aged — the smallest change attracts attention.

He reaches the house, and throws down his grip at the hall door, to meet mother who has been waiting many and many an hour for this moment. He goes up to the old room in the attic — it is always the back room for the boys, and the front for the girls — and that back room is just as when he left it. There are the old rafters, the same old bed, and opening the closet door to hang up his coat, he finds many a relic kept there to remind mother of the boy of long ago — the bows and arrows and other articles in which his boyish heart delighted.

Downstairs again, she knows just what he wants — he has his favorite pie — he need give no orders here; she knows how he likes the eggs, whether well-done or rare, turned or cooked on one side only — no need to say sugar and cream in the coffee, for "mother knows!"

He cannot talk fast enough to tell her everything. The letters may have been frequent, but they did not tell the whole story, and now she wishes to hear it all from his own lips. There is father's old smile, uncle's mannerism. What a glow of pride wells in her heart as she looks lovingly across the table at the son sitting in the place where once his high-chair stood.

He goes out to the barn to visit the old-time nooks, and strolls past the trees to the creek and off across the pastures — every foot of the ground blossoms with memories, gay or sad. Names, unspoken and unheard for years, come back to him. He meets old neighbors — the familiar first name flies to his lips — the mystic chords of memory need no prompting. Yes, he does feel a little lonesome — some of the old faces are missing — where are they?

There is the old well, calling up memories of the times he knelt to drink, and the countless pails of water he carried long ago. Here is the place where the tree stood that held the swing — that tree, now gnarled with age, has, perhaps, lost its companion. Here are the old-fashioned flower beds, with carefully cut borders of grass — the well-remembered yellow roses, the striped ribbon grass, the fuschias, the petunias. How peaceful and altogether lovely it seems on this July day! He would like to lie on the grass and forget the present; just revel in recollections.

Behind the barn, he discovers an old fishing-rod, just where he tucked it away under the eaves years ago. He remembers that it was over the kitchen roof where the walnuts were stored for their sun bath in the autumn. Every nook and cranny, every object seems to reflect a picture that "hangs on memory's walls." Yes, he helps mother with the dishes, just as he used to do long ago. She does not have to coax him now.

The first morning at home — who can forget it! In the sweet, early light of the summer day, he lies, half asleep, glancing now and then at the old brown rafters, and listening for the well-remembered call at the foot of the stairs; for he refuses to remember that he is no longer a boy. But there is no call; that stern, firm voice that used to sound in the early morning of long ago is, it may be, forever silent.

Mother's breakfast! Oh, the smell of bacon and eggs and coffee floating up the stairs! The industrious little woman has long been astir. She comes softly into the room, to see if her boy is still asleep. She glances at the bed lovingly, and silently draws the shade at the window, for fear the sun may waken him; then she creeps down stairs, to "put on covers" so that his breakfast shall be palatable when he shall awake. With half-open eyes, he has witnessed the little scene; he would not have missed it for untold gold; for has he not the consciousness of being a boy again? Then he springs out of bed, dresses quickly, and hurries down stairs for breakfast with mother.

How strange it seems to spend those bright waking hours of the day, with the sun at its zenith and all the rest of the world busy at work, just sitting under the shade of the trees, or on the porch, talking with mother and the old folks — and how they understand!—he never has to stop to explain anything. Here in the old home, he is indeed an orator, for "when we are understood, it is a proof that we speak well, and all your learned gabble is mere nonsense."

* * * * *

YES, these emotions are the real things we live for, though the medal has its reverse, for of course if we did not go away we could not come home, so that, after all, even here the law of compensation operates.

How quickly the days pass! The harsh, strident voice of Business is forgotten; for who can come home to a scene like this without feeling the thrill of true realization? This is where the Happy Habiter takes his highest degree; for he finds that the habits of happiness have their root in the life of the old home. Here he is at his best, because here he is perfectly understood. The best feelings of his life gleam through the veneer of success and change. So when we look for the school of happiness, we must come to the home, be it the old home or the new one; for it is here that the Happy Habit is most easily nurtured and blossoms most luxuriously, bound up in

"The blessed wreath of household charities."

No wonder that Old Home Week, as inaugurated in New England, is one of the most cohesive powers apparent in national life. No matter where a man may wander and make his home, he never fails to respond to the sentiment and the memories of the old home. Do you wonder that the songs "The Suwanee River" and "Home, Sweet Home" are always new and delightful; that they are twined about the hearts of the people? Do you wonder that the inmost purpose of every man is to have a home, and to make that home a shrine of the purest and best impulses of life?

* * * * *

BRING into our Happy Habit organization the spirit of Old Home Week, and keep it up for the other fifty-two weeks of the year. A traveling man once remarked to me: "If we can only get the Old Home Week spirit into the life of the cities, its radiance will soon drive away all inclination to vice and iniquity."

Scattered throughout the country are the recruits for the Old Home Week, and it has occurred to me that, after all, the Old Home Week is not a modern institution, but that it is founded on the ancient Jewish observance of the Passover, when every man "went up to Jerusalem" to join with his own tribe in the celebration of the divinely ordained feast; and also, doubtless, for the gratification of the God-given desire to meet one's own kin at least once a year. Here they renewed their pledges in the very same spirit of home love that prompts the gathering of Old Home Week days in this great, heterogeneous nation, composite in its civilization. Today the spirit of Old Home Week is bringing about the homogenity which presages the unity of the nation; for this institution has a deeper significance than the mere gratification of "going visiting." It knits together the purposes of a people, and preserves those principles and institutions which have withstood the battles of discontent and greed.

During the closing week of July, with summer time at its full tide, let us all go back to the old home. Each recurring Old Home Week brings with it a pledge of happiness, even if we find that the hand of change has wrought on the old house and barn, the streams and fields. We visit the spring once again, and though we may find the "Old Oaken Bucket" has passed its useful stage, we stoop and pledge each other in the pure water, with crystal tears at parting, to "write oftener and be sure and come next time."

UTAH AND THE MORMONS

By W. C. Jenkins

THERE is no state in the Union regarding which so much has been written of an uncomplimentary character as Utah, and yet perhaps no other state possesses more elements that make men comfortable and happy than these beautiful tracts of agricultural and mineral lands in the inter-mountain region of the West, which were first peopled by the Mormons. No other state has within its borders such a variety of resources, and no state could possibly be so independent and self-supporting.

It has been truthfully stated that if intercourse with the outside world were cut off, there are few of the necessities or luxuries that could not be produced in abundance within the borders of Utah; in other words, it is an empire within itself. Almost every variety of climate which is generally salubrious and agreeable can be found in Utah. Valleys for the farmer and fruit-grower, low mountain land, slopes and terraces for the sheep-raiser, mountains for the miner, scenery, hunting, fishing and bathing for the pleasure-seekers, hot springs and pure air for the invalid, and plenty of opportunity and occupation for men of business and enterprise; Utah possesses them all.

The early settlement of Utah is full of interest. It portrays incidents of trials and tribulations which have never been equalled on the American continent, and it brings into the lime-light a class of hardy pioneers whose devotion to a religious cause will go down into history, and place these men among the world's champions in the great crusade for the Gospel of Christ.

The career of Utah began on the twenty-fourth day of July, 1847. On that day, a company of pioneers under the leadership of Brigham Young, consisting of 143 men, three women and two children, ended a journey from the Missouri river. Wearied and foot-worn by mountain travel, and weakened by the vicissitudes of desert camps, this little band of religious enthusiasts halted when they reached the Great Salt Lake Valley, and before the sun set that day, work was begun on the building of a commonwealth. On that day these Mormon pioneers inaugurated a system of irrigation, and to its remarkable success is due the industrial exodus to the West. Brigham Young may be truly characterized as the father of irrigation in the United States; although it was not until after his death that laws were enacted by Congress recognizing its immense importance to the arid West, and protecting those who invested capital in such enterprises. The first ditch dug by the Mormons brought a stream of water from what is known as City Creek, which flowed through a tract of land where now stands the beautiful city of Salt Lake. Along this stream crops were planted and a few rude houses were built to shelter the pioneers. Some of these primitive huts still exist in Salt Lake City, and are objects of much curiosity.

Whatever may be said of the polygamous practices of Brigham Young, it cannot be denied that he was a natural leader of men and a man of wonderful personality. His plans broadly comprehended the founding and building of an empire. He early established a perpetual immigration fund, from which advances were made to aid the settlement of the state. As a result of his energy and successful plans, in less than three years after the first settlement, Utah had a population of 11,380. This number had increased in 1860 to 40,273, in 1870 to 86,786, in 1880 to 143,963, in 1890 to 207,905, in 1900 to 276,749, and the present population is estimated to be about 325,000.

In the early days, and until 1870, practically all of the newcomers to Utah were Mormons, but when mining began in the state, a large number of other religionists came to that section of the West. Brigham Young foresaw the effects of opening up the mineral lands in Utah, and used his utmost endeavor to discourage mining.

The early settlers in Utah had many difficulties with the Indians, and several bloody

Scene from Lagoon, Summer Resort near Salt Lake City

Section of Saltair Dancing Pavilion and Salt Lake

Latter-Day Saints Hospital, Salt Lake City

View in Port Douglas, Utah

Utah Sugar Company's Mill, Lehi, Utah

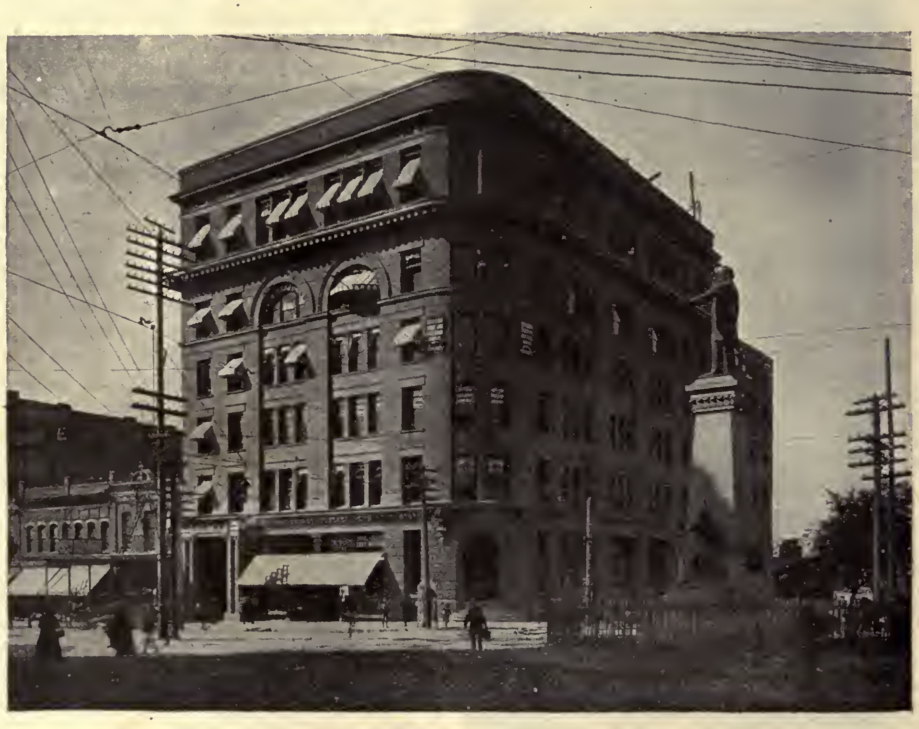
battles were needed to establish the supremacy of the whites. One of the first steps taken by Brigham Young to solve the local Indian question was the establishment of Indian farming in Southern Utah, at New Harmony, Washington County. The plan proved measurably successful, and enabled the Mormons to maintain comparatively good relations with the southern tribes.

When the pioneers arrived on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, the region was a part of Mexico, but passed under American control the following year. The route taken by these pioneers from the Missouri river was almost the exact route followed later by the Union Pacific railroad, and, therefore, these people may be given credit for having made the preliminary survey for the first trans-continental line. The establishment of this little colony of pioneers in Utah, proved to be of immense benefit to the thousands who crossed the plains, during the early days of the gold excitement in California. This was a fortunate circumstance for the gold hunters, as they were enabled to recuperate their tired stock and obtain supplies for their onward journey.

In 1849, an attempt was made to organize the state of Deseret, but Congress refused to recognize the proposed sovereignty. On September 9, 1850, Utah was recognized as a territory, and Brigham Young was appointed as governor. The history of the territory is punctuated by many attempts on the part of the people to secure statehood. From time to time constitutional conventions were held, and many applications made to Congress for admission, but all effort in this direction was fruitless until 1895, when acting upon the almost unanimous demand of gentiles and Mormons, Congress passed the Enabling Act, under which the state was admitted to the Union on January 4, 1896.

The Mormon church never regarded the anti-polygamy laws as constitutional, and therefore its members tested those laws in the courts, and in the meantime suffered from fines and terms of imprisonment; and this was done until the supreme court of the United States decided those laws constitutional, and it was then that the "death knell" of polygamy came; for they could not do otherwise than acknowledge the supremacy of constitutional laws; the church agreeing that hereafter no more plural marriages would be solemnized, statehood naturally followed six years later. Since this manifesto was issued various accusations have been made that the Mormon church has committed a breach of faith in relation to this agreement. It is, perhaps, true that a few individual Mormons have taken plural wives since the manifesto, but it is claimed that the church as a religious body was never consulted, and did not give its consent. The Mormons who were in polygamy when the manifesto was issued were permitted to protect and provide for their several wives, there being a tacit understanding between the representative gentiles and the Mormon people, that these polygamists should not be disturbed. Children have been born to these polygamists, and while they rendered themselves liable to criminal prosecution, there have been but few cases where the law has noticed these violations of its provisions. With the death of these old polygamists will come the end of polygamy in the United States, and the chief criticism of the Mormon people will have passed away. It is a common error on the part of many well-meaning people to assert that nearly every male Mormon has been, or is, a polygamist. The fact is, that never in the history of the church in Utah have over five per cent. of the male population taken plural wives, and at the present time the number of men who are recognized as polygamists is less than one per cent. of the male members of the Mormon population.

The charge of polygamy is the principal accusation which is and has been made against the Mormon people for many years; but never in the history of the church did the leaders court investigation as cheerfully as they do at the present time. They make no pretensions to infallibility, but they assert that there is nothing to conceal, and intelligent criticism is always welcome.



OFFICE BUILDING OF THE DESERET NEWS AND STATUE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

But whatever the world may imagine, we believe that the Mormon people have erred as much in a mistaken zeal for particular innovations as they ever did in defence of religious principles, which they thought most dear and interesting to themselves. It would not be

Interior of Tabernacle Salt Lake City

Emory Holmes Apartment House and Historic Eagle Gate

City and County building Salt Lake City

Salt Lake Theatre

Packard Free Public Library

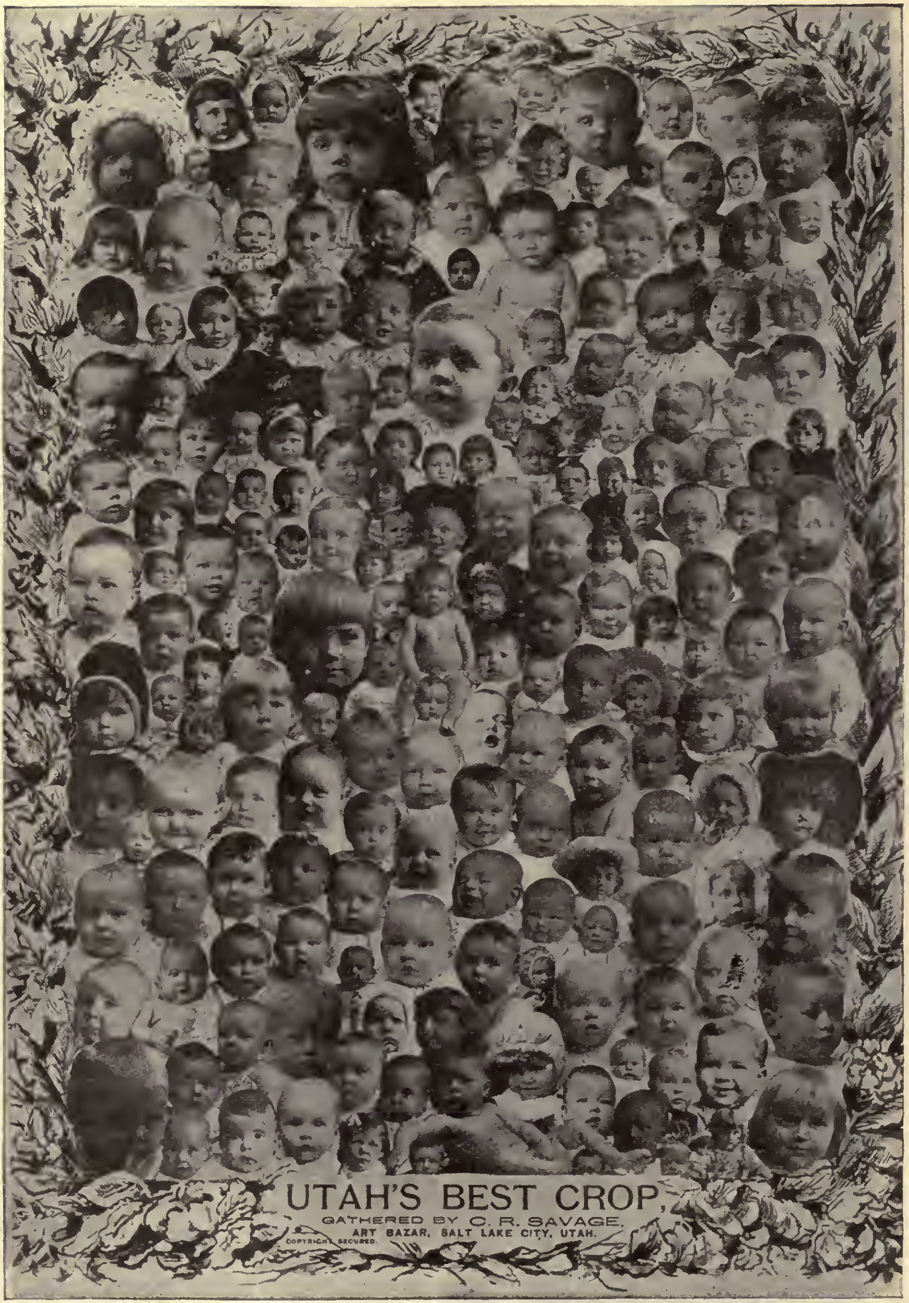
logical to assert that established eastern customs should govern the conduct of the pioneers of Utah. Different customs demand different methods of application, and it would be absurd to say that any people can handle a long series of new exigencies without error. The pure and impartial administration of the affairs of the church is perhaps the firmest bond to secure the cheerful co-operation of the individual members of a religious body and to engage their affections to the cause. Like the object of all religious work, the Mormon effort is to prepare mankind for the great hereafter, and to relieve as far as possible the many incidents that make men unhappy in this life.

The church has never been a weak, irresolute institution, but on the contrary, each successive year has witnessed great strides in advancement and power. It has always maintained that liberty and property are precarious unless the possessors have sense and spirit enough to defend them, and, while the mistaken zeal of the Mormons in the early days called for extreme measures on the part of the United States government, yet no one will ever accuse them of cowardice in defending their cause. If the early years of the church in Utah are tinged with offense, the present day is colored with atonement, and no accusation of treason or disloyalty would apply to the conditions as they exist today.

While the Mormon people in the United States do not practice or preach polygamy at the present time, many will defend it if occasion arises They will point to the polygamous lives of men whom Christianity, wherever it may be found, holds as illustrious examples of sterling manhood. They assert that no criticism is offered in Biblical history against these practices.

It is utter nonsense to assert that the Mormon church is endeavoring to control the politics of the western states in order to eventually rejuvenate polygamy. No one conversant with western conditions will honestly make an accusation of this character. The younger element of the Mormon church is most emphatically opposed to polygamy, and if a vote were taken it is safe to assert that not over two per cent. of the Mormon people would express themselves in favor of its re-establishment as a feature of the church.

The charge of commercialism, which has



UTAH'S BEST CROP.
GATHERED BY C. R. SAVAGE.
ART BAZAR, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
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repeatedly been made against the Mormon church, while not entitled to any special consideration, in view of history and the facts, has, no doubt, become a matter of much annoyance to the younger Mormon people. It is pretty hard to explain the appearances that are on the surface, yet there is a satisfactory explanation which shows that the commercialism of the Mormon church had its origin in necessity.

The wonderfully immense power and influence have been attained by sincere devotion to a religious cause, combined with good business judgment in investing the church funds obtained through a system of tithing, and this system could well be imitated by the adherents of other religious denominations.

* * *

Through the application of immense capital and the excellent credit which the church has always maintained, large corporations were given birth, and successfully nursed through infancy into all the vigor and success of healthy maturity. Individually, the Mormon people seldom take large chances. Collectively, under the successful guidance of the church officials, the investment of millions creates but little stir. There is no graft in these business enterprises; no individual member of the church seeks to take advantage of his brethren. The chief object sought to be obtained is the advancement of the state of Utah and the people. The name of President Joseph F. Smith of the Mormon church appears at the head of several large industrial corporations of Utah which represent at least twenty million dollars. These are all incorporated companies, and all the officers are elected by the stockholders and *not* by the church. No man is elected to office unless he is a stockholder in the company.

OLDEST HOUSE IN SALT LAKE CITY
BUILT IN 1847

OLDEST HOUSE IN SALT LAKE CITY. BUILT IN 1847

* * *

Conditions have changed, and the necessity for the fostering care of the Mormon church over industrial corporations in Utah no longer exists. The immense resources of the state, and the opportunities for investment will attract capital at all times. This fact is fully understood by the younger business men of the Mormon church, and their desire is to see the church separate itself from the large corporations of the state. Several of the important enterprises have recently been sold, and the disposal of other business concerns in which the church is interested is said to be contemplated by those who are in authority.

OLD HOME WEEK SCHOOL PARADE

AUBURN, NEW YORK

By Charles G. Adams

Secretary of Business Men's Association

ONE of the great features of Auburn, New York, is the wonderful advantages that this beautiful city of forty thousand population has to offer as a summer resort, or a residential city. First, its location in the magnificent lake country, in the heart of the Empire State, with the beautiful Owasco Lake located only two miles south of the city limits, with excellent railroad facilities furnished by the Auburn City Electric Railway and the Lehigh Valley railroad.

Lakeside Park, at the foot of this attractive body of water, is maintained by the Railway Company as a high-class resort. Island Park, the Owasco Country Club, and other attractions afford ample opportunity for the most healthful recreation.

Thousands of dollars have been invested in cottages and hotel property all along the shores of the lake. Good fishing, bathing and boating afford amusement to thousands during the heated term.

The Lehigh Valley and the New York Central lines connect Auburn with the famous Cayuga on the West, a body of water forty miles long with Cornell University and Wells College on its shores. Glenwood, Sheldrake, Taughannock Falls, Farleys, etc., and Cayuga Lake Park, are among the attractive places to be found and enjoyed by taking the Cayuga Lake Transportation Company's line of steamers for a day.

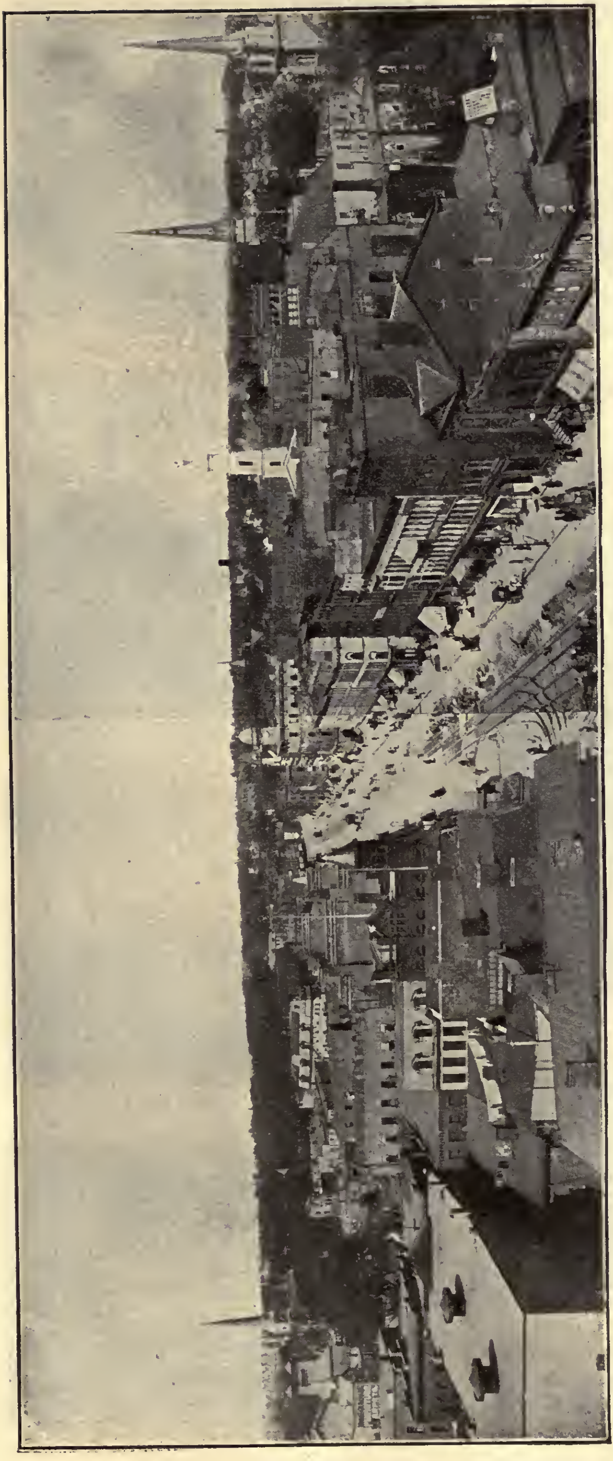
From this body of water, via canal, one can go to the ocean. One handsome private steam yacht has just been completed for that purpose. It is impossible, in a single season, to exhaust the resources afforded by Cayuga Lake.

There are splendid fishing grounds at Carr's Cove, excellent hotels will be found at various points, and plenty of cottages all along the shores can be had.

Lake Ontario, one of the Great Lakes, is conveniently reached from Auburn, by the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and possesses all the advantages of many of the smaller bodies of water. Fair Haven, on the shore of Fair Haven Bay, is a very attractive summer resort for cottage life. The fishing is excellent most of the season and the air is superb.

Skaneateles Lake lies about eight miles east of Auburn, and is connected by trolley. The Auburn & Syracuse Electric Railway furnishes a high grade service over this scenic route, connecting with a steamboat line at Skaneateles village. This is one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the State. Many handsome cottages have been built along its shores and several attractive summer resorts are kept up in excellent style.

Any of these lakes can be reached by a few hours delightful travel from Auburn and one can return to the unusual advan-



GENERAL VIEW OF AUBURN, NEW YORK

tages of city life each evening. Auburn's cool, broad, shady avenues, pure water and healthful air are advantages seldom found amid such attractive surroundings.

We challenge any city in the State to present such boundless resources. For pleasure and comfort what further can be desired.

Auburn has many fine business blocks, large and attractive modern stores, the best place to "shop" in the State.

There are fifteen public schools, twenty beautiful stone and brick churches, and a grand auditorium, recently erected by Edwin C. Burtis, with a seating capacity of about four thousand, where the best musical and theatrical entertainments are given.

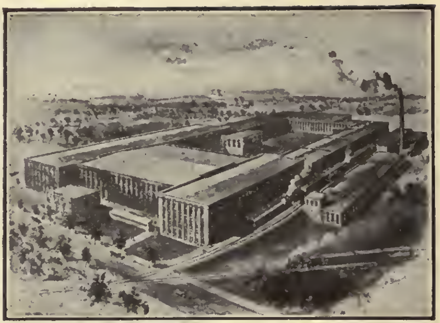
* * *

Auburn is the county seat of Cayuga County. Among the public buildings of interest are the Theological Seminary buildings, located in a ten acre campus in the heart of the city, the United States Court House and Postoffice, the State Armory, quarters of the Wheeler Rifles, 2nd Separate Company, N. G. N. Y., the State Prison, which is always a place of interest to visitors, who are courteously treated.

The Public Libraries, magnificent new Club buildings, Y. M. C. A. Athletic field, Park and Gymnasium, leave nothing to be desired in the way of intellectual, athletic, or social enjoyment. The financial interests are cared for by two National banks, two private banks, two Savings banks, and a new Trust company.

Two telephone companies, the Bell and the Automatic, local and long distance, the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies, the American, United States, and Inter Urban Electric Express Companies, furnish ample facilities for intercommunication.

There are two daily papers published in Auburn, The Advertiser, and The Citizen. The Rochester and Syracuse morning papers are laid on the breakfast tables and the New York papers reach the city about noon. There are several weekly and semi-weekly papers also published.



COLUMBIAN ROPE COMPANY

WILLIAM H. SEWARD STATUE AND MANSION

DUNN MC CAULEY SHOE PLANT, AUBURN, N. Y.

AUBURN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY BUILDINGS

OLD HOME WEEK SCHOOL PARADE

* * *

The manufacturing interests, however, are what have made Auburn really great. There are some three hundred and fifty in number, employing about seven thousand operators. They have been rapidly developed by a splendid water power.

Auburn's manufacturers now have four sources of power at their command.

First,—Coal, at low rates.

Second,—Water power, with a large, undeveloped fall within a few miles of the city.

Third,—Gas, at low rate, made by coking process.

Fourth, — Electricity from Niagara Falls.

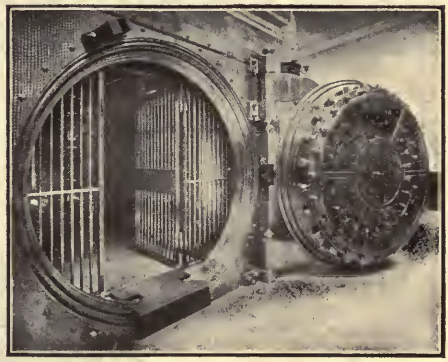
This ought to offset the bonuses that many places offer moving industries. The bonus is soon used up but the water power goes on forever.

The Auburn Light, Heat and Power Company, which furnishes all the electric current and steam heat for the City of Auburn, have made a contract with the Niagara, Lockport & Ontario Power Company, for electric current for light, heat and power uses. At a very great financial outlay, they have constructed a handsome Sub-station just inside the city limits for the purpose of transforming electric current, transmitted from Niagara Falls, a distance of 160 miles, at a pressure of 60,000 volts, to a pressure suitable for working purposes. This line is the longest, continuous power transmission line in the United States.

OWASCO OUTLET

By means of this power the citizens of Auburn and vicinity, are to be supplied with electric current which is safe, reliable and cheap, for all classes of work for which electric current may be used. This current forms one of Auburn's most valuable assets thereby offering special inducements to manufacturing concerns to settle in this locality, and thereby avail themselves of this very satisfactory kind of power.

CAYUGA COUNTY NATIONAL BANK



CAYUGA COUNTY NATIONAL BANK DEPOSIT VAULT

OWASCO INLET

As previously stated, this electric current is changed from a pressure of 60,000 volts, which of course, is only used for transmission purposes to a suitable working pressure. The Company is prepared to furnish both direct and alternating current, according to which ever suits the particular condition better. They also furnish steam heat in the central part of the city, which is often of particular advantage to manufacturers having to use some artificial form of heat.

This Company is also inaugurating a very

VIEW ON SKANEATELES LAKE, EIGHT MILES EAST OF AUBURN, N. Y.

progressive policy of electric sign and decorative lighting, it being their aim to make Auburn "The Electric City." Already quite a number of large, handsome electric signs have been installed, which add greatly to the appearance of the streets at night. At the same time a large number of merchants are availing themselves of the attractive rates offered for window lighting, and are pursuing this method of advertising, which not only increases their trade but also tends to render the City of Auburn as beautiful by night, artificially, as it is by day naturally."

For information concerning Auburn or its attractive summer resorts, write to Secretary of Business Men's Association, Auburn, N. Y.

LAKESIDE PARK, OWASCO LAKE

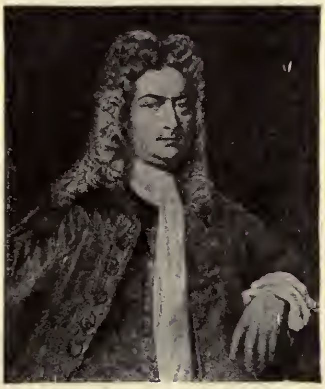
SCHOOLING THAT DEVELOPS MANLINESS

By Frank P. Fogg

WITH the trend of the times toward municipal high school education it is worth while to consider, in contrast, some of the peculiar advantages of boarding-school training as exemplified at Dummer Academy, the oldest institution of its kind in America. Choosing its location in the parish of South Byfield, a part of the town of Newbury, one of the most prosperous sections of Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Governor William Dummer bequeathed a large estate in that town to trustees with instructions

> "that the whole of y^{e} rents, issues, & profits thereof, shall in the first place be appropriated laid out, & expended in erecting building, and finishing a Grammar School house."

It is noteworthy that English Grammar was heretofore not taught in the Provinces, the study of grammar being confined to Latin and Greek. Formally opened in a small wooden building about 20 feet square, on February 28, 1763, this school was an important factor in forming the sturdy character of its alumni, many of whom became heroes in the Revolution, and statesmen in the early days of American Independence.



PORTRAIT OF LIEUT.-GOVERNOR WILLIAM DUMMER. FROM ORIGINAL PAINTING

No less than five hundred and twenty-six boys attended the Academy during the period of twenty-seven years, when Samuel Moody was the first principal. No doubt his exemplary character had much to do in establishing a high standard of ambition for his boys that directed them towards the honorable careers most of them later achieved; although the healthy environment and discipline of boarding-school life must have been very important factors. When a boy is removed from home and family, he immediately differentiates himself as a unit of society, while at the same time he discovers in his fellow students other integral units whose interests and rights he must learn to consider and respect. Although founded but twelve years before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, yet Dummer Academy furnished several captains and colonels for the Continental Army; one major, Major Andrew McClary, who fell at Bunker Hill; besides many who later filled important governmental positions. Tobias Lear, was private secretary to General Washington; Rufus King was very influential in framing the Constitution, and at least fifteen of Master Moody's boys became members of the Continental or United States Congress; the majority of the members of the First Congress were Dummer men.

In the higher educational fields several became college presidents, notably of Harvard, Brown and Dartmouth Universities. At least two became chief justices of the district courts in their respective states.

Although more adequate buildings were soon required, and have been provided from time to time, the first little frame Academy has been preserved and stands today as a monument of venerated devotion.

Another cherished building is the Mansion House, which is now occupied by the principal. Builded in 1716, its materials were brought over from England, and it exemplifies the integrity and endurance of everything pertaining to this ancient institution.

Domiciled in several cottages, Dummer Academy boys today have the exceptional advantages of congenial companionship, the example of gentlemanly conduct by resident teachers, and the incentives to emulate a great number of honorable men who have gone forth from these halls to reflect honor back upon the Academy from distinguished positions.

COLONIAL STAIRWAY IN MANSION HOUSE

Athletics are encouraged and there is a healthful rivalry among the boys to achieve the distinction of making the various teams; "play fair, but play to win," is the motto and through the organization of the Athletic Association the teams enjoy a deserved reputation for achievement.

OLD MILE-STONE AT ACADEMY ENTRANCE

Although fitting for any college or technical school is accomplished by following the regular plan of instruction, yet many boys pass directly from the Academy to business occupations, having taken special courses with this end in view.

The greatest advantage to be derived by boys at such a school as Dummer Academy, is the positive self-assurance of ability when at last the supporting ties of home life are severed and the individual must rely on his own personality and ability in the competitive race of life. Fixed habits, resourcefulness, and ability to estimate the personal character of others is obtained best by the close association with classmates in which students at schools with a dormitory system are brought together.

Hon. William C. Endicott, LL.D., Secretary of War, said upon the occasion commemorating the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the Academy's founding:

"Dummer Academy has a most honorable history, and holds out a promise of great usefulness in the future. During the last fifty years the academies which were so numerous in Massachusetts have been steadily diminishing in numbers. The public schools at one time seemed destined to destroy them, and to meet the demand for which the Academy was established. But the public high school does not and cannot take the place of the Academy. It does not create the same relation between master and pupil that exists in the Academy where the family relations surrounds the pupil, where the master has parental duties to perform, and the moral and religious, as well as the intellectual training is constantly in view. Unless the boys grow up truthful, pure, honorable and manly, with high aims and a deep sense of duty, his education adds but little to his power of well doing, and his prospect of usefulness. Academies, and schools of the higher grades, like Dummer Academy, fully equipped to fit boys for college, and also for business and the work of life, are much needed in these times. The rapid growth within recent years of several similar schools in New England, bears witness to the demand for such institutions. The renewed interest in Dummer Academy also is proof that its growth will be a source of thankfulness to all those interested in the advancement of sound learning and good morals. If trustees and teachers and pupils, are inspired with the right spirit, it has a great future before it. It bears upon its rolls the names of distinguished men who have rendered valuable service in all the walks of life, and of teachers who have done their work well."

THE FARM HOUSE AT DUMMER ACADEMY

HOUSE OF WILLIAM DUMMER, ERECTED 1716

WHERE'S THE BABY?

Read at the annual celebration of Candia Club, Candia, New Hampshire, August 22, 1906.

By SAM WALTER FOSS

I

"WHERE'S the baby? Where's the baby?" Then there comes a hullabaloo,
Pa and Ma and Tom and Sarah bustle round in great ado,
Aunt and Uncle and poor Grandma hunt the big house through and through;
And the twins lift up their voices in vociferous boo-hoo:
"Where's the baby? Where's the baby?"—and there comes an awful scare;
Has he tumbled in the mill pond? —for he tumbles everywhere —
Has he fallen in the cistern? — for he falls in all he sees —
Has the roly-poly roller rolled among the bumble bees?
"Where's the baby? Where's the baby?" Has he toddled towards the spring?
For he fumbles and he stumbles and he stubs to everything;
For he fuddles and he waddles and he wallops all about,
And when he's out he tumbles in, and when he's in falls out.
For he wants the stars for playthings, and he's got to have them soon;
And he falls into the mill pond while he's reaching for the moon.
And he chases the horizon, and he's got to have it quick;
And while he's grabbing for the clouds he tumbles in the "crick."
"Where's the baby? Where's the baby?" One of you run up the hill,
One of you run down the lane there and explore the cider mill;
Everybody run to find him. Bring him back at any cost
What is half a million dollars if the baby should be lost?
"Where's the baby? Where's the baby?" Off and find out where he went —
For until we find the baby nothing else is worth a cent.

II

"Where are my babies? Where are my babies?" says the old Town every day,
"They have wandered off and left me; they have traveled far away;
They have reached for the horizon; they have chased the wandering fires
Off through many misty valleys, mazy glooms and treacherous mires;
They have chased alluring beacons, ever faring without rest;
They have followed phantom voices calling on from crest to crest.
Ah, my babies, have you reached them — suns of fortune, stars of fame,
Golden rainbows of ambition that set all the heavens a-flame?
Have you found the happy islands? Have you reached the halcyon seas?
Have you plucked the golden apples of some far Hesperides?
Ah, my babies, leave your wanderings, weary quests by land and sea;
Leave your phantom chase a season, and come back to mother's knee.

III

We are your babies. We are your babies; and we tire of the quest.
And we hear our mother calling, and would fain come home to rest;

For we, too, have snatched at rainbows, and we've struggled for the moon,
And we reached for the horizon, and we hoped to get it soon;
And we heard the old Earth calling, wailing forth between her sobs:
"Jobs for giants! Jobs for giants!"— and we said we'd take the jobs.
Little jobs at empire building, overthrowing ancient kings,
And rejuvenating Nature — and some other little things.
Building up world-literatures, hurling ancient tyrants down,—
Simple work for lively youngsters, and for any boy in town.
"Jobs for giants! Jobs for giants!" and we giants answered "'Here!'
We will fix your old world proper; we will get the thing in gear;
We will regulate the nations; we will discipline its kings;
We will make the old world over, and a lot of little things."
"Jobs for giants! Jobs for giants! Animate the dying years,
March the age to livelier music, like the music of the spheres.
Where are the men with my Millennium; who will bring it here to me?"
And we stood up in our shirt-sleeves, and each answered "Here I be.
We will mold the generations, for we haven't much to do,
And revolutionize the age, and do a thing or two;
We'll eliminate all sorrow when we're ready to begin,—
And some evening, after supper, if you like, abolish sin."
"Jobs for giants! Jobs for giants!" still we heard the old Earth's cries.
"Jobs for giants?" We will take them. Wherefore further advertise?

IV

"Jobs for giants, jobs for giants,"—and we started out to do 'em,
But somehow had a touch of cramp whenever we got to 'em.
We'd have fixed the old world over — it's presumptuous to doubt it,—
If we had not had the headache when we started in about it.
We'd have bought the glad Millennium — and we want it understood —
But 'twas heavy — we had chilblains — and the walking wasn't good.
Yes, we meant to bring it with us, this long-sought millennium,
But we had domestic burdens, and the twins were troublesome.
When we started on our world-splurge with a strong, determined will,
Why some vulgar grocer met us with his vulgar little bill;
Or some vulgar little tailor always stood there in the way,
With some vulgar little question of some vulgar little "pay."
Jobs for giants! Jobs for giants!" but we giants couldn't do 'em,
We had so many family cares we never could get to 'em.

V

So we all come back to mother, loaded with our undone deeds,
With our unthought thoughts unuttered, but with all the same old needs;—
Same old needs for mother's mending; same old needs for mother's food,—
And our mother's same old spanking possibly might do us good.
So do we, long-wandering babies from all regions on the map,
All come home again to mother and the good things in her lap;
All come home again to mother from the land and from the sea;—
And the world has no such goodies as we find at Mother's knee.

TRINITY CHURCH AND COPLEY SQUARE.

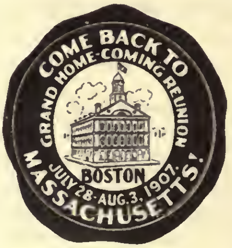
COMING BACK TO BOSTON

"HUB'S" UNIQUE "OLD HOME WEEK" FESTIVAL

By Thomas F. Anderson

BOSTON, famed throughout the world for its culture, its crooked streets, and its affinity for baked beans — the "Hub of the Solar System," "the Modern Athens," the delightful city of Colonial and Revolutionary history and of American literary traditions — has succumbed to the "Old Home Week" movement that is sweeping through the country just now, and will this summer hold a grand "at home" for the benefit of its thousands of wandering sons and daughters scattered over the face of the globe.

Other American cities have celebrated "Old Home Week," and others still are preparing to observe the splendid festival instituted by Governor Frank W. Rollins of New Hampshire nine years ago, but Boston's "Old Home Week" will be unique; for Boston is itself unique. It will be a great "Old Home Week" year for all New England, for that matter, but all the other home-comings will shrink to the dimensions of Sunday school picnics, compared with Boston's.

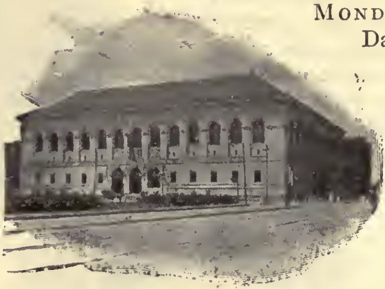


History, sentiment, patriotism, art and militarism, have each and all been invoked by the Committee of One Thousand in charge of the wonderful program of out-door and indoor festivities being prepared for the edification of the home-comers and others, who are expected to make the birthplace of Revere and Franklin their Mecca, during the week of July 28–August 3.

In some of its aspects, the celebration will be a sort of midsummer Mardi Gras; in others it will be like a great family reunion, or the centennial observance of some great historic event.

Both city and state will have a share in it; for while Boston's famous and energetic chief executive, Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, furnishes the main dynamic force behind the idea, Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., himself a pretty good example of the Boston-born American citizen, has affixed the seal of his personal and official approval to the project, and has been instrumental in furnishing the interesting military features of the week's program.

It is partly to show to the world that Boston is the finest "summer city" on the continent, but mostly to let the thousands of Bostonians who have sought new homes in the West, the South, and in Canada and other parts of our common country know that those who are left behind in the "Hub" still cherish a real brotherly and sisterly love for the absent ones, that this remarkable seven-day's reunion has been arranged.



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Boston is ambitious to grow even bigger and busier than it is at present, but it is even more anxious to have the absent members of its family understand that the ties of kinship still bind tightly, and that the Boston temperament is not the cold and self-centered one that the humorous writers of the day delight to portray.

In other words, Boston considers itself a normal, healthy and progressive member of our big, American happy family, and it wants all the world, and particularly its own people, to know it. It is nearly thirty years since Boston has had a great celebration of a purely local character. In that time, it has become almost a new city, architecturally and socially; and yet, after all, it is the same dear, delightful old Boston, with its historic landmarks still preserved and its traditions unshaken. In that period it has acquired towering skyscrapers and business district "canyons;" not to mention a $14,000,000 park system, a subway, a submarine tunnel and an elevated railway; but Faneuil Hall, in which Liberty was rocked and the Boston Old Home Week movement born, the Old South Meeting House and Bunker Hill Monument are still in its midst.

OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE

SEVEN DAYS' DOINGS

The home-comers, and those who do not speak of Boston as their home, will find that there is literally "something doing" every minute for seven days during the Old Home Week celebration. To begin with, this is how the various days have been set apart:

SUNDAY, July 28 — "Founders' Day." Dedicated to Blackstone, Winthrop and the founders of Boston.

MONDAY, July 29 — "Patriots' Day." Dedicated to Adams, Hancock, Revere and the patriot sons of the city.

TUESDAY, July 30 — "Greater Boston Day." Dedicated to the suburban communities.

WEDNESDAY, July 31 — "New England Day." Dedicated to the people and governors of the New England States.

THURSDAY, August 1 — "Massachusetts Day." Dedicated to the people and industries of Massachusetts.

FRIDAY, August 2 — "Women's Day." Dedicated to the public-spirited women of Boston and the State.

SATURDAY, August 3 — "Military Day." Dedicated to the defenders of the Commonwealth.

To all the former residents of Boston and their families, whose names and addresses can be secured, the following official invitation signed by Mayor Fitzgerald and artistically printed in blue and gold, is being sent:

COME BACK TO BOSTON!

Boston, June 1, 1907.

Dear Friend:

Have you heard of our Old Home Week Celebration which is to begin Sunday, July 28, and end Saturday, August 3? All Boston joins hands with its Mayor, its City Council, its Committee of One Thousand Citizens, and the Governor of Massachusetts, himself our fellow-citizen, in inviting you to come back for a while to the City Beautiful, the City Hospitable, and participate in this unique celebration.

For the entertainment of the home-comers a splendid and diversified seven days' *program has been prepared. There will be military manœuvres on the Common and evolutions of war-ship squadrons in the historic harbor; civic, trades, automobile and electrical processions; special religious exercises; public receptions and private reunions; a veteran firemen's muster; historical pilgrimages and pleasure excursions to a hundred points of interest; banquets, concerts, river carnivals, illuminations, games, land and water sports; exhibitions of art, science, education and industry; literary and patriotic exercises,—in short, a brilliant week-long festival crowded with features illustrating the past glories and present attractions of the Capital of New England.*

Every former resident of Boston will be heartily welcomed. The gates of the whole city will be thrown wide open and the latch-string will hang outside the door of every home.

Come and renew your old associations! Come and look up your old-time friends and neighbors! Come and see the changes and the sights that never change! See Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall! The stately Back Bay, the quaint North End, the matchless parks and boulevards, museums, libraries, colleges, hospitals, churches, subways; the suburbs, the beaches, the island-dotted harbor; the trolleys now running to Great Blue Hill, Middlesex Fells, Brookline, Newton, Lynn, Lexington and Concord; the steamers to Nantasket, Gloucester, Plymouth and Nahant! See Revere Beach, Marine Park, Copley Square, the State House, near-by Harvard and the Charles!

Special excursion rates have been granted by the railroads, and the committees in charge will leave nothing undone to provide for the accommodation of guests. Send on your inquiries. They will be answered. Boston courtesy is proverbial. And then come yourself.

Come and partake of the hospitality which has made Boston renowned as the greatest convention city in America. Come where all the other scattered sons and daughters are coming—back home for the Old-Home Week Celebration, July 28–August 3!

Yours cordially,

JOHN F. FITZGERALD, Mayor of Boston

MAYOR JOHN F. FITZGERALD

SOME OF THE FESTIVAL FEATURES

From Chicago, New York, Washington and other cities where there are large numbers of Bostonians, special trains of home-comers will probably be run to Boston.

The program for the celebration provides for a seven days' variety of exercises such as no other city in this country has ever prepared. It will be patriotic, literary, religious and spectacular in its character, with emphasis upon the purely fraternal part, of the reunions of families, classes, and associations of all kinds.

In accordance with the picturesque New Hampshire custom, the Old Home Week festival will be ushered in with bon-fires on the hills in and around the city on Saturday evening, July 27.

Following another appropriate Old Home Week custom, the opening day, Sunday, July 28, will be devoted to special religious exercises in the churches. Every denomination in the city will be represented in these exercises, and a special effort will be made to have the pulpits of the churches occupied by former pastors.

Monday, July 29, (Patriots' Day") will also be "Flag Day," and the citizens generally will be asked to display the Stars and Stripes, and thousands of small flags will be distributed to the children in the tenement districts.

This day will be largely given over to the patriotic societies, who will arrange historical pilgrimages to the many ancient landmarks in Boston itself, and to Lexington, Concord, Salem, Medford, Cambridge, Plymouth, and the other near-by places of historic interest.

In addition to all this there will be a reception on the famous U. S. frigate, "Constitution," dedications of historical tablets, and receptions at the headquarters of the patriotic organizations.

BREWER FOUNTAIN AND THE STATE HOUSE

The grand spectacular feature of the day, however, will be the big veteran firemen's muster and "playout," the latter taking place on the Common. This will probably be the largest gathering of veteran firemen's companies, with their old hand-tubs, ever held in this part of the country.

More than 100 hand-engines, with several thousand red-shirted firemen, are expected to be in line.

Tuesday, July 30, ("Greater Boston Day,") will be set apart in honor of the real Boston of today, which is the territory comprised within a ten-mile zone of the city itself and including several other cities and many towns, all closely linked together, and having, practically, the same interests. The combined population of this Greater Boston is 1,250,000.

Several of the cities in this territory are to have elaborate Old Home Week programs of their own, notably Lynn, the great shoe center of the country, where an exceedingly interesting program is being prepared for the benefit of the expected home-comers. Cambridge will also have a special observance, and the various districts of Boston itself—Charlestown, with its Bunker Hill, South Boston, with its Dorchester Heights, and Roxbury, East Boston, Dorchester, and Brighton, each with its historic landmarks or patriotic traditions—will have their local celebrations.

The Brighton district is to observe "Brighton Day" in a notable manner, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of its separation from Cambridge. One of the features of the Cambridge celebration will be the formal dedication of the magnificent new bridge across the Charles river between the College City and Boston, and which it is proposed to name in honor of the poet Longfellow.

Wednesday, July 31, will be one of the "big days" of the week. It is hoped to have the governors of all six of the New England States present, and they will be tendered a special reception by Governor Guild and Mayor Fitzgerald.

The special feature of this day will be a grand civic and trades procession, the longest and best of the kind ever seen in Boston, and headed by Lieut-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., the hero of several wars and a native of Boston. It is expected that a majority of the uniformed organizations of the city, with many bands of music, will be in line, and the trades section will show in a most striking manner how Boston has progressed in a mercantile and manufacturing way.

Thursday, August 1, ("Massachusetts Day,") will be crowded with a variety of re-unions, receptions and other interesting features.

Friday, August 2, ("Women's Day',') has been especially set apart in honor of the public-spirited and patriotic women of Boston and the State, and will be largely given over to them. The various women's clubs will hold "open house," and there will be public exercises, receptions to such noted Boston women as Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the venerable author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and other appropriate events.

WARSHIPS IN BOSTON HARBOR

Saturday, August 3, will witness the grand wind-up of the week's festivities. This will be "Military Day," dedicated to the defenders of the Commonwealth, and its special feature will be a mobilization and parade of the entire state militia, in charge of Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., as Commander-in-Chief. In addition to the militia, it is hoped also to have a large representation of regulars and blue-jackets in line. One of the most interesting features of the entire celebration will be the military coast-defence maneuvres between the State militia and the regular forces, that will be in progress in and around Boston during the entire week. It will be a picturesque "war game," that will require the services of several thousand soldiers.

WASHINGTON STATUE IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN

Beside the big spectacular features mentioned, there will be scores of other events of a literary, patriotic and outdoor character.

One of the most interesting of these, will be a grand evening electrical parade, a repetition of the annual Bunker Hill Day display, and an illuminated boat and canoe carnival on the Charles River, is likely to be arranged.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE

An event of much interest to all the home-comers, and particularly to those who live far from the salt water, will be a race between fishing schooners in Massachusetts Bay, for cash prizes and a cup offered by Sir Thomas Lipton. This unique contest may be viewed either from the shore or from excursion steamers.

A big automobile parade is also being planned, as well as a meet and outing of old-time wheelmen. There will be re-unions without number, including those of the Old Schoolboys' Association of Boston, the Fairbanks, Chamberlain, Knowlton, Starr, and Bates families and various schools, college and associations.

The base-ball players and "fans" of a generation ago have also planned a grand re-union, and there will, likewise, be amateur and professional tournaments, a big rowing regatta on the Charles River, yacht and motor-boat races, the placing of tablets on historic sites, swimming contests, free entertainments for children, band concerts on the Common, and in the parks, firework displays, trolley excursions, exhibitions by the Boston fire department, exhibits of the work of the pupils of the public schools, an open-air horse show and receptions and banquets without number.

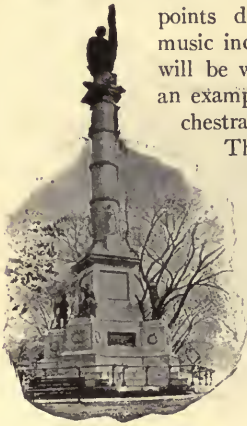
DECORATIONS, ILLUMINATIONS, AND MUSIC

Probably the feature that will appeal most strongly to the visitors and linger longest and most delightfully in their memory, will be the decorations and illuminations. This important matter is not to be left to the haphazard judgment of individuals or firms, but a harmonious color scheme and unity of design will govern all decorations whether public or private. Mr. C. Howard Walker, the famous artist and architect, has been engaged to take charge of this most important matter.

Every evening during Old Home Week, the city will be fairly ablaze with light. With the Public Garden and Copley Square as focal points, an elaborate plan of electric and gas-light illumination will extend in one direction across the Common and include a beautiful electric fountain in the Frog pond.

Boston, the home of the famous Boston Symphony orchestra, the Handel and Haydn

Society, the Kneisel quartet and the New England Conservatory of Music, is celebrated as a center of musical education and culture. The musical features of the week will, therefore, be important. Besides a series of 16 band concerts at different points during the week, the music incidental to the oration will be well worth hearing as an example of highest class orchestra, and choral music. There will be a picked orchestra of fifty musicians, the majority from the Boston Symphony orchestra, and a chorus of between two hundred and three hundred well trained voices from the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, one of the most popular orchestra conductors in the city, will wield the baton on this occasion.



ARMY AND NAVY MONUMENT

There will also be a concert recital in one of the smaller halls, located somewhere in the heart of the city, illustrative of the musical educational work of the city public school music department.

CHRIST CHURCH, SALEM STREET

HEADQUARTERS AND EXHIBIT RE-UNIONS

An unique feature of the Old Home Week celebration will be the free headquarters at Mechanics building on Huntington avenue. This famous exhibition building is one of the largest in the United States and it will be thrown open, absolutely free, to the public for the purpose of Old Home Week headquarters, for meeting friends, and for disseminating all kinds of information in regard to the celebration. Here will be given free band-concerts, etc., afternoon and evening.

In connection with this headquarters, there will be held a unique Merchants and Manufacturers' Reunion, which will include an industrial exhibit, representing the progress and development of Boston's manufactures and retail trades and afford a place where all customers of different lines may meet at the headquarters of the different Boston firms.

BOSTON AS A SUMMER CITY

People who have never been to Boston, or those who have not re-visited it for years, may not be aware that it is an ideal resort in summer. The famous East wind carries the tang of salt water direct from the Atlantic Ocean and tempers the heat of mid-summer. Nantasket Beach with its Paragon Park and fine surf bathing is a pleasant hour's steamer-sail down the harbor to the south. Up the north shore, a five cent fare takes one to Point of Pines and Revere Beach, the Coney Island of Massachusetts, with its incomparable "Wonderland Park." In Greater Boston, the park system includes Franklin Park with its public golf course, Franklin Field, Marine Park at City Point, Norumbega Park at Riverside, Blue Hill Reservation, while the Arnold Arboretum of 223 acres in West Roxbury district has the finest collection of trees in the world; and the Public Garden in the very center of the city, is said to be the most beautiful in the United States.

REDUCED RAILROAD RATES

The Old Home Week committee has secured reduced rates on all rail and steamship lines from almost any point in the United States—one first-class limited fare plus $2 will buy a round trip ticket to Boston and return from this city. The trip must be made going and returning over the same route, and tickets will be sold so that passengers will not arrive in Boston earlier than July 27, and not later than July 30, and returning, leave Boston from July 29 to August 5, inclusive, except that by the payment of $1 extra in Boston, tickets may be extended to August 31. Stop-over privileges at New York will also be granted on return trip, on all tickets reading via New York by the payment of $1 extra.

DORCHESTER HEIGHTS MEMORIAL, SOUTH BOSTON.

FREE ENTERTAINMENT AND HISTORIC LANDMARKS

It is safe to say that no city in the Union does so much for its own citizens and the visitors within its gates, in the way of free entertainment, recreation and means of culture, as Boston. This feature will be especially emphasized during the Boston Old Home Week celebration and reunion, July 28, to August 3.

A SPRING DAY IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN

Boston is famous for its free library, its free athletic grounds on Franklin Field, its free golf course at Franklin Park, its numerous free public play-grounds, its free bath house, its free Lowell Lectures, its free municipal buildings with their free reading rooms, baths, gymnasiums and physical culture classes, and its museum of Fine Arts, free on certain days. In addition to these there are also numerous other show places of historic interest, such as Bunker Hill Monument, the Old South Meeting House, etc., where usually a small entrance fee is charged.

There is no city in the United States where so many objects and places of historic interest may be seen as in and about Boston. The old State House is still standing in a perfect state of preservation at the head of State Street. The present building was built in 1713.

Faneuil Hall, built in 1742, by the wealthy Huguenot, Peter Faneuil, is still used for public gatherings. The Old South Meeting House at the corner of Washington and Milk Streets, was built in 1730 and contains many interesting relics. King's Chapel Burying Ground on Tremont Street, was the first place of public interment in Boston and dates back to 1630, while King's Chapel, adjacent, stands today just as it did when General Washington and his staff attended service there in the Revolutionary times. Christ Church, Salem Street, is the oldest church building in Boston, and was erected in 1723. Copp's Hill Burying Ground was opened for public burials in 1660. The cornerstone of the present State House was laid by Paul Revere, in 1795. The Granary Burying Ground on Tremont Street, next to the Park Street Church, was the third cemetery opened in Boston, first used in 1660. All of these cemeteries contain hundreds of ancient tombstones in a good degree of preservation. The Boston Common was first laid out in 1640.

TREMONT STREET AND PARK STREET CHURCH

Bunker Hill Monument in Charlestown, towers 221 feet high above Breed's Hill. The cornerstone of Bunker Hill was laid by Lafayette, June 17, 1825. The United States Navy Yard, in Charlestown, was founded in 1800. The receiving ships Wabash and Constitution, are moored off the Yard with other vessels. This list of historic places is only partial. There are literally hundreds of other places well worth visiting, all of which will be suitably marked during Old Home Week and their names and location given in the public guide books.

ACCOMMODATIONS ARE AMPLE

Hotel and boarding house accommodations will be ample for all expected. The hotel men have organized into a committee and have agreed not to advance the rates. With the new Elevated, the Subway and East Boston tunnel and numerous suburban trolley systems, transportation facilities are unsurpassed. Boston can handle the crowd and make everyone happy.

Fully 100,000 visitors are expected to share the Old Home Week hospitality of the "Hub."

Not to be in Boston during the week of July 28–August 3, will be to miss something from life that can never be enjoyed again.

MARINE PARK, CITY POINT

Photo by Chickering. Boston

THE TEXAS STATE BANKERS' ASSOCIATION AT THE OAKLEY COUNTRY CLUB ON THEIR RECENT VISIT TO BOSTON

They were given an excursion in the Eastern Steamship Camden to Marblehead and dined at the Eastern Yacht Club, the guests of the First National Bank of Boston. The true old-home week hospitality was shown their guests, who insist that Boston is the greatest summer-convention city in the United States.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

TAKING up a handsome red book entitled "A Boy's Vacation Abroad," with some misgivings—for, as a rule, tales of travel tritely told are not likely to keep one awake o' nights—I had not gone farther than the introductory pages before I felt a glow of acquaintance with the bright young author, who, in a military suit, cape and cap and wearing a goodnatured smile, looked up at me from the frontispiece.

The introduction is the "soul of wit," for it is brief. The author, Mr. C. F. King, Junior, aged seventeen, candidly tells the publishers, C. M. Clarke Publishing Company:

"I wrote out that Dedication the best I could, and hope it is the correct thing, but must say I think to print it in type would look much better, for I write like a hen, and do not like the idea of writing in this book. Am afriad it will queer the book."

Passing on from the front page, my eye caught a rollicking sentence to the effect that the day on board ship was "all to the merry," and it suddenly occurred to me that I was acquainted with this young man's father; so I decided, before reading farther, I would congratulate Mr. King, Senior. He has achieved a good many things, but if there is any one thing more than another of which he should be proud, it is his boy's book.

The story of the writing of this little volume bespeaks the generous father. He is evidently the companion of his sons, both in their lessons and in their play. The two boys were attending a military college, and were not doing as well as the ambitious father desired, and with native shrewdness, begotten of a long journalistic training, Mr. King promised the boys that if they made good records at school, he would give them a trip to Europe, sailing on the fifth of July, with the additional proviso that the elder son, C. F. King Jr., should keep a diary, and not fail to write it every night in detail.

Enough said! There was a remarkable change in the markings of the two boys at school, the elder and younger brother pulling together to land good stakes. They worked like a four-horse team that season and duly "arrived."

* * *

With renewed zest, I went back to the book, and in the opening chapter was introduced to the good ship "Arabic," and the description brought to mind vivid memories of my first voyage to Europe, just as it will to all travelers who read the book. What would we not give to hark back into that same delicious spirit of refreshing, abundant youth? The pages of this little book are like Aladdin's lamp, and we are suddenly transported where we would fain be!

The opening lines of the story reveal the energy characteristic of the average American lad:

"Yesterday my brother Cab and I packed two trunks, two dress suit cases, saw a baseball game at Winthrop in the afternoon, and fireworks at Orient Heights at night. Our baggage was ready to be put aboard the "Arabic" to begin our bully vacation trip to Europe which papa had promised to us, and to which we had looked forward with so much pleasure and delight during our

A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND OLD HOME, FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY THE POET WHITTIER

OLD HOME WEEK IN THE BERKSHIRES

By Mitchell Mannering

ALTHOUGH somewhat of a globe-trotter, it is a special satisfaction that I have visited nearly every town of average size in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and have recently re-visited several of those delightful spots, that I might acquire the real spirit of Old Home Week,—an important phase of our national life.

Out in the witching Berkshires, it is almost as good as a month's vacation to take one day's interurban ride in the districts made famous by Whittier in his exquisite poem. There is something in the stretch of landscape that appeals to the mind and makes it unequaled in all the world for charm and variety, for it has not only beautiful mountains and wild, natural scenery, but here are evidences on every side, such as habitations interspersed with green fields and prolific orchards, divided by stone fences, which indicate that not only has this beauty been here for ages, but that it has been enjoyed and utilized for the homes and happiness of men for many generations. One feels, in passing through the Berkshires, that all this beauty is not lying waste, so to speak, for from these beautiful homes have come forth sturdy, distinguished sons, who have done much for the up-building of the nation.

PITTSFIELD, THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Prominent among the towns and villages of Massachusetts, Pittsfield is known as "the beautiful city of homes and business combined," and I was especially impressed with the appropriateness of this distinction, for I arrived there the day after the Merchants' Association had their annual celebration. It had been a great success, and I dropped in to see Mr. John H. Enwright, president, and also found Mr. Newmar, the vice-president, and heard all about the fete. The citizens had worked unitedly to make the day a success, and that they had indeed succeeded was attested by the fact that 15,000 people were present at the celebration. Main street was still resplendent with decorations and the spirit of "go" was still in evidence on every side.

This city is fast becoming the centre of large manufacturing interests, and is ever on the lookout for new industries. Pittsfield can certainly offer not only beautiful sites, but cheap power and excellent railroad facilities for the establishment of almost any kind of business, to say nothing of a large reserve of skilled workmen to draw upon. It does not require much of a prophet to see that in a few years Pittsfield will become a most important manufacturing point. Among the industries established here are the Stanley-G. I. Electric Manufacturing Company, a branch of the General Electric Company, which is located in a most imposing establishment. This company now has an invested capital of $12,000,000 and has doubled the capacity of its buildings during the past year.

There are a dozen or so busy woollen mills, and several paper mills, including the Eaton-Hurlbut Paper Company, one of the most enterprising firms in New England. The Pittsfield Spark Coil Company is one of the foremost in America, and makes other accessories of automobiles. It would require pages of space to mention the industrial firms individually interested in carriage-manufacturing, planing, flouring, box-making and the manufacture of envelopes, as they exist in great numbers.

The railroad facilities in Pittsfield are such as to make it the very hub of the industrial wheel that spins between Boston, New York and Syracuse, it being situated about midway between the three. In addition to its business facilities, the beauty and healthfulness of Pittsfield, make it an ideal place to live in. There is no idle talk about "building up the city," for it seems to be building itself.

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WARDWORTH HALL, HIRAM, MAINE, WHERE WILL BE HELD A NEW ENGLAND OLD HOME WEEK

Pittsfield is thoroughly fortified with financial and banking facilities, and the outlook is very bright, as the industries of the city continue to increase, and it may be said that they never lack encouragement. As a specimen of the amount of business turned over, even by a single firm, it may be mentioned that the output of the Stanley-G. I. Manufacturing Company is over $10,000,000 per year.

While in the city, I could not resist the impulse to call on A. W. Eaton of the Eaton-Hurlbut Paper Company, for if there is any one product for which Pittsfield is especially famous among magazine readers in America, it is the Hot Pressed Vellum writing-paper, made by this firm. This exquisite stationery is the delight of almost every woman who takes a pride in her personal correspondence. Some time ago prizes were offered for the best letters written to "Mrs. E. H. P. Vellum," and 59,000 responses were received, and over 30,000 of these were in competition for the prizes. These prize letters were recently published and are certainly splendid examples of the epistolary art. Those who bewail the decadence in the habit of letter-writing by long hand, will be cheered to learn that the feminine hand has not lost its cunning, nor have epistolary witticisms become a lost grace among the fair sex since newspapers and periodicals have become current. These modern letters have all the charm of those that lie in ribbon-tied bundles, smelling of old lavender, and recalling the use of the stately seal and the sand box.

BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF THE OLD HOME—JIM IN THE CENTER, WITH HIS TWO CHUMS "JACK AND GILL"

Mr. Eaton is to be congratulated on his successful enterprise, for the project has done far more than to merely stimulate the sale of note paper; it has created an interest in letter-writing such as nothing else has in many years past. There was not one of the 59,000 people who contributed to this contest who will not be interested in knowing about this establishment, and about the town in which it is located. Pittsfield will always be associated in their minds with Hot Pressed Vellum writing paper.

There is another thing for which Pittsfield is famous, and that is the Aero Park, for which the Pittsfield Coal Gas Company furnishes the best gas. The president of the Aero Club of America discovered that Pittsfield was the most desirable place in which ascensions could be made, which accounts for the location of the Aero Park. It is situated in the east part of the city, and is headquarters of the balloons and balloonists. It is arranged so that the air-ships shall be sheltered while they are starting. From here Julian P. Thomas made his ascension in April, 1906, when he rose to the altitude of a mile before he landed in Somers, Connecticut, making the sixty miles in less than three hours. Other famous ascensions have been made which have attracted world-wide attention to the Pittsfield Aero Park, and the Aero Club of Pittsfield have many interesting experiences and incidents to relate, as they gather at the Wendell Hotel, where mine host, Luke J. Minahan—who is an enthusiast concerning anything which relates to the Aero Park, and Pittsfield—takes care that everything possible is done for their comfort.

UNDER WESTFIELD'S ELMS.

A year or so ago I visited the famous mills of Crane Brothers, at Westfield, and it was then and there that I learned something of the details of paper manufacture, and understood what Crane's all linen and Japanese is, which for so many years has been holding an important place in commercial activities. These mills, surrounded with such environment and beautiful homes, could not avoid producing a product that reflects the spirit of the locality.

Near the paper mill in Westfield, is the beautiful home of Mr. J. A. Crane, to which his old-fashioned flower garden at one side, with beautiful conservatories in the rear, give a sweetly, homely beauty that is inspiring. His brother Robert has a handsome residence near-by, yet takes delight in his finely appointed stockfarm in the suburbs. He feels a just pride in maintaining the high standard of stock-raising, and certainly exemplifies what well-to-do New England farms should be.

At Westfleld, is also located the State Normal School, from which Secretary of the Treasury, George B. Cortelyou, graduated. The village square, surrounding the soldiers' monument, is overarched with elms, and there is a picture of quiet repose that has a charm seldom equalled.

Not far away are the famous Hampton Ponds' recreation - grounds of the State militia.

In Westfield, the famous Howard Pipe organs are made, and the largest horse-whip industry in the world centers here also, so that the crack of whip-snappers the world over but echoes the snap and industry of Westfield.

When one meets Westfield "boys" on the Pacific Coast and in other parts of the country, they invariably speak in most affectionate terms of the dear old town of Westfield, paying it tender tribute; small wonder that they look forward to the days when they can come back to spend some time again in Westfield, which has a way of taking hold of a fellow and making him feel that this is where he would like some time to own a home and live.

RESIDENCE OF J. A. CRANE, WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

SPRINGFIELD, THE SOLID CITY.

You cannot speak of Springfield without thinking of it as the second city of the State. It is so as regards bank clearings. Neither can you regard it as aught else but a solid city. Its widely diversified industrial and manufacturing interests have indeed been far-reaching.

During the war, from the Springfield arsenal, came the famous Springfield rifles. In like lines shine Smith & Wesson, and other kindred industries, and the city is always ready to recruit to its ranks enterprises which mean a substantial and enduring addition to the city's property.

Improvements are always on foot in the "Solid City." Court Square is now to be extended down to the river, where a boulevard is to be built that will adorn the shores of the stately Connecticut. The great granite railroad viaduct speaks of Springfield's substantialness, and its objection to building ephemeral structures to supply the need of the moment only, soon to be done over again.

"IN THE SUNSET'S WESTWARD PATH"

The busy throngs in the streets would enthuse the promoters of a western boom town, for there is never any lack of people on the streets in the evening—outside of working hours. There is a spirit of sociability in the park and elsewhere that speaks for the character of the citizens.

On the hillside are beautiful homes. Here once stood the residence of the Ashmonds. The head of this house was chairman of the Republican Convention at which Abraham Lincoln was nominated for president. There also is the home of Samuel Bowles, who was one of the most noted journalists of America, and who left a splendid monument in newspaper property. In Springfield the Phelps

Publishing Company is located, and they are now building a handsome new plant in the heart of the city,—in short, activities radiate on every side.

A brief chat with W. G. Wheat, who provided the furnishings of the old State House at the Jamestown Exposition, from the establishment of Meekins, Packan & Wheat, gave me a glimpse of one of the largest furnishing houses in the state. Their showrooms are an exposition in themselves, and an amazing variety of furniture, draperies and other adornments for the home are here displayed.

The United States Envelope Company Springfield, probably finds a broader market for its stupendous output than any other similar corporations in the world, and its product is known, practically, everywhere. It would be hard to estimate the volume of business carried on in supplying envelopes to the great commercial interests of this country, but this immense trade has nearly all been built up since the Civil War. In calling on Mr. W. O. Day, treasurer of the company, I was much interested to see a letter written home by Cyrus White, of Rockville, Connecticut, while on a visit to our national capitol at Washington, D. C. Mr. White was the pioneer envelope manufacturer in this country and started in a very modest way in the corner of his great mill.

HOWE TAVERN, SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS. MADE FAMOUS BY LONGFELLOW'S POEMS "TALES OF THE WAYSIDE INN"

He speaks in his letter of President Lincoln as being "not much to look at," and finds fault with the $4. per day rate at Washington hotels. Then, with an eye to business, he goes on to give directions about shipping a small order of envelopes to a customer in Northern New York. If Mr. White could have foreseen the gigantic business that was to develop from his little start in the envelope business, he would, perhaps, have paid his hotel bill with fewer misgivings.

It is always a delight to visit Mr. O. M.

Baker, that prince of pedagogues, now President of G. & C. Merriam Company. In his beautiful home in Springfield's most attractive residential section I lingered until a late hour. Unquestionably there is one thing that has left an indelible impression upon almost every school boy's mind in America, and that is the fly-leaf of Webster's International and Collegiate Dictionary. At the bottom of the page is printed, "Springfield, Mass., U. S. A., G. & C. Merriam Co." Is there a school child alive, of the then or now, who is passingly familiar with the English language, who does not know Springfield through the title-page of this indestructible and unforgetable book? "The Solid City," has a halo of glorious prestige in educational institutions and business offices all over the world.

"WELL, WELL! SOMEBODY GOT HERE AHEAD OF ME"

Mr. Henry H. Bowman is president of the Board of Trade and of the Springfield National Bank. He is always on the lookout for the good, solid things that will enhance the industrial and civic greatness of Springfield.

It was in this city that the bicycle business was first extensively entered into by the Overman Wheel Company, and here the "Indian" motor cycles are made by the Hender Manufacturing Company. The Knox automobiles are also manufactured here, in an extensive and rapidly-growing plant.

One of Springfield's head men is Mr. E. H. Barney, maker of skates. What a fascination there is in dipping from the great reservoir of memory, all that the word "skates" opens up! A very rush of such memories came to me on Broad Street, where I stood a few minutes to watch the boys at play, feeling again, on this June day, all the exultation I had experienced long ago, a few days before Christmas, when my first pair of skates arrived. How charmed I was to discover that it would not be necessary to bore holes in the heels of my shoes, or to put on my new skates with straps; for these were all clamp-skates, and were made by Barney & Berry. I had them on—I essayed a figure—bump, bump—I had executed the letter V upon the ice—now I was no longer a boy, but in Springfield, watching the boys at play in the month of June. Boys like to know what father and the older fellows had when they were young, and when they come to choose they will want skates from the same maker who made "the pair that father wore," and they will say, as I did: "Blest be the man who invented Barney & Berry's skates."

It is the wide range of interests in Springfield that has given the town that solidity which so impresses the stranger. Go where you will all over the country, and you find former citizens of Springfield, who are never backward about apprizing you of the place of their nativity, and all looking for still greater growth and progress for the old home city.

It is indeed true that opportunities are not confined to the West, but are scattered about New England, for new industrial undertakings are constantly springing up and affording opportunities to the seeing eye and hearing ear. The trouble is that the young man who is blazing with energy and enthusiasm wants to dash off to "the new country," because he feels that he is being held back by the conservatism of older settled places. Some of these excitable youths, after they have sought "fresh fields and pastures new," are glad to come home and settle down in a good, solid business. But it is well, for the young people to carry the Springfield spirit throughout the country; for no matter how far they may go, or how closely allied with other cities they may become, they all look back upon Springfield with tender and inspiring memories, and "Springfield ways" are the sort that are just substantial and endurable.

FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

By Mitchell Mannering

EARLY in the morning we arrived, after a pleasant ride on the street car, at Florence, and as we entered the city we could not but notice the beautiful hedges, the rich green lawns and the gay flower-beds strewn about them. Here and there were towering trees, and on either side were the homes of New England, the predominating feature in the picture.

In a lovely valley, near the famous Mill river, is the plant of the Florence Manufacturing Company, which has a special personal interest for thousands of Americans; for here the Prophylactic tooth brush is made. We approached the vine-covered factory, with its neat lawns set in an environment as charming as heart could desire, and we remarked to each other that, "if the users of the Prophylactic tooth brush could see where it is made, it would seem even more appetizing than it already does to them."

I don't know who first invented tooth brushes, but they are certainly the earmarks of civilization. It was President Roosevelt, then in command of the Rough Riders, who insisted that the soldiers' equipment would be incomplete without tooth brushes. Thus, from a period when these toilet accessories were unknown, we have evolved to a time when we would no more do without them

A TYPICAL FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, RESIDENCE than we would live on only one bath per week.

Inside this charming factory we met Mr. F. N. Look, who has been for twenty-six years treasurer and general manager of the Florence Manufacturing Company. When he first took charge there were forty-two employes. Since then the floor space of the factory has increased from 22,000 to 92,000 feet, and the number of employes has increased in equal ratio, the only decrease being in the number of working hours, which are now reduced to fifty-six per week. It speaks well for the company that one employe has been with them for fifty years. Another interesting piece of information gleaned in the plant of the Florence Manufacturing Company is that they have an arrangement very similar to that for old age pensions. There is a merit system, for which a fund is set aside for awarding premiums to departments securing the largest number of points—so many for neatness, for quality, for economy of production, for promptness, for attention, for co-operation with other departments, etc. Possibly a close study of such an institution might afford valuable hints on certain vexed sociological problems.

OLD HOME WEEK AT CROSBY'S RESTAURANT IN BOSTON

AT CROSBY'S"—no more need be said. During Old Home Week in Boston sweet corn on the cob will grace the tables; when I say sweet corn, those returning to the old home will instinctively think of Crosby's, for that dainty has long been famous at this well-known eating house. Mr. Crosby, as a restaurant man, seems to be just as particular about the selection of sweet corn served on his tables as he is concerning other details of his excellent establishment on School Street.

Day after day, one meets at Crosby's a great concourse of people, tourists, shoppers and suburbanites, coming and going from Boston, besides a large constituency of regular diners who find little corners for themselves and have a pleasant social time over their noon-day repast, returning refreshed for their afternoon duties. Crosby's is a most central location, close to the Old Book Store Corner. This place has been famous for generations; here Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Hawthorne and other famous men known to American literature were wont to gather for a social chat in the summer afternoons.

The menu card at Crosby's is daintily expanded into a miniature guide book, and amid the record of "wherewithal shall we be fed" is found information as to the places on which visitors ought to look before leaving Boston—which should also be looked up by the residents, for that matter; for many of them are ignorant of Boston's finest features. In these opening pages is an historic sketch of Boston, remarkable for its brevity. Whoever wrote it is a genius. It serves not only as an appetizing menu, but as a guide book for the visitor, and all within so small a compass that it can be carried in the pocket without inconvenience. These menus are taken away from Crosby's by thousands every week.

To those who have once visited Crosby's famous restaurant, the suggestion of dining down town in Boston brings to mind but one place—Crosby's. Here young and old meet on historic School Street, sloping down from Beacon Hill. There are times when the restaurant is filled, and a careful schedule is kept all the time as to when the regular diners arrive and depart. Thus Mr. Crosby always is studying the comfort and convenience of his diners, considering not only what they want, but when they want it. Habit strongly asserts itself, even in dining, and when down town, I find myself drifting Crosby-ward as soon as the "sun is on the yardarm"—high noon.

OLD HOME WEEK ON THE CAPE

By Mitchell Mannering

ONE of the most beautiful aspects of Old Home Week in Massachusetts is that of finding so many of the prominent men, who have prospered in other parts of the country, going back to the old homes of their childhood and taking up again the threads of life which they laid down in those early years, when they set forth to seek fame and fortune.

In several delightful trips to Cape Cod, I have always felt I must stop at West Harwich and see Colonel Chase and his gracious wife at their home. How interesting it is to know that the Colonel, after his successful commercial career in Boston, felt that he must live in the same house in which he was born, not far from the store in which his father, Mr. Job Chase, did business. Every foot of ground, every scene in this locality, was familiar to him in childhood and young manhood, and here he comes to spend a charming "old home week," every year.

In addition to the old home, he owns several beautiful cottages, and always takes a lively interest in the development of all the interests of his native town. When a road is needed, the Colonel promptly says: "Build your roads, and I will pay as much as the town pays," and so West Harwich constructs the best roads known on the Cape.

Not long ago, he presented the town with a handsome town hall, and recently, with the beautiful estate of Maplecroft, consisting of the building to be used as a public library, and four acres of ground. This property is valued at something like six or eight thousand dollars, and is another lasting monument of the affectionate regard which Colonel and Mrs. Chase have for Harwich, to them the dearest spot on earth. If there ever was a place on earth that fully appreciated the generosity of the Old Home Week spirit, in return, it is West Harwich.

Located in West Harwich is the charming Wayside Inn, a hostelry of which J. L. Kelley is proprietor. It is situated in one of the most delightful spots on Cape Cod, three-quarters of a mile from one of the prettiest and most popular beaches in New England.

Quaint in structure, with spacious fireplaces; this inn seems indeed to partake of the Old Home Week spirit of Cape Cod, and promises to be the rendezvous, for years to come, for all tourists traveling in search of recreation retreats, to spend a summer holiday.

THE CHASE ASSOCIATION LIBRARY "MAPLECROFT"

A Typical Cape Cod Home in Harwich

Creedy Lodge, West-Harwich-by-the Sea

The Wayside Inn, one of the famous Cape Cod hostelries

New Exchange Hall, Harwich, presented by Col. Caleb Chase of Brookline

"GOOD CHEER," COLONEL CALEB CHASE'S HOME AT WEST HARWICH

VIEW OF ATHOL FROM SWAN'S HILL

ATHOL, MASSACHUSETTS

By John Crockett

SIXTY years after King Philip's war, in 1732, as we read in the records of the time, a vote was passed by both houses of the General Court in July, giving the name of Pasquoag to what is now the town of Athol, Mass. The name was changed to Athol in 1762, through the efforts of John Murray, Esq., owing to the fact that the beautiful and romantic scenery, reminded him of Blair-Athol, Scotland, his ancestral home. He was the youngest son of the Duke of Athol, Scotland.

So much for the origin of one of the best manufacturing towns in the New England States.

The Athol of today is just as beautiful, and healthful as it was in those days and is in addition, a magnificent manufacturing centre, a place of homes and happiness

It is eighty-two miles from Boston, and thirty miles from Springfield and Worcester. It has a population of 8000 people and has all the modern conveniences: A fine telephone system with an extensive rural service, electric lights and gas; an electric street railway, which connects at Gardner with lines through to Boston; a free mail delivery, with three prosperous rural routes; a splendid system of water works, gravity-system, owned by the town; also a splendid sewerage system, with two excellent fire stations, fully equipped. Two railroads, the New York Central and Boston & Maine, give direct and quick connection with all points north, south and west.

Two streams pass through the city, both of which develop considerable horse power, Miller's river being very powerful, and Mill brook effective on a smaller scale.

Athol has seven churches: Congregational, Unitarian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal and Catholic; also a fine system of public schools. The High school has 200 students and there are three other lower grade schools; large, modern brick buildings. A new grammar school is now being erected at a cost of $35,000.00

Athol has two Masonic lodges, also Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, C. O. F. and A. O. H., as well as the many other insurance orders. All are in a flourishing condition.

Athol's banks are of the best. The Miller River National has a capital stock of $150,000 with a surplus and undivided profit fund of $208,000 and deposits of $600,000. Its loans and discounts are nearly $700,000. The Athol National Bank has a capital stock of $100,000 with a surplus and undivided profits fund of $25,000 and deposits of $125,000.

The Athol Savings bank has deposits of about $3,000,000. The Athol Co-operative bank is also a strong institution among the laboring men.

Athol is well equipped with parks and places of amusement. In the town proper are two small parks and the Common. Within one mile of the centre of the town lies beautiful Lake Ellis, containing three islands which are occupied by summer cottages. This lake furnishes fine boating and fishing. Near the lake are the grounds of the Worcester Northwest Agricultural Society, incorporated in 1862, where the annual fair and race meet is held the first of September each year, having an attendance of from eleven to twelve thousand each day. Here is seen a large farm exhibit, showing the possibilities of this section as a farming community. The electric cars run right to the grounds. Brookside Park, owned by the street railway company, is also a popular place of amusement; they have a nice park with pavilion for theatricals during the summer months.

APPROACH TO ATHOL FROM THE EAST

The Poquoig Club has a membership of 135, including all of the principal business men of the city. Athol also has a good Opera-house and the Academy of Music has good buildings and a hall where all its entertainments are given.

The hotels are ample and right up to the standard of cities of many times Athol's population.

Athol has many good stores of every kind, and is an ideal trading center for the surrounding country over a radius of fifteen miles or more.

The principal manufacturers are the L. S. Starrett Company, makers of mechanic's fine tools.

Lee Brothers' Shoe Company, employing about 500 people.

Bates Brothers, pocket-books and wallets, employing about 300 people. This is the largest, exclusive, pocket-book factory in the country.

The Union Twist Drill Company, makers of gears and cutters, employing about 200 people. They also have a new factory just completed for the manufacture of twist drills.

Miller's River Manufacturing Company, woolen mill, employing about 150 people, makers of an exceptionally fine bed blanket.

A. J. Raymond, sash, doors and blinds, employing from 75 to 100 people, and the Arthur F. Tyler Company, in the same line, employing about the same number of people. These are the second largest factories of the kind in New England.

The M. D. Cass Paper Box Company, makers of toys, second largest toy factory in the country, employing 150 people and building a new addition now.

Joseph Wilcox, celluloid combs, 200 people.

Athol Silk Company, 50 people.

O. J. Powers & Sons, straw hats, 50 people.

Diamond Match Company, probably the largest plant in New England, using about 50,000 feet of lumber a day for matches.

Athol Machine Company, makers of vises, and small tools, 50 to 75 men.

ATHOL FAIR GROUNDS

L. Morse & Son, manufacturers of cribs, cradles, dining-tables, etc.

A. V. Fletcher Pump Company.

The largest plant is that of the L. S. Starrett Company, and a short history of Mr. Starrett and his plant may not be amiss:

Mr. L. S. Starrett was born in China,

UNION TWIST DRILL WORKS, ATHOL, MASSACHUSETTS

Maine, April 25, 1836. His early life was spent in his native town, and when 17 years of age he left Maine and came to Massachusetts, where he engaged in the pursuit of farming. He carried on the stock farm of 600 acres in Newburyport, known as "Turkey Hill Farm." All this time the inventive genius in him was developing, and in 1864 he was granted a number of patents; the next year he sold his farming interests and started a machine shop in Newburyport. In 1868 he moved to Athol, and combined his business with that of the Athol Machine Company, which was incorporated for the special purpose of manufacturing Mr. Starrett's inventions, prominent among which was the American meat-chopper. For about ten years he was general agent and superintendent of the company, when he resigned and started a business of his own for the manufacture of squares, surface gauges, steel rules, calipers and other machinist's tools.

BATES BROS. POCKET-BOOK AND WALLET FACTORY

In 1882, Mr. Starrett made an important trip to Europe, on business for the company, where he established agencies. His career has since been one of continual progress and development.

While he is much interested in the political life of the town, state and country, he has never entered that arena himself, but has confined himself solely to his business. He is a member of the Home Market Club of Boston. He is a prominent member of the Methodist Church, of which he is a trustee, and is also president of the Y. M. C. A., in which he is very much interested. He is a member of the Poquoig Club. He was married April 20, 1861, to Lydia W. Bartlett, daughter of Henry A. and Hannah Bartlett of Newburyport, a descendant of Josiah Bartlett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Starrett died February 2, 1878.

Mr. Starrett may be regarded as a representative citizen of the town, and its leader in philanthropic works. No one but himself really knows the amount of good that he has done, in his characteristically quiet and unassuming way, if indeed he even knows himself. He has a dislike of publicity in any form, and is the last man to seek recognition for meritorious deeds.

The business of The L. S. Starrett Company, is one which has shown unusual growth. It was started in 1880 by Mr. Starrett, who rented for the purpose a room in the old building which formerly stood where is now the south end of the large machine shop.

He then made only the Combination Square, with which his name has become associated all over the world. This Square, it may be interesting to state for the benefit of those who are not particularly conversant

BANK BLOCK, ATHOL, MASSACHUSETTS

MAIN AND EXCHANGE STREETS, LOOKING SOUTHEAST

with mechanical tools, combines a steel rule with a sliding head, which may be moved along the rule or detached from it. The rule is graduated into small fractions of an inch on both sides, and with the aid of the head or stock may be used as a square or a mitre, a level or a plumb. This Square is made today the same in principle as it was in 1880, but the style and appearance of it have been much improved. Not long after he started, he saw that he would need more room and rented the whole of the floor he was on, and soon afterwards surprised his acquaintances by renting the whole building. He was told that he would be lost in it. But he wasn't, and after finding that too small for him, he bought the larger and better factory on the other side of the street, which forms the north end of the wooden shops in the foreground of the picture

He was considered mildly insane when he did this, but as he added more and more tools to his list, this factory soon got too small, and he added two stories to it, and in 1894 the rest of the wooden factory, at the right of the picture, was built, consisting of the dedmi part, which spans the river and the south section with the brick boiler-house and grinding-room in the rear.

HIGH SCHOOL

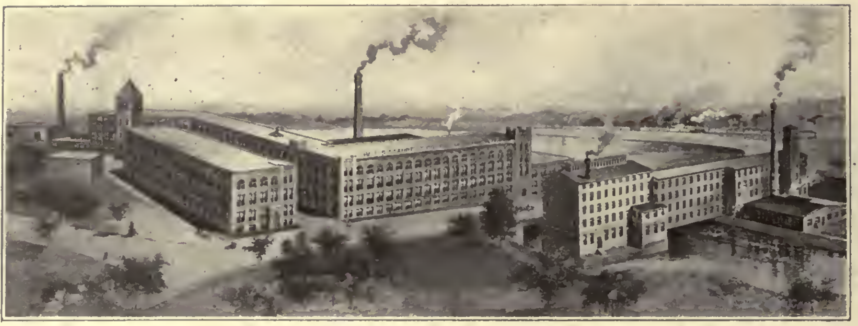
In 1902, the fine brick machine shop and office building in the centre were built, and in 1907, an extension 288 feet long to the left of the machine shop was made. The illustration, though made only a few weeks ago, is not up-to-date, as three additions of considerable size have been since completed or are now under way.

The floor space occupied by the Company is over four acres, making, without doubt, the largest plant in the world devoted exclusively to the making of small mechanical tools. The Starrett factory is one of the first things noticed by the traveler approaching from the East on the Boston & Maine Railroad.

The large representation of the Company's trade-mark, on one of the towers, reproduced herewith, attracts attention at once. In going through the works, one is impressed by the cleanliness of the premises as well as the abundance of light. The entire plant is equipped with electric lights, automatic fire extinguishers, and every up-to-date machine and appliance imaginable for the cheap and accurate manufacture of the goods.

The growth of the business can be as easily seen from an inspection of the various issues of the Company's catalogues, as in any other way. The first "catalogue" consisted of one sheet, and the Combination Square was the only tool shown. Half a million copies of the present catalogue, No. 17, have been issued, and a new edition, No. 18, of 232 pages, is now being printed.

It is hard to state accurately just how many different tools are made, as there are so many which are simply varieties of some particular tool, and not really distinct tools in themselves. Steel Rules form an impor-



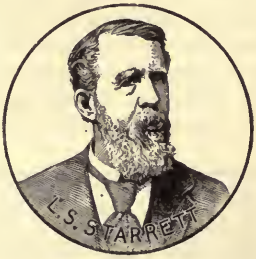
L. S. STARRETT COMPANY'S WORKS, ATHOL, MASSACHUSETTS

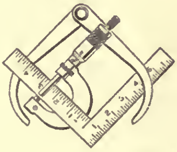
tant branch of manufacture and are made in a great variety of styles, in both English and Metric graduations. A large number of different styles of Squares are made, and Micrometer Gauges of many different styles measuring from one-half inch to twelve inches in capacity, and embodying a number of important improvements in this class of instruments. About 200 different styles and sizes of Calipers and Dividers are made. Other articles are Bevels, Scratch Gauges, Screw Pitch Gauges, Cut Nippers, Depth Gauges, Hack Saw Frames, Hack Saws, Steel Clamps, Speed Indicators, Surface Gauges, Levels, Steel Tapes, Plumb Bobs, Screw Drivers, Protractors, Center Punches, Counter-Sinks, Transits, Drill Guages, Nail Sets, and a variety of other unique and popular instruments of precision used by machinists, wood-workers, and draughtsmen.

On January 1, 1900, the business was incorporated under Massachusetts laws, with L. S. Starrett, President and Treasurer; F. A. Ball, Vice-President; F. E. Wing, Clerk. These, with M. B. Waterman and W. G. Nims, constitute the stockholders and directors. Messrs. Ball, Waterman and Nims are sons-in-law of Mr. Starrett, and Mr. Wing has been with the concern over twenty years.

The tools made by this Company are sold in every civilized country throughout the world, and it is safe to say that the name Athol is best known through the tools and advertising of this concern. Special agencies are maintained in several cities in England, Germany, Belgium, Italy, France, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Russia, Argentine Republic, Australia and Japan, besides a store at No. 132 Liberty Street, New York City, one at 1820 West Randolph Street, Chicago, and an office at 165 Queen Victoria Street, E. C. London.

The business of this Company has steadily increased in volume, and the sales every month this year have far exceeded the sales of the corresponding month of any previous year. About 600 persons are employed at present. The Company takes great pride in the character of the employes, and the town realizes that they are a class unusually intelligent, progressive, sober and industrious.





VIEW OF ATTLEBORO LOOKING SOUTHWEST FROM SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

ATTLEBORO, MASS.

By C. W. Hall

ATTLEBORO, one of the most thriving towns of Massachusetts, will this year, for the first time, hold a municipal house-warming in Old Home Week. The descendants of her colonial founders:—of the veterans of every desperate struggle of the colonies and of every war of the Republic, from the merciless conspiracy of Philip of Pokanoket, to the Spanish-American War, —of the manufacturers who have made her textiles, metal-work, and jewelry, famous to the ends of the earth; and more than all of the hardy, honest men and loving women who in farmstead, and village tenement, have there made happy homes and reared their children in the fear of God, the love of country, and the rugged, virile wisdom, of "the simple life," will gather in her ancient streets and wonder as they see how the old town has renewed her youth, or rather, how a moiety of the ancient township has become one of the most prosperous and enterprising municipalities of the Commonwealth.

The history of the present town of Attleboro, in some sort, dates back to 1643, when the Reverend Samuel Newman led a large number of his congregation at Weymouth, in the old Bay Colony into the wilderness territory of Massasoit, Sachem of the Pokanokets, of whom they purchased "The Great Plain," and a broad border of primeval forest, and river-watered meadowlands, known long thereafter as "the Rehoboth Purchase." Here they essayed an independent government, but soon found that they owed allegiance to the Plymouth Colony, of which they became a loyal and prosperous frontier, and were duly incorporated as the Township of Rehoboth, June 4, 1645, —two hundred and sixty-two years ago.

A large area of Indian territory still lay south of the line of "The Massachusetts Bay," and under the rule of the line of Massasoit, and in 1661 a large section of these lands passed from the hands of Wamsetta or Alexander, the eldest son and successor of Massasoit, into English ownership. Captain Thomas Willett made this purchase, a man feared, loved and trusted by the Indians of the coast, from Narragansett to Hudson's Bay. Factor of the Plymouth trading fort at Kennebec, in 1630, and later in 1647, the successor of Captain Miles Standish in command of "The Military Company of Plymouth," and later still, in 1664–5, the first English mayor of New York City—he is justly considered the chief of those men whose services and memory are indissolubly blended with the founding of Attleboro, since in 1694, twenty years after Willett's death, at Swansea, R. I., the

A SPLENDID RAILROAD SYSTEM CROSSING THE STREETS ABOVE GRADE, THE RESULT OF THE STURDY PUBLIC SPIRIT WHICH DEVOTED $20,000 TO THE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE RAILWAY CORPORATION

inhabitants of the "North Purchase" were incorporated by an Act of the General Court of Massachusetts, as the "Township of Attleboro."

The record of the old town, and its successors has always been one of loyalty to freedom and courage in its defence. In the French wars of 1745 to 1758; in the early days of protest and petition previous to the American Revolution—in the struggle of 1776–1783—in the war of 1812, and the supreme and bitter ordeal of the Civil war, the people of Attleboro have never failed to find men for the field, and willing providers of money and sympathy for those they left at home. During the Revolution, the occupation of a part of Rhode Island by the British, for many months necessitated unusual activity and constant vigilance on the part of the militia of southern and southeastern Massachusetts, and tradition has preserved many accounts of sudden alarms, and abortive scoutings and marches, on the part of the Attleboro militia and their neighbors; which, however, undoubtedly deterred the enemy from leaving fortified Newport upon dangerous raids. It results that the local traditions of this part of the State are so closely blended with those of the Plymouth colony and Rhode Island, that but too little has been known, or written of these matters, at the literary and political centre of the State.

On July 30th, 1887, the town voted by a small majority to accept the "Act of Division," which finally set off by itself the town of North Attleboro, after a union of 183 years. The division itself was, in many respects, an unusually equitable one—the "old town retaining 14,166 acres to 10,149; 6900 population to 7100; real and personal valuation of $3,115,759, against $3,340,890; and 900 voters against 972. Whatever may have been the natural, or as some might term them, the "sentimental" objections, to this municipal divorce—it is improbable that many now regret a change, which enabled two good towns to act independently for interests which had suffered because of the distance and diversity of purposes which could not be reconciled.

Attleboro today greets the incoming stranger with the spectacle of a splendid railroad system crossing the principal street above grade, a result due to the sturdy public spirit which devoted $20,000 to the struggle against the railway corporation, and won out in the fight for public safety and real economy. A new station, with every provision for comfort and convenience has just been opened to the public, and a second station on the opposite side of the track is about to be erected. "The Ten Mile River," a slender, sinuous thread of rather sluggish water, winds down from the northeast, and, threading its devious way under bridge and arched street, flows away through the meadows southward to join the Providence river. Everywhere along its course, and bordering the well-kept streets of the town, are great

PERRY MEMORIAL CASINO AT CAPRON PARK, ATTLEBORO

RAILROAD FREIGHT YARDS, ATTLEBORO

factories, handsome residences with charming grounds and gardens, chapels and churches, schools and stores, and sidewalks thronged with an intelligent, prosperous and happy people. There are no saloons, for in over two hundred and thirteen years nothing of the kind has found recognition in Attleboro. A population, grown since the division of the town to 15,300 souls, finds at home ample employment for all its workers, at wages which the highest industrial authority of the State has declared "pays the highest average of wages to employes of any class of business and any locality in the state."

It is almost needless to say, that the business referred to is the manufacture of jewelry, a branch of industry which in days not too remote, was made the subject of much unkindly, if not actually libellous persiflage, by people in other lines of business: "Attleboro jewelry, ordered by the carload," "do. at $4.00 per barrel," etc., etc., were not unnatural witticisms at a time when the "prize package" was a popular fad, and electric dynamos had not come into use to enable the manufacturer to deposit as pure if not as heavy plating on his cheapest ware as on the best. Today one hundred and eight jewelry manufactories, with an invested capital of $10,438,430 employing over 5000 operatives, pay out $2,474,022 in wages, use materials valued at $4,650,845, and produce goods to the amount of $10,050,384 yearly.

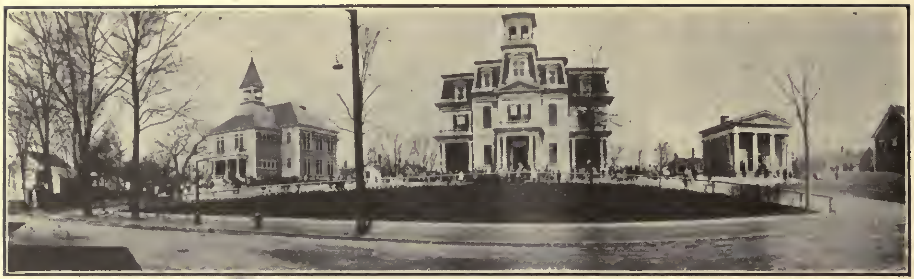
There has never been a strike in any Attleboro jewelry works, or indeed, in the town itself.

The character of the goods made covers almost every grade of quality and value, but the very cheap grades are now made principally by Providence concerns, although the Rhode Island metropolis excels also, in high-class gems, elegant and costly rings and valuable emblems for secret society enthusiasts. Attleboro may be said to be head-quarters for collar and cuff buttons, bracelets, chains, charms, lockets, etc. There is, however, no class of jeweler's, goldsmith's and silversmith's work which is not carried on by some of the Attleboro firms, and generally on a scale of finish and production which is alike creditable to the firm and the town. The sterling silver ware turned out of the numerous factories represents many tons in weight in shipment during the season. This, togther with the endless variety of novelty wares in silver and gold, badges, buttons and emblems of every value, scarf, hat and stick pins, and high-grade jewelry of every known description constitute the principal industry of the town, while a host of industries of minor importance all add to the value and importance of this great and industrious township which today offers the best possible advantages for the locating of manufacturing industries in almost every kind of product.

One of the chief features of the coming celebration of "Old Home Week" will be the dedication of the new Town Library building, now in process of erection. It is not a Carnegie benefaction, the movement being started by Joseph Lyman Sweet, who generously gave the site together with a liberal

PUBLISHERS — Attleboro Daily Sun — PRINTERS

OFFICE OF THE ATTLEBORO DAILY SUN



SCHOOL HOUSE HILL, ATTLEBORO, SHOWING THREE SCHOOLHOUSES. THE SMALL ONE AT THE EXTREME RIGHT IS THE OLDEST BUILDING IN ATTLEBORO AND HAS NEVER BEEN REMODELED

subscription, which, combined with the home subscriptions, will cover the cost of about $70,000. It has concrete ceilings and mosaic floorings, steel shelf supports, fireproof, sliding doors, etc., and the central office has been decorated with pillars of Brescia marble and is finished in solid mahogany. With an aggregate increase of some ten thousand volumes in the library, the circulation reached 42,152 in 1906, on a basis of six days of distribution in the week. All the books are open to personal inspection and choice, and the librarian simply charges the outgoing book when brought to her. There has been no material loss or injury of books, or excessive wear and tear since this method has been in use, and the home-like atmosphere of the library is refreshing after the formal and chilly officialism of many town libraries. The schools in the outlying districts are supplied with books for all the pupils, the cards being filled out and sent in, and the books delivered in large baskets. A list of books specially adapted for and recommended to the children has been prepared and circulated among the scholars. Altogether, the visitor to Attleboro, the Jewelry town, must realize that here is a municipality of solid and substantial worth, and small wonder that those coming back to Attleboro's old home week feel that their own home is a veritable jewel in itself.

ATTLEBORO PUBLIC LIBRARY

A RAILROAD'S PART IN OLD HOME WEEK

NO less authorities than Mayor Fitzgerald and T. F. Anderson, in charge of Old Home Week arrangements, in Boston, have gracefully recognized, and publicly appreciated the prominent part which Mr. C. F. Daly, passenger traffic manager of the New York Central Lines, has played in making a success of New England's Old Home Week. This railroad, in the face of well-defined obstacles,—made a positive declaration of one fare rate, from all parts of the country. In addition to this, every bit of illustrated matter—millions of time cards, posters and flyers—sent out by them, has been for the direct advantage of Boston; has given the city a publicity which would have cost it thousands of dollars to obtain in any other way. This illustrates the well-known fact that the best results are always obtained where corporations, like the New York Central Lines, and the people themselves work together for a common purpose. This has been one of the most characteristie and satisfactory features of the Old Home Week celebration in New England this year.

It is hoped that the low rates given from all parts of the country, will be so strong an inducement to people to travel and will be so widely availed of, that it will be an incentive to the traffic departments of the various roads throughout the country to follow the energetic example of the New York Central each year, and make Old Home Week a fixed feature of each succeeding summer. In this way the attendance could be so increased year by year as to create a habit of annual home-coming on the part of all those New Englanders who are scattered throughout the States and Canada. It is thought by those who have this movement in charge that this will become as much a fixed event as any other national holiday, always provided that the same interest is maintained each year, on the part of both the railroads and the people. If the example of the New York Central is followed, there is no reason why Old Home Week should not become as prominent as any other established festival of the calendar, and play an important part in making the homegeneous and undying spirit of Old Home Week throughout our native land an enduring sentiment.

THE LIBRARY BUREAU "AT HOME"

ONE of the first things added to the equipment of the National Magazine office, after a desk and typewriter or two had been successfully anchored, was a Library Bureau subscription record and cabinet.

Walking along Federal Street, in the Old Home Week spirit, I "dropped in to see the folks." As luck would have it, I found Mr. Davidson, president of Library Bureau, and Mr. Brown, the New England manager. It was through these two gentlemen that I secured that first card system, and no more treasured possession ever crossed the threshhold of our office.

What a marvelous development Library Bureau has had in these few short years. It is now an international institution — rather than a commercial corporation — for as an institution it has effected a revolution in modern business methods. The simplicity and efficiency of this mode of cutting off the routine of routine, of putting details where they belong, and having no more of the "I forgot," "I forget." Every day's business is brought down to concrete results, ready for addition with a red line beneath, and make a thousand customers as cohesive as a dozen. Automatic accumulativeness—system in business, is today insisted upon, and the development of this fundamental idea led to the growth of the Library Bureau.

Library Bureau began business as a Library

Supply house. Among its earliest work for American libraries, was the supplanting of the old book Library catalog to the modern card catalog.

* * *

The old time cumbersome library catalogs required continual change as new books were added, revealed the fact that the most conscientious librarian could not maintain the neat standard of George Washington's copy book, unless he could afford to have these catalogs constantly reprinted. One philosopher remarked:

"Had it not been for the efficiency of the present library system, I doubt whether Andrew Carnegie would have made libraries the object of his beneficence."

Today the corporation is the only complete library supply house in the world. It has taken the bare walls of hundreds of American libraries and equipped them throughout, with the exception of the books.

The commercial end of the business has far outgrown the library department, and it is apparent that the concern has barely entered upon its larger possibilities. Its systems have become a necessity in every line of business, because they have shown the way to handle business in the easiest, speediest and most efficient way possible.

Although three factories are turning out office furniture in mahogany and oak, the company has within a year, organized a steel factory, and is duplicating its entire line in steel furniture. A recent contract was the equipping of the new Hall of Records, in New York, with steel furniture, which has set a new standard of artistical merit and mechanical efficiency.

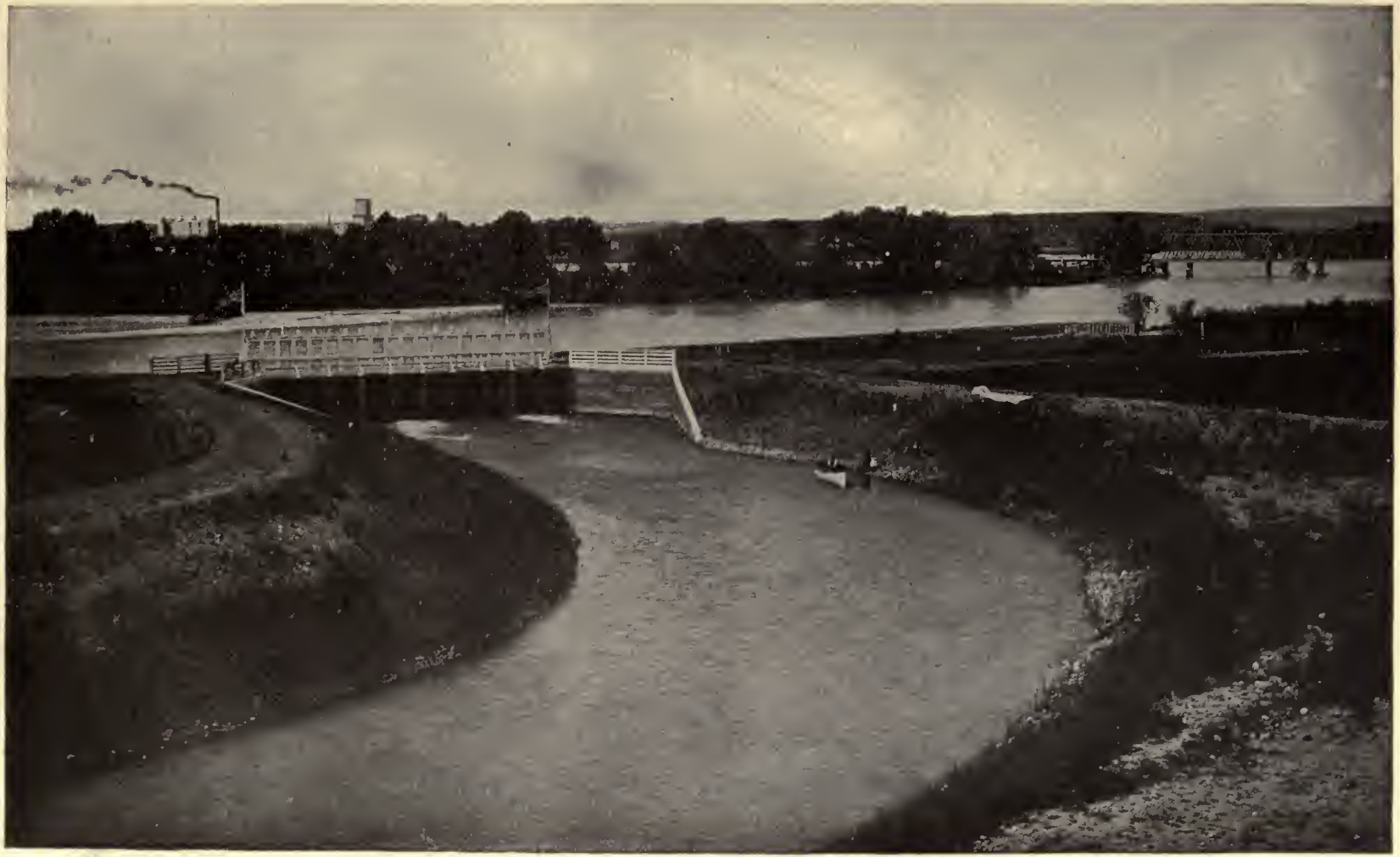
The company now has nine factories for the manufacture of furniture, cards and steel work, scattered over the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND ANCESTRAL HOME. A MECCA FOR OLD HOME WEEK VISITORS WAS FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY LONGFELLOW'S GRANDPARENTS

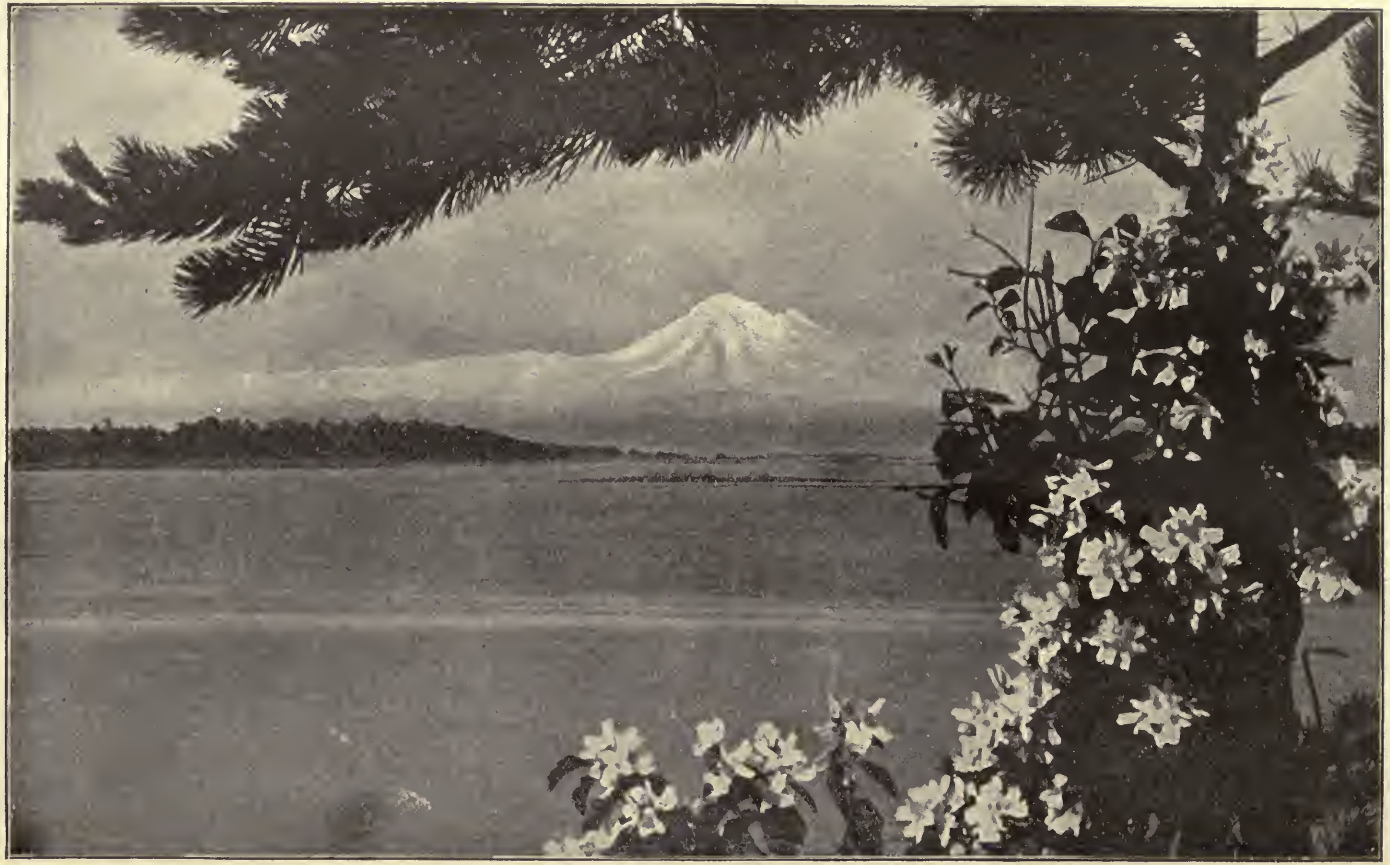
Well — we did not talk all business in the Library Bureau that day. I inquired concerning the young men whom I had known years ago — who had started in as salesmen — and found that they were scattered in all quarters of the globe, as managers: San Francisco, Toronto, England, Australia and New England. There is no limit to the marketability of the Library Bureau system, for wherever modern trade and commerce forges its way, there will be found cards and indexes, which represent the corner-stone of the Library Bureau idea.

A FAMILIAR SCENE ON THE RANCHES IN ALBERTA

"THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD A VALLEY SO SWEET"—A GLIMPSE OF PASTORAL COLUMBIA



THE HEAD OF THE CALGARY IRRIGATION CANAL



A GLIMPSE THROUGH FLORAL BOWERS UPON THE BEAUTIES OF MT. BAKER FROM VICTORIA

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVI **AUGUST, 1907** NUMBER FIVE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

LIMP and damp are the dog days in Washington. It was a wise forethought of our forefathers that congressional sessions were not planned for August. Changing linen five times in one day, mopping moisture assiduously from the face every two seconds,—this is braving the climate in Washington during dog days. An army of clerks and other government officials remain at their posts the whole year around, with the exception of the liberal breathing-spell allowed them by way of annual vacation—thirty days regular, and thirty days sick leave.

The buzzing honey bees around the executive mansion had no presidential candidatorial stories to tell on that hot day, but tourist bands from the exposition insisted upon looking "at the place" where the President transacts business. The stuffy air of the corridors in the Capitol and the sizzling pavements—on which an urchin remarked that "you could fry eggs"—did not deter these much-enduring sight-seers.

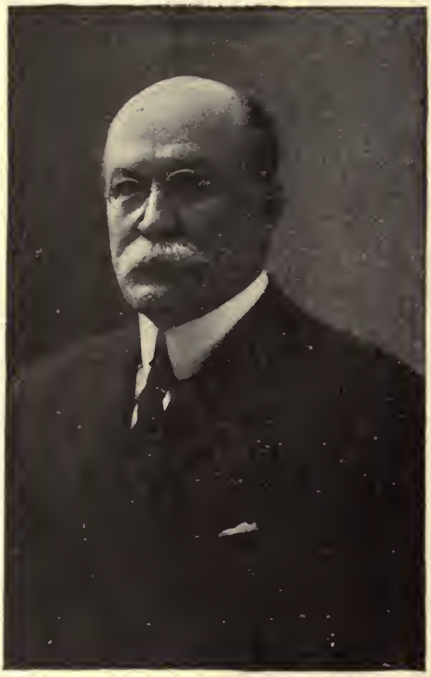
Postmaster-General George von L. Meyer was at his desk, having come from Boston to keep his hand on the lever of the great Post-office Department. Senator Lodge stuck manfully by his post until the sultry days of July. Secretary Cortelyou, of the Treasury Department, was busy organizing new ways of doing things in the old gray stone building at the head of the avenue. A few stray congressmen came in now and then, to make plans for the winter, but the whole routine of governmental work is reduced to the least possible effort during the summer months.

A TRIP to Washington cannot be mentioned these days without thinking also of seeing the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition. Now that the Government Pier is actually completed, the Exposition certainly promises an attractive spot for the summer holiday tour or an early autumn vacation.

Georgia Day was the last strenuous effort of President Roosevelt before going to Sagamore Hill. The platform arrangements this time did not necessitate his mounting the table, as on the opening day. The President seemed to feel very much at home in speaking from the reviewing stand to the people of his mother's native state. It was a touching personal tribute that he paid to her kith and kin. This, with the review of the parade and addresses in the afternoon to the National Editorial Association, made up one of the busiest days of the season for the President. His words had a touch of the baccalaureate. His personal peculiarities, just as in private conversation—for instance the breaking of his voice when a humorous allusion is about to be made—indicated that day the sense of humor and close colloquial relations he enjoys with his auditors as well as the people at large.

* * *

THERE was a nor'easter next day—a real twister, too. The storm was splendid in its fury, as it lashed the pier at Old Point Comfort and swept the sands on Sewall's Point. From a window of the Inside Inn, we gazed out on the storm; a sharp contrast from the scene of the previous holiday. Scarcely a soul was stirring in the driving, chill rain outside. Thirty-four large war-ships could be seen, lying like giants at anchor, facing the wind unperturbed. It was on that sad night that eleven naval cadets lost their lives while returning from the festivities of the ball room to the battleship Minnesota. This week was enlivened by the West Pointers, who encamped on the Exposition grounds. How soldierly they bore themselves as they passed in parade, in their smart gray clothes and jaunty tall caps, recalling the military style of the Mexican war. There is something in the uniform swing of hand and foot, their elastic step and keen swift glances of the eye which shows what the drill and training of West Point does for its cadets. A foreign visitor remarked that, of all the sights he had witnessed in America, during a three months' tour, none was more interesting than the West Pointers' drill. It is something different from the automaton movements of the perfected regular troops. The fascination of the freedom and vivacity of youth is what charms you as you look upon the soldiers and realize that each has an officer's commission awaiting him. No wonder that the lassies and elderly ladies alike seemed very partial to the lads trained on the banks of the Hudson, and that brass buttons were prized as souvenirs.



W. W. FINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

* * *

THE military parades were called "Uncle Sam's circus;" they certainly furnish a better idea of the army and West Point cadets, naval cadets and artillery, coast defence, cavalry, infantry, militia and military schools than can be gained in any other way; for every branch of the service was represented on the spacious area of the Lee Parade Ground.

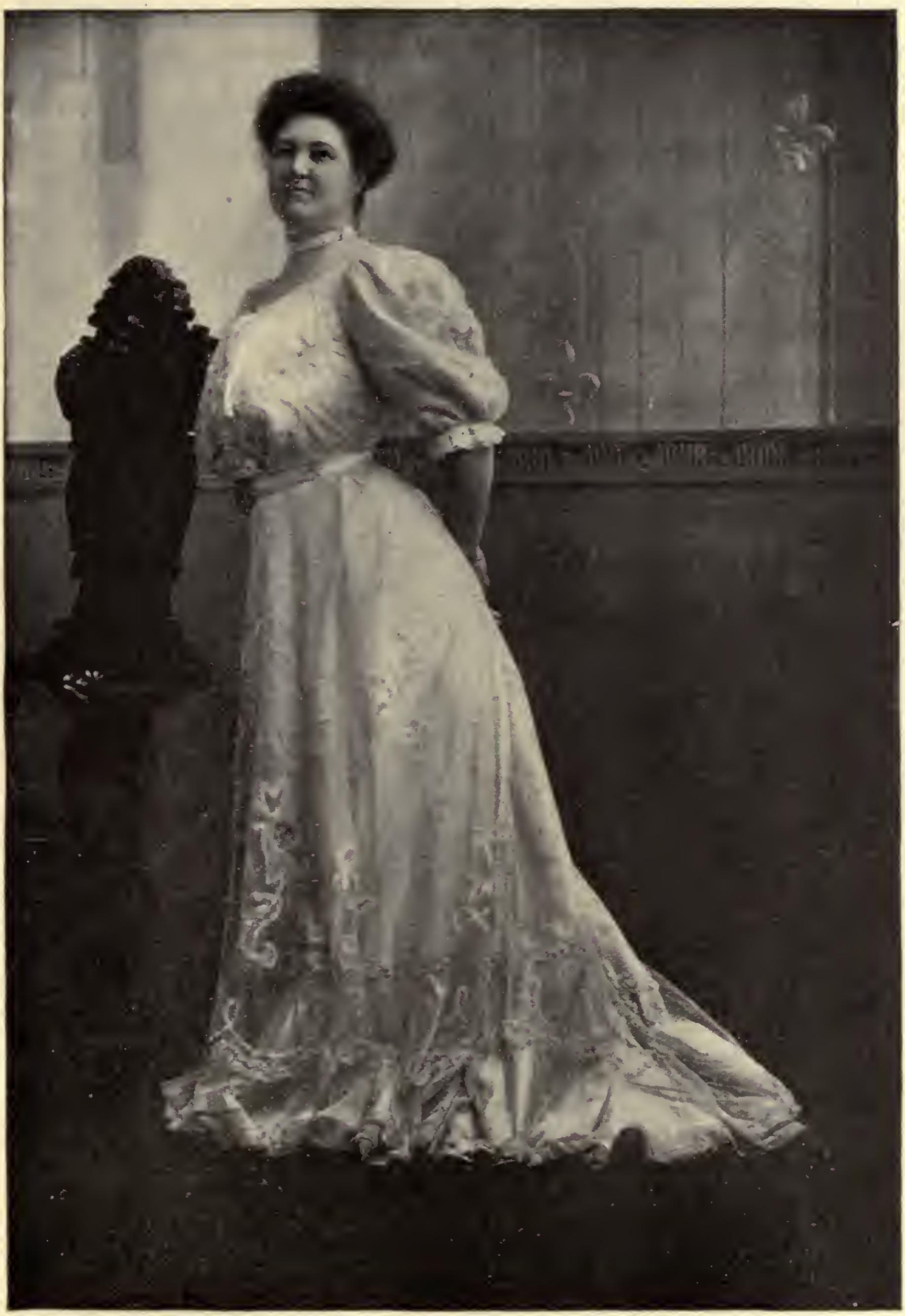
When the sea-fighters of the foreign vessels swung by they were given a hearty ovation, and as the procession passed the grand stand, the flags dipped in salute and the officers there rose to their feet and bared their heads.

There must be some disappointment in every exposition, to old habitues, who contrast the present one with some other; not finding equal charms in all; but no one visiting Jamestown Exposition can fail to observe that thousands who are there are evidently seeing an exposition for the first time, and experiencing the full strength of new impressions impossible to the *blase* exposition goer —unfortunately these persons are not the people who give voice to their impressions.

The scene from the Government Pier at night, when the illuminations are at their best, is unrivaled. The harbor presents a magnificent appearance, with the vessels outlined in electric lights, this scene alone worth going thousands of miles to witness.

* * *

THE National Editorial Association had a notable meeting at the Exposition. The addresses by Jacob A. Riis, John Temple Graves, Governor Glenn, the Hon. Crosby H. Noyes and many other well-known speakers made a feast of discussion. These addresses, fraught with eloquence, were delivered on a cold, rainy day which drove nearly everybody indoors;—listening to the inspiring words of these speeches, one was convinced that the "sun was still shining." A real optimist—one who sparkles and sheds forth lustre with every gesture, and in each sentence—is Jacob Riis, the be-



MRS. W. L. JONES, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN JONES FROM THE STATE OF WASHINGTON loved friend of Roosevelt,—and everyone else who knows him. The address of President Finlay of the Southern Railroad, to the editors, indicated a tendency in editors and railroad men to get together for a better understanding of conditions. President Finlay told his story in a plain, straightforward manner—calm and dispassionate—and was well received. On the other hand, the editors insisted that the railroads should eliminate the mystery and secrecy of their operation; let the people know more about railroads through the newspapers. They held that the people have a right to know how the public welfare is served in these quasi-public corporations. The good-natured response of President Finlay showed a significant change of policy among some of the railroads.

HON. W. L. MACKENZIE-KING, C. M. G., DEPUTY MINISTER OF LABOUR OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

* * *

WHO for president? Public opinion is now crystalizing on candidates for the presidency, and, assuming that President Roosevelt will not allow his name to be considered for re-nomination, there seems to be a fair prospect for many "starters."

What we want is an expression of opinion from the readers of the National as to who is their favorite candidate for president. If possible, write us about 200 words, telling why you have selected your particular candidate, and what your reasons are for thinking that he should be nominated.

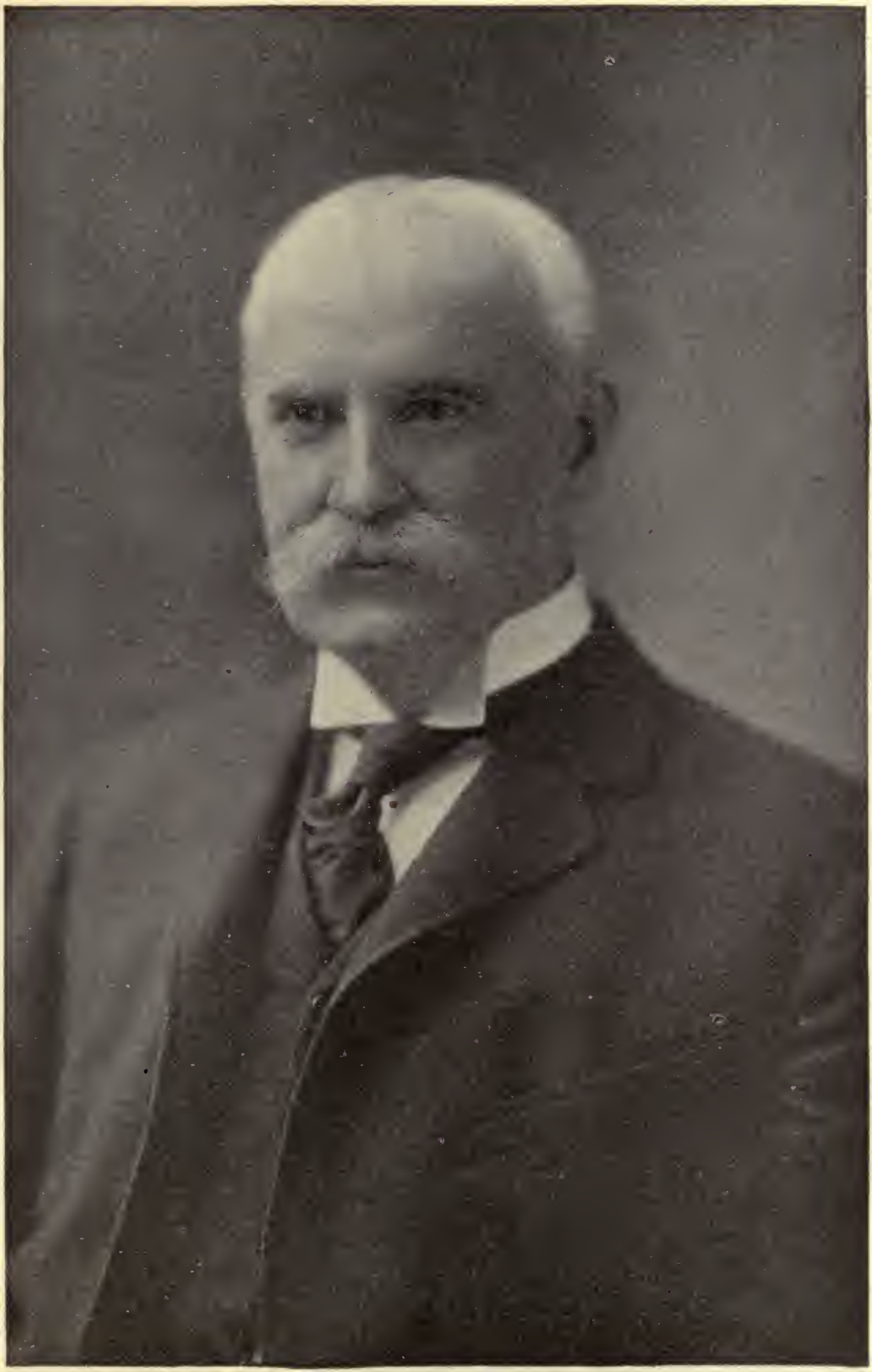
Modern politics are too often managed on the old haphazard plan of drawing lots; but a careful consideration should be given to determination of one's choice. If it is made in good faith, it will not readily be changed, and each individual will aid in forming public opinion along rational lines. Your honest expression of opinion on this subject is desired. With such information gathered from every part of the country, a clearer idea of the general situation may be obtained, and there will be a possibility of understanding the real preferences of the people.

There has never been a time in the history of the country when the choice of a president was of more importance than now; it is imperative that the right man be chosen. We have passed through, and are passing through, a revolutionary period, and students of history look upon the campaign of 1908 as one of critical importance in the history of the nation. Exercise the rights of free men and women as readers of the National, and let us know your personal preferences on this subject.

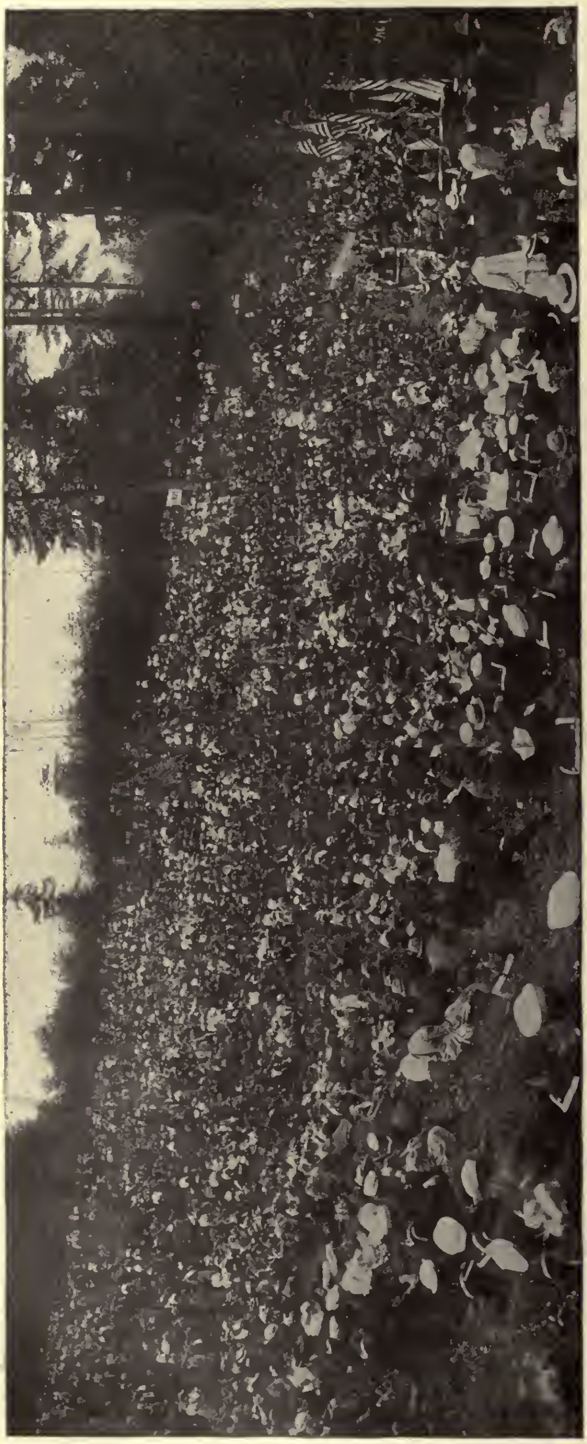
* * *

THE great international event of the month was Mark Twain's visit to Oxford, where he received an L.L.D. degree and cavorted with the real red royalty, while we on this side of the water stood agape, scarcely recognizing our democratic humorist clad in angelic white.

Dear old Uncle Mark. I did not know, when I saw him at Norfolk, only so recently,



SENATOR NELSON W. ALDRICH



NATURE'S AMPHITHEATRE AT SEATTLE

A portion of the crowd of ten thousand people who witnessed the ground-breaking ceremonies of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. The natural acoustic properties of this outdoor amphitheatre are so perfect that a person talking in a natural speaking voice, from the speaker's stand, can be heard on the outermost edge of the grounds, which are capable of seating nearly thirty thousand people.

that he had such designs on the Great of the Earth. We are told that even the king indulged in laughter until his sides ached at some of Sir Mark's stories. The Great Chief asked Uncle Mark which order he preferred, at which the humorist replied:

"If it is all the same to you, I will take an order on the Bank of England."

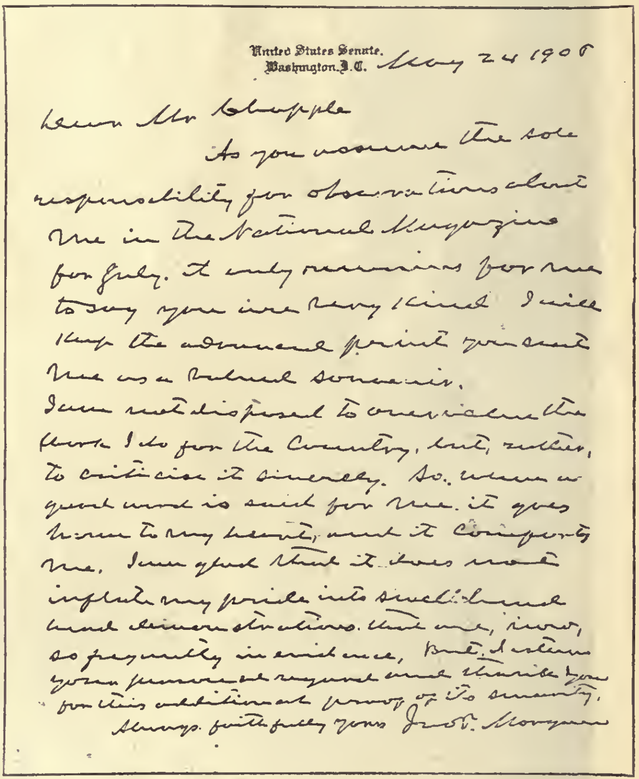
It is veritably reported by the press, that numbers of Englishmen have *already* laughed at Uncle Mark's sally, and it is believed that, as the months pass, thousands more will see the joke and smile at the humorous retort of the international wit, who insisted that the rumor of his death was false—because he started it himself.

* * *

THERE were some exciting times at the Weather Bureau in Washington in midsummer, when an earthquake was indicated in the direction of the West Indies. For weeks after the signs appeared, a search was kept up for the locality where it had occurred, but it was not discovered, though it may have happened in some of the remote islands on the Spanish Main, where no lives were imperiled. An almanac dated one hundred years ago was recently

PRESIDENT J. E. CHILBERG TURNING THE FIRST SPADEFUL OF DIRT AT THE GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONIES OF THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION AT SEATTLE.

Just after the breaking of ground, hundreds of persons rushed in and grabbed handfuls of the broken earth to keep as souvenirs. There were several attempts made to get away with the gold shovel and pick that were used, but J. C. Marmaduke, acting chairman of the ceremonies and entertainment committee, apprehended the spoilers and saved the valuable relic to be exhibited at the Exposition in 1909 brought to Washington, which had a manner of prophecies for years in advance of its own date. It was indicated that in 1907 the summer would be the hottest one felt for the past half-century, and, also, that the spring would be one of the coolest. The temperature record certainly indicates that the writer of that old almanac was "weather-wise" when he came to write about 1907.



United States Senate.
Washington, D.C. May 24 1906

Dear Mr Chapple

As you assume the sole responsibility for observations about me in the National Magazine for July. it only remains for me to say you are very kind. I will keep the advanced print you sent me as a valued souvenir.

I am not disposed to overvalue the work I do for the Country, but, rather, to criticise it severely. So. when a good word is said for me. it goes home to my heart, and it comforts me. I am glad that it does not inflate my pride into such kind demonstrations. that are, now, so frequently in evidence, but I return your personal request and thank you for this additional proof of its sincerity.

Always faithfully yours Jno T. Morgan

THE LATE SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN AND HIS LETTER TO AN EDITOR

IN the death of Senator John T. Morgan, the United States Senate lost one of its "Grand Old Men." There can be no higher honor than to know personally, such men as John T. Morgan, and Senators George F. Hoar, M. A. Hanna, and the other stalwarts of the Senate who have passed away in the last few years.

It was always a delight to talk with Senator Morgan, and watch his blue eyes sparkle, as he conversed in that gallant and deliberate style which is possible only to the gentlemen of the old school. With firm-set chin, nestling behind the points of his collar, and the courage of mature manhood stamped on every feature, who could listen to his recountals of the agitation concerning the Isthmian Canal without feeling a thrill at the prospect of the successful completion of this project. While the change of the route from Nicaragua, as first passed by Congress, to Panama was a great disappointment to the senator, yet the historian must concede that the Isthmian Canal itself is largely the result of the life and labors of the late Senator John T. Morgan.

In my pleasure file I find one of the last letters I received from him, which shows, how even the stern giants of our legislature appreciate a kind word. He wrote me that what I had said, "goes home to my heart and comforts me," and I felt proud indeed to realize that he retained, as a valued souvenir, a paragraph written about him for

MRS. ROBERT J. GAMBLE
WIFE OF UNITED STATES SENATOR GAMBLE FROM SOUTH DAKOTA

the Washington department. It emphasized again that uncompromising belief that after all, no man, no matter how great, ever passes beyond the pale of appreciation of kind words.

All honor to the memory of the grand old man of Alabama. The nation is greater because he has lived, and all humanity is the richer because of his unselfish and steadfast devotion to public duty.

* * *

IT was simply a fish story, related by a senator, who had strayed back to Washington on a summer's day. He was an expert trout fisherman, who aspired to rival ex-President Cleveland. He had obtained an unusually fine mess of trout which he brought back with him to his office to show his skill.

Calling his coachman he asked him to parcel up the fish carefully, and take it to a friend to whom he wished to pay a delicate compliment. At the same time he handed the man several copies of the London Times, which he desired to have at home that he might read the foreign news at his leisure. Having given his instructions, he thought no more about it.

Next day the good wife observed a peculiar odor in one part of the house, coming, as she supposed, from the library. The stench increased toward evening, and as the hot days followed each other it became unbearable. The situation was canvassed, and the family came to the conclusion that there must be a dead rat somewhere. A carpenter was called in and he began to rip up floors and pry behind wainscotting and upset things generally, in the search for the offensive rodent. Meantime, the stench became so bad that the good wife and children had to go to the nearest hotel, and the senator himself was about to give up the battle and follow them, but concluded to remain in the house and pursue the attack on the morrow. Just before leaving the library,—headquarters of the smell— he noticed the package containing the copies of the London Times, which he took up and removed to his bed-chamber, intending to read them if he possibly could remain the night, as he had planned, but the odor finally drove him from the room.

The lady of the house, returning in the morning, observed that the terrible stench seemed to now permeate the bed-chamber. So there was another day of tearing down partitions and wainscotting of the bed-chamber, in a vain hunt to remove the deadly cause of the annoyance. Finally, with the grim determination of a Spartan warrior, the senator determined to remain at his post that night and find the cause of the annoyance, if he had to go after it with a forked hazel-rod, or call in the aid of witchcraft,—that deadly aroma must be located. Before commencing the search, with a close-pin on his nostrils, he thought to secure a few minutes slumber, and, to sedately compose his mind before retiring, he picked up the London Times. He untied the carefully made up parcel, and lo, and behold! securely folded in many layers of printed paper, was a putrid mass—what had once been his beautiful catch of speckled trout.

He flew to the telephone:

"Come home, Mary; it's only the fish, and I have caught 'em. The trouble was all inside the London Times."

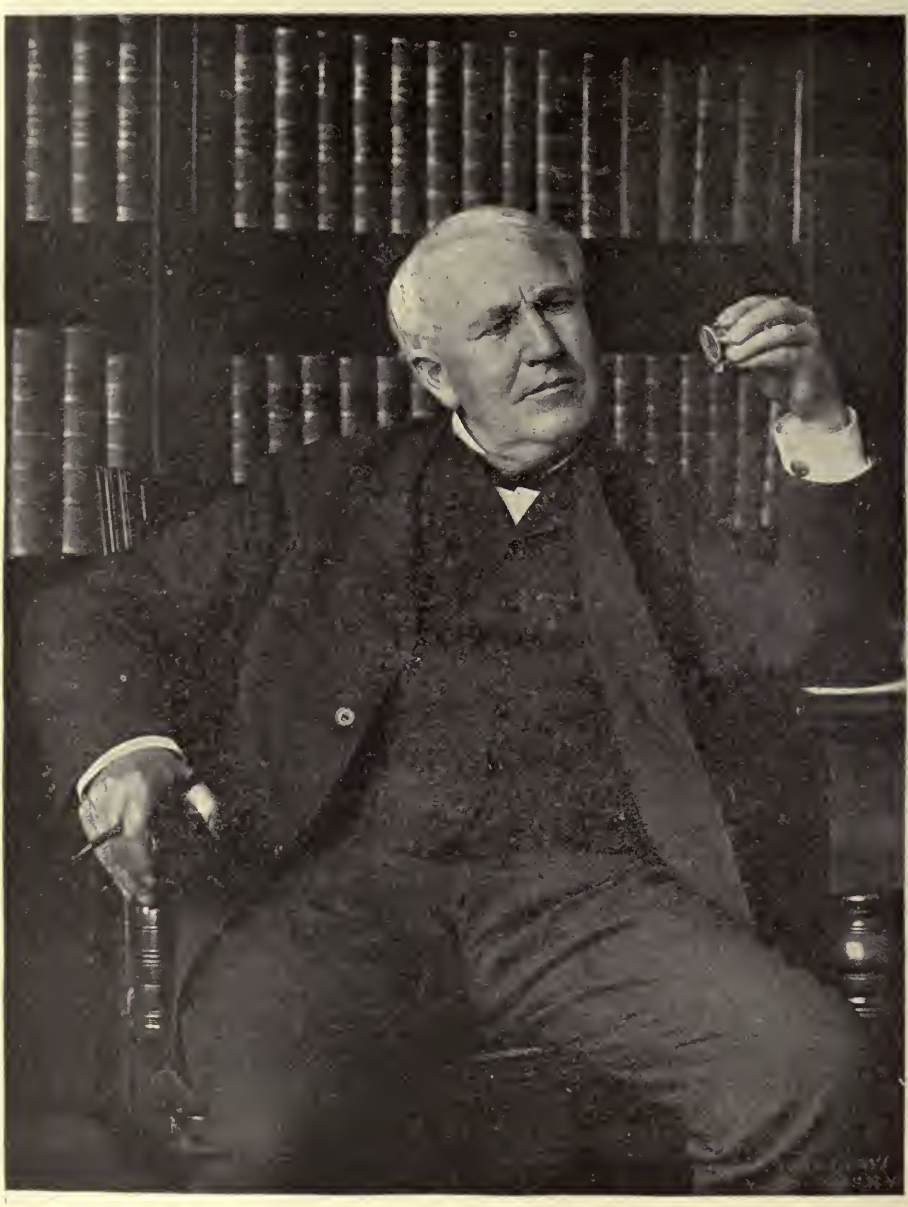
Then he hied him to the cellar and procured a spade, and out into the garden he went and that night buried many feet deep, that offensive trout, that had been the glory of his sportsman's soul, but had almost become the breaker on which a happy home might have been wrecked.

Next day the carpenters and plumbers went to work to undo all that they had done —the pictures were hung once more, the floors relaid, and the carpets put in place and peace reigned in the dwelling.

Now, the senator likens his mournful experience to that of the rival departments in the public school, portrayed in Kipling's tales of his youthful days, when the boys took a "brolly" and pushed a dead pussy cat beneath the floor of the head master's room, to punish him because he was so fussy about having the boys take a daily bath. To the tune of "'Tis but a little faded flower," the cat was deposited, and the mischievous urchins went their way. The tale of after results appealed to the senator who never tires of telling it,—in connection with a real exploitatious fish story.

"This was the most important catch I ever made. It cost $136 for carpenters, plumbers, etc.,—to say nothing of the fact that it came near breaking up my home—No! I don't take so much interest in fishing, now," he adds, with a sigh.

MRS F. A. McLAIN, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN McLAIN OF MISSISSIPPI



THOMAS A. EDISON

His latest portrait, taken on his sixtieth birthday, showing him studying an important part of his favorite invention, the phonograph. It is not generally known that Edison first invented the phonograph in a rough, crude way—the first child of his brain—and then had to lay it aside until after he had perfected the electric light, and in this way obtain the money necessary for completing his experiments on the phonograph, that has brought it to its present efficiency for both entertainment and business. With almost child-like simplicity he refers to the phonograph as his "pet."

TRIUMPHS of the CANADIAN WEST

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

PACK that double-deck bag, and come along, Joe," is a quotation from one of the hundreds of letters received from Northwest Canadian subscribers. These royal-stamped epistles glow with an eloquence surpassing even the thrilling encomiums of "No. 1 Hard," in the literature of land companies and railroads. Ineradicable optimism sparkles side by side with the warmth of Western pioneer hospitality. It was irresistible. Then, too, there was my friend "Van" at the other end of a wire, electrifying me with that go-a-tive spirit of the Western Canadian Immigration Association which cannot be denied.

The Atlantic mists of Boston harbor were left behind, and we followed the compass, veering a few points to the nor'west. The chill of late spring swept through the car windows as we skirted the New Hampshire hills, and the car wheels crunched on the curves as we sped away through the valleys of Vermont.

In a few hours we bumped against the boundary at Newport, Vermont. There is no "fifty-four-forty-or-fight" spirit here now. An ice-locked lake steamer, of title "Lady of the Lake," looked as if waiting for Spring and Winter to take their baggage and go. Her name brought to mind Sir Walter Scott's border tales and "Ellen's Isle," and one could almost declare it some Scotch loch. Memphremagog, with its superb beauty, again suggested Scotland. That was the first time I had come face to face with the name of Lake Memphremagog since the days when I struggled with it in a geography class, and I pronounced it heroically—in one mouthful.

* * *

Now I will be honest—there was just a tinge of regret in leaving the United States, and yet I could discover nothing to suggest the "border." United States money passed—all wanted it—language was the same, with a suggestion of broad English now and then. There was a change of "brands," and I noticed that pipes supplanted the odoriferous cigars of the States.

A Britisher, on a visit, who heard me speak of matters pertaining to my native land as "American," took me to task as soon as we crossed the line, and my mode of speech in this respect was carefully revised, until the gentleman himself alluded to articles manufactured across the line as "American goods." Then I let him have it, and he admitted that custom will sometimes outrage even the map itself.

* * *

Dear old Montreal had just emerged from a May-time blizzard, and the sheen of the St. Lawrence waters gave promise of summer days. The rattle of the train over Lachine bridge, the largest in the world—for now we are beginning to deal in superlatives—was like the drum-call to keep eyes and ears alert; for we were indeed on a rush trans-continental.

Busy times at Windsor Station. Here were sleeping cars, carrying hundreds of people from coast to coast, straight through, without change. Passengers hurried hither and thither, storing away boxes, baggage and lunches in the first-class, tourist and in the colonist sleepers. These latter are provided with board bunks only, and passengers furnish their own mattresses; but the tourist cars are substantially upholstered in leather, while the first-class have the usual insignia of royal plush.

Here the good-byes were of the lingering quality, and the tone of that "God-be-with-you," was very different from the careless farewell given on a merely suburban jaunt. There was a spirit of reluctance and "loth-to-go" up and down the platform when the conductor waved his green-topped lantern.

Montreal, Canada's largest city, was first looked upon by a white man in 1535, but its development is comparatively recent. Here are the chief offices of the Canadian Pacific and the great Bank of Montreal, and the citizens and merchants of the city have played an important part in the evolution of commercial Canada.

* * *

My personal interest in the Canadian Northwest was first greatly aroused by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific, whom I met at a banquet given in New York City last winter. He had a way of talking Canada in a few incisive words which expressed volumes. His comprehensive grasp of Canadian affairs, as evidenced in his conversation, impressed me with the magnitude and grandeur of his field of action, and of the duties devolving upon him as president of a road of the first importance in the transportation system of the world.

A chat with Sir Thomas, on my return from my Canadian trip, heightened my admiration for the man who has done so much to promote the development of Canadian resources from coast to coast and at all points belting the globe. Having just returned from inspecting one of the Empress Line boats at the ancient capital of Quebec, he was traveling in his private car, the Killarney, named in honor of the birthplace of his parents.

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

* * *

At Windsor Station wa a train-load of emigrants who had crossed by the Empress Line—typical Scotch, Irish and English, becapped from the voyage, and with countless bundles and boxes and a great variety of luggage. They were stalwart and healthy-looking—good material for settling the new land. They had come thus far with little of the worry incidental to immigration; for they had been taken in charge by one of the hundreds of traffic-accelerating officers of the Canadian Pacific, located throughout the world, and "booked through" direct to their destination. There was none of that dumping in New York, re-dumping in Chicago or St. Paul that adds so much to the bewilderment of a stranger in a strange land, but they were taken to their journey's end as placidly as though traveling with a personally-conducted tourists' excursion.

There was one young man and his wife busy getting their boxes together, who had just arrived from Edinburgh, and were going to British Columbia. At first he looked at me with some trace of Scotch caution, and held tightly to his purse; but very soon he saw that I gave a foreigner as cordial a welcome to a strange land, as I had myself received when visiting in Scotland.

It was wonderful to see the fresh-faced young girls, wearing the universal steamer cap, their hair hanging in braids down their backs, evidently traveling alone as care-free as though in their native villages.

MONTREAL FROM MOUNT ROYAL

* * *

The Canadian Pacific Railway is more than an industrial result of years of effort and expenditure. As the British drum-beat follows the sun around the world, so the endless chain of cars and steamers of this great road, starting with the Imperial Empress steamers at Liverpool, carries the tide of traffic westward even to far Cathay, like a great world-distributing elevator, and bears return cargoes to the Eastland, with never a moment cessation, from seed-time to harvest, and from harvest back again to seed-time. From the breeding suns to the brooding snows, the tide of immigration comes in an incessant stream toward the ever-receding West, and a flood of Canadian products goes to meet the rising sun.

Sir Thomas is a man in his prime; wearing a blonde moustache and imperial; with piercing blue eyes and an emphatic, positive way of speaking. One sees at first sight that he considers incisively the steps leading to the end in view, and their results, before taking a given course. There are few details of this great system, with its miles of cars and steamers, with which Sir Thomas is not personally familiar.

He declares that the dream of his life is to make the Canadian Pacific an effective home-builder for Canada, and an all-important pathway of transportation for the British Empire. Cutting off six days on the Pacific, one day on the Atlantic, and a day and a half on the overland route, this line leaves little to be desired in the way of rapid transit from England to Australia, although the time was cut to twenty days via the Siberian Railway to Shanghi. The new transcontinental train from Montreal to Vancouver had just been inaugurated, and it was a curious coincidence that it began to operate on the twenty-first anniversary of the birthday of the Canadian Pacific—twenty-one years ago the first through train was operated. The railroad is now "of age," and it was very suitable that it should celebrate the day by putting on a third regular train from coast to coast. It certainly breaks long distance records for one train to cover a distance of 2,904 miles in eighty-four hours.

Sir Thomas makes a trip over the line once or twice a year, and watches intently the Canadian Pacific's great work of transplanting sterling immigrants from the British Isles to the great prairies of America. These men, women and children cannot fail to be a potential force in the future of the Canadian Northwest. As an American citizen, I could not but lament the contrast between these immigrants, coming into Canada from Northern Europe, and the immigration now pouring into the United States; for the future of the two nations is largely determined by the influx of immigration. Just fancy what they

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, PREMIER OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA will do for America; these sturdy settlers located on the broad prairies. They are not all farmers by any means. Many of them are skilled mechanics and laborers—thousands of them red-cheeked fellows, with brawn and muscle. And all this has been brought about by those "tupenny-ha'penny" letters going back and forth, that have conquered the aversion to Canada which was so strong in the British mind only a few years ago.

EARL GREY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

Little did I think, years ago, when I had the honor of dining with Earl Grey, at Whitehall Gardens, in London, that I was meeting the future Governor-General of Canada; and a jovial, hearty soul he is. He was the close friend of Cecil Rhodes, and was with him in Rhodesia and other parts of South Africa. He is one of the executors of Rhodes' celebrated will. The Earl is a well-built man, with square forehead and expansive brow, and one cannot be with him for ten minutes without being impressed with the breadth of his views. The Dominion of Canada, at this time of rapid extension is fortunate in having so capable and alert an executive head as Earl Gray. On meeting him, the distinction between Englishmen and Americans is not noticeable, for he is a man who might be called a citizen of the world. The question of nationality does not agitate the Canadian of today. While there is a feeling throughout the Dominion that it is well to develop in a thoroughly Canadian spirit, and there may be some antipathy to Englishmen as Englishmen, yet when you get right down to brass tacks, the loyalty of the Canadians to the Imperial government is certainly deep-seated, and anyone assuming to talk annexation would find little encouragement.

* * *

Next morning we rubbed our eyes and picked up the annotated time-table, to find that we had been sweeping along the shores of the Ottawa River, where there are gigantic lumber interests. The town was Mattawa, a favorite center for moose hunters. On the train, later, we discovered a large delegation of prospective miners, with maps and samples of ores, going forth to world-famed Cobalt.

North Bay, with its gray granite station, recalled some of the early difficulties of the construction of the Canadian Pacific. At Heron Bay the line first touches Lake Superior, and from this on, a wild region is passed through, dotted with rivers and rocky ledges, striking in natural grandeur, and with a few tracts of agricultural land mottling the landscape.

The famous nickel mines are located at Sudbury, and here, strange as it may seem, we found great difficulty in passing the plebeian American nickel as a medium of exchange. This is where the branch of the "Soo" railroad leads off to Sault Ste. Marie, Duluth and Minneapolis. But no diversion now—this was to be exclusively a Canadian railroad trip, though in summertime many passengers travel from the "Soo" to Fort William on the Canadian Pacific steamships.

* * *

We soon became familiar with Indian names, and even succeeded in correctly pronouncing "Kabequashesing," the waters of which flow north into James Bay, while the other rivers, across short portages, flow south into Lake Superior. Skirting the shores of this fresh water sea, diving into deep viaducts and tunnels chiselled out of the cliffs, the lake comes into full view from the train—a glorious deep draught of Lake Superior ozone imparting such exhilaration as is given by no other air.

Gold and zinc mines are located at Nipigon, where the Ontario government has set aside the surrounding land for twenty miles as a public preserve. Here the fisherman longs to stop off and angle for some of those famous speckled trout, but the schedule was marked "Go West," and west we went.

Anticipating a long, weary journey, my berth was laden with reading matter, but I found so much to engage my interest on both sides of the train, as we sped through wild country and cultivated tracts, that my head acquired the habit of turning from side to side, and I felt like a nodding automaton in a show-window—the "reading matter" remained untouched; for here I was seeing things to make reading matter concerning The Triumphs of the Canadian West.

* * *

The career of Sir William Van Horne, the American-born railroad man who built the Canadian Pacific,—his successor being the indomitable Sir Thomas Shaughnessy— shows that while the forty-ninth parallel exists on the map, the development of the great Northwest is being accomplished by the united effort of many people who eliminate the idea of political entities. When the western part of the United States was being settled, no interest was felt in the free homes to the north; but now the tide of immigration has veered to the northwest, and on toward Alaska, and it has been grimly remarked that the North Pole will eventually be discovered by seekers for free homes and wheat lands. It seems inevitable that the ultimate wheat belt of the Northwest will encircle the Arctic Pole, and far up Peace Valley the grain fields now ripen in the gentle Chinook winds from the Pacific, and flour mills unceasingly grind wheat grown in the neighborhood of the Arctic Circle.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S ELEVATORS AT PORT ARTHUR

THE GREAT LAKES GATEWAY

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

COMING into Port Arthur, we looked upon the Sleeping Giant crouched at the entrance to Thunder Bay, and saw, lying on either side of the bay, gleaming in the bright light of the morning, the stately elevators that are the "sign manual" of this immense grain-growing empire. I remember Port Arthur of years ago as a small town of three or four thousand inhabitants, but now it has blossomed into a bustling city of ten or twelve thousand. Its ambition is whetted, and it continues to grow rapidly. The story of the early struggles of the people of Port Arthur is fascinating; those pioneers had the right stuff in them and surmounted obstacles without flinching. In the very teeth of the hard times of '94, they planned and carried out successfully a street car project which connected their city with Fort William. The city also owns its water works and telephone system, and the results on earnings so far have made a good showing, as the public affairs are handled here with all the zest of personal interest.

The experiment of municipal ownership is a live one in the West, and the Canadian mode of solving this problem was an interesting study during this trip. It is not surprising that the movement toward municipal ownership in these newer cities of the Canadian Northwest, and the considerable measure of success which has attended these projects, is beginning to attract the attention of sociologists. After I had met some of the citizens of Port Arthur, I did not wonder that they had bumped aside obstacles and launched on the sea of municipal ownership with fearless confidence.

One powerful factor in building up the city is cheap power, and Port Arthur now expects to offer power to new factories at a minimum price of twelve dollars per horse power, per year. Is it strange, then, that they feel the fervor of greater industrial expansion? Port Arthur, beautifully located on hills overlooking its fine harbor, has already made a splendid start in many industrial lines. There are blast furnaces and varied industries in operation, and here is the largest grain elevator in the world. Large rafts of logs indicate the magnitude of the lumber industry, and the problem of power assures a prosperous future to the city. The latent force of the Dog River Falls, now being developed, will reduce the price of power to a minimum.

The famous old "Marriaggi" hostelry, with its wide verandas, has been the headquarters for many an earnest conference in reference to the development of the Lake Superior North Shore.

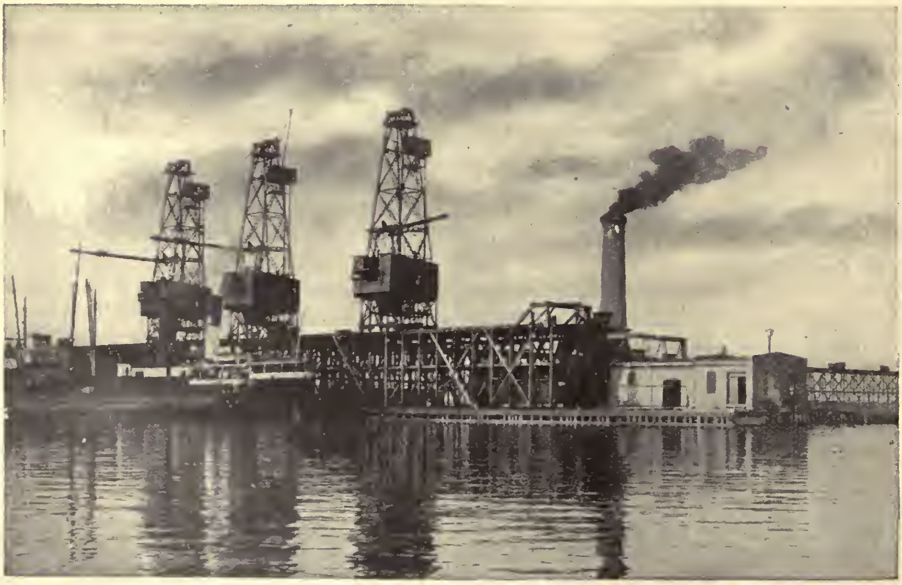
Mayor Clevet, Mine Host Hudder and Ex-Mayor Matthews are men of merit.

In the immediate district is good moose, caribou and black bear hunting, besides speckled trout fishing. This locality is as interesting as any in America for sportsmen.

Wide awake newspapers reflect the spirit of the town. In all our rambles the public officials directed us; for here a stranger is not permitted to pass the portals of the city without partaking of its hospitality and becoming inoculated with the spirit of progress. We were shown beautiful parks, purchased when the land was held at a comparatively low price. The splendid schools and churches and even the alert Board of Trade and club rooms show a strong social side in the life of Port Arthur. With extensive building operations already under way, the city is making a splendid opening for a memorable season for 1907–08.

The city clerk gave me interesting figures as to what had been accomplished by municipal ownership, which here is accepted as the only reasonable policy of government, and not at all as an untried experiment.

Port Arthur is the Eastern terminus of the Canadian Northern Railroad, one of the most daring undertakings known in the history of railroading. It was projected by Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann of Toronto, formerly active in the construction of the Canadian Pacific, who saw the possibilities of a new transcontinental railroad beginning at Port Arthur, where lake transportation would serve as a connection to the seaboard. This system already extends into the Canadian West a thousand miles northwest of Winnipeg; this midland Canadian trans-continental line will reach to Hudson Bay.



CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S COAL DOCKS AT PORT ARTHUR

CANADIAN PACIFIC ELEVATORS AT FORT WILLIAM, CAPACITY 6,000,000 BUSHELS

MAGIC CITY OF THE WEST

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

FORT WILLIAM, a few miles distant, running neck and neck in the race with Port Arthur, is a division point of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, where nearly a million dollars per year is paid to employes.

The new Grand Trunk Pacific will even exceed these figures during the construction of their road. Figures at best look prosaic, but nothing more surely indicates the sturdy sinews of progress and the basis of hope for a bright and prosperous future.

Here the famous Kakabeka Falls afford the city 15,000 horse power at the low rate of twenty-five dollars per horse power, per year, to sell to new industries. Fort William is located on a river delta, and here on two islands are the terminals of the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific. It suggests the site of Chicago, and is the second largest shipping port in the Dominion of Canada. The shores of the river delta are lined with grain elevators, and one cannot look at their towering walls of corrugated iron, or at the flour mills and the busy scenes on the docks without feeling that here a great city will certainly be built. The two islands in the river will also be utilized for manufacturing purposes. It is a significant fact that Fort William enjoys the distinction of having shipped the largest cargo of grain ever afloat on the Great Lakes—380,260 bushels in one boat, the product of great wheat fields embracing over 15,000 acres or twenty-four square miles. You see I am getting into statistics; for everybody who travels in Canada talks more or less in "figures" of speech.

* * *

A Canadian iron car wheel and pipe foundry is being projected at Fort William, and one sees mountains of barbed wire going westward to enclose the farms of the Northwestern prairie country. The Wire Nail Company of Pittsburg have also located a branch here. The freight charge for coal to this port and Port Arthur from Cleveland is thirty cents a ton, and American coal here costs only three dollars and seventy-five cents per ton. Every effort is being made to bring in several foundries, ship building and dry dock industries. The enterprise of the two ports is indicated by the fact that ice-breaking machines are used to open up navigation earlier than the natural breaking up of the ice in the spring would allow.

* * *

Fort William promises to be a great distributing point between the East and West. Flour mills already located here have a daily capacity of 3,000 barrels, and a large business is rapidly being built up. Near these twin cities are great undeveloped deposits of hematite and magnetite iron ores, to which the world is now looking to feed the maws of the great steel mills. These undeveloped resources inspire many of the enterprises projected. One of Fort William's municipal appropriations for the present year is $125-000 for the Loch Lomond water system, to cost $300,000 when completed. Extensive sewers, concrete walks, asphalted streets, splendid business blocks, the opening of new streets, municipal light, telephone systems, sub-station and electric light plant, all presage the vigorous growth of the city, and the substantial homes being built prove that the citizens have come to stay. Fort William's assessment for 1906 was about $10,000,000, and the revenue from general taxes, water works, telephone and sundry licenses figures up to $164,000. The permits for business blocks constructed in 1906 total $802,000.

These new cities at the gateway of the great Canadian Northwest have a broad basis on which to build; and the right people are there.

* * *

With Mayor Murphy and Mr. Jackson, I visited the city hall, which includes library and auditorium, the latter paying a handsome net profit of rentals to the city. From the roof we looked upon the city of Fort William; it seemed a dream picture, with a regular rectangle of homes and schools, flanked by mountains on the horizon. To think that such a city could be built in so short a time, recalled the marvelous tale of Aladdin and his lamp, and it required no stretch of the imagination to see a prosperous city here for generations to come. The Fort William Club owns a handsome building, luxuriously furnished.

* * *

This lake city, with a postal revenue of $13,912.00 per annum, ranking fifth largest in money orders issued, with its 13,000 people, certainly has reason to be proud of the productive forces at work.

West Fort William is where the early traders of the Hudson's Bay Company were established. I say Hudson's Bay, (notice that the apostrophe is used, indicating possession)—the signature of the company itself always appears in this form. The same spirit of adventure that animated the voyageurs in those early days still prevails, and the Hudson's Bay Company certainly have a right to use the possessive sign in the signatures over their branch stores throughout Canada.

It is an old story—and more about it later—of how King Charles II of England, long ago, granted a charter to some adventurers, giving them the control of Prince Rupert's Land, and a right and title to trade and rule there with an iron hand. The story of this tract of country is interesting, and abounds in the picturesque romance of adventure and exploration.

The Canadian Dominion government has re-purchased the land, and in the final settlement gave the company sections eight and twenty-six in every township; so that the present map of Canada is like a checker-board, on which the land grants of the Hudson's Bay Company and of the Canadian Pacific figure conspicuously, and now are well up in the millions in value. The company still continues to do business in the old way—exchanging merchandise for fur.

* * *

Approaching Winnipeg, we came across a wide stretch of country, covered with brushwood, which had been passed by the pioneer home-seeker because of the labor involved in clearing it; but Sir William Van Horne here located a beautiful farm, which has demonstrated the splendid possibilities of this variety of land beneath the brush.

IN THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD YARDS AT WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG THE CANADIAN PEG

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

THE morning we arrived at Winnipeg, I tried to adjust myself to the elongated reckoning of time, although I had lost count of the days. When the dry goods clerk told me that my train left at nineteen-fifty-nine, I thought he referred to the price of a new overcoat "marked down," but, lo and behold, he had reference to the hour o' day. Some of the newcomers are so charmed with this diurnal method of computing time, that they have new dials put on their watches, with figures arranged so that they can tell the hour after it passes twelve. The train bulletin boards were surveyed with a puzzled look, and the time-tables were somewhat of an enigma to me, until a mathematical friend remarked·

"Whenever your time figures over twelve, subtract twelve and say 'P. M.' quick, and there you have it—consequently, fifteen-fifty-eight would be three-fifty-eight in old-time calculation."

It was a good exercise in mental arithmetic; twenty-four time is all right when you become accustomed to it, but it certainly seems to make long days. Here again I felt that I was on the borderland of new things, and old Father Time himself had not escaped the tide of innovation.

The queenly Alexandra Hotel is built directly at the Canadian Pacific terminal station. Yes, I began to shiver mentally, remembering tales of the cold waves of Manitoba, but here was no dreary waste of snow—no biting blasts—but a thriving metropolis, a city of magnificent buildings, with people moving as if they were going somewhere. You have to rub your eyes to realize that you are in Manitoba, the "Farthest North," according to tradition. The climate was about the same as in Boston when we left, and the spring seemed no more backward in Manitoba than it has been all over the continent. Here there was little disposition to rebel at the weather; for at the Alexandra we found a rendezvous the charm of which is appreciated throughout Western Canada. Inside the hotel, smiling summer atmosphere prevailed. In the evening the orchestra played in the lobby, and ladies in dinner gowns suggested the Savoy in London. The musical program was exhilarating—from rag-time to a grand opera rondo. Everyone was intent on apologizing for the backwardness of the season, and when the little gust of snow came, they proudly pointed out that the same snow storm had visited St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago,—to say nothing of Boston. The proclivity toward comparison was everywhere noticeable, and this is certainly the index of real growth; for the only way to judge advancement is to take reckoning of other conditions.

On the train, coming into Winnipeg, I had met a former member of the English Parliament, who indulged in a vainglorious pride over Canada as "an English colony" on every possible occasion, to which I meekly assented. He followed me into a cosy corner at the hotel, to still further emphasize his views on this subject, but when the orchestra struck up "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and followed with a medley of American airs, my parliamentary friend looked cross-eyed with indignation. The program concluded with "God Save the King," and he regained his composure. We sang together, in our separate spheres—the words were different, but the tune was the same.

There is a strong feeling in Canada against the British who come there with patronizing airs regarding "our colonies;" if there is one thing that is especially repulsive to a Canadian, it is to hear his country called a "colony," as he knows that he has a nationality which will, and has, asserted itself as Canadian.

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One bright Sunday morning I tried to find the author, Rev. C. W. Gordon, (whose nom de plume is "Ralph Connor") and discovered him in St. Stephen's Church, of which he is the pastor. At that time a Bible class was in session, numbering men from fifty to sixty years of age, as sturdy and intelligent Scots as can be met with anywhere. Here were McKenzies, McIntoshes, and other Highland names famous in Scottish annals, "of old houses and fights long, long ago." This is the influence that dominates Canada today, and has aided in building up the empire.

They were studying the miracles—these pioneers, and men of affairs, who have made Manitoba what it is—and they steadfastly insisted on a literal interpretation of each chapter, from the miracle of Christ stilling the tempest, to the miracle of the evil spirits going out of the possessed man into the 2,000 swine "which ran violently into the sea and were choked."

Dr. Gordon is pleasant-voiced, and his clerical attire and manner suggested something of Barrie's "Little Minister," so earnest was he in his words and thorough in his search of the Scriptures. After the meeting was over, he came and warmly pressed my hand.

"We cannot be accused of heresy here," he said, smiling.

The president of the class had just come back after a long illness, and the sincere Scotchmen hastened to give him a loving greeting on his return to the Bible class.

It was no surprise to learn that Winnipeg Sunday-laws are rigidly enforced, and not even a drug or cigar store was open on that day. The saloons are closed at seven o'clock on Saturday night, to give the workingman a chance to save his money, and are not opened again until Monday morning.

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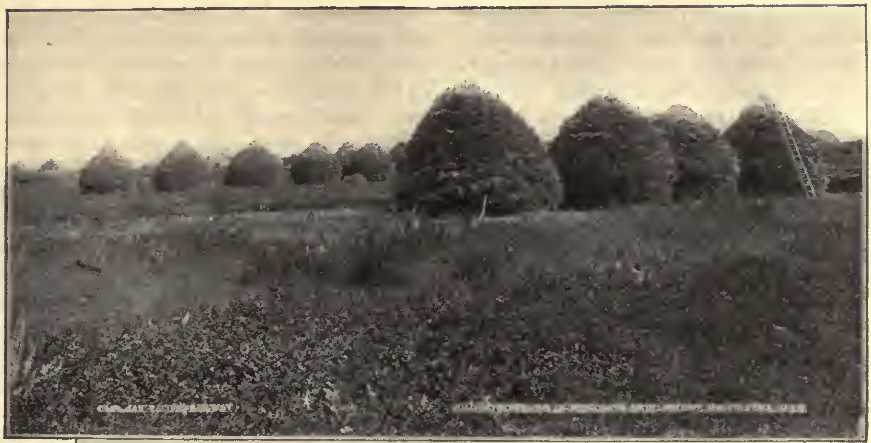
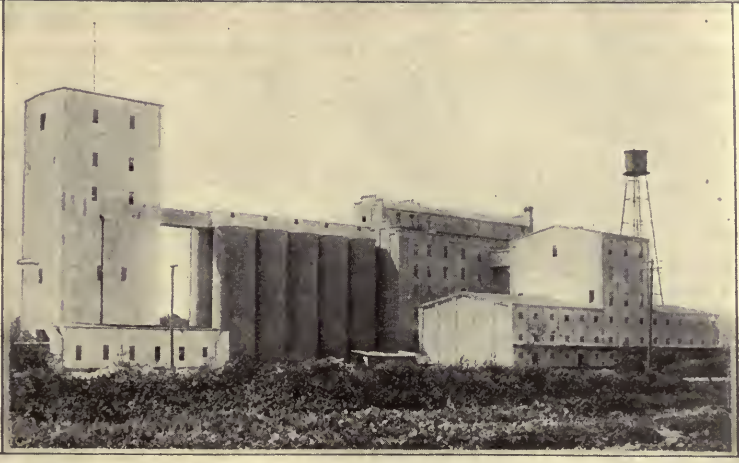
Late on Sunday night I found Mr. Dafoe of the Winnipeg Free Press, of which no Sunday edition is issued, (but the passers-by glance furtively at the bulletin for "news" as they pass along). The Winnipeg Free Press establishment and equipment would do credit to a much larger city. The Winnipeg papers cover, perhaps, more local territory than any others in the world, and for thousands of miles toward the Pacific Coast are regarded as "home newspapers."

The broad Main street of Winnipeg, with its graceful bend, shows the impress of the Hudson's Bay outpost, virtually following the old trail and running parallel with the river. Along the Red and Assiniboin Rivers, the land is laid out as in Lower Canada, narrow frontage on the river and extending back a great distance, constituting a farm. This arrangement keeps the houses close together, and yet allows each man the pasturage and fuel supply required by his household.

Winnipeg street car conductors carry a little square box, into which you shove your tickets—eight selling for a quarter during working hours and Sundays, and six for a quarter at ordinary times—about a four-cent fare—I had eight rides for my quarter that Sunday. In the evening of that same Sunday, there was a sacred concert in the hotel; we also attended a service at Trinity Church, full of beauty and dignity. The substantial





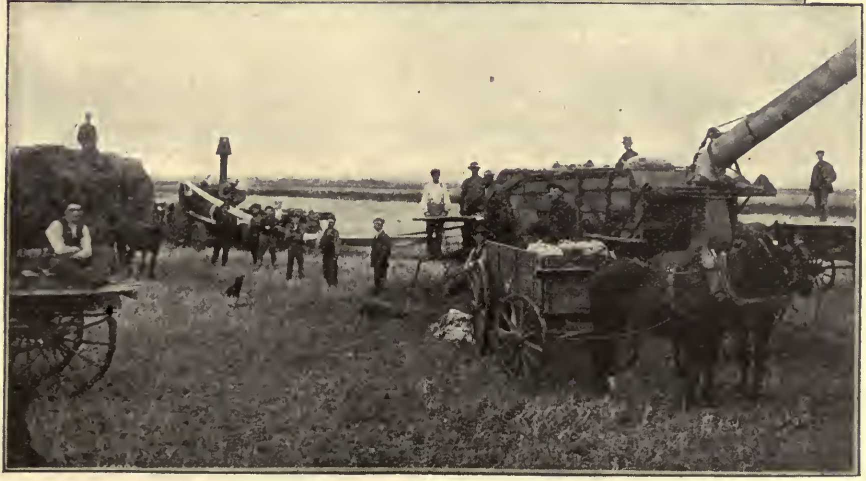


FIG. 1. STACK YARD IN MENONITE SETTLEMENT, NEAR GRETNA GREEN, MANITOBA
FIG. 2. ONE OF THE MANY LARGE GRAIN ELEVATORS IN WINNIPEG
FIG. 3. FROM STOCK TO SACK, RIGHT OUT IN THE FIELD

homes and symmetrical plan of Winnipeg cannot fail to impress the stranger, and the spirit of activity is always in the air. Even on this sedate Sunday, there was evidence of Monday's rush to follow. I learned that the city is called, "Winnipeg: the Peg that Holds the Key to Western Markets," which seems especially appropriate, for the whole situation in Canada, in a large measure, hangs on this peg. The citizens are called "peggers," which they certainly are in more ways than one.

Industrial Commissioner Charles F. Roland has a personal letter ready for every prominent visitor who arrives in Winnipeg, requesting all to call and see him. Early on Monday afternoon, he went with me to see the boat houses of Winnipeg, and no one can look at the happy scullers practicing ing in their "shells" and believe in the severity of the climate. The brawny arms of the oarsmen suggested the strength and prowess of the pushing New Empire.

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Just north of the city lies Lake Winnipeg, the fifth largest lake on the continent. With an area of over 9,000 square miles, and an entire length of 260 miles, it is longer than the whole peninsula of Nova Scotia, and big enough to encircle the great island of Vancouver. It is no wonder that people flock to its beaches, and the photographs showing Winnipeg Beach, on its shores, are decidedly a surprise to those who regard Manitoba as far to the frozen North, and only a dreary and desolate waste of snow and ice.

The great lumber mills near-by at "Keewatin," the Indian name for the north wind, recall Longfellow's poem, in which the North Wind, after his defeat in battling with Shingebis, the diver, returns baffled, amid angry gusts; it is quite true that the north wind, having gone south, on coming back again, is the one most dreaded in the Northland.

Almost under the shadow of the gates of Fort Garry, is situated the handsome building of the Manitoba Club. Traveling through Canada, I noticed at the clubs that everybody seemed to be having little pots of tea, and very little coffee was served.

Here the stone gateway still stands, and the ancient trails to the river may be traced, whereon thousands of Indians and voyageurs traveled back and forth, but which are now converted into Main street and Portage avenue of Winnipeg. At the club were many who proudly claimed the distinction of being pioneers. Here was Mr. Bell, who came to Winnipeg as a bugler with Lord Wolsely, in 1872. There was also George H. Shaw, another pioneer oracle of the great Northwest Territory, passenger traffic manager of the Canadian Northern Railroad. He had a way of taking a map and scoring it across as he said, "There's timber; here's good wheat land; and here the beauties of Peace River." He could give a full description of each part of the country, showing that comprehensive knowledge of the land only possible to one who has been there.

Ordinarily, a person who resides four years in a new country is considered a pioneer; but in Winnipeg there are many who went there in the early settlement days, and remained to see prophecy more than fulfilled.

* * *

Winnipeg is another of those unaccountable paradoxes in city building. An effort was made to locate the principal city at Selkirk to the north, where a more picturesque site might have been secured, but, no! Winnipeg, like Chicago, and other cities similarly situated, stayed where she was, and succeeded because of that indomitable Winnipeg "pegging." The area allotted for the city is just one acre short of 14,000. There is not a citizen, from the boy who blacks your boots to the mayor himself, who does not confidently believe that Winnipeg is to become one of the greatest cities on the American continent; for it is pointed out that over 1,000,000 acres of land tributary to Winnipeg are rapidly filling with people.

The "Peg" metropolis is a city of factories, jobbing houses, homes, schools, colleges and churches, and the figures of growth for even a single year are astonishing.

On the street cars there were many families in transit to their homes in the Far West—they were all there, from the sturdy father to the baby on the mother's lap, and all were gazing with interest on the streets of Winnipeg, for it would be some time before they would see the city again. That trip to Winnipeg would be remembered for years to come, when those little ones were busy helping father and mother to build up the new home and make it a part of the triumphs of the Canadian West.

The trading spirit is paramount hereabouts; and that fact has much to do with the activity of the West. A man going down town happens to mention to some one he meets:

"I bought a lot on Twenty-Third Street this morning."

"Skidoo!" says his companion, "how much do you want?"

"I was offered $3,000 this morning; paid $2,300."

"What do you want?"

SCULLING RACES ON THE RIVER AT WINNIPEG

"Will take $4,500 by ten o'clock today."

"Will give you $4,000," was the reply, and the trade was completed.

Papers were signed, checks passed, and a transaction in real estate closed, but no one could tell how many more times that lot would be transferred in one day. The market is active, and everybody is ready for a "trade." They like this quick method of doing business, and it has much to do with pushing the pegs along.

Every one of the cities in Western Canada has its duly-empowered publicity man and Board of Trade, who make every effort to obtain new settlers. Each American settler is considered worth $2,000 in producing power, I was told, and Canadian aggressiveness is certainly having its results in the influx of States settlers.

All organizations are largely financed by voluntary and private subscriptions. Everyone here owns "dirt," and feels it his duty to make every effort to get in new people and build up the town.

With an immigration movement ever going northward and westward, at the rate of a quarter-million souls per year, and each one of these passing through the Gateway City; a market is already established, for the supply of which manufacturers are building their factories with confidence. The growth of the population is something that speaks for itself—from 1,800 people in 1874 to 106,000 in 1907 is a tremendous multiplication of population. The third city of Canada in aggregate bank clearings and custom reports; with industrial exhibitions each year that are a marvelous revelation, Winnipeg is certainly in possession of seven-league boots in the march of progress. Six railroads, over a hundred wholesale houses, a grain trade and elevator capacity of more than 51,000,000 bushels, and flour mill capacity estimated at 35,000 barrels per day—you have to sit down and study the figures to get your bearings.

* * *

Massive buildings, overflowing warehouses and busy jobbing houses are represented by an army of commercial men traveling out of Winnipeg, who keep in personal touch with the Canadian West; for after all it is these "peggers" who have built the great city. Winnipeg has a department store the dimensions of which suggest Wanamaker's; an unexcelled street railroad system; tall circular elevators, many in number; hotels that would do credit to London—the charm of the city kept growing upon me, until I began to ask the price of lots!

All the different organizations that "push a peg" are amalgamated into the Winnipeg Industrial Bureau. A part of this organization is the Federated Labor Council, through which an ideal unitedness of purpose prevails.

A glimpse at the Canadian Pacific freight-yards—the largest in the world owned by any single railroad—shows where the tide of grain is flowing; rushing over this road to the marts of the world.

They seem to be willing to take their chances in competition. One citizen of Winnipeg remarked:

"The great duty of each person is to settle the country." Get in the people—that is the idea—and they will take care of themselves and develop the resources of the land. Immigrants coming in, even from conservative Boston, soon become enthused and expand into go-ahead settlers.

Near the city is famous Loch Lomond, which suggests Scotland's beautiful lake. Its Canadian daughter is twelve miles in length, five in width and ninety feet deep. Fort William is getting its water supply from this lake, but Winnipeg is supplied by artesian, underground wells.

* * *

The history of the Northwest Territory is of keen interest today, although until recent years its character and development occasioned little comment. This vast tract of land was then known as Hudson's Bay Company property, but in 1870 they were given $1,500,000 and two sections in every township, including some town sites, on condition that they surrendered their other ruling rights in the country.

The first great opening up of this part of Canada began with the projection of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In 1871 the idea first took shape, subsequent to the Union Pacific enterprise in the United States. British Columbia had refused a joint federation with Canada, and only entered into the arrangement on a stipulation that transcontinental railroads must be built within ten years, and this has had much to do with the present unification of Canada.

* * *

Mayor Ashdown came to Winnipeg in 1868, a true type of the resolute early settlers. Ex-Governor Laird was the first governor of the old Northwest Territories, now Saskatchewan and Alberta. Like Abraham Lincoln, Governor Laird is very tall, very slender, and more attractive on account of his symmetrical moral character, than for personal beauty. Sir John Macdonald was the great political organizer who had to do with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was completed to open up this great empire, at a cost to the government of $25,000,000 in cash, besides subventions of 25,000,000 acres of land, and certain large sections of the railroad which the government built and handed over in running condition to the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Statistics of the present immigration into Canada show that large numbers of Canadians who originally went to the United States are now returning to their native land, and next in numbers to the native-born are the Scotch, many of whom settled in Canada in the early days. The growth of the Canadian West is indicated by the fact that, while in 1887 it was represented by only four members, the new provinces now send twenty-seven members to Parliament—out of a total of 213 in the legislature; this is a fair showing for the new districts. The prospect of having a still larger representation in Parliament, and among the eighty odd members of the Senate—appointed for life—is growing, according to census reports.

Contrary to the usual trend of railroad development, the settlers in the Canadian West go ahead of the railroad, and, consequently, the road always finds a community ready for them, and the settlers, on their part, have the advantage of receiving a large proportion of the funds expended by the company for supplies in the palmy construction days.

Winsome young Winnipeg! I could hardly pull myself away, and yet I was only midway in my transcontinental tour—only on the threshhold of the Canadian Northwest.

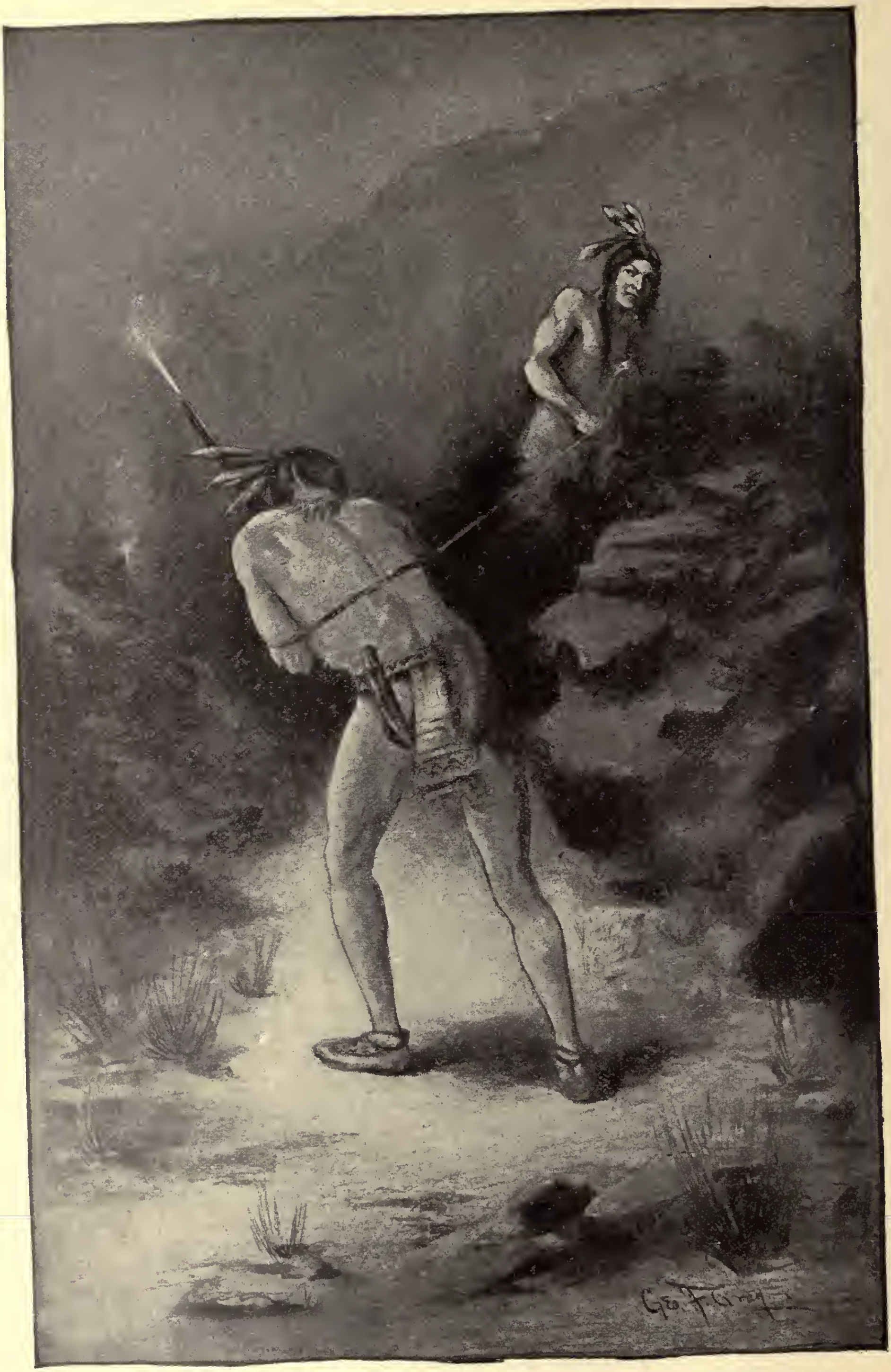
At exactly twenty-three-twenty-three the genial porter in the hotel announced that it was "train time," and we were soon off to Regina, in the province of Saskatchewan, beyond the great rolling prairies. The next morning we saw the giant steam ploughs at work in the fields, shooting across the flat areas like escaped automobiles, or runaway locomotives.

T. EATON COMPANY DEPARTMENT STORE—AN INDEX TO WINNIPEG TRADE

The building up of a new country gives the people a broad spirit; everyone feels an individual responsibility in seeing that schools, churches and all other substantial improvements are carefully nurtured, and it is insisted that each year must see some evidence of decided development. Optimism is engendered, and the invigorating climate does the rest. Everyone is imbued with that spirit of civic improvement which is not manifest in older communities where each citizen is apt to settle down in his own prescribed circle.

We shortly arrived at Brandon, one of the largest grain markets in Manitoba. Nine great elevators, twice that number of flour mills, and other factories are here. The government experimental farm at Brandon is recognized as one of the best in the world, and farming is here regarded as a fixed science.

Farther on were the beautiful farms of Indian Head, where another government farm is situated to make scientific soil tests.



*" There was a crack of the Winchester * * * * * and simultaneously Hos-ti-nez felt his arms encircled as if by bands of steel."*

NAVAJO BESSIE

By Lucien M. Lewis

THE dying rays of an Arizona sun fell upon a strange picture, a picture of life primeval on the "Great Painted Desert." Around a camp-fire on the outside of a hogan was gathered a family of Navajo Indians. Near the entrance to the rude structure, with head bowed low, sat an old man, the head of the family, grim and taciturn. Close by the fire, over which steamed a large kettle, crouched the mother. A number of half-naked children hungrily watched the woman as she stirred the contents of the kettle or turned the bread that was baking over the coals.

Seated in the uncertain light of the camp-fire was a girl of rare native beauty. Her eyes were soft and deep and brown, and yet as changeful as the lengthening shadows on the distant mesa. Her long black hair was carefully combed and braided, while the usual ill-fitting Indian costume was replaced by a neat calico dress cut in modern fashion. She wore a necklace of silver and topaz, the only relic of barbaric taste. And yet she was plainly a child of the desert with the inherited instincts of savage ancestors striving for her mastery.

Sixteen years before, the girl's father, Manuelito, had gone out from the parental roof, and with the assistance of his young bride had built a little hogan. There was the fall of snow on the mesa, followed by the blooming of flowers along the arroyas, after which came the long, pitiless summer hanging over them like a canopy of fire. Then sorrow laid his hand heavily upon Manuelito's household. With life came death, and the father was left with a wee bit of motherless humanity.

On the fourth day after the arrival of the little stranger, a large butterfly fluttered over the bed, dipped about aimlessly for a moment and then lighted on the baby's hand. This was considered a good omen, and the child was named "Kaluky," the butterfly. Soon a new mother came, and when Kaluky was five years old she was readily sent to the Government Indian School several miles down the canyon. The strange-sounding name given her by her father was changed to the simpler one of Bessie, and she became known to the employes as "Navajo Bessie." The unkempt child grew into beautiful maidenhood. She learned to speak English, dressed as would any girl at a boarding school, and conformed in every way to the dictates of civilization. When Saturday afternoon came, however, and the children were given their freedom, Bessie would steal away to her favorite haunt, a little cave in the rocks behind the buildings. Here she would hang a miniature blanket and, seating herself beneath it, would run her fingers nimbly back and forth. She was harking back to the memories which, like evil spirits in the dark, were ever calling to her.

As this story opens with the group around the camp-fire, Bessie has come back to her father's hogan. She has taken up the thread almost where it was broken ten years before when her father placed her in the matron's arms. The veil has been drawn aside for a few short years; she has caught a glimpse of the great world beyond and is again swallowed up by the desert. She is once more Kaluky, the butterfly.

Es-kaz was young, and strong and brave. Eighteen times had the cactus bloomed since he first saw the light in his father's hogan, yet among all the Navajos there was none so fleet of foot or agile of limb. The long sinewy arms, the muscular neck set between broad massive shoulders, reminded one of a Roman gladiator. But as he walked, his every movement grace and strength, there was about him a suggestion of the panther.

Es-kaz passed frequently by the boarding school. He and Bessie had danced together at the matron's party the previous summer. Since then there had been shy glances and secret messages, carried in such mysterious way as only the child of the desert understands.

Hos-ti-nez was tall and gaunt and stoop-shouldered. His keen eyes, hooked nose and slanting forehead, gave him the appearance of a hawk on the look-out. Two wives he had already buried in the crevices of the mesa, and yet all the mothers with marriageable daughters welcomed his coming with smiles; for chief of all the northern clan was he and possessed of vast herds of cattle and ponies.

Hos-ti-nez became a frequent visitor at Manuelito's hogan. He would drop in to discuss the weather or the growing crops but always his eyes would rest on Kaluky who shrank from him as the wounded fawn shrinks from the hunter's knife. One day his visit was more prolonged than usual. Far into the night he and Manuelito's wife sat around the camp-fire, their heads close together. In a few days there were strange ponies and cattle in Manuelito's corral bearing the brand of Hos-ti-nez. Kaluky realized that she had been sold and tearfully appealed to her father to reverse her step-mother's decision. "No, no, my daughter," replied the stern old Indian, "by the law of the Navajos you belong to your mother; let her do with you as she thinks best."

Soon a message went flying over the desert from Kaluky, and equally swiftly came the answer. The girl became strangely cheerful and happy. "Proud," the step-mother said, "at the prospect of being the wife of a Navajo chief."

The news spread far and wide among the Navajos, that their chief was soon to take unto himself a wife. Even their wandering tribesmen away down in New Mexico smacked their lips in anticipation of the coming feast. How news flies among the Indians no one can exactly tell. There are bold riders and deep-chested ponies that never tire. A Navajo will mount his pony with nothing but his blanket, a Winchester and a little bag of corn. The next morning will find him one hundred miles away. Then, too, the Indian was the first to use wireless telegraphy. A few puffs of smoke from hill-top to hill-top and the message is known.

Ask the old scout who followed the elusive Navajos across desert and over mountain, and he will tell you that long before Kit Carson and his Rangers approached the reservation, and even before the white settlers knew of his departure, the Navajos had been warned and had quietly slipped away into the mountains of the North.

The entire tribe had assembled around Manuelito's hogan. Men gaily dressed in green and red, sat in a circle around the fringe of cactus bushes, lazily smoking their cigarettes; women with bright-eyed babies on their backs filled in the background, while half-naked children and lean, hungry-looking dogs fought indiscriminately on the outskirts.

Inside all was in readiness for the marriage ceremony. On the floor lounged Hos-ti-nez with his leading men beside him. Opposite them sat the bride surrounded by her family, while between the parties sat the basket of sacred meal. At a signal from the medicine man the contracting parties would step to the center of the hogan, wash their hands in the meal, and the compact would be sealed.

While the group chatted and made final arrangements there was the sound of hoof-beats and, as the sound came nearer, Kaluky quietly passed, without comment, from the hogan. A moment more and Es-kaz rode furiously up and almost in the twinkling of an eye snatched the waiting girl up behind him and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Instantly all was confusion. The astonished Navajos rushed for their ponies, and when Hos-ti-nez came upon the scene he found his faithful followers eager to pursue the runaways. "No, no, my men," said the chief, with a wave of his hand. "Hos-ti-nez fights his own battles," and mounting his pony he followed swiftly on the trail of the fugitives.

Not until Es-kaz was far away did he dare slacken his terrific pace. Then pulling his reeking pony into a walk, he looked back to see if he was followed. A look of alarm passed over Kaluky's face when she observed this. In a tremulous voice she whispered, "Hos-ti-nez is strong and cunning; what if he should follow?" His only answer was a disdainful curve of the lip and an impatient gesture. They were headed straight for Winslow, more than one hundred miles away, where they would be married according to the white man's way.

Far in the rear followed Hos-ti-nez, nursing his wrath and coolly laying his plans for revenge. He had been humiliated before all his people, and his heart flamed with anger at the thought. He carefully examined the mechanism of his Winchester and filled the magazine as he rode, occasionally giving vent to little grunts of approval as his plans were perfected.

He would follow closely, keeping out of sight until nightfall, and when the couple had camped for the evening he could more readily surprise them. If possible, he would capture his rival and make an example of him before his people, for the gravest crime that a Navajo can commit is to abduct the wife or fiancé of a chief. However, Hos-ti-nez respected the strength and alertness of his adversary and, if resistance were offered, he would be shot down without mercy. It would add materially to the chief's prestige if he could take his rival captive, therefore Hos-ti-nez determined to spare no effort to that end.

As Hos-ti-nez rode along under the burning, blistering sun, a rattler wriggled itself across his path, raised its head threateningly for a moment, and then disappeared in the sage-brush. The Indian gazed at the reptile and a look of malicious satisfaction swept over his bronzed face. It was an inspiration. "Ah," muttered he, "If Es-kaz could only be taken alive!"

Nearly a day's journey ahead there was a large spring, the only watering-place for miles around. Hos-ti-nez figured that the fugitives would likely stop there for the night, and his surmise proved correct, for shortly before the sun set the couple alighted at the spring, watered and fed their worn-out pony, and then started a camp-fire.

Leaving Kaluky to prepare their scanty supper, Es-kaz climbed to the top of the mesa, concealed himself behind a boulder, and eagerly scanned the road over which they had passed. Just as the sun cast a last ray far up the canyon, transforming yellow and green of rock and sage-brush into glorious purple, his patient vigil was rewarded by the sight of an approaching horseman. Cold and hard was the expression of the young brave, as he left his lookout and joined his companion in the canyon below.

The meal was eaten in silence. The girl looked at the Indian with eager questioning eyes, but there came no answer. "The old wolf will get caught in his own trap," muttered he, as he finished his repast.

Two miles below the spring, Hos-ti-nez tethered his pony and crept cautiously forward in the moonlight. He could see the smoke curling up from the camp-fire, and victory seemed to be within his grasp. Never did hunter stalk game with more precaution than Hos-ti-nez sought his victims. Behind boulders and sand hills and up little wash-outs, he worked his way to within one hundred yards of the fire. Then even greater care was necessary. Flattening himself upon the ground he wormed along until the objects of his pursuit were in view. He could see Kaluky, wrapped in blankets, quietly sleeping by the flickering light. Not far away was another figure rolled in blankets, and Hos-ti-nez felt sure of an easy capture.

The decisive moment had come. Hos-ti-nez with ready rifle raised himself to advance. As he did so, a dark form sprang from behind a clump of grass, and with a yell of triumph, Es-kaz sent his lasso singing through the air.

There was the crack of the Winchester as the bullet whistled above the tree tops, and simultaneously Hos-ti-nez felt his arms encircled as if by bands of steel. For several moments the old chief writhed and kicked in a furious effort to free himself, then realizing that his struggles were futile, he yielded to the inevitable and awaited the verdict of his captor.

Quickly Es-kaz stepped forward and tied his prisoner's hands and feet. Then a knife flashed in the moonlight. "Now," he demanded of his prostrate foe, "swear by all that is sacred to the Navajos, that you will consent to our marriage and will never again molest us."

For the first time the old diplomat spoke. "My children," said he, "you have done me grievous wrong. All day I have ridden hard to overtake you, that I might bid you welcome to my people. Free me from my bonds and let us return to the feast."

"Promise your children, then," said Es-kaz, with a touch of sarcasm in his tone, "that you will sanction their marriage and will allow them to live in peace."

"Why should I refuse to promise what I have desired all day to do? Gladly do I give my consent," answered the wily chief.

The next day found the Navajos still camped around Manuelito's hogan, awaiting the return of their chief. The feast remained untouched until he should give the word. There was an under-current of sympathy for the young runaways, but not even the boldest dared to assert themselves.

Late in the afternoon a murmur of anticipation passed quickly along the line of campers, as Hos-ti-nez, dusty and travel-stained, rode into view. He jogged slowly up, dismounted and walked to the center of the expectant circle. For a moment he stood in silence, calmly surveying the eager, breathless multitude.

Then raising his hand dramatically he exclaimed, "My people, when Hos-ti-nez left here yesterday morning his heart was hot and cried out for vengeance. As he rode along it gave him time for reflection. Hos-ti-nez is old and ugly like yonder cedar on the mesa; Kaluky is young and tender as the little flower that blooms along the arroya. It is not fitting that you should plant the flower alongside the cedar; it would wither and die. Hos-ti-nez now forgives his wayward children. Tomorrow there will be a wedding and a feast, and Hos-ti-nez will be the first to bid his children welcome."

The Navajos answered with shouts of approval, and filed away in little groups to await the coming of the bridal party.

THE OPTIMIST

By Edward Wilbur Mason

LET beauty be a blazing sun;
And truth a candle flame.
My soul shall worship them as one,
And know their light the same.

Let hope be mocking rainbow high,
Or will o'wisp less bright.
My soul shall follow with rapt eye
The vision of delight.

Let love be but a joyous play,
Or grief that smarts and smarts.
My soul shall reverence aye and aye
The god of burning hearts.

Let life be but the breath of dust,
The stir of things that seem.
My soul forevermore shall trust
The shadow of God's dream!

THE ISLAND OF CRUSOE

By A. C. Seeley

I WAS on my way from my room on the second floor, to the office on the first floor of the Hotel Aragon. I came down the long corridor over the soft, thick-piled, dark-red, arabesque-patterned carpet that gave no sound back from one's foot fall.

I was almost at perfect peace with the world—it would have been a perfect peace but for a something. It was a something that was unavoidable, and it was impossible to correct, so I was manfully striving to put it away with the moon and other things that I have been learning from my early childhood to my present bachelor days that I could not, must not, have, no matter how very much I wanted them.

I was just passing the Blanchard suite. I was not acquainted with the Blanchards, but I was interested in them. The head waiter had told me their names, and the bell boy had pointed out their suite to me. Their door was slightly open, and I heard a gruff masculine voice say:

"Oh, shut up!"

"Brute!" a feminine voice replied reproachfully.

I caught a glance of her as I came opposite the door, and her glance met mine! It happened so—it had been happening so since their arrival the week before. They sat at another table across the dining room, but she faced me!

Unconsciously I hesitated; it was not a full stop, more like a comma than a period, it was just barely noticeable. I thought she blushed and I thought, also, that I heard her say something in a low voice. I had not taken more than ten steps on my resumed journey, when I heard their door close softly, and I had another think and several guesses coming to me.

I do not mind confessing, if you have not already guessed it, that this lady was the something that kept my peace of mind from being perfect. She was a lady who would, I think, disturb any man's peace of mind. She was the most beautiful, desirable woman I had ever met, and my experience is not slight.

She had soft blue eyes. I say soft blue, because they were the farthest thing in the world from a "steel blue," and they were not a "pansy blue," nor a "Heaven's own blue;" they had a blue of their own, and their natural look seemed one of a melting tenderness with an evanescent trace of mischievousness. Her hair was a composite of tawny tints, that continually developed high lights and soft shadows. Her complexion was, undoubtedly, made to go with her hair and eyes. Her lips had a dash of red that would make a dreamy man remember of having tasted port wine of a rare red vintage. The ensemble was a beautiful color scheme.

Her gowns seemed, in point of color and fit, to be a part of her entity so completely, that they seemed alive and worth knowing because of their association with her.

On this particular morning she wore a shade of blue. Blue was the color she wore oftenest, and I bet with myself that it was her favorite. At any rate, when I saw a blue dress on the street I paused to look twice, expecting it to contain her.

This seems to be a rather long digression into details, but if it serves no other purpose, it will show what the something was that bothered my peace of mind and perhaps it may indicate, in a measure, the extent.

I tramped on down the hallway so viciously that, had it not been for the soft thickness of the carpet, I should have made a deuce of a racket. I was engaged in blaming Fate; a man is rarely generous minded or in a gentle mood when he is piling things up on poor old Fate.

My paramount desire was to go in and do things to that man for speaking in the way he had, and this was the gist of my complaint to Fate—that I had not the right to do it! She was the one woman I had been looking and waiting for all these years, and I wondered where she had been keeping herself, and what were the circumstances that threw her into the care and keeping of this brute who did not appreciate her!

Very few men, I take it, deserve their wives; and fewer still mate them well. I may be hypercritical about this, but I will leave it to your judgment. You just take a look over the married lot of your acquaintances, and see if it does not strike you, as it has me, that most men appear insignificant beside the women who bear their names and grace their homes.

When the usual married couple are out walking, it always seems to me that the man is merely "tagging along." Blanchard always provoked this thought in my mind whenever I saw him with his wife. He was light-haired and hardly her height, instead of being dark and tall—he should, at any rate, have been taller than his wife. The very unworthiness of that man for his wife made me almost hate him, yet I suppose he was a good enough man, as men go.

The unjustness, the unfairness, the mistakes, in fact, of Fate are something terrible to contemplate. Here was I ready to love, cherish and protect with lavish tenderness a woman who, to my mind, seemed designed for me, and who, instead, was in the possession of a brute, who talked to her as if she were a troublesome child or a servant. Whiles I sighed and whiles I swore, when these things came into my mind.

I had a bad day of it; everything went wrong. Comforts and discomforts generally run in flocks, but my flock of annoyances seemed unusually large the whole day.

I missed the Blanchards at luncheon and again at dinner. I asked the clerk what had become of them. They had gone away early in the forenoon, he replied, and, no, he did not know where they had gone; no, they had left no directions for forwarding mail. After that my interest in the locality died out very rapidly, and completely. Instead of it being the ideal place I had at first thought it, it bored me very much, and I went about a few days taciturn and morose.

I suppose I ought to have been glad that she was gone, since her presence constantly kept me breaking the Tenth Commandment, thereby endangering my soul. I tried not to think of her, but that was not a success.

One morning I received a letter from Tom Maynard, bearing a command to go to him forthwith. I had promised Tom to be his best man in his coming event. I have officiated in the capacity of best man so often that my friends feel that I am thoroughly reliable, and that I have a knowledge born of much experience; so they consider my services indispensible. I was glad to receive the summons, and I obeyed it with alacrity, although it was some days yet before the wedding.

Tom has a beautiful country home, which is presided over by his mother, a kindly woman who had almost adopted me as her son years ago. The house is an old rambling one, bearing the impress of its successive owners of the past, in the varied styles of architecture that comprise its composite entirety. It is in the land of wooded hills and green valleys, wherein a river rolls that contains the finest, gamiest bass I have ever battled with.

Tom's fiancé lived across the river with her parents, the Tullys. The Maynard and Tully lands joined, or would, if the river did not separate them. Tom and Edith had been babies, playmates, schoolfellows and chums together. Their love grew out of a lifetime of association, and it was a good love, too.

The families were, and always had been, close friends. The only thing that might have marred this friendship was an island in the river, which each, with equal right, might have claimed, but instead, they held it neutral. The island was a beautiful spot of several acres. I fell in love with it on my first acquaintance, when I had come home with Tom once during a college vacation in the years gone by. I claimed it at once, and so violently that both families fell in the way of calling it Bob's Island—(I am Bob, my name being Robert Robinson)—and tacitly conceded me the ownership.

Of course I never really lived there, but I built a cozy little bungalow on it. I called it "Crusoe," and had the name put in rustic letters over the door. It was a pleasant place, and I have spent many happy, dreamy moments there. I was last down to the "Crusoe" when Tom had asked me to be his best man. He and Edith were together at the time, and I told them I would gladly do so, if I might keep the island, since I was afraid a joint ownership would destroy the neutrality that had protected me all these years.

They said they would give me the deed

for it as a wedding present, when I was married, but as a bachelor I had no real need of property. I smiled then, for it stood a fair chance of some day being mine, but I sighed now, for I felt it would never be mine; since the only woman I had ever met that I could love sufficiently to make my wife, was already married to a man who looked fit to live as long, if not longer, than I.

When I reached this point in my thoughts, I no longer thought; I only remembered a color scheme of tawney hair, blue eyes, red lips and blue dresses. It was just as good or better to remember and not to think, for when I thought, I simply gave way to the invective and hurled a choice lot of anathemas at poor Fate.

Tom wanted to consult me about something that had to do with the wedding, and as soon as he had my advice he posted off to the city, leaving me in his mother's care till he should return on the third day.

As soon as I had had my luncheon, I was off for my retreat, "Crusoe." I rowed over, and as I drew my boat up on the sand at the landing I noticed that there had been another boat there, and there were tracks, small ones, as if made by a woman's or boy's shoes. I filled my pipe and took a general survey of my island. Then I went down to the bungalow and unlocked the door. As I opened it I noticed a card on the sill. I picked it up, and read the following penciled line:

> "Robinson: When will you be at home?
> Yours,
> Friday."

"That is a decided piece of impertinence," I said to myself, as I proceeded to dust out and clean up the interior and rearrange things a bit.

I busied myself for an hour inside the cabin, then I sat down for a smoke and a day-dream—you can build any amount of things out of smoke, if you are at all fanciful. I am a bit imaginative, so I had a nice, quiet, enjoyable half-hour. That is, when I did not think of her husband, or rather, of her having a husband, and when I began to think of that, I closed up the bungalow and went home.

The next morning I was lazy or busy, I do not remember which, but I did not get down to the island until in the afternoon.

"Hello!" I exclaimed, looking at some fresh tracks on the sand. "She has been here again!" They were certainly a woman's tracks. I went to the bungalow and found, as I half expected I would, another card. It was in the same hand-writing, and read:

"Oh Robinson, you have been home, and never answered my note! How could you be so cruel? Yours, Friday."

"Well, this isn't Edith," I decided, "and if it isn't, who can it be?"

My curiosity was aroused, and I resolved to be at the island early enough the next morning to catch the intruder. I arranged accordingly, and got off very early in the following morning. I landed at the upper end of the island, and hid my boat; then I went to the bungalow, closed the door and awaited developments. To pass the time, I read. About ten o'clock, I heard a boat's keel grate on the sand, and presently the swish of a skirt along the path. In a moment I heard a woman's voice outside the door of the bungalow.

"Well, Robinson, you've been here again, and still refuse to answer my notes; I call that very impolite," the voice said, and I fancied there was a smile with the words.

I opened the door, intending to say "Come in, Friday," but I did not say it. I was too astonished to say anything, for the woman was Mrs. Blanchard, color scheme, blue dress and all!

"Oh!" she gasped, "you?"

And I weakly responded: "You?"

She was the first to recover; women do these things intuitively. "I am sorry to have disturbed you," she said.

"And I am glad to be disturbed. Won't you come in, Mrs. Blanchard?" I asked, eagerly.

She looked a little puzzled, and then she said:

"I fear I am bothering you, Mr. Crusoe."

"That is the name of my house," I said, "I thought you knew my name."

"No," she answered, "you have the advantage of me there."

"But your notes were all addressed to me," I persisted.

"Is your name Robinson?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes," I answered, bowing.

"Are you not to be Mr. Maynard's best man?"

"Yes," I said again.

"I never once thought of you—I was thinking only of Robinson Crusoe."

"Come in and have a chair, and rest a moment, and I'll tell you about the island," I entreated.

Then, with one or two hesitating, backward glances, she came in and I gave her the history.

"When do you think you will have the deeds made out?" she questioned, when I had finished.

"Never!" I answered gloomily.

"Never!" she echoed; "are you a woman-hater?"

"Oh, no, merely a man-hater," I replied a bit bitterly.

"What has that to do with your marrying? she asked.

"Everything. Another man has married the only woman I could have loved," I said boldly.

"Perhaps there is a chance of his dying," she smiled.

"I hope so," I said solemnly.

"Oh, but isn't that rather wicked?" she said seriously.

"Yes, I suppose it is, but it isn't a great step, after all."

"What isn't?" she asked, greatly puzzled.

"From the Tenth, that is always in my head, to the Sixth, which seems a desirable alternative."

"I fear that I fail to follow you," she said open-eyed. "The Tenth and Sixth what?"

"Commandments."

"Oh," that did not comprehend, followed by another "Oh!" that did. Then, quite suddenly and irrelevantly: "How did you learn my name?"

"From the head waiter and the bell boy at the Hotel Aragon."

"Did you—I mean—I thought you might have heard us quar—er talking, the morning we left, when you came down the hallway," she said, hesitatingly.

"I did," I answered, tersely.

"Fred is—that is, we—" she began.

"He was what you said he was—a brute,"

She reddened.

"We were packing the trunks, and he is a—a little outspoken sometimes, especially packing times, but then I am not angelic, by any means," she said, the frown evoluting into a smile, which deepened as she continued: "It is funny, but he has nearly the same opinion of you."

"Of me! How could he? He doesn't know me."

"Well, he tried to get acquainted with you at the hotel, but he said you were a regular bear," looking up mischieviously.

"I am sorry that we did not make the acquaintance," I said grimly, then I smiled, "if we had, I could have met you the earlier."

She nodded acquiescently.

"And, as it was, I almost lost you," I went on, recklessly.

She sat up a little, and I quickly asked: "Where are you stopping?"

"With the Tullys. We came up for the wedding. I am a friend of Edith's, and I think I know a great deal about you, Mr. Robinson. Edith has been telling me."

"You can't believe a word she says—she isn't responsible. She doesn't see any perfection other than in Tom," I protested.

"That is too bad; for what she said of you was good."

"I wonder if she and Tom have quarreled," I said in a mock-musing manner.

She laughed, then got up, saying:

"I must go now, Mr. Robinson. Thank you very much for telling me the history of the island, and for letting me see the inside of your cabin."

"You were more than welcome. I am sure the pleasure has been mine. I hope you will come again," I said earnestly.

She colored and started for the landing.

"Wait," I said, "I am going with you. I think I owe a debt to Edith."

I got my boat, put her in it, and towed her boat to the Tully landing. Then I went with her to the house. I stayed and talked to her and Edith a while, and then Blanchard came in. Edith introduced us. He seemed rather a decent sort of a chap, but the memory of that morning and the fact that he was her husband, made me take an early departure.

Tom and I called that same evening at the Tullys. Just before we were leaving, Blanchard left the room very abruptly, at least it seemed so to me, though the others did not seem to notice it. Tom withdrew for a consultation with Edith, and I had a moment alone with Mrs. Blanchard. Her husband called her Blanche, and I wondered if it were her name, or only a contraction of the family name—Blanchard.

"You will come down to the bungalow—to the island, in the morning, won't you, Mrs. Blanchard?" I asked rather earnestly.

"I am not sure that I ought," she said, giving me a curious look.

"Come anyhow," I entreated. I was prepared to sacrifice at least half of the Ten Commandments.

"Perhaps," she said, relenting a little.

"Promise," I insisted, firmly.

"Very well, if you like," smiling.

Then Tom came in, and we went home. He was busy talking the whole distance, but I never heard a word till just inside the house, when he said, with some emphasis:

"Well, you are hard hit!"

I glanced at him a bit startled, and went directly to my room. I was busy with a thought. If dense, love-smitten Tom could see my infatuation for Mrs. Blanchard, why, then it must be perfectly patent to everyone, including her husband—perhaps that was why he had left the room so abruptly. I groaned and tried to go to sleep. Some time during the night I dropped into slumber long enough to have a duel with her husband. I killed him, and awoke!

I was at the bungalow a half-hour earlier and she was a half-hour later than usual. I was at the Tully landing with my boat, waiting for her.

"You are late," I said, as I helped her into the boat.

"I almost had to steal away," she said, smiling.

I did not dare answer. I only wondered if that woman knew how nearly wild she drove me.

"Let's explore the island," she proposed, when we had landed.

We did, and we had a jolly little run over the place. Time had passed more rapidly than either of us thought. She glanced at her watch when we were in the bungalow.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it is late; I must go; it is almost luncheon time. Fred will be so angry—"

"It will be good for him," I cut in, vengefully.

"Will it? Then it ought to be good for me, too; we've got tempers alike," she laughed.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"Why not? don't you think we look alike?"

"Yes, if a holly-hock looks like a tuberose," I answered.

"That is a compliment to either Fred or to me; but since he isn't here, I'll take it," she smiled.

"It belongs to you," I replied.

"Most people think we are twins," she remarked.

"Twins!" I almost shouted.

"Yes, but we're not; I'm two years older than Freddy."

"Tell me," I said, leaning toward her—I was prepared now to fracture every Commandment and any three chapters of the Bible at once, "tell me, how did you ever come to marry him?"

"Marry—marry whom?" she asked, evidently startled.

"Blanchard, your husband, of course."

Then she laughed.

It was not an ordinary laugh. It was a wild paroxysm of rushing gurgles, distracting squeals, mellow titters; breaking out again in a prolonged shriek.

I ran the gamut, from fiercely burning indignation, to weak, foolish imbecility.

"When you are quite done," I said coldly, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain the joke."

"Fred—isn't—isn't my husband," she said, in an incoherent struggle, "he—he is my brother." Then there was a fresh paroxysm.

"And you are not married?" I cried, too astonished to think rationally.

"Of course not," she answered.

"Thank God!" I said so earnestly that we both fell to laughing uproariously. When we had quieted, I explained all my long misunderstanding. She interrupted me occasionally to laugh but when I had finished she said:

"I thought it funny that you insisted on calling me *Mrs.* Blanchard, but I thought you were doing it as a joke."

I protested earnestly, and she smiled and forgave me, and then said:

"I have had a most delightful morning, Mr. Robinson, but I must go, now, even as pleasant as the island is."

"The island belongs to me now," I announced.

"You have had the deeds made?" she questioned quickly.

"I am going to have," I answered.

"But I thought the only woman you could love was married."

"I was mistaken, I only thought she was married."

She flushed deeply, and patted the floor nervously with her foot, but she said quite coolly.

"How nice; when is it to be?"

"That is for you to say," I said earnestly.

"I? What have I to do with it?" drawing herself up with a charming bit of haughtiness.

"Everything! You are the woman. There is no other woman—there can be no other woman. In all the world there is but one woman, and I love her, and I want her to be my wife. Blanche," taking her hand, "darling, if you knew how very much I love you, how much you have been in my waking thought; how entirely you are in my dreams; you would love me, because I love you so. Can you not give me some encouragement?"

"But I hardly know you," she began.

"You informed me that Edith had given you my history," I countered.

"Then the impropriety of proposing to me in your own house," demurely.

"It will be as much yours as mine."

"You dislike my brother so much," smiling.

"As for your brother, he is the next thing to an angel," I smiled with her.

"But you wouldn't make friends with him," she objected.

"I'll make him my brother," I promised.

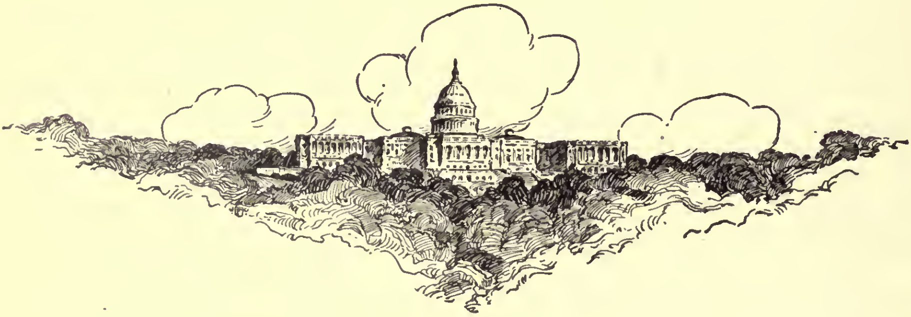
"Well, Mr. Robinson, that is kind of you, but I must go now."

"You don't leave this island till I get my answer," I said, sternly.

"How dreadful—suppose I should say no," she said sharply.

"Then I would burn the bungalow and shovel the island into the river—it will be mine or nobody's!" Then I took both her hands. "Blanche," I said, "you must not say no. I could not bear that. Think of the torture I've been through all the time I thought you were married. I love you honestly and earnestly, and I would try so hard to make you happy. I am not wealthy, and yet I am not poverty-stricken, and my prospects are good. I am not telling you this to induce you to become my wife, but that you may not be afraid to trust your future into my keeping. Darling, won't you give yourself to me; you have my heart and soul; let me have your life, won't you, my love?"

My arm stole about her waist, and her head drooped softly down on my shoulder.



CUT OFF

A Story of the Momentous Days when Philippine History was Red in the Making

By George Warburton Lewis

Author of "Wearing the Blue," 'The Whip Hand" etc.

ALL day long the outpost—a sergeant and three privates—had lolled in the shade of a few sickly palms and tried to forget the heat which everywhere sucked relentlessly at the life of drooping vegetation.

"If that relief don't get out here before dark," wheezed Hardin, rinsing his feverish mouth with stale water from a canteen, "I'm goin' to quit this guard cold."

He flung the canteen to the ground with a motion of weary disgust and sighed.

"Old Halligan's prob'ly forgot to make out the detail," explained Stark, the pessimist. "I've got a fully developed photograph of us puttin' in the night here."

A deep silence ensued. The reddening disc of the sun sank lower. Miasmatic odors, forerunners of the night, floated up from the wood and gained gradually against the heat-waves.

Sergeant Wise sat a little apart, his brown hands locked together over his bent knees, his head bowed down in profound thought. He had been a large, powerful man once, but the frame alone now remained to tell of it. The tropics had wrested from him all that the exhilarating climate of the west had given. Now a breath from the darkening wood touched his cheek. Its soothing coolness bespoke incipient night and reminded him of his responsibilities.

Somewhere beyond that shadowy patch of woodland, were swarms of those noiseless, mysterious little men whom his regiment, at a frightful cost, had beaten back from San Juan del Monte a fortnight since. And they were still there, he well knew; the fury of revenge aflame in every brown bosom. He likened them to the ferocious cougar of his native mountains—crouching in silence, waiting in fiendish anticipation the opportunity to spring. And was this that opportunity—the lone chance; now that for some unaccountable reason the relief and usual re-enforcement for the night had failed to come out from Manila? Already long hours had been spent in fruitless waiting and hoping. It was the eleventh hour. It was time to act.

The sergeant rose and moved about uneasily. "Jenkins," he insinuated briefly, "its up to you."

"Well?" queried the other. He was a son of silence, reputed to have averaged no more than a dozen words daily since his enlistment.

"To go to *Cuartel de Espana* and find out why in h—— we're left out here to broil for twelve hours over-time."

The warmth of the sergeant's manner accorded perfectly with the mood of his companions.

Jenkins gurgled a moment at a canteen, then dropped it to the ground listlessly and turned away without a word, only to hear in a moment the concerned voice of his "non-com."

"Keep an eye on them 'snipers' over by the *convento*, Jenkins."

The man nodded faintly over his shoulder without interrupting his pace. The remaining three gazed after him, languidly speculating as to his fate, until a swell rose up and shut out his receding figure.

The sun had buried itself in a bed of pink, and its path down the western horizon blazed with a million matchless colors; yet now, here and there, shadows were leaping up from the graying earth, merging with and lessening the splendor of the spectacle. A Philippine sunset can fascinate the most wearied eye. The eyes of the little outposts were wandering in this maze of coloring. Under the beating rays of an all-day sun their vigilance, like all else, had shriveled and died. And when in this abstracted contemplation they knew least of their their surroundings, a lithe shape screened by a tuft of palm-grass a hundred yards distant assumed successive attitudes as of minute observation. The shadows deepened and strange-voiced night-birds in the wood, set up their peculiar calling. A bevy of bats, screeching a desultory accompaniment, winged fantastic circles close above the outpost. From the long, thin line of "skeleton" squads which wandered away into the *bontocks* beyond San Juan del Monte, no faintest sound of human activity rose on the stilly night. If the responsibility of holding the invaded territory was exercising many minds it was having a contrary effect upon many tongues.

Sergeant Wise presently abandoned his meditative pacing in favor of a short reconnoissance. After advancing a dozen feet his comrades saw him swallowed up in the gloom as if by some invisible monster. Cautiously, almost soundlessly he moved toward the black boundary which, like the edge of some frayed garment, stood dimly defined against a feathery mass of cloud. After awhile he came to know that he had gone too far. A little sound came to him from behind, causing him to wonder, almost to hope,—what? He smiled wanly at his own misgiving in the dark, but turned to retrace his steps. Anon he paused again. Stealthy footfalls, crunching among the spine-grass, came softly to his ears. He observed that a dwarfed papaya tree which he had just passed was moving, though no breeze stirred its leaves. The soldier stared, his suspicions aroused. For a short space the papaya swayed gently; then to the beholder's utter amazement it appeared literally to uproot and zigzag away, leaving only a cluster of vegetation where it had stood. The sergeant's rifle sprang up mechanically, but a sudden thought stayed the impulse. A shot might precipitate an action at this time wholly undesirable. Lowering his weapon the soldier stole after the shadow with quick careful tread. A few paces and the uncertain shape ahead showed nearer. It was moving slowly. A quick desire to overpower and capture the skulker accelerated the pursuer's steps. Twenty yards more and a slight, wiry figure took definite form, almost at arm's length. All at once the big, straw *sombrero* came off and its owner, finding himself discovered, gathered himself for flight. He was too late. There was a lightning-quick movement in the dark, then a long, lean pair of arms had enwrapped the astonished little man, and he was being borne back to the outpost on which he had been spying.

"There's sure somethin' doin'," offered Hardin in comment; "my forecast says that this outpost'll participate in a fire-festival before mornin'."

"And I can see us all smashed clear into the middle of next Christmas," predicted the whimsical Stark. "This *hombre* that Wise brought in says there's five thousand riflemen behind that strip of timber, and I'd like to know if two hundred men, stretched all over a province, can put up any kind of an argument against such a handicap?"

"Stark," said Hardin abruptly, moving close to where the former sat carefully filling his magazine, "if I hear any more of that d——d fool talk I'll write back to Nebraska and tell *somebody* that you're a disgrace to the regiment and the state."

"You're threats don't alarm me much, Hardin, and it's all right to jolly yourself along, but you know yourself that this is ticklish. Far as I'm concerned, though, I wish it'd happen—now."

Wise, the sergeant, restlessly pacing to and fro, paused near his contending comrades.

"It's late, fellows—I'm going to turn in for a lump of sleep. If Jenkins comes, wake me. You, Hardin, first relief."

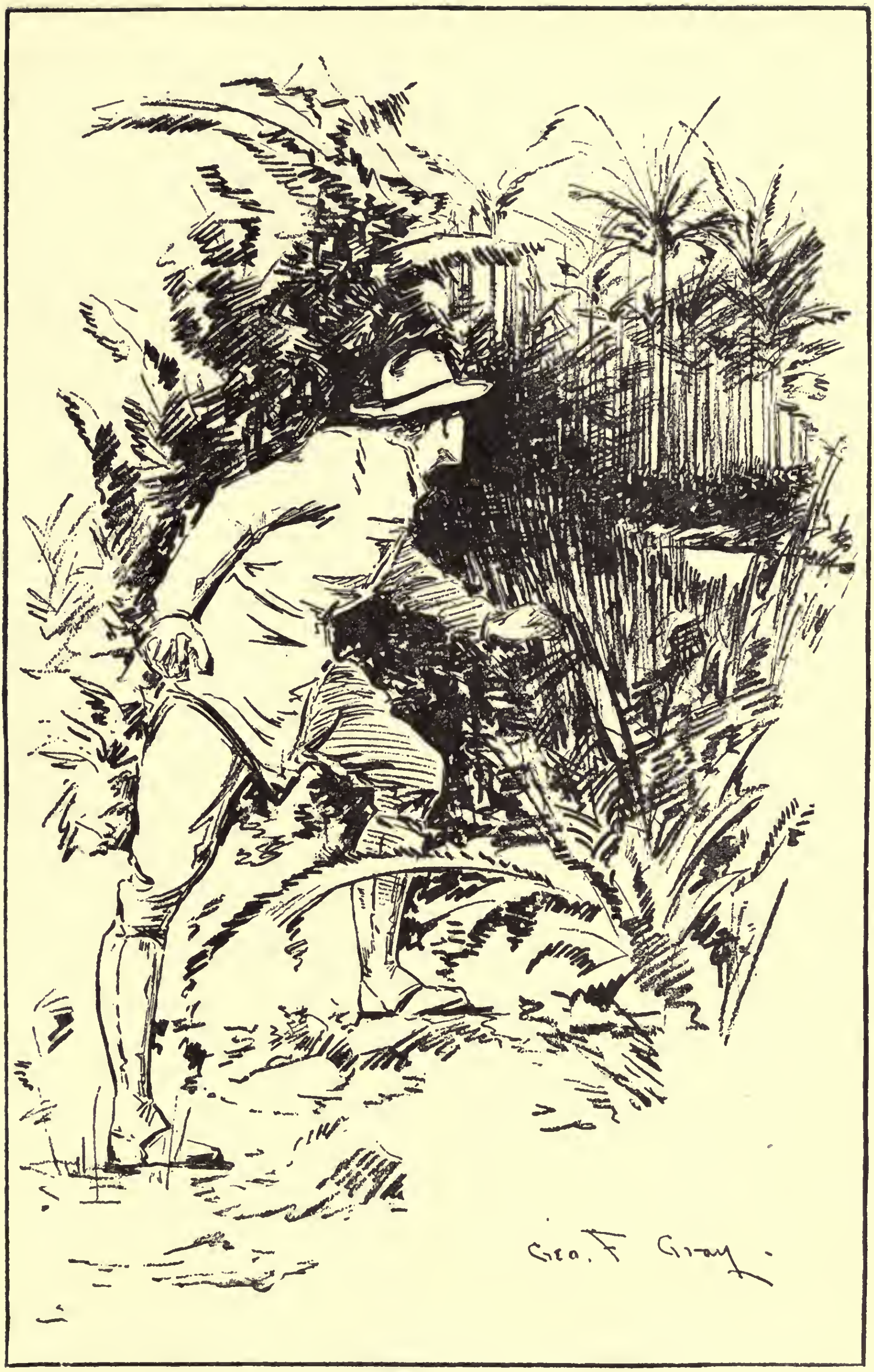
The sergeant swathed himself in a blanket and lapsed into silence, and the two men under the palms sat on in thoughtful silence.

The night advanced and the wee small hours stole in and made themselves impressive by the deeper darkness and more far-reaching stillness they brought; but no Jenkins, no relief, no re-enforcements.

A faint, gray tendril of light came trembling timidly over the eastern horizon. Like the scalloped blade of a great kris, it wriggled heavenward, cleaving the infinity of gloom, and diffusing a dim, gray light. In the black wood all was quiet. There was naught to indicate that it had witnessed anything unusual during the night.

Sergeant Wise sat with his rifle resting across his knees, a blanket thrown over his shoulders to ward off the night chill. His comrades were deep in slumber. Between them lay the captive spy, securely bound.

In the drab half-light of dawn, the sergeant's tired eyes wearied of the woodland



"CAREFULLY PARTING THE VEGETATION, HE PEERED OVER THE RIDGE * * * * * *
IT WAS LITERALLY CRAMMED WITH LITTLE DARK MEN"

perspective. He faced to the rear in the faint hope of seeing Jenkins burst from the shadows. It was with difficulty that he smothered the cry of exultation that rose to his lips. Twice, a stone's throw to the rear, a hazy form was moving along a rice-levee. It was only a blur in the twilight, but there could be no doubt that it was Jenkins. He would go to meet the returned messenger. He rose and took up a brisk, hopeful stride. Half a dozen clumps of bamboo momentarily, hid the dim figure as the soldier neared it, and when he looked again it had vanished. The sergeant halted, frowned, and rubbed his eyes, marveling at the illusion. Ah! he had made no mistake, after all, for there, now moving in an opposite direction, was the thing again, and—yes, it had been joined by two other dim shapes, which glided after it in strange, half-bent attitudes. This, even to the practical sergeant, savored of mystery. He became curious, so much so that he unhesitatingly directed his steps in pursuit of the singular receding shapes. So rapidly did he gain on them that he was able in a moment to perceive that he was following three fully armed insurgent soldiers. The discovery caused him to advance with more caution. Evidently, something was wrong. Some part of the outpost had slept and allowed spies to get in the rear of the lines. The sergeant mentally cursed such criminal carelessness, and continued on stealthily, only to become aware a moment later, that the objects of his surveillance had disappeared before his very eyes. With ear intent he paused and listened. A faint sound, as of clinking steel, came from a point just beyond. Again he moved forward, taking advantage of anything that offered the slightest cover. Anon he heard the metallic click, this time startlingly near at hand. Falling to the ground, he crept surreptitiously to a rice-dike which overlooked a little depression. Carefully parting the vegetation he peered over the ridge; then he caught his breath, and stared incredulously. Along his front ran a broad, flat water-course. It was of incalculable length, and as far as the beholder's eye could reach in either direction, it was literally crammed with little dark men in green-blue cotton uniforms; while from among the mass bristled a field of sinister gray rifle-muzzles.

Silently as a shadow the scout retired on all fours, until he had passed beyond danger of discovery. Then he sprang up and ran as he had seldom run before. He found Hardin and Stark sleeping heavily, their rifles gone, the captive missing. "Hell!" he exclaimed, and started off at a run. In a moment he stumbled and fell full across some one asleep in a waterproof sleeping-bag. It was Lieutenant Fram, commanding the outpost. The two thus fortuitously brought together, crouched low and talked in hurried whispers.

Stark and Hardin yawned, sat up simultaneously, and—what did this mean?—their rifles! They sprang up and searched here and there, excitedly. Their eyes were dilated, and their faces looked set and gray, in the growing light.

From somewhere to the rear a low hum crept up on the still morning air, and wafted itself to the ears of the wondering little outpost. It was a sound as of a great multitude, subdued of voice and muffled of foot, preparing for some event forbidden of sound. Droning and mysterious, the sound grew in volume until it became a roar, rent anon by the staccato of an excited, imperative voice. Half a mile away to the left something like the crack of a whip came abruptly out of a mango grove. It was followed by a little cluster of spiteful pops, which, in turn, was succeeded by a great, crashing volley of Mausers; then another, and another, until a jagged arc of fire ran like a tongue of lightning round the entire rear of the outpost. The surprised men in khaki returned the fire, undismayed, but against odds, at once overwhelming, their utmost effort was as an ancient flint-lock, pitted against a modern, quick-firing rifle.

"*Cut off!*"

The words dropped from Lieutenant Fram's lips like one who pronounces his own death-sentence.

"Wise, we'll fight," was his calm resolution, "and we're going to give an account of ourselves that will not soon be forgotten."

And they did fight; fought with as much the same desperate nonchalance and determination as the unhorsed bull-fighter grasps the furious *toro* by the horns. The ensuing minutes were as hours—long, hideous hours of nightmare, to all who survived.

Ere long the little outpost was being

crushed back toward the wood. The retreat was inevitable, but the cover thus gained would be advantageous.

Nobody knew the truth, but Stark, the pessimist, had refused to retire with his squad. Unheeding call or command, he had lain flat upon his face behind a rice-dike, and declined to budge. When they advanced, the enemy found him there, and drove a bayonet through his body tentatively. But he remained motionless, and the little men smiled grimly when they saw that he had been dead for some time. His dark prophecy had come true, poor fellow!

The retiring force had been decimated, but it had gained the wood, where the men in khaki stood and doggedly gave blow for blow.

The odd little men in light blue were advancing in plain sight. They had felt their superiority.

"I've never seen such fine shootin,'" Hardin told Wise, as he pelted away at the enlarging human targets. The sergeant expressed himself similarly, and the two pumped their magazines with no thought of the rapidly approaching climax.

A crimson-splotched figure was clinging to a sapling. "Sergeant," it gurgled, "I'm gone—hold 'em—"

But the sergeant heard naught save the awful and increasing din around him. The clinging figure slowly relaxed its hold and settled to the woodland mould. Lieutenant Fram had done his best.

A moment later the sergeant yelled in his comrade's ear:

"Jim, there's been a funny feelin' under my left arm for some minutes—take a look there, will you?"

Hardin looked and saw blood, plenty of it. And then, even as the frenzied war-cries of the advancing enemy rose above the battle-roar, he calmly slit the wounded man's blue shirt and examined the wound.

He knew in an instant, and something gripped his throat, and he seemed to be strangling, for Wise had been a good man, a soldier, and a favorite with everybody.

"Don't mind, old man," said Wise, catching Hardin's compassionate look with a faint smile. "I'd have shuffled off anyhow before long—the climate, you know."

His eye wandered, and fell upon a contorted, crimson object near him. A quick sense of duty forced a new thought upon his waning senses.

"Hardin," he wheezed, "Fram's killed. I'm in command—it'll soon be *you*. Jim, don't give in—don't surrender—*fight 'em—fight 'em a-l-l t-h-e t-i-m-e, J-i-m.*"

Again his eyes roved, this time far across the parched rice-fields toward San Felipe. The sight revived him.

"There's something breakin' from cover over there, Jim."

Then his trained eye told him something wonderfully sweet and comforting—that Old Glory would not come down! His eyes clung to the filmy, khaki-colored line, fast lengthening and becoming more distinct.

"Jim," he strained, his voice growing faint, "I'm downright sorry I'm goin' to miss the fun—there'll be lots of it here in a minute, and—bare, black feet'll be stampedin' over this limp old carcass to escape Krag-Jorgensen pills."

His poise became uncertain; Hardin laid him gently down, and simultaneously a pair of friendly one-pounders over San Felipe way spoke sharply as if in reproach. The dying man heard and smiled faintly, and the smile faded with his spirit into eternity.

In the afternoon Jenkins told Hardin how Tondo had risen up in arms and settled down in ashes; how all of the troops in Manila had been hotly engaged, and how his own mission had been thwarted by a ricochetting Remington, which laid him unconscious for hours among the burning shacks of seditious Tondo. And so Hardin, who had threatened to desert the outpost, but who had remained with it the longest, understood why the little detachment had been cut off, and why re-inforcements had been so long in coming.

A SUMMER IDYLL

I

THERE is an Isle where the flowers smile
And the zephyrs gently blow;
Where the trees all bloom to a lyric tune,
And the soft Go Easies grow.

II

And the Never-cares, near their shady lairs,
Repose in the noon-day sun;
And each Hustler bright who comes in sight,
They gobble up ev'ry one.

III

The whistling winds are the Jenny Linds
Who sing with a feathered choir,
'Till the music sweet on the hilltops meets
With the sunset's golden lyre.

IV

A Fairy Queen, in glist'ning green,
Enchants the fragrant air
'Till the eyelids close in deep repose
And music sweet and rare

V

Floats all around with a rippling sound,
As played by the water-nymphs
On the willow strings of a harp that sings
Of the shifting woodland glints.

VI

If you would go where the zephyrs blow,
Take a ride on old Shank's mare
Down Easy Street, where the hawthorns meet,
Far away from the Land of Care.

VII

Then you can find, if you've half a mind
To search for a shady nook
With a fishing kit, where the sunbeams flit
In the shade by a wayside brook.

Claire M. Carberry

COBWEB HALL

By Paul Suter

STEPHEN WANTLEY came to the well-remembered turning of the road, beyond which the old house stood. He saw it just as it had been, square-fronted, large, ugly, with four windows on either side of the door, and a little turret, like a port of observation, on top of all. Most of the windows were broken; the roof was well-nigh divested of shingles; and the garden, once the pride of his mother, was given up to incessant warfare between sunflowers and weeds. This was better than might have been expected, after ten years. The sunflowers, he pondered, must be the descendants of those his mother had planted. He would keep some of them around the sides of the garden. But for the rest, there would be a thorough cleaning up. The roof would be shingled, the windows restored, the whole house brought back to its first state. He would place a hammock between the two trees on the left, where one used to be, and he would hang a swing, for the sake of old times, to the great limb which still projected high above the ground from the first of the trio of trees on his right. Yes,—he chuckled, as his eye caught an old sign-board nailed to one of these trees,—he would keep the name, too; he would still call the place Cobweb Hall.

When he had wandered front and rear, with many new plans and old memories in his mind, he obeyed his first inclination, and went to pay a formal call upon Annette.

Her garden was neat and well-cared-for, in contrast to his own. He remembered it just so. Even her little cottage, half-buried in the morning glories, seemed to have weathered the intervening years without dropping a shingle. They might have been the same morning glories and four-o'clocks that had witnessed his humiliation ten years before, when she had told him, very gently, that marriage was not for them.

She herself had not greatly changed—a few added lines to her face, a little of the old cheerfulness gone, but the same kindly eyes and the same quick smile. His heart leaped up when she held out her hand to him, but he remembered that this was a formal call. His pique returned to take its accustomed sway, and he answered her cordial greeting coldly and stiffly—too coldly, he thought, a moment afterward, for she understood instantly, and an impassable barrier was erected between them. Her mother and his had died, and they were both alone. He was coming back to live across the road from her, as in the old days. They would be friends as ever, of course, but he saw clearly that they could be nothing more.

The old house was soon made new. In a few weeks he moved in and settled down to the routine of book study and occasional writing that he had planned. What time he did not pass in writing and study was spent in the garden. The sunflowers bloomed luxuriantly under his judicious care. The marigolds, which he had planted to smile like bright faces on either side of the little path down to the road, came to seem in reality faces from the past. In this way he had companionship. Few from the village visited him. Only occasionally did he call at the house across the road, and then merely to exchange dull commonplaces. So he was forced to make friends of the flowers, and of his books.

But flowers fade. The first winter came, and the friends of the garden took leave of him. He was left alone with the books—dull companions, at best, for an empty heart. In the first few months of that winter he changed from an unmarried man to an old bachelor. Such a change is subtle and indescribable, but it spells misery to him in whose life it comes. He bought a horse and buggy—not that he wished to ride, but because he needed living companionship. The dumb beast sympathized with him and lightened his burden of loneliness, but did not lift it. He was still an unhappy man.

At length the turning came. A little before Christmas he received a letter from a former acquaintance, who had married, and was superintendent of an orphan asylum. Perhaps the kindly instinct of the man who has lived and raised up children to himself gave him some hint of the bachelor's forlorn condition, for he advised jocosely in the letter that Wantley adopt a boy—and the bachelor, after pacing the floor all one night, opening one book-friend after another, only to find them all alike unprofitable, determined that he would.

He drove to the city to answer the letter in person. As his horse stopped before the commonplace brick building with its windows like slits cut in the walls, he hesitated, in doubt that such a place as this could keep the secret of his happiness. But he had not come so far, to falter at the final step. There were three large entrances, each with its precise stone walk running down to the iron fence, any one of which might lead to the office. He chose the middle door, which was right, for in a little room to the left of the main corridor, he found the superintendent.

Time had changed him, also. His hair, once luxuriant, had become thin and somewhat gray; he arose from his revolving chair with a stoop, like a man of many cares, and even the smile of surprise with which he met the announcement of Wantley's decision had its touch of preoccupation.

He spoke of the children as a merchant might speak of his wares. There were so many of this age; so many of that. Wantley felt that he wished to get rid of them as soon as possible to good advantage, and that this, and not personal interest, was the reason for his letter. He advised the adoption of a small boy. "Then he'll seem more like your own, in a few years," was his argument. He touched a bell-pull and summoned an attendant, declaring that he knew just the boy Wantley needed—doing all in the jerky, mechanical way of a man who has other things to do. Promptly the attendant returned, and with him—the boy.

The bachelor caught his breath with an involuntary exclamation. He had never dreamed of such a child. The harmony of the complexion with the dark blue eyes, the beauty of the golden hair falling in one great wave over the childish forehead, were too perfect. A little more regularity of feature would have made of it a doll's face; but the nose was rather too blunt for such toy-like monotony, and no doll could have been so timid and so curious, at the same time. It was rather like a little bird hiding in its nest, save that the eyes sent forth such a message of anxiety which the bird could never have conveyed. Wantley felt that the little fellow had been appraised before by visitors, and that he dreaded the ordeal which was at hand.

"He's a cute one, isn't he? We call him Charlie Grace. Both his parents are dead. Come and sit on the gentleman's knee, Charlie."

The superintendent was rubbing his hands together at the effect his exhibit had produced, but he stopped long enough to add:

"You needn't be afraid of him—he won't hurt you. He wouldn't hurt a kitten."

The bachelor had indeed looked absurdly alarmed, but he recovered himself immediately and extended his arms in what was meant to be a reassuring gesture of invitation. The little fellow came forward shyly, and Wantley lifted him to his knee. In the excitement of the moment he forgot the smiling superintendent, and the mildly-amused attendant, and brought his whole mind to the task of winning the tiny being in his arms—and, as sometimes happens at crises in our lives, inspiration came to his relief. Out of the storehouse of his travels he brought forth one simple tale that might interest a child like Charlie; and the boy, listening absorbedly, till the story was finished, put his arms around Wantley's neck and asked for more. The victory was won.

"I won't take him yet," Wantley said, when the pleasant half-hour was over, and the boy had gone back to. his quarters. "I should like to surprise the little fellow. Do you have a Christmas-tree at the orphanage?"

"Oh, yes, of course," the superintendent affirmed. "We have a big one, but there are so many grouped around it that no one sees very much."

"Charlie shall have one to himself," the bachelor declared, with a touch of pride. "I'll come for him Christmas morning, and give him the greatest time he ever had in his life."

The superintendent smiled and turned back to his desk. He would take the necessary legal steps. All would be in readiness.

The fever of energy with which the bachelor worked in that week before Christmas would have been a revelation to any one who knew him. It was not the old, time-worn toil of books and writing. It was the new, and not altogether congenial labor of shopping. He spent two or three hours of every day in the city, and rejected untold numbers of promising young Christmas trees, before deciding at last upon one that would have shone in any company. He showed no less fastidiousness in the selection of the ornaments; no ordinary baubles would do; the common pink, white and green candles, were passed by with scorn—he required the best brand made, something not quite so serviceable as the plebeian variety, perhaps, but much more gaudy. He exercised like discrimination in the choice of the candy to tickle Charlie's palate, and of the toys to gladden his heart. He bought a pair of skates and a sled that were wonders of their kind. At length, with all his purchases made, he shut himself up in Cobweb Hall, and spent two whole days erecting and decorating the tree.

Snow fell on Christmas morning. The pain in the bachelor's heart almost vanished as he watched the large rich flakes pouring out their bounty upon the earth. He hitched up the companionable horse, flung a double number of warm robes into the buggy, and started light-heartedly, for town. Even Annette's pale face and quiet gray eyes, looking out of the window opposite, brought him but a passing pang.

It was a short drive—ten miles in distance, but not nearly so long to a happy man. He ran up the steps of the orphanage, rang the bell with a peal which resounded through the place, and met the superintendent with a bright smile and a hearty hand-shake. But that official answered his glance with a troubled shake of the head.

"The little fellow isn't very well today," he demurred. "He has a bad cold. I don't know whether you'd better take him or not."

"I *must* take him," Wantley rejoined, with the emphasis of one who dreads disappointment. "I couldn't think of letting him miss that Christmas tree. Why, man, I have the biggest blow-out for him you ever saw in your life!"

His determination had its effect, backed as it was by a judicious exhibition of the buffalo robes and the warm cushions of the buggy. The superintendent began to waver, and Wantley clinched his case by adding:

"I have a lady friend across the road. She'll take care of him if he grows worse. He'll have the best of treatment."

Charlie was brought in, a little hectic-cheeked, but undeniably energetic and determined, and threatening storms and rain if he were kept from going. He was bundled into the buggy, enveloped with furry robes till he could hardly breathe, and further protected by his new father's disengaged arm. Thus they set off.

One of them, at least, was in paradise upon that long ride. It was well that the sagacious animal in front knew his way, for his master was quite engrossed in golden hair and dark blue eyes, which were just visible, set in deep furs, like a flower in a hollow. They talked of everything, but chiefly of the Christmas tree. Wantley's adventures were stretched to the utmost. Inspired by the clear voice beside him, and the clinging little body, he recalled old Christmases that had seemed quite forgotten. All the while the snow fell and it grew darker and colder and Charlie coughed at intervals, but they did not notice that—they revelled in each other's company until the sagacious horse, at length, reaching the carriage path which he knew, turned into it and stopped before the door.

"You mustn't come in yet. Wait till I have the door unlocked," commanded Wantley.

The little fellow, who had half risen, snuggled down into the robes again, and let his blue eyes wander over the outside of his new home. Wantley flung the door wide, stepped inside to make sure that the base-burner was still burning, then picked up Charlie Grace, robes and all, and carried him into the great front room, where stood the Christmas tree.

"There! What do you think of it?" he asked, in exultation.

The little chap did not answer at once. He gazed at the tree mutely, and wistfully, as a being less pure might gaze into paradise.

Then, as if all his emotions had burst their bonds together, he suddenly jumped up and down unrestrainedly, clapped his hands, and burst into laughter.

"I think it's fine!" he cried.

The next half-hour was a confused series of embraces, which began with the lighting of the candles, got really under way with the help of the wonderful candies, and culminated in the inspection of the sled and the skates. Neither of them thought of supper. The bookish old bachelor laughed and cried at the same time—a feat he would have scouted as impossible, but a short week before. He came out of his numerous encounters disheveled, his tie on one side, and his hair disarranged, but with a light in his eyes such as had never been there. It was well that the patient horse bethought himself to neigh, else he might have perished from cold, which would have been especially unpleasant on Christmas night.

The bachelor hastened to stable him, though it was hard to leave Charlie for even so long. On his return, he expected to be met at the very door by a burst of laughter. Instead, all was silent. Charlie was standing by the base-burner, shivering. Hearing Wantley enter, he turned and smiled.

"I'm cold," he said, tremulously. "I want to go to bed."

Wantley started with sudden apprehension. Then he saw that he had forgotten to close the door, and that the snow was driving in.

"No wonder you're cold!" he cried, and hastened to close it.

But even when the door was shut, Charlie continued shivering. His great eyes appeared larger and darker in the light of the fire, and his cheeks were pale and red by turns. He edged up closer to the warmth of the stove, away from the lights of the Christmas tree, and attempted to undress himself, but soon gave up the effort and sank exhausted into a chair.

Wantley had been watching him, like a man under a spell. He suddenly started up and ran from the room, and out of the house, with his head bare. It was dark and snowing heavily. Through the mist of falling flakes he could see the lights from the cottage across the road. She was at home. She would know what to do, he told himself.

A moment afterward he was thundering at the door. She opened it in alarm at such a summons, and, without prelude, he poured forth his petition. The boy was everything to him, the one hope of his life. For the sake of their friendship, of the old times, of all they might have been to each other, she must save him. There is no knowing what wild words he uttered, to make her shrink from him as she did at first, but her woman's sympathy bridged the chasm and came to his relief.

"I'll come right away," she promised, willingly. "Just as soon as I can gather together some of my herbs and medicines.

He thanked her, and hastened back. She was there almost as soon as he—in time to see him bending over the chair, and to hear something like a sob from his lips.

"He's all I have, Annette," he whispered. "If you can save him—"

He stopped. She did not answer, but bent over the child in swift examination. In a moment she looked up and nodded toward the unlit gas burner.

"Light it," she commanded. "Then you can prepare the bed while I undress him. Whatever you do, don't let the fire get too low. Be sure the stove in the kitchen is burning, too. We shall need poultices and warm drinks."

He obeyed her directions to the letter, the more skilfully as he had been accustomed to doing his own household work. He was ready to lend a hand in the undressing, but she waved him aside impatiently.

"You must do just what I tell you, Stephen, and no more. The poor little fellow has been neglected. We must put him to bed without losing a moment."

"Tell me one thing," he pleaded. "Is it pneumonia?"

"Not yet," she replied, gravely. "But it may be. We don't need a doctor, though. He'd only be in the way."

He thought as he watched her swift, skilful movements, that any man would be in the way at such a time. He had provided a nightgown—for which forethought she complimented him with a smile. But as she carried the white-robed little figure to the bed, tucked the clothes tightly around his neck, and imprinted a kiss on the burning forehead, his wonder increased that she, who had no children of her own, should know so well what to do, and his humility increased in proportion. He realized how helpless he was in her presence, and how friendless the little chap would be without a mother.

She brewed a miraculous decoction on the kitchen stove, and set him to stir it while she prepared the poultice. He was allowed to assist with trembling hands, when she bared the little chest and applied the hot compress. He choked back a sob at sight of the half-closed eyes and the beautiful burning face. When, at length, the gasping lips spoke, and some meaningless words escaped them, he broke down utterly, and hid his face in his hands. While he was thus idle, she administered the first draught of the herb medicine. The vigil had commenced.

He had imagined it would all be over in one night. But the day after Christmas came, and there was no change; the second night, and still the little sufferer lay quiet, at intervals whispering some half-intelligible message, but oftenest silent, with his eyes partly open, between sleeping and waking. When the third night was at hand, Annette, watching unceasingly for the first change in the symptoms, whispered:

"The crisis may come before morning."

Then there was no more dividing the watches, while one slept. They sat on either side of the bed, each looking down at the little face, and waiting. In that long vigil a sense of understanding had arisen between them. They conversed by nods and glances, rather than by words. Thus when the dull pain in her face kindled to a fire, and she looked across at him, he understood, and bent closer.

The little figure was sinking into a repose it had not known before. The stertorous breathing had become more tranquil and regular. The eyes, which had never been completely shut since the first day, opened slowly and disclosed their blue depths; wandered dreamily from one to the other of the watchers; then closed again, this time in the manner of one who is going to sleep.

Annette leaned forward and grasped Wantley's hand across the bed.

"If he wakes from this in his right mind, he will live—God willing," she whispered.

He made no answer, but, with a strangely recurring thought of his childhood, knelt beside the bed and buried his face in the clothes. When he looked up after a great while, he saw that her face also, was hidden. At length they both resumed their former positions and waited.

There is an hour, just before the breaking of dawn, when the dark angel is nearer to all of us than at other times. Then, they with life strong in their veins, sleep deepest, and they who are to die often awaken. At this hour Wantley trembled, for he detected a slight change in the little face in the pillows. The eyelids were quivering tremulously, as if the spirit within was about to take flight.

"It is coming," whispered Annette.

Slowly, in place of the closed eyelids, the deep blue eyes appeared. They were fixed, with the expression of one who looks far away; but in a moment they caught the yearning gaze of Annette fastened upon them, and they smiled. She bent closer, and whispered, "Charlie! Charlie!"

The fleeting smile returned, and the lips moved.

"He says 'Yes, mamma.' He knows me," she whispered.

"Thank God," said Wantley, sobbing silently. He caught her hand in a strong clasp across the bed, and they stayed so until the sun rose.

DA SWEETA SOIL

By T. A. Daly

All weenter-time I work for deeg
  Da tranch een ceety street,
An' I am looka like da peeg
  An' smal jus' 'bout as sweet,
Baycause my han's, my face, my clo'es
  Ees dirty as can be,
An' sewer-gas ees een my nose
  An' steeck all ovra me.
More dirty an' more mean I feel
  Dan I am look to you;
My soul eenside ees seeck, but steell,
  W'at am I gona do?
Ees notheeng sweet een ceety street
  For mak' me better man.
All men an' theengs dat I am meet
  Mak' meanness all dey can,
An' all dey speak ees ogly words
  An' do som' ogly theeng.
So even, too, dose leetla birds,
  Dat ought be glad an' seeng,
Dey fight each other een da dirt
  For dirty food dey eat.
Ah! so my soul eenside ees hurt
  For work een ceety street.

But yestaday! O! yestaday,
  I leeve, I breathe again!
Da boss ees sand me far away

For work een countra lane.
How can I mak' you ondrastand—
You are so grand, so reech—
To know da joy I feel, my frand,
For deeg dees countra deetch?
I sweeng my spade, an' O! da smal,
W'en first I turn da sod!
So sweet! Excuse me eef I tal
Ees like da breath of God.
So pure da soil, like Italy,
I stoop an' taka piece
An' den—O! don'ta laugh at me—
I talk to eet an' keess!
An' while I do dees foola theeng
An' weep so seelly tears,
Ees com' a pritta bird an' seeng
Hees music een my ears.
You know dees 'Mericana bird,
Weeth breast so lika flame,
So red; I do not know da word
You say for call hees name,
But w'at he seeng ees plain to me,
An' dees ees part of eet:
"Ees spreeng, ees spreeng een Italy,
So sweeta, sweeta, sweet!"

O! eef you weesh da Dagòman,
Dat com' for leeve weeth you,
To be da gooda 'Merican
An' love dees countra, too,
I ask you tak' heem by da hand,
Away from ceety street,
An' show heem first dees granda land
Where eet ees pure an' sweet.

IN ANOTHER LAND THAN THIS

By Roy Farrell Greene

THE little girl I played with in another land than this,
How well do I remember still her handclasp and her kiss
That meant no more than friendship, but so honestly bestowed
The memory of it lingered as incentive and as goad
To spur me in the after-years, e'en when with wrinkled brow
And frost-kissed hair I'd reached the land where I am living now,—
If still she lives, Time's led her steps this selfsame way, I wis,
The little girl I played with in another land than this.

That other land more fair than this in retrospective seems,
But absence may, as some folk say, o'ergild an exile's dreams!
I only know the lark then sang with far less plaintive note,
The raucous blue-jay then spun skeins of music with his throat,
More golden-hearted daisies bloomed beside the paths we strayed,—
For sunshine warmed that far-off land, and this one's cooled by shade!
Yet even more than bird or bloom, that once I knew, I miss
The little girl I played with in another land than this.

To that far land I'd haste today, with pilgrim's staff and pack,
But one who's exiled, and for life, can never more go back!
Perchance you think I hate the land I'm living in, but yet
'Tis only when I dream, as now, that absence brings regret.
I'm blessed as few, I've loved ones true and comforts manifold
In this rare country where I live—the Land of Growing Old.
But yet, that other land allures, and Memory halos so
The little girl I played with in the Land of Long Ago.

A MAKER OF OPPORTUNITIES

By Florence Martin Eastland

HE knew it was time to start if he intended keeping his engagement with Josie Burke, the teacher at Rattlesnake Prairie; yet Stephen Peabody felt an unaccountable disinclination to go. While he stood staring at his name and "County Superintendent of Schools" lettered on the glass door of his office, he heard the whistling of the livery-boy waiting at the sidewalk with the team.

Turning to his desk he pulled from a drawer a neat document labeled "Report of Round Hill School, District No. 7, for month ending October 1; Ida Hamilton, Teacher."

"The only word I have received from her since her inexplicable conduct," he mused. "Why did she treat me so?" He laid the report back with a sigh. "And now I am resorting to a contemptible ruse, just to see her dear face again. It was my suggestion that prompted the Rattlesnake Prairie School to challenge District No. 7; and I am going to accompany the teacher just to show Ida that her treatment has not broken my heart. I wonder if she will care."

By which token it is unnecessary to state that the superintendent was young and human. He was about to close the drawer when his attention was attracted by a paper wedged into a crack at the side. He seized the projecting corner and brought forth a note addressed in the same neat writing as the report near by. Eagerly he tore it open. The date was six months old. He read it twice before he shook his head in disappointment.

"Just a polite note of regret that an important engagement kept her from meeting me when I called, and that she had no means of sending me word that she could not be at home. Well,"—he drew his breath sharply—"I suppose that was easier than to refuse an offer of marriage. Nothing left for me but to brace up and make the best of it."

He locked the desk and door and descending the stairs ended the long wait of the livery-boy. Through the dusty street he drove rapidly; but when the delightful odors of ripened fruits and garnered grains greeted him, he brought the horses to a walk, while he inhaled the grateful incense. About a mile out he overtook a pedestrian, a freshly-shaven young man whose jaunty air appeared familiar.

"Ride?" inquired Stephen, coming to a halt.

"Thanks. My horse went lame an' I left him in town," was the answer, as the man climbed into the buggy. "Goin' fur?" he added.

"To Rattlesnake Prairie first; then to the Round Hill schoolhouse."

"Oh! the spellin'-match. Say, was you out to call on Miss Idy Hamilton 'bout six months ago? There, don't git huffy. I have a p'tic'lar reason fer askin'."

"If it will give you any pleasure to know," Stephen replied stiffly, "I was. Furthermore, she was not at home."

"I thought I met you goin' away," was the cheerful observation, "an' you looked pretty mad. Now I know Idy, an' I've noticed lately 't she seems worried an' unhappy. I've be'n thinkin' I'd orter butt in somewhere with an explanation, only I didn't know just how; but sence the 'casion has arrived I'm goin' to tell you somethin'. You didn't see her thet time because she come, much ag'inst her wishes, to persuade me from doin' the meanest thing I ever thought of doin'. She done me the best turn in the world, an' it cost her somethin.' N'mind how I know. That's a part o' my secret. I got it from one who's on the ground floor. I'll bet my bottom dollar 't she was too hon'able to tell even you."

"She was; she was," returned Stephen. The whole atmosphere changed. Autumn no longer reigned; spring bloomed in his happy heart as he gripped the other's hand. "You have placed me under obligations I shall never forget, and I can begin to thank you, Mr.—why, I do not know your name."

"Jack Myers, Mr. Peabody. Well, I'll drop off here; see you by an' by."

With a light heart Stephen drove on to Miss Burke's boarding-place. After all, he reflected, his few formal calls on her could indicate no particularly serious intentions. She was a good teacher and an excellent girl—well, possibly she was just a little spiteful when it came to District No. 7. It was natural that she should wish to live with her only relative, an aunt at Round Hill, and that she should feel some resentment that Ida alone stood in the way of her becoming the teacher of that school.

In an unusually becoming new fall gown and hat she was more attractive than ever before. With Ida's unapproachable image towering above and beyond her, some vague yearning of reparation prompted him to tell her so. The unguarded look in her eyes bade him beware of further compliments; so until the lights of the Round Hill schoolhouse twinkled out in the soft dusk his conversation was strictly impersonal.

A large number were already present when they entered. Ida evinced no surprise when Miss Burke observed:

"Of course you know Mr. Peabody. I brought him along to pronounce for us. You will spell, too?"

"I had not thought of it," returned Ida. "I supposed this contest was to be between our pupils."

"Didn't they teach spelling at your much-quoted Normal school?" asked Miss Burke, with a suggestive shrug.

"I learned before I went," was the quiet response. "Since you wish it, I will spell."

Stephen tried in vain to have a private word with Ida; but either she evaded his attempts or Miss Burke out-generaled him. Vexed by his failures, he called the assembly to order. In a short time two long straggling lines confronted each other from opposite sides of the room; the rules of the contest were agreed upon and the match began.

Short and easy words first, that the smaller ones might not sit down ashamed too soon; little catch words next to sharpen the memories and weed out the uncertain ones. Then the real work began with a fusillade of polysyllables. "Next" was heard oftener now; and occasionally a sigh rose from a disappointed parent when his particular olive-branch missed. The spectators grew silently expectant.

At the end of an hour Ida with five of her pupils still stood on one side, while Miss Burke, openly triumphant, could count ten of hers in line. Within fifteen minutes each saw all but two go down.

"Recess!" shouted some one at the door, and a hasty adjournment took place.

Stephen tried to gain Ida's side, but Miss Burke anticipated and checkmated his move. Outside in the bright moonlight the young people began playing a game. Through the open windows floated their voices singing:

"The needle's eye it doth supply
The thread that runs so truly,
And many a lass have I let pass
Because I wanted you.
I have caught one and I have caught two,
I have caught many a lively lass,
And now I have caught you."

A resounding smack followed by boisterous laughter preceded the resumption of the popular air. Stephen glanced around impatiently. He was fully resolved not to leave that night until he had effected some sort of an understanding with Ida. He must explain—must know her feeling. Observing Jack Myers near the door he started back to speak to him, when Miss Burke again intercepted him.

"Won't you be the judge? We are going to play forfeits. Come; I will blindfold you." With an air of proprietorship she drew from her shoulders a lace scarf and prepared to bind it over Stephen's eyes.

"One moment, please," he replied thoughtfully, making his way to Jack's side. After a hasty greeting he drew Jack aside and said earnestly:

"If you wish to be of great service to me, cough twice when you hang my forfeit over my head." Pushing the astounded Jack to the front he loudly announced: "Here's some one else to play."

A space was cleared for the game. A player stood in the center with the tin cover of a forgotten lunch-pail. As he twirled it on the floor he called the person's name. If the individual failed to catch the cover before it fell he paid a forfeit. Miss Burke made a pretty picture as she shot forward gracefully and skillfully seized the spinning cover. Ida too, was a dexterous and popular choice; while Stephen awkwardly swooped down and missed the object by several feet. "Forfeit" rang out merrily and he handed his pocket-knife to Jack.

A dozen or more forfeits lay in Jack's possession when Miss Burke at length bandaged the judge's eyes. Selecting a string of glass beads from the number, he held it over Stephen's head chanting:

"Heavy, heavy hangs over your head."

"Fine or superfine?" was the query.

"Superfine. What must the owner do to redeem it?"

"She must recite her favorite poem."

A subdued titter greeted the judge's decission when a half-grown girl indignantly declared, as she snatched her forfeit:

"I w-w-w-won't d-d-do it."

The next penalty, a "fine," was readily paid to the astonishment of the onlookers. When told to assume for one minute his favorite attitude, a solemn-looking stranger immediately stood on his head and staid there the full time.

Before Jack suspended the next forfeit he coughed twice. After the usual question and answer Stephen announced the penalty.

"The owner must tell a fairy story."

"Tell it, then," they all laughed as Jack displayed the pocket-knife.

Removing his bandage Stephen sat for a moment as if in deep thought.

"Once upon a time," he began, "there was a beautiful princess named Goldheart because she was so kind and unselfish. People went to her with all their troubles and she often quite inconvenienced herself to help them.

"Now Princess Goldheart had a fairy god-mother who loved her dearly and who wanted to give her that which would make her the happiest woman in the world. The god-mother could bestow but one gift, so she pondered long as to what it should be —neither beauty nor talent, for the princess had both; nor riches, for Goldheart had simple tastes. Finally the god-mother sought the advice of a young man called Desire, who had long loved the princess.

"Give her my heart," he answered, and because the god-mother knew it contained no thought of another, and that it was an honest heart, with but one wish—to make the princess happy—she carried it to Goldheart and left it in the form of a rose beside her pillow.

"When the princess awoke, she pinned the rose over her own heart and waited; for it had whispered that Desire was coming to ask her hand in marriage. Before he arrived, however, there came an urgent call for the princess; some one needed her help to keep from doing an evil deed. She hurried away without a chance to send a word to Desire, who, when he did not see her, left in great anger and disappointment.

Then a bad fairy hid and delayed the message the princess sent, and it did not reach Desire until six months later. He tried to speak to the princess then, but the bad fairy placed obstacles in his way. He wanted to learn if the princess still wore the red rose, but every chance to find out was denied him. In deep dejection he went to the god-mother.

"Grant me an opportunity to speak to her," he commanded.

"Alas," she replied, "I have no more gifts left; but I can make one prophecy. To succeed, you must make your own opportunity; and if when you next see her she answers yes to the first question you ask, she will be ready to give you a white rose in the place of your red one. If she evades your question or answers negatively, she has thrown your rose away."

"And so Desire—but this is a continued story and the rest is in the next chapter," concluded Stephen.

Cries of "Go on" and "Not fair" rose amid the general laughter. Ida with shining eyes and a happy smile, observed quickly:

"If we are going to finish the spelling-match we must begin now. It is growing late."

When quiet again reigned, the spelling began in earnest. Difficult and unusual words narrowed the contestants to two; Ida and Miss Burke. The latter's eyes were glittering and a red spot appeared on each cheek.

Stephen grew facetious and displayed an unexpected ability to amuse the attentive audience. After searching several pages of the dictionary he addressed Ida jocosely.

"Miss Hamilton, do you think you can spell comprehensibility?"

Ida hesitated a moment before replying with a blush and a smile,

"Yes, I think I can," after which she hastily proved her assertion.

The spelling continued soberly for a few minutes more. Turning to Ida he pronounced:

"Paresis."

Again she paused.

"P-a-r-a-s-i-s," she articulated distinctly.

"'P-a-r-*e*-s-i-s," corrected Miss Burke, before Stephen could pass the word.

With much applause from the Rattlesnake Prairieites and congratulations from the others the match was announced to have been won by Miss Burke. All was noise and bustle as people prepared to go. Suddenly Ida was separated from her thronging pupils as she lifted the dictionary to its place on her desk.

"Did you mean it, dear?" Stephen whispered clasping her hand where it lay in the shadow of the big book. A soft pressure of her fingers was her only answer. A dimple played at the corner of her mouth while she looked inquiringly over his shoulder.

"Where is she?"

"Jack—blessings on his curly pate!—has her cornered. Tell me: Why did you miss that word? You know you could have spelled it."

Ida glanced shyly into the admiring eyes.

"It would have been ungenerous to deny her *one* triumph."

SAILING

By Flora L. Mason

I HOISTED sail and put out to sea;
I lashed the helm,—the wind was fair—
And sang to my boat, "Sail fast, sail free:
Thy course is the path I choose for thee.
For chart and compass we will not care."

Gracefully over the billows blue
My boat sailed straight for the Blessed Isles;
And happy was I, though well I knew
That many a sailor with heart as true
Had gone down under those dancing miles.

For I had no fear of going astray,
And I thought no harm would come to me:
What need to tack when straight away
Across the radiant waters lay
The beautiful haven where I would be?

But hidden rocks may shatter the keel,
And wind and wave have woful wiles.
He must mind the bells, with their warning peal,
He must watch the chart and hold the wheel,
Who would beach his boat on the Blessed Isles.

THE REDEMPTION OF TARGO

By Archie P. McKisnie

THE distant hill-tops and the sky that touched them gleamed as though angels had dashed pails of molten gold across them. A Chinook breeze came bounding down the path on a runaway romp before bed-time. It bent the broad brim of Targo's hat and in the sheer delight of its touch, he laughed softly and sat erect in his saddle.

"Smell the breeze, Fate?" he chuckled. "Smell it—of course you do. Thar's sweetness in it, and thar's rest in it, even for a hunted man; for it tells of a snug valley somewhar hereabouts, else my nose ain't as keen as it uster be."

He patted the slender neck of the horse he bestrode, and Fate lifted his head and whinnied.

"Thar you are, boy, thar you are. Grass belly deep, and water — jest hear the rush of its wings. We spend our last night together here, we do."

He flung himself from the saddle, unbuckled its girth, and threw it and the bridle aside. The horse trotted to the brook and plunged his slender muzzle into the cool water. The man threw himself along the brink, and drank. A water-fowl rose heavily from a bunch of reeds. A trout darted, a rainbow streak, from the shallow to the deep hole on the brook's farther side.

Targo unbuttoned his flannel shirt at the neck and rolled up his sleeves. The cold water soothed his smarting eyes and fevered skin. He saturated a handful of soft grass and held it against a blood-encrusted ear. The horse reached over and nosed the injured lobes tenderly.

Targo laughed, and cursed the knowing animal affectionately. He threw the water into his face in great handfuls. He soused his head until his hair stood out in bunches. Then, rising from his knees, he threw one long arm about his horse's neck.

"Jest a scratch, Fate," he said, running his fingers through the tangled mane. "Now, if Dockley's bullet had been a little inside, eh? It would have lost us our last holiday, boy, and saved the mounted police a day's ride; it would. Maybe it would have been better if Dockley had got me," he added, as though to himself. His hand sought the fastening of the belt from which dangled two heavy Colts, while his gaze wandered across to where a golden line marked the death of a day.

A whip-poor-will whistled from the distant grove. At its note the hard look in the man's eyes faded and a shadow almost of homesickness took its place. There was a tremor on his lips as once more his hand played with the belt buckle. Unloosed, the the revolvers slipped noiselessly to the grass, and the man raised his long arms and laughed. From out the west the golden streak had faded, and away back, along the path he had travelled, in the eastern skies a silver line proclaimed the rising noon.

Hours later, when the moon had almost traversed her course, the horse came to where Targo lay gazing up at the great stars.

"Fate," he said, sitting up and drawing the lowered head over against his cheek, "our last little day and night'll soon be done. We'll have to say good-bye to one another soon, 'cause the marshal and the boys have got my word long before now. Somebody else has got to ride you back to Calgary. You've never carried anything but a free man yet, and by Gawd, you are never goin' to, either."

The horse whinnied softly and cut a ragged gash through the grass with her steel-shod hoof. The man understood, and his arms went tighter about her neck.

"No, Fate, I can't do it," he said. "I reckon the boys all hope I can't be found. I can't see that I'm really to blame for killing Dockley. Of course I could prove in court it was in self-defense, 'cause he shot first. But that ain't the thing. I'd have killed him, anyhow, and if I give him one chance that's my own business and nobody ain't going to know anything about it. He got me in the ear. I got in a little closer to him, and he's down on the Chictago rocks now with his horse. They'll never be seen again, for hell's the only place deeper than the Chictago. No live man has ever seen its bottom. Nobody need ever have knowed that I killed the engineer, but I want everybody to know it, for they know who it was killed *her*. Everyone knows what it was killed little Erie."

The fingers combing the tangled mane trembled, and the man's eyes were filmed with tears as he went on.

"It wasn't 'cause she was to have married me, Fate. Why, I knowed all the time I wasn't no fit mate for her. But I somehow couldn't help caring a mighty lot for Erie, and I would have done anything to make her happy. That's why I felt glad for her sake, when he come and they seemed to take to one another. It wasn't 'cause I'd built the house and had it furnished up with them little knick-knacks I thought would please her. Why, most any man would do that much and not think anything about it neither. Why, I could give the house and furniture to Garry or one of the other boy's who's got a wife, and be glad to have them enjoy it. If Dockley had played square instead of winning everything that's worth winning from a girl and then throwing her over, he needn't have been down thar on the Chictago and I needn't have been waiting here for the marshal."

He sighed and looked across the valley, sleeping peacefully beneath its coverlet of moonlight.

A burning dryness came into the man's throat as he realized that his last night and Fate's would soon be over.

His eyes caught a thin spiral of smoke ascending, a misty, silvery ribbon against the golden back-ground of the sinking moon. It came from the thick grove at the valley's farther end.

Targo walked slowly toward the grove, his head bowed, his arms folded on his breast. Coming to where his belt and revolvers lay, he bent as though to pick them up; then, as if changing his mind, threw his arms aloft and with a laugh passed on. When he reached the spot where the shadow met the moonlight, he stood still, and, as though understanding, his horse came slowly up to him.

It's good-bye, I guess, Fate. It's likely the boys up yonder."

The horse put her cold nose against Targo's hot face, and the man held it there until the shadows advanced and covered them both. Then he quickly turned, and strode defiantly and noisily through the grove toward the fire.

Coming abruptly into its light, he stopped short, and gazed with wide eyes at the form of a girl standing beside the fire. She, too, was gazing at him, and when the fire, which had smouldered, broke into flame again, it kissed into life the gold in her nut-brown hair and showed him the glorious beauty of a sad, sweet face.

She came toward him, and Targo, his face white, his limbs shaking, clutched a tree for support.

"Erie!" he whispered. "Little Erie!"

She heard him, and smiled.

"Erie was my sister," she spoke softly. "She is dead. Did you know her?"

Targo nodded, unable to speak.

"We hoped to be in time to see her before she died," said the girl, tremulously. My uncle is with me. He met with an accident two days ago, and—he is dying. Will you come to him?"

"Yes."

She turned toward a clump of trees, and it was then the man noticed the cruel hump between her shoulders. The girl was deformed.

On a pallet of boughs the injured man was lying, half in the shadow, half in the fire-light. As Targo bent above him, the flames shot up and threw a yellow light across the face upon which the death-dews were already gathering.

"Dockley!" cried Targo, sinking on his knees.

The man opened his heavy eyes.

"You know me?" he panted. "Who are you who calls me by name?"

Targo strove, but failed, to answer.

"Is your name Dockley?" he asked at length, jerking the words out as though the power of speech were leaving him.

"Yes—Thomas Dockley," answered the other, turning his head away.

"And *his* name was George," said Targo, half aloud. "Thank heaven."

The dying man caught the words.

"Do you know George — my brother George?" he asked, rallying.

"Yes, You are very like him."

"But in looks only, praise God," whispered the other. "He is a bad man."

He turned his face away, and closed his eyes. The girl knelt beside him, kissing his damp hair and stroking the white face which Azrael had already touched.

It was near the end.

"Oh, uncle, uncle!" she cried, heartbroken.

At her voice a sudden strength seemed to come to him.

"Dear little girl," he gasped. "It will soon be over. Then you—you won't—have —anybody, will you?"

She shook her head dumbly, and looking upon them, Targo felt a great pain in his heart.

Suddenly the white face turned toward him. The filming eyes grew clear again and fastened themselves upon Targo's as though looking beyond them to the depths of his very soul.

"Have you anybody?"

Weak but distinctly, the words fell upon Targo's ears. They startled him. He, comprehending the question, shook his head.

"Nobody," he answered.

The dying man groped for Targo's hand, and with a great effort placed it upon the other little, trembling hand he held. There was a mute appeal in the action, and, understanding, a great flush swept across Targo's face.

Minutes later, it seemed to Targo hours later, the weak voice spoke again.

"Nobody," it asked, "nobody ever?"

And Targo answered, "Nobody ever."

"Then will you—take—my little girl— and take—care of—and have—somebody. She has been—my—little girl—years and years. We were—coming—for her—sister— Erie. Erie—is dead—and—"

He sank back exhausted, and Targo faced the girl. She looked at him with eyes he had seen before. It seemed to him almost as if the soul of the girl he had known and loved had come back to him.

The fire had died to a glowing heap of coals. From away through the trees came bird voices. A white streak across the eastern skies told of the approach of another morning. The man on the pallet was dozing. Beside him, her head buried in her arms, the girl still knelt.

She felt the pressure of Targo's hand, and slowly raised her face.

"Are you willing?" he whispered.

For answer she put the other hand in his. Together they rose, and he led her a little apart.

"I know it ain't exactly regular," he said, his face smarting, "but it will let him away easier, knowing that I'll look after you like."

Later Targo knelt beside the dying man.

"It's all right," he said, taking a cold hand in his. "She won't want for anything so long as I'm free to work for her."

"God bless you both," whispered the other. "I'm ready to go, now."

The morning sunlight was bursting through the trees. One golden ray rested like the promise of glory on the dying man's face as Targo turned to meet the party of horsemen who had just entered the valley. There was a smile on his face as he held out his hand to the marshal.

"I see you got my note," he said. "Sorry to have kept you riding all night, though. Just a little prank of Fate's and mine, you know. I see he's come along."

"Targo," cried the marshal. "Now, what the devil—" Then, catching the flutter of a woman's dress in the grove, he checked himself and raised his eyebrows.

"I found them a little afore daylight," explained Targo. "Man and a girl. Uncle and niece, I believe. Man's passing in his checks."

"Poor fellow!" muttered the marshal, hurriedly dismounting. "Give us a look at him, Targo. Maybe something can be done. Come on, boys," he shouted, waving a hand to the rest of the party, who had held back.

At their approach the girl withdrew into the grove.

"Seems to me I have seen that face somewhere before," said the marshal, bending over the man on the ground. He's not long for this world, poor chap."

The dying man looked up at him.

"Who are you?" he asked faintly.

The latter looked at Targo. The latter nodded.

"And what do you want here?" panted the man, his first question answered.

Again the marshal's eyes sought Targo's.

"Tell him everything," said Targo, walking over and standing beside the officer.

"I came for him," said the marshal, slapping Targo's shoulder. "He killed a blackguard named Dockley for going back on a girl he had promised to marry, and we've got to take him back and hang him for it."

The dying man's eyes met Targo's in a mute question. Then he turned his heavy gaze on the marshal, and on the men who had just entered.

"I'm sorry, but I guess you've had your ride for nothing," he gasped, a feeble smile fluttering across his face.

The men looked at one another.

"If—if he'd killed me—I'd have known it—I suppose."

"You? Who are you?" cried the marshal, bending once more to gaze intently at the face of the dying man.

"I'm Dockley."

"See here—" commenced Targo; but the man on the pallet, as though endowed with a new strength, struggled to a sitting posture.

"You men have all seen me," he gasped. "Am I not Dockley?"

"Yes, yes," they cried.

"Well, I don't want any man to be hung for killing me, and there's a little crippled girl I'm leaving behind in his care."

He paused, and carried all eyes with his, to Targo.

Targo slipped away. At the far end of the grove he found the girl.

"Come," he said gently, holding out his hand.

Together they passed through the grove, the group of men gazing into the girl's face in awe and wonderment.

The eyes of the dying man met Targo's in one long look of understanding.

"Be as kind to her as I have been to you," they seemed to say; and slowly his face settled over against a girl's crooked shoulder in sweet content.

HARVESTING GRAIN IN THE SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY

REGINA, QUEEN *of the* PRAIRIES

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

NOW we are upon the great Regina Plain, which extends as far as Dirt Hills of the West. There is the Missouri Coteau, a blue line to the west, and we were journeying upon a broad sea of prairie land.

Regina is one of the beautiful and solid cities of the great Saskatchewan Valley and capital of the new province. It was formerly the capital of the Northwest Territory, and here occurred many of the stirring scenes of the early days. When we were there many buildings were being erected, including the city hall and parliament buildings, which would be a credit to cities of many times the size of Regina.

Yes, I felt especially fortunate in falling in with H. P. Mytton, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and J. H. Haslam, who is building the King's Hotel at Regina, one of the finest hostelries of the Northwest, outside of Winnipeg.

The Morning Leader, an enterprising newspaper, gave me a peep at an edition of forty or fifty pages, setting forth in glowing terms the future prospects of Regina, and proving that the local newspapers are patronized liberally; advertising is given out by the "acre," rather than by the inch or line.

In a handsome new Ford touring car, we were soon out among the splendid farms which have made Saskatchewan famous. This tract of country is a continuation of the great grain-growing belt of Manitoba. Rich, friable loam produces crops of the finest No. 1 hard wheat. The scene at the elevators in Saskatchewan was evidence of great agricultural wealth produced by the undulating prairie stretching mile after mile out to the famous Halbrite and Southington district.

Here were seen hundreds of immigrants coming in the freight cars, recalling vividly the experience of my journey to Dakota years ago. They were all happy and enthusiastic, looking forward to getting settled on the prairies in new homes of their own.

The record at the government farm shows why the farmers are willing to invest all their capital, health, strength and time in Canadian land. An average of 110 days is required to mature wheat, and well worth waiting for is the Canadian grain! In 1899 the average yield of bushels on the government farm was 33.20 bushels, with a weight of 62 pounds to the bushel. But in 1902 the weight was 62½ pounds to the bushel. The average yield per acre has been largest in the years 1901, 1902, 1905 and 1906, when the yield was forty bushels to the acre. The scenes at harvest time are interesting; it is not unusual to see a horse and buggy being driven through wheat-fields where the horse is barely visible. Such a sight is certainly a convincing idea of what the country can produce.

In connection with the cost of and profit in raising wheat, there is an interesting statement to the effect that for ploughing, harrowing, seeding, harvesting, threshing, marketing and taxes, the outlay is $6.95 per acre, and an average of 25 bushels of wheat to the acre at 70 cents per bushel brings the gross product to $17.50, which shows a net profit on one acre of $10.55. Adding the cost of $3.00 per acre for breaking, the value of the land as an investment can readily be determined. The profits of farming have been so large in recent years that it is almost impossible to employ men to operate the farms—every man is tilling his own. Land in a high state of cultivation is now worth $30 an acre, but many farms are rented on liberal terms, which produce a handsome revenue on the investment both to owner and tenant in charge. The entire rainfall in eastern Saskatchewan from 1902 to 1906 was ninety-six inches, which averages fourteen inches per year, ample moisture for crops. Fuel is also readily attainable in this district, the lignite coal mines being located here. Coal can be procured at three dollars per ton.

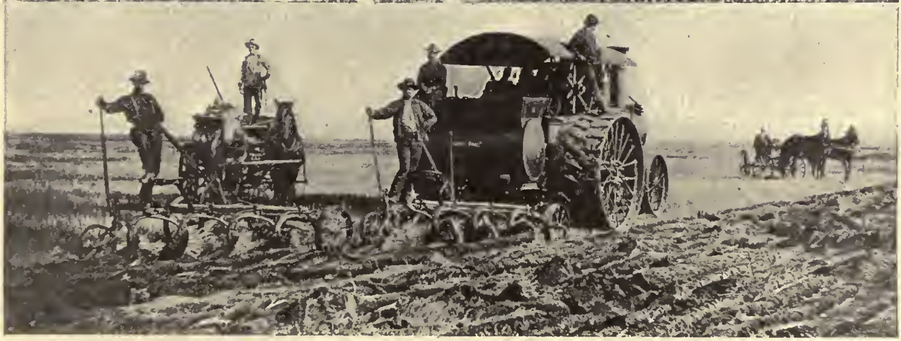
A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE LAST MOUNTAIN VALLEY

* * *

Here we met Mr. F. W. G. Haultain, the former premier of the Northwest Territory, who represented the province at the coronation of King Edward VII. He is an able man, and one of the most interesting characters of the Canadian West. Fully informed on all that pertains to the territory, with broad, comprehensive views and an intense love of the new province, it is not surprising that a brilliant future is predicted for Mr. Haultain, who is a man fitted to grace any assembly, and is at present a member of the Saskatchewan Parliament.

With this trio: Haultain, Mytton and Haslam, I had a day of real pleasure. Inspired with a firm belief in the future of their city, and devoted to the upbuilding of the province, the people have a universal enthusiasm that is infectious.

Automobiles are regarded as a necessity in these prairie cities, and the prediction is made that in a few years the harvesting



SHOWING NEWLY BROKEN LAND AND THE STANDING CROP ADJOINING
COMSTOCK RANCH ON RIVER SOUTH OF HALBRITE, SASKATCHEWAN
FRED LITSCHKE'S FARM, NINE MILES FROM HALBRITE, SASKATCHEWAN
MURPHY BROS. OUTFIT BREAKING PRAIRIE NEAR HALBRITE, SASKATCHEWAN

and light work on the farms will be done with "benzine bronchos," rather than with horses. The utility of the power now adapted merely for pleasure trips in the Canadian wheat-fields is no dream.

The great warehouses of agricultural machinery in Regina show the immense market built by the demand for implements needed in the cultivation of that vast stretch of prairie land. Another thing in Regina which impressed me was the $70,000 Methodist church and the $60,000 Presbyterian edifice, both handsome and substantial buildings, an index of the character of the people.

While in the Regina district we had the honor of calling on Governor Forget, of Saskatchewan. Some trace of the snows of winter still lingered on the shrubs outside, but inside was the warmth of true Canadian hospitality. Around the entrance hall was a balcony, supported by a stairway, such as one reads of in novels, but seldom can visit. On the left was a large conservatory, fairly ablaze with gorgeous geranium blossoms as large as a cardinal's hat. Indeed, this is an oasis of beauty in time of winter snows. Many a distinguished guest has passed through the portals of Government House.

TOWERING STACKS OF GRAIN

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The governor is of French descent, and his library showed a broad taste in reading. All the current periodicals were there, and also those old volumes which speak of the delight of a long winter evening's reading, while the snow drives outside and the fire gleams cheerily within the grate. Governor Forget has lived in Regina twenty years, which of course gives him the distinction of being a "real" pioneer. He related many incidents concerning the Riel Rebellion which were most interesting. In 1870, the first Riel Rebellion occurred, and in 1885 a second insurrection broke out, led by Louis Riel, which resulted in his execution.

I learned from Governor Forget that there had been a prospect of the difficulties being adjusted in a peaceable manner, saving further bloodshed, but for a telegram which was sent to the government at Ottawa, reading:

"May we send two official half-breeds to Ottawa, and everything can be adjusted?" This read, when it reached its destination:

"May we send two hundred half-breeds to Ottawa, and everything can be adjusted?"

The reading of this telegram caused consternation.

"What can they think up there?" exclaimed the officials in Ottawa, "to even dream of sending two hundred half-breeds to confer with us about this matter? It would mean massacre."

The delay incident to getting the telegram corrected was fatal. The spark was fired; and the rebellion continued which resulted in the hanging of Louis Riel.

* * *

On the walls of the governor's room were pictures of Premier Laurier and other distinguished Canadians, and all through the charming old dwelling by-gone faces seemed to flit; one could readily imagine the enactment here of many a romance connected with the pioneers of Saskatchewan.

Not far from Government House we visited the headquarters of the famous Northwestern Mounted Police, which is one of

ON THE NORTH SASKATCHEWAN

RICHARD COOKE, ONE-TIME SCOUT IN THE FORCES AGAINST LOUIS RIEL, NOW MAYOR OF PRINCE ALBERT, AND HERBERT VANDERHOOF, EDITOR OF THE CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE, SECRETARY OF THE WESTERN CANADIAN IMMIGRATION ASSOCIATION.

the finest police and military organizations in the world. Although not strong in numbers, the very sight of their scarlet coats seems to instill a respect for law and order, and their presence in Northwest Canada is given as the reason why outlawry in that section has not been so common as on the frontier in the States.

In these Regina headquarters the police are trained, being largely recruited from scions of old houses in Great Britain—young men who are seeking adventure—who hold these positions because they afford a life in sharp contrast to the dismal routine of a military career.

Commissioner Perry is in command of the barracks. We visited the officers' mess-house, and later witnessed an exhibition of fancy riding in the riding hall, where all recruits are thoroughly drilled, winter and summer alike. In the little assembly hall we had a glimpse of the social life of the post, remnants of decorations of some festive event in the winter's gayety still adorning the walls. Outside, the men were enjoying their field sports in the evening, and from the flag-pole the Union Jack waved majestically.

The equipment of the R. N. W. M. P. always has a smartness peculiarly its own, whether it is traps, wagons or saddles, and these mounted police certainly afford a picturesque glimpse of life in the Canadian West—I even began to find myself sympathizing with the young maidens who indulge in "the love that loves a scarlet coat."

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These scarlet-garbed police are taught how to live in the saddle. From this post they are sent to the far off forts in the Klondike, Yukon or other distant posts for two years' service. On that day a number of men were preparing to leave for a place 2,000 miles away, on the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

You have heard of the charms of English tea? Well, we had taken tea in the afternoon at Government House, but that didn't preclude taking tea again with Commissioner Perry. I began to think that I might become like the American lady in London, who grew so fond of English tea that, no matter how many times it was offered to her, she assured her entertainer that she "could always worry down another cup." Good English tea may not inebriate, but it certainly cheers, and when I had taken my third cup I found my tongue wagging loquaciously.

Loth to leave, we returned to the bustling little city of Regina, with its push and go, its busy streets, its sturdy people and splendid stores. The shop windows indicate that there is nothing too good for the Saskatchewan farmer folk. Silks and satins and dainty luxuries of all kinds from the markets may be found in these far-off cities on the prairies, where the railroads afford quick communication with distant points.

* * *

On we went to Moose Jaw, where the western junction of the "Soo" road is located, and where thousands of travelers are coming in from the south. I learned that the literal Indian name of Moose Jaw was quite a different one to that now used. Translated, it reads: "The - Creek - Where - the White - Man - Mended - the - Wagon - with the - Moose - Jaw - Bone."

Here are the finest stock yards between Winnipeg and the Rockies. The secretary of the Board of Trade is always on hand at the station, and in a cozy building near-by he has an exhibit of all the products of the Moose Jaw district, and even the man from Missouri could not fail to be satisfied with the manner in which he is "shown."

DRILL OF MOUNTED POLICE

C. P. R. CALGARY IRRIGATION CANAL, WESTERN CANADA

THE GREAT IRRIGATION CANAL

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

THE people of the irrigated locality somewhat resent the imputation of drought suggested by the irrigation project, but in modern agricultural science it is recognized as very advisable to fortify in a climate that has even once shown signs of being too dry, and where irrigation, though not a necessity, is a decided advantage in increasing production. By this additional moisture, the already great productiveness of the land is enhanced and every crop is absolutely insured.

In early days, Mr. Dennis was in the employ of the Dominion government, and made surveys in South Saskatchewan in 1884. Even then he took up seriously the question of irrigation, for the government at that time had to expend $45,000 in this area, to purchase food for the settlers. A convention was held in Calgary in the interests of irrigation, the desirability of which was eloquently presented and pressed to a successful issue. Then came along the wet years, and some thought that bumper crops would always continue, and the privations and sufferings of the early settlers were soon forgotten. But anyone who can look back upon actual experience of those dry years in the Northwest, will heartily agree that Calgary is fortunate in having one great magnet which has attracted more general attention to Canada and the vast resources of Canadian wheat lands than any other one thing.

It is a far cry from the Isthmus of Panama to the Canadian West, but here I was forcibly reminded of the canal project, inspected a few months previously, and my delight in "big ditches" was intensified; nothing less than a thorough investigation satisfying me.

As we whizzed along in Mr. Lowe's automobile, in company with Mr. J. R. Wheeler, making a tour of the "block," as the canal district is called, we saw wheat being sown in a snow storm.

What a splendid sight it was to look over the hills of Calgary and see the great flocks of sheep, and off in the distance the steam plough "breaking" the virgin soil. The placid countenances of the large herd of horses and cows seemed to disclaim the very idea of a hard winter. The towering elevators, the mills, the Canadian Pacific gardens, the stock-yards, the herd of range cattle—no one can look upon these and fail to understand that they are indeed the signs of the creation of a new Canaan.

Crossing the Elbow River, and mounting the surrounding hills, we came upon the gateway of the great canal, and gained a splendid view of the "big ditch." The canal leads directly out of the river, and the flow of water can be regulated to a gallon. We drove along the Wing Dam, following the course of the water snuggled against bluffs. In the deep cut 26,000,000 cubic feet of earth have been excavated with the aid of the Bucyrus steam shovels, which is nearly as much as remains to be taken out of the Culebra cut on the Isthmus. The canal is fifty feet wide and ten feet deep, a beautiful blue vein of nourishment, with a gentle gradient that seems ascending as the river rapidly descends.

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The history of this project is interesting. When the Canadian Pacific Railroad was built, their land grant awarded them every alternate section of good land. This tract was then considered worthless for settlement, and other portions were allotted. Later on, when the Canadian Pacific proposed the canal project, the government gave them this solid block of 3,000,000 acres in what was then regarded as a dry district. This was done because, by the provision in the original land grant, the railroad was not required to take land unfit for settlement. There was a large stretch of country from Moose Jaw to Calgary which was not considered suitable for farming or settlement purposes, so the railroad claimed the privilege of selecting land in lieu of this section, and chose land in the Saskatchewan Valley.

When the irrigation project was first initiated, raw land in this block could be purchased for three to four and a half dollars an acre. Now, within the same radius, and tributary to this section, land is bringing ten to twenty-five dollars an acre, though not "under the ditch," which indicates a tremendous advance in land values.

In Mr. Dennis's office are maps and photographs of the work as it has progressed for years past; like Gaul of old the canal is divided into three parts, eastern, central and western. The main canal is 17 miles long, with 63 secondary canals aggregating 50 miles, and 800 miles of distributing canals, making an astonishing total of 967 miles of tributary waterways. Today there are 625,000 acres of irrigable land, tributary to the 480 miles of canals already constructed, so that this tract is looked upon as absolutely insured for crops for all time. The entire block extends 150 miles north and 140 miles east of Calgary, covering a prairie plateau. The soil is black loam, clay subsoil in the eastern blocks, every foot of the land assuring good crops constantly.

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The ultimate result will be that in colonizing this block, farmers will all want irrigation, for once the sense of security given by the possession of irrigated land has been known, that assurance as to crops and profit will be desired by all cultivators. Here we are with a few more bushels of facts:—Three years ago Southern Alberta shipped 82,000 bushels of wheat, and in 1907 it is estimated that the production will reach 4,000,000 bushels. These figures give a picture of the comprehensive and tremendous growth of the Calgary district.

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The next largest project to the canal now operating near Calgary is only 300,000 acres, which looks small compared with the 3,000,000 acres covered by the Canadian work. The land reclamation of the United States has included eighteen separate propositions, but in all they total less than 1,900,000 acres, while the largest single area is 250,000 acres. The immense Canadian project has cost $6,000,000, which has opened for farm homes the land in touch with the magic waters of the Bow River.

The mode of managing this irrigation project has eliminated that bugaboo litigation; for it has been grimly remarked that more money has been spent in the United States on irrigation litigation than on irrigation itself. Experts from all over the world have studied with much interest the operations in Calgary, and have concluded that in many respects the irrigation laws there are far ahead of the times. Secretary Wilson and other United States officers, who have looked into these matters have affirmed, in Bulletin No. 96, that the law is about as nearly perfect as anything of the kind ever

A ROUND-UP OF HORSES ON ELBOW RIVER, ALBERTA

WHEN THE SHEEP COME DOWN TO DRINK—A DITCH OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC IRRIGATION PROJECT—THE LARGEST ON THE CONTINENT enacted. There are three cardinal points in the regulation of the Canadian Irrigation that will commend themselves for consideration:

First: All water available is the absolute property of the Crown, with the suppression of the complicated law of common rights. Having taken possession, application must be made direct to the Crown or federal government for the water, showing where, when and how the water is desired, with the details of the farm. There is always a clear understanding of how much is to be charged for the water.

Second: The Crown or government, reserves a right in the canal. This is in contrast to the United States, where each state has its own irrigation laws, and where the rivers and water rights in various sections have been the occasion of expensive litigation.

Third: The government owning the rights has a care for the distribution of the total supply, and the capacity of the river is carefully computed. When the application is made for the water, the amount to be used is charged up and set against that particular bit of property, and water is given only under general and equitable regulations. This avoids any possibility of over record of the stream, or selling land as irrigable without the absolute assurance of a permanent water supply. The price of the supply of water is definitely fixed, and is not subject to variable laws of demand and supply. One cubit foot per second for 150 acres is the standard. The irrigation season is fixed in Canadian law, and is only during those months when the water is absolutely needed—May, June and October—at which times only can the water be used. With such laws as these, and the time for using and quantity of water to be consumed fixed, water supply becomes as definite a quantity as the soil itself.

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Non-irrigable lands have shown a wonderful productiveness in winter wheat and for the grazing of stock. The irrigable lands are devoted to all kinds of crops, and when desired are sold with non-irrigable lands, so as to afford an ideal farm, combining both arable and dry grazing lands. The non-irrigable lands are sold at twelve to fifteen dollars—one-quarter cash, and the balance payable in five equal instalments.

The irrigable lands carry with them a water right, with an annual rental of fifty cents an acre, to provide for operating and maintaining the canals. The purchaser has a direct title and guarantee of water for his irrigation every year in advance.

The irrigable land of the Canadian Colonization and Irrigation Company has a fixed value, and the only cost to the owners of the land is similar to that incurred by a householder when he connects with the water mains of the city; for the landholder merely runs out his conduit to the main canal and procures the water without further trouble.

In the years to come, this country will become one of the most populous sections of Canada, where thrifty, diversified farming, dairying and stock-raising can be carried on.

The question of buying land in the irrigated district is so emphatically a good business proposition that one cannot even glance at the literature which is published without being convinced that the Canadian Pacific Irrigation & Colonization Company have a most comprehensive knowledge of just how to settle the country permanently.

The reports of Dr. Mead, formerly of the Department of Agriculture in Washington D.C., are decidedly interesting. It is cheering to the farmers to know that the soil is just right, the supply of water ample, and the rights of the company secure; for upon these rights rest the water title of the owners of the soil.

Second only to the interest in their own irrigation project, is the interest felt by the people of Calgary in the Panama Canal, which they regard as the eventual outlet for the immense wheat crop of Alberta, Liverpool bound.

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The Canadian Pacific entered into the irrigation undertaking primarily to create permanent traffic. With an annual revenue already approximating $2,000,000 at Calgary, it can be realized that an additional 3,000,000 acres of land under cultivation would furnish an immense increase in traffic of all kinds. It has, therefore, never been the intention of the road to make any profit on the actual irrigation, but rather to make the canal profitable by the enhanced value of the land which they own.

DIGGING AN IRRIGATION CANAL IN ALBERTA

Irrigation brings the land up to its maximum yield every year. It has been proved that in such climates as Minnesota, for instance, the yield of hay is increased by irrigation in a ratio of from two to three, and the yield of corn is advanced from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels per acre. On sandy soil it has been known to increase potatoes from nine to fifteen bushels. So it is evident that there are few varieties of land which cannot be irrigated with profit.

In the Alberta Hotel, I met perhaps a dozen farmers, who had claimed an average of Alberta red wheat of from thirty-five to thirty-nine and a half bushels per acre, and in one instance—on the farm of Mr. J. P. McGurney—the average had been forty-three bushels. Now it does not require a skilled mathematician, even at the low price of fifty cents per bushel, to figure out that land at ten dollars and twelve dollars an acre, or even at twenty-five dollars an acre, is a very profitable investment with this yield in prospect.

As we drove along, one could already see the foundations of ideal farming communities. Clustering around these little homes would soon be schools, churches and all that can be desired for ideal home life. This district suggests the splendid success of the North Yakima valley, in the State of Washington. It does not require the eye of a prophet or the skill of a soothsayer to divine that this irrigated district will bound right on, to the topmost pinnacle of prosperity, for although irrigation is new just here, the principle itself is almost as old as Father Time. It has long been an established fact that there is no better plan for insuring the fruitfulness of land. Irrigation, since the time when the ancient Egyptians made such wonderful use of the Nile, has always been a sure way to crop success.

HOW CATTLE AND HORSES WINTER AT EDMONTON

THRESHING THE ROYAL WHEAT OF WESTERN CANADA

AT CALGARY ON THE BOW

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

THE train wheeled around, with a cowboy shriek, over the Elbow and Bow Rivers, and the brakeman called out, "Calgry," as if it were intended for a full stop. It is said there that when a ranch does not pay, it is called a "rawnch," and the "rawnchers" are generally men of the old country, scions of nobility, who have been sent out there and supported on regular stipends. They are known as "remittance men." Tuition fees have been charged for courses in cowboyship, farming and "rawnching." The cattle interests are being pushed on to more distant grazing grounds.

Here was a city substantially built from native stone—a city with an air of thrift that suggests solidity. It is surrounded by a red-hard-wheat-raising district, producing over thirty bushels per acre. Alfalfa is also prolific, and sugar beets are grown extensively, to say nothing of the $3,000,000 worth of live stock shipped from this district during the past year. Poultry, hogs, and all the other generalities of diversified farming are also important factors in making every acre hereabouts a source of good revenue.

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Through the busy streets of Calgary we rode in an automobile street car, the franchise of which is owned by the city. We crossed the Elbow River into the suburbs.

Mr. C. W. Rowley, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, called to my attention the exploits of the Alpine Club, which has made some remarkable ascents among the peaks of the Canadian Rockies which lie only a few hours to the west of Calgary. Every year a number of Swiss guides are brought over from Europe by the Canadian Pacific, to explore the peaks of the Rockies. They remain in Canada for the summer, and return to Switzerland for the winter. Even the beauties and wonders of the Alps bid fair to be surpassed by the wonderful mountains that fringe the plains of Alberta.

This city has a decidedly metropolitan air, whether its citizens are making conquest of mountains, or bowling in their automobiles over the prairies, or pushing municipal ownership of street railroads, water works and telephones. There is something go-ahead-quick in the very gait of the Calgary people.

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At the Alberta Hotel we met a ranchman—a pessimist—the only one encountered during the Canadian trip. The stockmen have lost heavily during the cold spring. Horses remain out all winter and provide themselves with food by "pawing," so that in the spring their hoofs are worn round by their search for fodder, and their coats of hair have grown long, as a protection from the cold. It is, however, sometimes difficult to winter cattle as successfully, for they do not "paw" so vigorously for food. Notwithstanding, the general success of cattle-raising in Calgary has long ago made this city one of the greatest stock-shipping points on the Canadian Pacific road.

Not far from the depot in Calgary, are the offices of the Canadian Colonization & Irrigation Company, and in an adjoining building Mr. J. S. Dennis takes charge of the famous Calgary Irrigation Block and the Land Department, in conjunction with kindred interests of the Canadian Pacific. Here the usual brief apology was offered for the chilliness of the weather, but it was not needed by anyone traveling from the States, as I hastened to inform Mr. Dennis. I soon discovered that if there is a man on earth who thoroughly understands the situation in Western Canada, and who looks every difficulty in the face only to remove it, his name is J. S. Dennis, of Calgary.

About fifteen years ago, Southern Alberta began to attract attention. This district was looked upon for many years as fit only for grazing land, though tradition states that Mr. Glen, "a forty-niner," came into the country before the opening of the railroad, and recorded that he "could not find hay enough to keep his horses alive, though he traversed the very district which now feeds millions of cattle on wild grass the year through. In the years of '96–'97, the springs were late and cold, and the cattlemen lost heavily and realized that something must be done to increase the fodder-crop.

As a pioneer surveyor and engineer, the subject of irrigation has had a vital interest for Mr. Dennis for many years, as a means of fortifying the crops on every farm. Mr. Dennis, in his thirty-five years' residence in the Canadian West, has collected much information concerning the water supply of the Bow River, and three great canal systems are now being constructed in that country; one at Lethbridge, one on the Bow, and the third at Red Deer—all in Alberta. The impetus given to irrigation by the memories of those early years of water famine has carried to a successful completion the largest irrigation system known to the world.

Americans are "trekking" to the Canadian Northwest, and a glance at the figures shows that forty-nine people went there in 1896, while an army of Americans, 150,000 strong, sought this Last West in 1906. It certainly cannot be said that the States farmer is moving for his health. There is but one reason—he is moving because he can sell his own land in the home country and multiply it ten times in area in Western Canada for the same price, while realizing an undreamed of profit. Here I saw the special car of the Luse Land Company, Limited, decorated with Canadian and United States flags, disembarking settlers who had traveled in comfort to the new home, under the care of this enterprising company.

INDIANS AT MORLEY

The onerous loan system, by which usurious rates of interest are charged, is kept in check. Every city has a branch of the different large banks of Canada, and the development of the great West is admirably augmented by the elastic system of banking. It is said that money flows naturally to those places where it is most required, and thus preserves the cohesiveness of the system of finance throughout the country. Better buildings are being erected, and modern farming machinery, which is looked upon as a luxury in many of the older farming communities of the East, as well as water plants and lighting companies, are all here regarded as necessary as public roads.

As I passed through Canada, I was beset with the desire to go into the poultry business, when I learned that nearly $400,000 worth of poultry and eggs were imported by the Calgary jobbers, and that the local market price is from twenty-five to fifty cents per dozen for eggs.

THE HOME OF A PROSPEROUS RANCHER IN ALBERTA

There still remains a quantity of government land subject to settlement under the Canadian homestead laws in Alberta. While most of the desirable holdings in proximity to the railroads have been taken, the construction of railroads in Canada goes on very rapidly, and it is always in the direction of the homesteads, so that in a few years almost any of the holdings will be accessible by rail.

* * *

One of the early ranchers, visiting in the hotel where we were stopping, told of how he came to the country many years ago, and decided to go on a ranch:

"No sooner was I on a 'raunch,' don't you know," said he, "than I decided that I must go astride of a good broncho. But," he shook his head, "that horse was a 'buster,' don't you know. No sooner was I astride than up he went, hooty-tooty, first on his front legs, hooty-tooty; and then on his hind legs, hooty-tooty; and then down, hooty-tooty; until, don't you know, I really didn't know whether I was a-foot or horseback, doncher know."

The narrative continued, interspersed with many "hooty-tooties," and it was not long before the word began to "catch on;" in a few minutes there was hardly anyone in the office who was not making use of the exclamation which had so tickled their fancy, and "hooty-tooty" was generally heard.

This is characteristic of the West. These new citizens on the wide prairies have no special reverence for English as a language, and do not regard it as a fixed and immutable means of expressing themselves, but are ever ready to add to it—or subtract, for that matter—on provocation. In time, "hooty-tooty" may come to apply—at least in that locality—to riding a bucking broncho.

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While in Calgary, I was impressed with the large number of handsome churches, and with the several flourishing newspapers. While at the Morning Herald office, late at

WAIST DEEP IN ALBERTA RED WHEAT

night, with Mr. J. J. Young, I persuaded him to go with me to play the pipe organ in the Methodist church. The edifice is handsomely lighted with electric lights under a dome-like ceiling, and here, a lone auditor, I listened to an organ recital, under the touch of a brother editor, which I shall never forget. From the "Pilgrim's' Chorus," to the "March of the Priests" in Athalia, he played on, and in grim defiance of the weather without, wound up with the rollicking refrain of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song."

This church seats over a thousand people, and is filled at both morning and evening Sunday services. The other churches in the city are equally well attended. Here again is a manifestation of the earnest character of the people.

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It was here I met a young Chinaman, a graduate of the McGill University in Montreal, who was on his way to Vancouver. He told me that he expected to practice law, later on, in China. This young man was a most interesting companion. He wore his hair cut short, and I understand that it is no longer a legal crime to discard the queue, and this mode of wearing the hair is now merely a custom to be followed at will. My almond-eyed companion was reading literature of deep draught, and was evidently a born student and was taking copious notes.

MARGARET MONTCRIEFFE

A STORY OF THE FIRST LOVE OF AARON BURR

By Fannie C. Griffing

THE tender and devoted affection that existed between Aaron Burr and the beautiful and unfortunate Theodosia, "sole daughter of his house and heart," might naturally create the impression that her mother, pretty "Dollie Prevost," among many fair women, was the one real love of his life.

Without doubt, the fascinating widow possessed the love of her brilliant and eccentric husband, and the fact that he never remarried during the lifetime of Theodosia, proves that she really had no successor, despite many romantic stories to the contrary.

Little is known of Margaret Moncrieffe, the beautiful and dashing young girl with the blue blood of old England in her veins, who was destined to win the first deep and passionate love of Burr's fiery young heart. History tells us of many of his escapades, of his romantic courtship of the lovely young widow who ultimately became his wife, and of their happy life at "Richmond Hill," but it is silent regarding Margaret Moncrieffe, who was really his first love, and whose power over him was so great that, at one time, he was strongly tempted, for her sake, to turn traitor to his country, and share the fate of Benedict Arnold. From the tattered pages of an old volume, accidently discovered in the corner of a dusty garret, belonging to an old, old house, I gleaned the story, and history confirms the facts narrated therein.

But for the fortunes of war, the beautiful girl, so passionately loved, might have ever remained the mistress of Burr's heart, and Theodosia never existed. And when one reflects on the sad lot of the devoted daughter; how she suffered through her idolized father, and her tragic fate; we cannot but think that perhaps it would have been better so!

From earliest youth, like an amorous bee, Burr had flitted from flower to flower, pouring into pretty ears vows of love that were forgotten as soon as made, and not until he met Margaret Moncrieffe did he experience the *grande passion*—a passion so strong that he wavered between its indulgence and duty to his country!

When Howe was finally driven from Boston, Washington, to guard New York stationed a strong force on Long Island, under the command of General Putnam. Burr at this time held the rank of lieutenant, and was devoted to Washington. The commander-in-chief, having much confidence in the ambitious and dashing young soldier, assigned him to the position of aide to the bluff and impulsive general.

Putnam's wife and daughter had joined him, and the family occupied a large and imposing dwelling known as the "Old Mansion."

Here Burr spent much of his time. Mrs. Putnam, good motherly soul, was overflowing with sympathy and kindness for the youthful soldier who had never known a mother's love; and Nell and Bettie, pretty, rosy-cheeked colonial maidens, regarded him with sisterly affection.

One morning, as Burr sat at breakfast with the family, a letter was handed General Putnam, which he proceeded to read aloud, with the help of his young aide (the doughty general was no scholar).

The epistle, which was from a British officer, a colonel under Howe, informed Putnam that in the hasty departure of the English army from Boston, his daughter, a young girl, had been unavoidably left behind, and was now at a farmhouse on Long Island. He implored Putnam, "as a father and generous foe," to take her under his protection until she should have an opportunity to return to England, or to re-join him.

"He would find her at the Andrew's farmhouse, on the Jamaica road, and to know that his only child was under the protection of 'Lady Putnam' and her daughters would lift a load of anxiety from a father's heart, and make him everlastingly Putnam's debtor." The letter was signed "Edward Moncrieffe."

"What d'ye think of it, Burr?" asked the burly general, when he had finally mastered the contents of the letter.

"It is natural that Colonel Moncrieffe feels anxious about his daughter," Burr replied. "He says she is at the Andrews' farm, and I am well acquainted with the place. I can easily take a squad of men and fetch her here; that is, if Mrs. Putnam is willing to receive her." and he looked inquiringly at that lady.

"Poor little lass!" the good woman exclaimed, "Of course you'll send for her, father! We will be glad to have her. Think of her being separated from her father, and alone among strangers!"

"Suppose she turns out to be a spy, and gives the whole garrison over to the Red Coats!" chuckled the general, as he rose from the table. "Go for the hussy, if you like, Aaron, and, mind you, tell her that if I catch her at any tricks, I'll hang her as high as Haman!"

Nell and Bettie were delighted at the prospect of a companion, and entered into a lively discussion with their mother regarding the arrangements to be made for the youthful stranger.

Burr selected a dozen men, and departed immediately on his mission. As he had said, he was well acquainted with the place and the people where he expected to find his fair charge, having spent much of his time there on various occasions, engaged in the pleasant pastime of making love to the young and pretty daughter of the house.

Arriving at the farmhouse a little before noon, he ordered the troopers to dismount and water their horses at the great trough near the entrance gate.

Entering the yard, he passed unseen to the rear of the house, and paused at the open door of a large old-fashioned kitchen. A pretty, flaxen-haired girl, in a blue dimity gown, was busy at a distant table, and, stealing noiselessly behind her, Burr threw his arm around her and kissed her round, rosy cheek.

With a startled scream, she turned quickly, her frightened face flooding with crimson, and her blue eyes with joy, as she recognized the intruder. "Oh! Aaron, I am so glad! What brought you here?"

"The fortunes of war, and a desire to see you," was his gallant reply.

"Oh! how you did frighten me!" she laughed, as, allowing him to kiss her rosy lips without protest, she gazed fondly at him.

Poor Pattie! She loved and trusted him; he was her hero, a god among men, while she, alas! was but one of many with him.

Mrs. Andrews, a stout dame, now entered the kitchen, and Burr, hurriedly explaining the purpose of his visit, inquired if Miss Moncrieffe was still with them.

"Oh, yes, Aaron!" exclaimed Pattie, with sparkling eyes. "She's down in the orchard now, practicing with her pistols!"

"Pistols!" exclaimed Burr. "Can she shoot? What a remarkable young lady!"

"'Beautiful' you had better say!" Pattie returned. "Oh, but she *is* handsome, and clever, too! She spends her time riding and shooting at a mark—there she goes again!" as a pistol shot sounded from the garden.

"I'll go and find her, as we must leave directly after dinner," remarked the young aide, as he stepped into the yard. "How old is she, Pattie?"

"Sixteen, she says!" laughed the girl. "But she acts and talks more like a woman of twenty-five; and I tell you, Aaron, she's a desperate shot!"

"So it seems," cried Burr, as another shot sounded from beyond the garden.

Passing through a large, shady backyard, and the vegetable garden, the young soldier paused at a rustic gate, overhung with honeysuckle, that led into the orchard.

From this coign of vantage, he perceived, a few paces distant, a young girl with a rounded and remarkably graceful figure, engaged in re-loading the weapon she had just discharged.

The "Lady of the Lake" had not then been written, or else the future statesman might have been tempted to exclaim·

"Ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad or a Grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face!"

As it was, he could only gaze, "and still the wonder grew," as, placing one lovely hand upon her hip, she stepped back a pace, and, lifting her right arm with a superb gesture, sent a ball squarely into the center of a card tacked to the trunk of a distant tree.

"Bravo! bravo! A splendid shot!" and Burr advanced, clapping his hands softly.

Wheeling quickly, with a startled air, the girl fixed upon him the wondering gaze of a pair of large, dark and fearless eyes.

"Miss Moncrieffe!" and Burr bowed profoundly, as only he could bow. "I am Lieutenant Burr of General Putnam's staff, and am the bearer of a letter from your father, Colonel Moncrieffe, which will explain my presence here."

He placed the letter in her hand, and while she opened and rapidly perused it, his eyes feasted themselves upon the loveliest face and form upon which they had ever rested, and which he was to see in his dreams in years to come—and only in dreams!

Rapidly the dark eyes of the young girl traveled down the irregularly scrawled and badly blotted pages of her father's letter, until they reached his signature. Then quickly they were lifted, beaming with joy, to the face of the waiting soldier.

"I'm delighted to meet you, Lieutenant Burr!" she exclaimed, in a voice clear and bold as that of a chaffinch, at the same time extending her hand with a charming gesture. "And more delighted still," she added, laughing, "at the prospect of again seeing a town! I've almost died of dullness here. So you have come to escort me to General Putnam's headquarters?" she continued, as Burr, bowing gracefully over her hand, expressed his delight at meeting her. "When do we start?"

"As soon as the troopers are rested, and you are ready," he replied, while his eyes dwelt with unconcealed admiration on the charming face and form before him.

"I'm always ready!" she laughed. "As soon as Selim is saddled, and I don my habit and buckle on my pistols, I'm ready to march! I'm a soldier's daughter, you know!"

Stooping, she lifted the pistol from the grass where she had dropped it, and walked to the kitchen door at his side, chatting easily the while, without a trace of embarrassment, every moment increasing Burr's surprise and admiration.

"So I'm to leave you at last, Pattie; or, rather, you are going to get rid of me!" Margaret exclaimed gaily, as the young girl advanced to meet them, smiling and blushing.

"I'm so sorry! I'll miss you so much!" stammered Pattie. "But I know you'll be glad to go; it's been dull for you here."

"Right sorry I'll be to leave *you*, dear Pattie!" smiled the English girl. "But how I long to see a town again!"

Pattie spoke sincerely. Her simple heart was filled with admiration and love for the beautiful young creature who had entered into her quiet life like some bright storm-driven bird from far-off shores, giving her glimpses of the great unknown world whose joys were forever beyond her ken. Her going would leave a void in Pattie's life and an ache in her heart. Even now, with the quick eyes of love, she saw those of her lover gazing as if fascinated at the beautiful, sparkling face of her young guest.

"I must haste and make ready for my journey," cried Margaret gaily. "Mrs. Andrews, will you have them saddle Selim? Lieutenant Burr wishes me to leave directly after dinner." Gathering her skirts in one hand, she ran into the hall and up the steep, narrow stairs, singing "Barbara Allen."

Burr's eyes followed the graceful figure until it had vanished, and then, turning, met the reproachful gaze of poor Pattie. Actually forgetful of her existence, so completely did Margaret Moncrieffe fill his thoughts, he turned, and, with an absent air, rejoined his men upon the piazza; and over Pattie swept a burning wave of jealousy and anger. Alas! she felt instinctively that the fair English girl had already replaced her in the heart of her fickle lover.

The gallant troopers gazed in open-mouthed wonder and admiration at the radiant and joyous young damsel who joined them at the noon-day meal, enchanting all by her friendly manners and brilliant wit. After the meal, she appeared on the piazza clad in a dark green, exquisitely-fitting habit and large velvet hat with drooping plumes, ready for the journey. "Selim," a magnificent hunter, his glossy flanks flashing in the sunshine like polished ebony, stood saddled and bridled at the door.

Placing a slender, arched foot in the hand of a waiting trooper, light as a bird to a bough, she sprang to her saddle. The mettlesome steed fretted and reared, but his mistress, firm as a rock in her saddle, controlled him without apparent effort, patting his arched neck and talking in soothing tones to the fiery creature. Waving an affectionate adieu to the silent and tearful Pattie, she gave the reins to Selim, and bounded down the dusty, winding road, followed by Burr and the troopers. Not more than twenty at this time, Burr, naturally refined and unusually well-educated, possessed a remarkably handsome face and figure. The stirring period in which he now lived had developed all that was romantic and sentimental in his nature. What wonder, then, that he so quickly fell under the spell of Margaret Moncrieffe, who, although but sixteen years of age, was as well-versed in worldly lore as a woman of thirty. Accustomed to the society, flattery and admiration of men from her earliest childhood, the bashful timidity natural in very young girls was entirely lacking in her. During Howe's occupancy of Boston, she had been the belle and toasted beauty in the social set composed of the English officers, their wives and daughters. Seldom, if ever, were two natures more perfectly congenial than those of the young English girl and Aaron Burr. A mutual attraction drew them irresistibly toward each other, and during that memorable ride of a few hours, they became more intimately acquainted than in months of ordinary social intercourse. To the end of his life, Burr never forgot the pleasure and delightful sensations he experienced during that ride with Margaret Moncrieffe through forest glades and along the dusty highway, while the attendant troopers considerately loitered in the rear.

Relief from suspense concerning her father, and joy at the prospect of again mingling in congenial society, acted like wine on the young girl's spirits. Although conscious of her beauty and power, it yet pleased her, at times, to affect a childlike innocence and naivette that was most captivating, and an added charm to a nature unusually fascinating.

Long ere they reached their destination, Burr was completely enthralled by the charms, physical and mental, of the lovely young creature who had so suddenly entered his life to play no unimportant part therein in the days that followed. And Margaret was equally fascinated by the young soldier; instinctively, she felt that this man, her equal in all things, would, while yielding her a worshipping devotion, still be master of himself and her.

The love of mature years may be deeper, stronger and more lasting, but it lacks the magic of *first love*, where we wander on enchanted ground, viewing life with inexperienced, unknowing eyes, and what we afterward regard with indifference is a sweet and thrilling mystery. These two natures, so eminently fitted for each other by birth, breeding and disposition, were already experiencing the first glow of what was to prove the master passion of each life — a love strengthened by difficulties, and akin to the *grande passions* of which the world sometimes hears and immortalizes in song and story.

The fact of her being the daughter of the enemy of his country, and sharing her father's sentiments as she did, caused Burr to always maintain an extreme reticence in regard to his love for Margaret Moncrieffe. Possibly it was the same with her, and hence the reason of so little being known of that blissful period in the life of each.

At the portals of the "Old Mansion," good Mrs. Putnam and her daughters welcomed the young stranger with sincere and simple kindness, while the great bulk of the burly general shook with delighted chuckles as he again repeated his warning in regard to spies and the fate of Haman!

Accustomed to the reading of character at a glance, and adapting herself to every situation, Margaret, with infinite tact, instantly found the most vulnerable spot in Mrs. Putnam's motherly heart, by the words: "My mother is dead!" Then to the girls: "How I envy you! You have what I never had—a home and mother!" and she wiped away a tear, perhaps sincerely.

"You poor little lass!" and the good woman put her arms around the weary girl, while Nell and Bettie, overcome with sympathy and admiration, fell upon her and almost bore her bodily from the room, to lavish upon her every attention, care and kindness their loving hearts could suggest.

"Take care of your heart, Aaron!" the jolly general chuckled, as the girls left the room, "Or the little wench may turn your head and run you over to the Red Coats!"

"Now, Pa, for shame! The lass is but a child!" rebuked his good dame severely, while, to cover his confusion, Burr hastily left the room.

Thus it was that Margaret Moncrieffe became a member of General Putnam's family; and such is the influence of a personality such as she possessed that, young as she was, she soon became the central figure about which the others revolved. Mrs. Putnam was "My Lady," (she reminded her *so* much of dear Lady Chesterfield!); the general was "Grandpa;" and the two girls "Cousins Nell and Bettie."

Playfully and tactfully she discussed the war with the doughty old warrior; housekeeping matters and gossip with his spouse; dress, fashions and beaux with the delighted girls. Brilliant, witty, tactful and most entertaining, she kept the entire family charmed and amused.

With every day, Burr's love and admiration for the girl increased, and with his love was mingled wonder that *he* should have won the love of such a wonderfully fascinating and beautiful creature—or was she only playing with him, for some secret end? Perhaps, among her many admirers, there was a lover—and at the thought his heart, a-flame with adoring passion, would contract with jealous rage.

They guarded their secret well. Margaret, at least, never betrayed herself by word or glance. Burr was less successful; but that *he* should admire her was only natural to the simple Putnams.

Across the wide hall of the "Old Mansion," and opposite the parlor, was a small room, half library, half office, and here it was that Putnam transacted business, received reports, etc., and here Burr often sat, writing or conferring with the burly general. Thither Margaret often found her way, having stolen away from her unsuspecting companions, on the plea of writing to her father. The moment the young people were alone, pen and paper were laid aside, and, stealing behind his chair, she would clasp her arms about his neck, and in sweet converse the moments would pass, until the sound of an approaching step would send her flying back to her seat.

Early hours were the rule in the Putnam household, ten o'clock being the limit allowed the girls for remaining in the parlor. At nine o'clock, if there were no guests, Dame Putnam would roll up her knitting, and the general would knock the ashes from his pipe. By ten, all lights were out; darkness and silence reigned in the "Old Mansion." Laughingly, Margaret would bid her hosts "good night," and follow Nell and Bettie to their chamber. After a few minutes of girlish chatter, she would give each a good-night kiss and, tripping into her adjoining chamber, *close the door*. Removing her shoes and donning a wrapper, she would extinguish her candle, and, lying down, wait quietly until the deep, regular breathing of the two girls assured her of their slumbers. Then, rising, she would steal noiselessly as a spirit down the stairs and enter the "office" by an inner door opening into the dining room. Here, as she knew, Burr awaited her, and, seated on an old horse-hair sofa, in the window recess, the young lovers passed moments of happiness the sweetness of which lingered long in the memory of each in after years.

With every interview, Burr's love and admiration increased, heart and mind alike paying tribute to the beauty, intelligence and infinite tact of the fair young Circe; and during these stolen moments, by every art in her power, and with all the persuasive eloquence of a woman in love, the girl strove to win her lover to the English side. They could never hope to be united as long as he remained the enemy of her country, she reminded him.

She ridiculed the idea that a handful of raw patriots could succeed in throwing off the yoke of England and freeing the colonies. Washington was a fanatic; how could he cope with the trained armies of the English king! It was true that Howe had yielded up Boston, but—she whispered—he would return ere long strongly reinforced. When this occurred, *he* must join the English, and she would see to it that he gained as his reward: wealth, a title from the king, and—herself!

Never, perhaps, was a man more tempted by his ruling passions—love and ambition—but Burr was really attached to Washington, and not yet ready to turn traitor, although sorely tempted, often on the point of yielding, through fear of losing the lovely young Delilah. She was too wise, however, to press him for a decision; content that the seed she had dropped would bear fruit in future.

The Misses Putnam suddenly became very popular; Burr found himself besieged with requests for introductions to them and their lovely guest. Nightly the parlor of the "Old Mansion" was filled with a throng of young officers, and the tinkling notes of the old spinnet gained new life and force under the skillful fingers of the English girl. Nell and Bettie were perfectly aware that their lovely guest, and not themselves, was the attraction that drew thither so many young swains, but the fact caused no jealousy in their kindly hearts.

Among the young men who nightly thronged the Putnam parlor were two British officers on parole, who were awaiting an exchange of prisoners. The elder of the two, Major Pittman, was a tall, handsome man of forty, with a scowling brow and fierce, dark eyes. He was a man of violent temper, with all the haughty insolence that characterized the British officers of that period. Lucky it was for him, that he had fallen into the hands of jolly, easy-going Putnam, or he might have fared quite differently. The other, Sydney Carleton, was a young lieutenant, the younger son of Lord Carleton, with a refined, delicate face and slender figure. Having been slightly wounded, he carried his arm in a sling and possessed a romantic and sentimental nature. Naturally, the two were devoted to their lovely young countrywoman, to the jealous disgust of Burr, who, when they monopolized his idol, sullenly retired to the "office," refusing to enter the parlor as long as they remained.

In her simple, close-fitting gown of some thin black material, the square-cut neck and elbow sleeves revealing the dazzling whiteness of her neck and arms, the exquisite face of the young girl gleamed from under her glossy curls like a star amid drifting clouds. While Bettie's fingers tinkled over the spinnet, and Nell's fresh young voice was lifted in some simple ballad, a rapid, low-voiced conversation would pass between Margaret and the two Englishmen, in which the names of "Howe," "Cornwallis" and "Clinton" would frequently occur. Pittman gazed upon the young girl with bold and insolent admiration, from which she shrank, while Sydney Carleton hung upon her every word, his melancholy gray eyes fixed adoringly upon her face.

One morning Margaret entered the office, and, finding Burr alone, seated herself opposite him at the green-covered table, announcing that she intended writing to her father. As she drew paper in front of her, and dipped her pen in the ink, heavy footsteps sounded without, and General Putnam entered with something like a scowl upon his broad, good-natured face.

"Look here, Burr!" he exclaimed, throwing an open note upon the table before the young aide, "I've always suspected that d—d Corbin of being a Tory, and a spy as well, and here's a note saying he'll bear watching! Do you send a man there tonight, with orders to keep his eyes and ears open. If I catch the d—d rascal up to any mischief, by the Eternal, I'll hang him as high as Haman!"

"Who do you suppose sent it?" inquired Burr, seeing that the note was unsigned.

"Some friend of ours, I guess. Send Deering to Corbin's place tonight, and tell him to pretend to be drunk, and to watch Corbin and his gang closely!"

"All right, general. I'll see to it as soon as I finish this report," Burr replied, as he threw the scrap of paper again upon the table and dipped his pen in the ink.

Margaret had not raised her eyes, nor ceased her writing; but the moment the burly general left the room, she rose from her seat, and, coming around behind Burr, she leaned over his shoulder, her arm around his neck.

"Do you suppose we can persuade the general to let us have the ball the girls are so anxious about?" she asked, leaning her cheek against his, while her eyes quickly scanned the open note before her.

"I expect so; he is very good-natured," Burr replied, as, passing his arm around her, he gazed fondly into the beautiful face he loved so well.

Presently, Margaret returned to her seat, and, placing a sheet of paper over her unfinished letter, wrote rapidly: "I don't know who Corbin is, but if he is a friend of *ours*, warn him to be on his guard. A party is going to his place tonight as a spy." Slipping the paper into her pocket, she finished her letter and soon left the room. Sydney Carleton called that night, and hung over the girl, as she sat at the spinnet, with adoring eyes, whispering a thousand compliments. When he finally departed, she accompanied him to the parlor door, slipped her hand into her pocket, and the note into his hand, unseen.

So when stout Sergeant Deering made his report, next day, it was that he'd seen and heard nothing suspicious at Corbin's. Unconscious of the fact that Howe was really returning with heavy reinforcements, Putnam at last gave his consent that his daughters give a ball in honor of their lovely guest. The next Wednesday night saw the great double parlors of the "Old Mansion" brilliantly illuminated and thronged with fair women and brave men. Nell and Bettie were fresh and charming in their simple toilets, but Margaret shone like a star, the center of attraction wherever she moved. Robed in purest white, her only ornament a string of pearls around her snowy neck, her glossy, curling hair framing her lovely, flushed face, she was ever the center of an admiring group, among whom were Sydney Carleton and Aaron Burr.

The two young officers, each representing a different country, glared at each other darkly. More than ever, Burr felt tempted to yield to the wishes of Margaret, when he thought of losing such a radiant creature. What were the Colonies to him, anyway? Pittman had not yet appeared, and presently General Putnam, in full uniform, approached the group surrounding Margaret.

"Oh, General!" she cried, catching sight of him, "I've been impatiently waiting for you! You must give me one gavotte!"

"You impudent little hussy! How dare you make sport of me! I'm a good mind to clap you in prison!" and the burly old soldier chuckled until his face was crimson.

"The idea of my making sport of you!" cried the laughing girl. "I was never more in earnest in my life! Come, general, one gavotte!"

Putnam shook his head. "My dancing days are long over, little wench! There are plenty young gallants here with nimble legs, glad and willing to spin you around! Here, Burr, dance with this lassie for me!"

Burr gladly and gallantly obeyed, and at the conclusion of the dance led his partner to a window somewhat apart from the crowd. At that moment, Pittman appeared, elbowing his way through the throng, and, catching sight of Margaret, hurried to her side and coolly seated himself. His dark eyes under their heavy brows gleamed with an exultant light, and, bending toward her, he whispered a few words in Margaret's ear. She grew deadly pale, uttered a slight sound, and bent her head until her drifting curls concealed her face. "Lieutenant Burr!" she whispered faintly, "Please fetch me a glass of water; I feel as if I should faint!"

Burr gazed at her keenly, with jealous, suspicious eyes; but she was really pale, and the fan in her hand trembled. Rising quickly, he hastened toward the dining room, and Margaret turned instantly to Pittman.

"What is it you say?" she demanded, sharply. "Has Howe really returned? How do you know?"

"Corbin got the news tonight from a spy," coolly returned the major. "The troops are already on the island, and, do you know, old Putnam has never even remembered to guard the passes! The roads are all open, and our troops are now approaching from three different directions!"

"Heavens!" gasped Margaret, "When will they get here?"

"Some time tomorrow. Carleton and myself will escape tonight, and meet the advancing troops. You had best go with us!"

"I!" she cried, in astonishment. "Why should I go? The Putnams are my friends."

Pittman grinned in evident amusement. "What will they say when they find out about the information you have sent Howe through Corbin? You know the general's threatened to hang you high as Haman!"

"Oh!" she gasped, "I had forgotten!"

"Don't worry. We can easily slip away after the ball is over," continued Pittman. "I've a boat concealed down the river, and we can easily get away. Carleton and myself will meet you at the corner of the street as soon as the guests have gone. Better get away while you can. We'll take you to your father; he is with Howe. I'll go tell Sydney now!"

"They've been so kind to me!" murmured the girl regretfully. "How I hate to leave them this way! I wish I'd never meddled!"

"Can't be helped now; and better save yourself while you can! Here comes Burr!"

Margaret started and grew paler than ever. In the excitement of the moment, she had entirely forgotten her lover. Had the time come for them to part?

Burr now approached her, bearing a glass of wine instead of the water she had requested. He looked anxiously at her, as she swallowed it, noting with alarm that she was paler than ever. Pittman rose, and, with a significant gesture, departed in search of Carleton. Draining the tiny glass, Margaret also rose, and, taking her companion's arm, drew him from the room into the wide hall, and on until they reached the portico in front of the house.

The August moon rode high in the heavens, flooding the city with silver radiance, but the white-pillared portico of the "Old Mansion" was in deepest shadow. Into a recess at the farthest end the girl drew her lover, and in quick, excited tones informed him that Howe had landed ten thousand men on the island, who were even now on their way to attack the fatally unguarded garrison. She must leave at once, to meet and join her father, and he, her lover, must now decide between accompanying her, or remaining with the doomed garrison. Not a word did she say concerning her duplicity, or that on the strength of the information she had furnished him, Howe had decided to surprise and attack the garrison.

Burr was rent by conflicting emotions. Honor, duty, love of country bade him stay and hasten at once to Putnam. Ambition, vanity, and love of the beautiful tempter urged him to go. In an agony of indecision, he buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. "Oh, Margaret, Margaret! Do not tempt me!" burst at last from his quivering lips, and there was silence for a few moments.

Margaret thought quickly. She must use strategy, and lure him on, until too late to turn back.

"I must leave tonight. Pittman and Sydney will escort me until we meet my father," she presently said, as calmly as possible. "Pittman has a boat, and we will go down the river. Meet me here some time after midnight, and accompany me to the street corner, will you not?"

Burr stiffened at once. "Certainly I will; but why go with them?"

"Oh, I must! I must!" she cried, impatiently. "I could not bear— But let us return to the parlor before we are missed!" she broke off, suddenly drawing him toward the door.

The moon floated just above the horizon, and the streets were in blackest shadow, when, some hours later, a slender figure slipped from the door of the now dark and silent Putnam mansion. Another figure, also slender, emerging from behind a pillar, joined the first, and together they descended the steps and swiftly traversed the silent and deserted street. At the first corner, the two Englishmen joined them; Burr hesitated a moment, but Margaret held fast to his arm, and he suffered her to draw him on toward the river. Under the drooping branches of a large tree, all four at length paused, and Pittman spoke:

"The boat is secured among those bushes; I'll go down and get it."

The cool breeze blowing across the water aroused Burr from the torpor caused by intense emotion, and the agony of indecision that possessed him. Pittman and Carleton hurried toward the boat, leaving him and Margaret alone under the tree. A ray of light from the sinking moon penetrated the drooping branches above them, revealing to his agonizing gaze the beautiful face and starry eyes of the girl who had bewitched him.

Seizing her hands, he drew her toward him, and the next moment his arms were around her, while her's encircled his neck. "Margaret! Margaret!" he groaned in agony, "How can I let you go?"

"We must not part!" she whispered, in return. "I could not bear it! You must go with us! My father is with Howe, and he will gain for you his favor and that of the king!"

Burr kissed the beautiful, pleading lips, and, as he raised his head, from the distant town came the quick roll of a drum, sounding an alarm. Pittman, who was struggling with the coils of wet rope that secured the boat, uttered a furious oath, and whipping out his sword, began hacking and sawing madly at the unyielding cord, while Carlton rushed to the boat, threw in the oars, sprang in himself, and shouted:

"Margaret! Margaret! Come on quickly!"

Seizing her lover's unresisting arm, the girl drew him toward the boat. In the distance could be heard the sound of shouts and running feet.

"Come on! Come on! Make haste!" again cried Carleton, and, springing to the bow of the boat, he seized Margaret by the hand and drew her forcibly to a seat beside him, the frail craft rocking perilously from side to side.

Giving vent to a torrent of angry oaths, Pittman still hacked madly at the rope, and when at length it parted, half frantic with fear, he leaped forward, colliding with Burr, almost knocking him down. The next moment he was in the boat, the impetus of his flying leap causing it to glide several yards from the shore.

"Stop!" screamed Margaret. "Stop the boat! He is going with us!"

Carleton shook his head, silently pointing to the shore, where a confused mass of men could be seen running toward the river. Then he and Pittman bent to the oars, and the boat shot over the water.

Burr stood like a statue, gazing after the vanishing boat, until he was clapped on the shoulder and found himself facing Captain Burton and a dozen men.

"Hello, Burr!" the captain shouted. "Did the d—d rascals get away? They have broken their parole and skipped out! Did you chase 'em down here? Oh! I see the boat! Fire, boys; fire! Sink 'em if you can!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Burr, in agony. "Don't fire! There's a woman with them!"

His voice was drowned in a volley of shots that rang out over the water, and the sound of a woman's scream came faintly to his ears.

"My God! You've killed her!" he gasped.

"Who—what?" demanded the astonished captain. "Who was with them?"

"Miss Moncrieffe!" groaned Burr, seeing that concealment was useless. "You may have killed her!"

"Not the beautiful English girl who was staying at Putnam's?" exclaimed Burton. "Stop!" to his men, who were preparing to fire again, "Let 'em go! One of my men overheard the fellows planning their escape," he continued, turning to Burr, "and from what they said, he thinks that the British have landed on the island. Can't be true, though!"

"It is true, I am afraid!" groaned the miserable young aide. "Let us go to the general at once and alarm the garrison!"

"Great Cæsar!" ejaculated Burton in dismay, and calling to his men, they hastened back to arouse the sleeping garrison, but, alas, too late!

History tells us how General Putnam either neglected, forgot or disobeyed the orders of Washington, and how the American army was almost annihilated by the British on that fatal occasion, and was only saved by the unfailing genius of the great commander-in-chief.

Burr never saw Margaret Moncrieffe again, and it is doubtful if he ever knew the extent of her treachery while being so kindly protected by the Putnams. She was too wise to confide in him! Years afterward, when vice president of the United States, Burr chanced to overhear a few words of a conversation between two young attachés, at a reception:

"Lady Carleton?" It was the English attaché who spoke. "Oh yes; saw her in London the other day. She's more beautiful than ever, since her husband came in for the title, and she became 'My Lady'!"

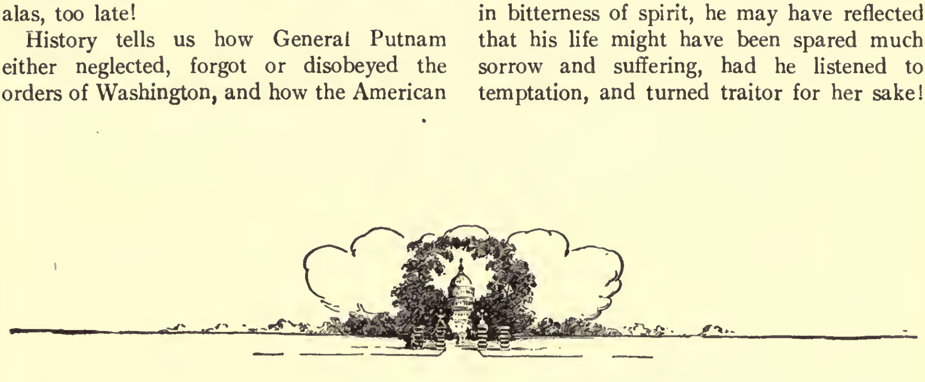
"She was the daughter of General Moncrieffe, was she not?" asked the other.

"Oh, yes. She was in this country once, I think, ages ago, when a very young girl. She asked me a lot of questions when she found I was coming over."

Burr shrugged his shoulders and passed on.

* * *

In his lonely old age, while brooding in lonely solitude in his narrow chamber, or while gazing day after day in silent agony over the treacherous, mocking waves of the ocean that alone knew the secret of his daughter's fate, how often perhaps, did his thoughts drift backward, past wife, child, all his brilliant career, and linger in tender recollection around the lovely, radiant young creature who won the first passionate adoration of his youthful heart? And who knows but that in bitterness of spirit, he may have reflected that his life might have been spared much sorrow and suffering, had he listened to temptation, and turned traitor for her sake!



PRAYER OF CRUCIFIED SOULS

By Edward Wilbur Mason

DEAR Christ who in the garden dark
  Drank deep the bitter cup of grief—
Thou who hung on the Rood all stark,
  Dead between a thief and a thief:
  Pity the creatures frail and brief
Down in the depths of sin and loss;
  Answer each soul that asks relief,
For every life hangs on a cross!

Ah, pity him that begs a crust;
  Pity the harlot burned with fire;
Pity the burdened king august,
  And sad bard drooping o'er the lyre.
  Pity the spirits that aspire—
All in the wind of fate they toss,
  All on the bed of pain suspire,
For every life hangs on a cross!

Pity the builders on the sand—
  Little the strength of time we know:
Our joy is swept far out from land,
  And Love our dream is swift to go.
  Yea, all our toys are broken so,
Yea, all our gold is changed to dross:
  O Man who triumphed, ease our woe—
For every life hangs on a cross!

THE TWO MISSES HUNT

By Celia Myrover Robinson

"MY DEAR BOB:—

I send you a letter of introduction to my cousin, Lucie Hunt. She will stop at the Fifth Avenue Hotel for a few days with a friend, before going on to Washington. Be sure to call on her immediately, as she bears you many messages from me.

Yours with love,

BARBARA HUNT."

Allison read the words aloud, smiling a little, and then glanced at Miss Hunt, who was gazing thoughtfully at the gossipy little fire in the open grate.

What a lovely, graceful vision she was! It seemed to Allison that he had never met any other woman who so thoroughly satisfied the demands of his artistic temperament; her beauty was of such an unusual order, and somehow she never offended his decidedly critical taste in any way. She was the most delightful of companions; she was bright, but not brilliant — brilliant women always bored him; she could be serious, but not too grave; flippant at times, but never silly. Altogether she seemed to fit into his moods, it mattered not how variable they might be, and he had never — under any circumstances — found her tiresome, since the introduction by letter, more than a fortnight ago.

"Do you know," he said, "I am going to keep this note as a souvenir of the pleasantest chance acquaintance of my life."

She glanced at him with a little mocking smile. "I haven't any small change," she said.

Allison laughed.

"Oh, that's gratis; don't thank me. You are entirely welcome."

"When I go to Washington —," began Miss Hunt —

"Oh, don't let's talk of that," interrupted Allison. Let's enjoy our roses while we may, and defer the evil day as long as possible."

"But we have almost reached the evil day," she said; "I shall leave New York for Washington, tomorrow."

"No!" cried Allison.

"Yes!" laughing at his consternation.

Allison folded the note and put it carefully into his pocket. He did not speak for some minutes; Miss Hunt was watching him closely. He felt her glance and looked up, flushing a little.

"I — I am awfully sorry you are going away," he began; "our acquaintance has been a delightful one — that is, to me. I —"

He was speaking haltingly, and he stopped and looked at her, rather helplessly.

She smiled.

"It has been pleasant for me, also, but then I knew I should like you. Barbara told me how nice you were."

This candid avowal made Allison stare. But she was always saying unexpected things! She was so different from other women!

"I was not duly prepared, you know," he replied, "and so, to me, it was all a delightful surprise; Barbara did not tell me how charming *you* were; it remained for me to find that out for myself."

"You should not pay me such delicious compliments in the glare of the lamplight," said Miss Hunt, "I feel myself blushing, and blushes are unbecoming."

"Not to you." returned Allison.

She put out her hand in laughing protest. "Don't," she said —"leave something to my imagination!"

"Your imagination is not vivid enough to reveal to you the depths of misery I shall experience after your departure."

"But Barbara will be home so soon, and you will forget me immediately."

"No, I shall not forget you," Allison said slowly.

"Have you heard from Beyreuth lately?" she asked.

"I had a letter from Barbara this morning. I must confess that I cannot understand her."

"Why?"

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"Have you heard from Beyreuth lately?" she asked.

"I had a letter from Barbara this morning. I must confess that I cannot understand her."

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing, her letters are so unsatisfactory—mere notes; says she is pegging away so hard at her music that she has no time for long epistles. Her letters are certainly indifferent and — I cannot comprehend her, but 'who is't can read a woman?' Especially a new woman. I must admit that she is an enigma to me."

"But if she is busy?"

"It does not seem to me that a woman should ever be so busy as to slight the man to whom she is engaged."

The last word came out with a little jerk. He looked covertly at Miss Hunt, but she was still smiling dreamily at the dancing flames. Apparently, his words had not made any impression on her.

Then she had known all along! He gave a sigh of relief.

Presently she spoke:

"Do you think you are quite fair to her?" she queried.

"Do you think she is quite fair to me?" returned Allison.

"No, I don't think she is," replied Miss Hunt with a little inscrutable smile, "but she is devoted to her music; she has accomplished much in Beyreuth during the last five years, and if a man loves a woman, he should trust her a little; he should take some things for granted. Barbara does love you, I know —"

"It is hard to believe," interposed Allison.

"Perhaps," she went on slowly, " it is difficult for you to believe in her because your own love is not sincere."

"The words were like a thunder-clap to Allison. He started; then he leaned forward and said, in a slow, intense way, which she knew betokened strong control over emotions that were fighting for expression:

"And if that be true, is it altogether my fault? Is it a strange thing that a man's love should die when it has been treated with the indifference that mine has received? When the woman he has loved—and Heaven knows I loved her once—cares so little for him that she can remain satisfied for years with seas between them, is it any wonder that a man is disappointed? When she has given as her reason, at first, that she will not burden him while he is poor; that they must both work and wait, and when he has slaved and slaved—always thinking of her and trying not only to win success, but to live the life that she would have him live; holding always her memory as the strongest incentive to spur him on to endeavor; then when success is his, when he has won all, and more than he had ever dared to hope for—to be told that he must wait yet a little while longer! I am weary of waiting and I am worn out with it all."

Miss Hunt was silent and her face was a little pale. Allison waited a moment for her to speak, but she did not, so he went on: "No man could have been truer than I have been; there was never a moment or a thought that did not belong to her until—until—you came—Lucie."

His voice had dropped to a husky whisper; he had lost his self-control and leaned forward with a pleading gesture:

"Lucie!" he said, "Lucie!"

That was all, but there was such anguish in the tones that she felt her eyes fill with tears.

"Lucie," he said, "I love you. If I thought she cared, I would not wrong her by the slightest act. But, what is the use of keeping up the farce? I loved her; no man ever loved more truly, but her indifference has killed it. I cannot help it. I—"

"But if you loved her so, how can you love me? Can a man—love—in that way—more than once?"

"I do not know—I do not understand," said Allison, "but my heart went out to you from the first. It seeemd to me that I had always known you; that there had never been a moment in my life when I had not loved you. If she cared—"

"But she *does* care," she said. "You cannot know how *much* she cares."

She paused, and when she turned and faced Allison, he saw that there were traces of tears on her face. "She told me," she went on slowly, "that it was you who were indifferent. She loves you; oh, you do not know how much she loves you! But at first she was afraid of ruining your career. She knew you were sure to win to the very top if you were only unhandicapped. And then when success came, she heard that the world was bowing down to you; that you were being made much of by the great ones of the earth. And then she heard that you loved another woman. She remembered how many years it had been since you had met; she remembered how young you both were when she had given you her promise, and she was afraid it was only your sense of honor that led you to urge her to marry you. And that is why she would not let you go to her; why her letters were indifferent; why—". She ended with a little sob.

Allison held out his hand. "Thank you," he said, "you are a good friend."

They stood in silence for some moments; then Allison spoke:

"Miss Hunt, I do not know what defense to make to you. When I spoke as I did, of my love for you, I could not help it—that is all; my love swept all discretion aside. But I love you still. I must tell you; I must feel that you know it."

She stood with down-bent head.

"Lucie;" he went nearer and took her unresisting hand in his. "I have no right to ask it, but Lucie, if you could give me a crumb of comfort?"

"I love you," she said. The words were so low that he could just catch them. Allison's face went white; he bent and touched her hand reverently with his lips. As he did so, his glance caught the glitter of a diamond. He started. "Lucie," he began, his gaze still fixed on the ring, and Lucie said quietly:

"Yes, I too, am engaged."

"But I have never noticed—"

"I—I believe I used to hide it from you," she said, guiltily.

"Then you—"

"I love you," she said again. She heard something like a moan and turned away from the agony of his face.

"Can you forgive me?" he asked, after a while. "I did not know. What can I do?" He looked to her for help but she made no response.

"Can you forgive me?"

"Yes," she said slowly.

She was standing, leaning against the mantel with averted face.

Allison longed to take her in his arms, but another face—a trusting, child-face—looked at him from out the past and made him strong.

"If Barbara loves me there is only the one thing to be done."

"Yes," she said, with face still hidden.

"Good-bye, little girl."

"Good-bye."

He held her hand for a moment, and then walked slowly to the door, but as he reached it, she made a step forward and held out her hand with an entreating gesture.

"Mr. Allison!"

Allison turned, but did not move toward her.

"Bob!" There was pleading in her voice. "Don't leave me so."

Allison was fighting the hardest battle of his life.

"Barbara!" was all he said.

"I know, but think of me. Am I not to be considered?"

"Oh, Lucie, don't make it so hard for me!"

She turned away with a little gesture of reproach.

"You do not love me, or you could not leave me so easily," she said.

"I love you. Heaven forgive me!" said Allison, passionately. "But you would not, oh, my dear, you *could* not wish me to prove false to *her*—your friend, who believes in me—and in you?"

"But if she loves you, I love you, too," said the girl, looking at him steadily.

"When I spoke to you as I did tonight, I wronged her and you," said Allison.

He spoke in a dull, slow way, feeling as if everything were slipping away from him. Mingled with an intense, passionate gladness at Lucie's avowal of her love, was a feeling of disappointment in her, almost as keen.

"I can only crave forgiveness and hope, even though the thought is death to me, that we may both forget soon. Forgive me, oh my dear, my dear," he said, and bent his head and touched her fingers again with his lips.

But she buried her head on his shoulder, sobbing out:

"Oh, Bob! Don't you even *know* me?"

Allison pushed her gently back and looked into her tear-wet eyes, a light slowly dawning on his face.

* * *

"I don't believe I shall ever quite forgive you," said Allison, but she laughed in his face and he bent and kissed the little dimple in her cheek. How he had longed for that privilege in weeks past!

"I don't know what Spirit of Darkness possessed me to do it," said she, "but Lucie and I were such chums, and we used to talk things over together, and then, just for a joke I sent you that picture. Lucie had just had it taken when your letter came, begging for mine. I intended to tell you later, but you were so sure it was mine that I just let things go on, and then I began to hear rumors of your fame and then later that you were engaged to Miss Terhune."

"Those confounded newspapers—" interpolated Allison.

"And so, during those last three years, I put you off, and I did not let you know about the picture, and I did not know what to do, but I was so jealous of that Miss Terhune—"

"Oh, Barbara!"

"Yes, I was. And then when there was no excuse for me to stay in Beyreuth any longer, unless I intended to stay forever, your letter came, pleading with me to let you come for me. I did not feel as though I could. I was afraid to meet you because I thought you did not really care and I thought if you had even forgotten how I looked—"

"But, Barbara, think how long it had been and you never would—"

"Oh, I know! The old grievance! But I detest people who are always posing for pictures and besides—to tell you the truth, Bob—I was *afraid*. You had idealized me so in the picture you painted during those first, dear old days. I used to think of that picture every time I had my photo taken, for I did have some, but they were all *so* hideous! really, they were. That lovely, idealized face used to rise before me, and I did not have the courage to send you one. I was so afraid you would be disappointed. Then after Lucie came over to join me. I discovered that she was really something like me when I was her age. She used to remind me so much of the picture you painted. And so, one day, in a spirit of fun, we sent the picture, when you became so importunate that it was necessary to send you one of *some* sort. And it was there that all the mischief began. You took our joke seriously, and I believe I was a little hurt to think that you did not even *know* me. One day I said to Lucie:

"I am going home and make him fall in love with *me*—the *real* me. Not the memory of the little, undeveloped child that he now loves."

"From that chance remark, my plot grew and thickened. I used to lie awake at night and think of it. I was jealous of Lucie; jealous of Miss Terhune; of those people who were making much of you, while I seemed to have no part in your fame; jealous even of my old self. And so I wrote you that letter of introduction—to myself, and followed it on the next steamer. And then when I came and found that still you did not know me and that you were falling in love with me—the real me—I determined to test you; And I want to tell you—" she laid her hands on his shoulders with her eyes brimming, "I want to tell you that you are the dearest, best boy in all the wide world!"

* * *

Allison was putting on his top-coat. "But those letters?" he said suddenly.

Barbara laughed. "Those letters were the bane of our existence. But I wrote a stack of them and left them with Lucie, and when your letters arrived, she sent you one of mine in answer, and forwarded yours to me. Didn't you notice those letters were never dated?"

"I noticed nothing except that they were remarkably indifferent, and decidedly brief."

"And are you sure that you love me, and not Lucie?"

"I love Lucie too, for giving me my wife. You were fast drifting away from me, little girl. If she hadn't aroused your jealousy, I dare say you would be married by this time to some beer-drinking, German student. We must invite your double to our wedding next month.

"Who said I would marry you next month?" demanded Barbara.

But she did.

THE COERCION OF MYNHEER VAN HOESEN

By Henry H. Day

I tell you, it is useless to argue, Anneke. I will never agree to it."

"And I tell you, that if you do not agree to it I will never marry you."

"But you have already told me that you care for no other man but me."

"That is true, but I will marry no man, no matter how much I may care for him, who will not agree to have the word 'obey' left out of the marriage service."

"Very well. We shall see. I shall speak to your father tonight, and perhaps, when I have his consent, you will be more reasonable."

"*When* you have his consent? I have told you twice that I have all I can do to prevent him from forbidding you to come to our house. You will not get his consent in a hurry, I can tell you. But, whether you get it or not, I will not marry you unless you agree to my wishes. And I bid you a very good-day."

And with this ultimatum ringing in his ears, Peter Dorendorf was obliged to take his leave.

What was the matter with all the women, lately? He pondered over this question as he trudged angrily homeward. Had the self-willed and dominant spirit of Peter Stuyvesant, their irascible governor, who was making all New Amsterdam dance to the tattoo played by his wooden leg, gotten into them also? It was true enough, as Anneke had said, that Mynheer Van Hoesen was none too well disposed toward him. The old man's unamiable expression whenever his glance rested upon Peter and the bare civility of his greeting would have told him as much, even if Anneke had not.

Although Peter's phlegmatic persistency had been proof against behavior which would have frightened away a more timid suitor, he contemplated the coming encounter with Mynheer Van Hoesen with some trepidation, which, on reaching home, he strove to allay with plentiful draughts of his favorite home-brewed beer.

How should he overcome Anneke's rebellious spirit—how prove himself to her father's mind a worthy suitor for his daughter's hand?

Turning these two questions over and over in his mind without obtaining a solution to either, but consuming innumerable potations meanwhile, he passed the most of the Sunday afternoon.

He was conscious, however, of one result—his normal stock of Dutch courage was considerably increased. He felt capable of overcoming any number of objections that Anneke's father might offer, and, as evening approached, he started off, full of confidence, for the home of his inamorata. His heavy shoes clicked loudly on the pavement as he walked, but their clamor was appreciably subdued as he approached the neighborhood of the Van Hoesen abode.

It was a fine, cool evening in early spring and Mynheer Van Hoesen, who seldom remained indoors unless obliged to do so, was sitting, warmly dressed, on a bench near his house, placidly smoking his pipe and gazing out over the Hudson at the sunset beyond. He took no sort of notice as Peter, like a well-regulated young Dutchman and candidate for paternal favor, drew up in front of him and saluted.

"Good evening, Mynheer," said Peter, pleasantly.

It was apparently a most interesting sunset, to Mynheer Van Hoesen, at any rate, for it occupied his attention to the complete exclusion of Peter's greeting.

"It is a fine evening, Mynheer Van Hoesen," persisted the unruffled Peter.

Grunt.

"I came," ventured the courageous suitor, plunging at once into the matter in hand, "to ask for your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

The sunset suddenly lost its attractiveness for Mynheer Van Hoesen. Had Peter appeared before him with a Dutch blunderbuss and demanded that he forthwith make over and deliver to him all his earthly belongings, it would not have produced in the worthy burgher's breast one-half the surprise and indignation that now found lodgment there.

"What," he cried, getting on his feet with as much celerity as his ponderous weight would allow, "You dare to aspire to my daughter's hand? You, a common Bouwerei farmer; and she, the daughter of one of the foremost citizens of New Amsterdam! But it is a just rebuke to me. I should have forbidden you to enter my house! You for a son-in-law, indeed! You—you—" Rage prevented his proceeding further, but he continued to stamp up and down, pounding the ground with his stick.

"But, Mynheer Van Hoesen," interposed Peter, whose courage was beginning to wane before this inhospitable reception, "consider a moment. It is true that my possessions are small, but they are gradually increasing. I have added to my farm in the past year. I have bought four cows. I have—"

"And I tell you," broke in the old man, regaining his breath and returning to the assault, "you shall never have my consent, even should you own half of New Amsterdam! So you may take that for your answer, Peter Dorendorf!"

By this time Mynheer Van Hoesen had worked himself into a truly alarming fury. He stamped up and down alternately shaking his stick in Peter's face and pounding the earth with such a vehemence that it was a wonder that the staff did not fly to bits, sturdy oak though it was. Exhausted by his efforts, he paused at last at the head of a broad stone walk which sloped gently down to the river and was used, in summer, as a landing place for one or two small boats.

The afternoon shower had left the walk with a coating of moisture which the cool temperature of the early spring evening had turned to a wafer-like surface of ice, and it was on the head of this path that the ponderous burgher now unthinkingly stopped.

Slowly, but decidedly, like a ship at launching, he began to move down the icy plane, rapidly gathering momentum.

Suddenly awakening to the peril of his position, he endeavored to stop himself, but too late. He continued however, to keep his balance with the aid of his stick which he swung frantically around his head. Seen at a distance he might have been taken for a drum-major twirling his baton in the practice of some new and particularly difficult evolutions.

In this manner, he advanced majestically down the pier and as he disappeared over the edge the sound of a mighty splash and a fountain of spray ascending heavenward, indicated that the placid waters of the Hudson had been rudely disturbed.

Peter, who had felt the last vestige of hope and courage depart before the old man's fierce onslaught, beheld the hard-hearted parent's mishap with secret joy and exultation. On seeing him take the plunge, the youthful suitor rushed forward to render aid.

Incautious Peter! Forgetting the cause of the elder's downfall he, unthinkingly, set foot upon the same icy pathway.

From her chamber window Anneke had listened anxiously to the interview between her father and her lover, confident of her ability to bring the obstinate Peter to terms if her father's consent to their marriage were once given. She had beheld her portly parent's mishap and had flown to the rescue, not waiting to witness Peter's disastrous attempt to render aid. Hence it was that as she reached the outer door, she beheld her ponderous lover skidding rapidly down over that surface which her father had traversed only a moment before.

Peter's progress toward the river was unattended by that dignity which had characterized the launching of the worthy Van Hoesen. In his efforts to save himself, at whatever cost, from the elder's fate, he was promptly upset and reached the bank in short order, meanwhile rotating like a huge roulette-wheel, which appliance of the devil was at that time unknown in New Amsterdam. An unkind fate had decreed that the hard-hearted parent should be floating directly at the foot of the dock at the moment when the impetuous young Dutchman took his plunge.

Although the disaster to the bulky burgher was due to his own lack of caution, it must be owned that he had displayed rare foresight in selecting a place to fall in, for on the bank of the river and immediately beside the wharf, stood a ducking-stool, one of those ingenious instruments of punishment for female scolds. This appliance was not of Dutch origin, but had been for some time in use in the neighboring English colonies, whence it had been adopted by the ever vigilant Governor Stuyvesant, and erected at the water's edge, as a mute warning to the housewives of New Amsterdam and a discourager of garrulity.

Xantippes were rare in the Dutch town, however, and it had remained unused, but the dames of the place had resented its introduction as an aspersion upon their characters.

Down the bank, but avoiding the slippery pathway, flew the dutiful Anneke to the ducking-stool, her nimble wit showing her what to do. She realized, however, that her own strength and weight would not be sufficient to rescue her parent and her lover. At this moment, the respected Dominie Brinkerhoff, who happened to be passing in the roadway, was suddenly awakened from his reverie by a strenuous call for help.

Looking toward the water, whence the sound proceeded, he beheld Anneke on the bank, beckoning him.

The pious dominie, who, in avoirdupois, outranked both Mynheer Van Hoesen and Peter, displayed unwonted agility in reaching her side. What was his astonishment on beholding in the water the two round fat faces of two members of his congregation, neither of whom, however, had been lately distinguished for constant attendance at divine service.

"How now!" he cried, not ill-pleased to find this audience of two where they could not escape him, "so this is where I find you, desecrating the Lord's day. You will not come to hear me preach, yet shall you hear me now, forsooth!" And he would have then and there proceeded to harangue them, had he not been reminded by Anneke that they could not swim and if he wished to save their souls by his preaching, he must first save their bodies. Luckily, the water at this point was not over-deep, and Mynheer Van Hoesen and Peter, by standing on tiptoe on the bottom managed to keep their faces above water.

Together the Dominie and Anneke loosened the chain and lowered the ducking-chair into the water.

"Climb in, father," called Anneke. The portly Dutchman scrambled, or rather, floated, into the chair as rapidly as possible, and by the combined efforts of the two on the bank, was lifted into the air, where he hung, like Mahommet's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth. The simile applied to his position only. In no particular could the outlines of the worthy burgher be said to resemble those of a coffin.

"Pull me in, my daughter," he called, shivering with the cold, and not relishing the idea of being hung up to drain, even though he perceived that the unlucky Peter, directly below, was receiving most of the drainings.

"We must rest a minute," said Anneke, panting. "Father, do you freely give your consent to my marriage with Peter?"

"—Consent," bellowed the old man, "I consent! I will see him—" A slight, but ominous lowering of the chair, caused him to break off his words.

"You would do well to consent, Mynheer Van Hoesen," put in the pious dominie, not sorry to see him thus disciplined. "Peter is young, and may yet make a worthy son-in-law, if he can be brought by your daughter to see the error of his ways."

Still the sire hesitated, when his glance chanced to fall upon a row of near-by houses which bordered on the river.

It seemed as though from out every window a round, female, Dutch face was peering, and that the owner of each face was taking a most uncalled-for interest in his position. He remembered with shame and regret, that at the time of the introduction of the ducking-stool he had been one of its most ardent advocates, and that his prestige had, in consequence, suffered considerably. Indeed, had a voting contest been held at that time to decide who was the most popular citizen of New Amsterdam, it is extremely doubtful if the name of Jan Van Hoesen would have been found among the leaders.

"Look!" cried a fat, Dutch matron, from an upper window, "at last the ducking-stool has an occupant! Who would have thought that it would be the worthy Mynheer Van Hoesen!"

"Ah!" answered another, "I have always heard that he had an unruly temper. Yet little did I think that he would come to occupy the chair for common scolds."

The Van Hoesen dignity could have endured anything but ridicule.

"I consent Dominie. I consent, my daughter. Only pull me in."

The chair swung shoreward like a derrick depositing its load, and the hefty occupant hastily dislodged himself.

Again it descended to the water. Peter watched its coming with little satisfaction. He would have preferred the devil as a deliverer, to this throne for garrulity, but as it was his only hope of rescue he managed to squeeze his burly body into the seat and was elevated in the air.

Once more it came to a pause.

"Peter, do you agree to my conditions of this morning?" There was a faint suspicion of exultant calmness in Anneke's tone. Peter looked at the rapidly gathering audience upon the bank, then at the cold water below, from which he had just emerged. The prospect of a second bath was not inviting.

"I agree," he answered, somewhat sourly.

He was deposited on the shore and the two bedraggled Dutchmen lost no time in reaching the house. Indeed, the elder was nearly there, by the time Peter landed on the bank.

The comments that were borne to their ears from the numerous onlookers, were heard but not appreciated.

"Come in, Dominie," said the hospitable and grateful Anneke. "I will warrant it is many a day since you have performed such labor as today."

"Nay," answered the good man, "I must be going. But hark you!" calling to Mynheer Van Hoesen, and his prospective son-in-law, "Remember this day and let it be a warning to you hereafter, and to all back-sliders like yourselves."

"If you please, sir," said Anneke, "Peter was the only back-slider. My father stood on his feet all the way down."

AT PANAMA

By Charlotte W. Thurston

TOP-HEAVY, Belgian engines, side-tracked on ribbons of rust,
Furious fire-breathing Dragons crumbling to impotent dust.
Down through the tottering framework the clamoring monkeys crash;
Weird from the dark cab-windows the faces of orchids flash.
Stretched on the sun-baked footboards the loitering lizards dwell;
Tangle of wild bejucca muffling whistle and bell.
Herons flap lazily seaward, harsh-voiced,—and a watery thud
Tells how the gray-green saurian slipped from the shelving mud.
Insolent, lordly, defiant, the Chagres rises and falls;
Fierce tears the Titan Bucyrus Culebra Cut's challenging walls.
Down from thy cliffs, Bas Obispo, the splintering boulders are strewn;
Fiercely the steel-toothed buckets shiver the clays of Gatun.
Ocean is whispering to Ocean, foretelling the welcoming grasp;
Glorious Sisters of Ocean, waiting the ultimate clasp.

MRS. FOSTER *and* THE DECREES OF THE GOVERNMENT

By Mary B. Sheldon

BOTH Mr. and Mrs. Francis Stillman Foster were New Yorkers, and they were young. Both, also, were adventurous, for, though they were not aware of it, down in the bottom of the character of each were lying dormant the embryos of a gambler. He had accepted, almost without consideration, the offer of the English Railway Company to go to South America on a salary of £50 a month, and she had been quite as impulsive as he about it. On the whole, however, hers was a practical nature, and though she was willing to take large chances, she usually kept her powder dry. She began, then, to ask questions.

"How much does it cost to get there?"

"Nothing. The company pay the freight, both ways."

"Lovely! Then even if we don't make anything out of it, we have the trip?—and the experience?"

"You'll have the experience all right," a friend of her husband told her, significantly. "You haven't the slightest idea of what it's like, down in that bubbling country."

"It is what we are going to find out," explained Mrs. Francis.

"You think it's a wild idea—our going," Foster said, turning to the other man. Why?"

"Because that's what it is, exactly. You're giving up a certainty for an uncertainty."

"For $3,000 a year," corrected Foster. "Tracy, you know the man who told his son never to give up a certainty for an uncertainty unless he was sure of it? That's this case, precisely. If it's an uncertainty, at least I'm sure of it."

Tracy shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course you know they're in the midst of a revolution in Colombia."

"Oh, yes; they're revoluting,—they always are. That's another reason for going. They say a foreigner can always make money during one of those South American shooting matches. I expect to get a lot more than my £50 a month out of it."

The friend then turned to Mrs. Francis. "I know you're afraid of snakes," he charged her. "How will you like it when you have at least one snake in your bed every night?"

For answer she turned to her hursband.

"Frank—?" she questioned him.

"Nonsense!" he reassured her. "As for snakes, I've been reading up on the subject. I know exactly how to deal with 'em. You take a bottle of milk. Then you put a cork on the snake's tail. Snake goes into the bottle to drink the milk; corks himself in; and there you are!"

It was in this spirit that they left New York, and the succeeding forty-five days' journey neither bored nor frightened them. On the Magdalena boat they quoted to each other:

"By day, like play-house scenes, the shore slid by our sleepy eyes;
By night those soft, lasceevious stars leered from those velvet skies."

Even the mule trip up from Honda did not discourage them. Mrs. Francis learned to cry, "Hola! Mula! Echele! Arriba!" to the infinite interest of their arrieros; and before the end of the trip she ejaculated—"Car-am-ba!" at any unusually bad place in the road.

Arrived at Bogota, both husband and wife took the life there as rather a joke. Their world had never regarded a South American revolution seriously, and now, even with the real tragedy and ruin of one daily before their eyes, they could not look at it in any other light than as a sort of military opera. They wrote home stories of the imprestitos, or forced loans, which the government was demanding of individual Columbians, and of the manner in which the requirement was emphasized,—by placing a guard of soldiers in the doorway of the victim's house, and not allowing a human being to go in or out until the money was paid. They found it only amusing that one day the guard was put by mistake in *their* doorway, and that for several hours they were prisoners in their own home. They had callers at the time, and they all entertained themselves by playing the *tiple*, until a friend passed their window. Him they hailed and entreated to go to the War Office, and there tell the tale of their captivity; which being done they were of course released.

One morning, before they were out of bed, a squad of soldiers entered and searched the house for some political prisoners who had escaped the night before, and who, it was suspected, were being hidden in the homes of liberal sympathizers. The Stillman Fosters had no one concealed on the premises, and for the moment they were annoyed at being disturbed at that hour of the morning. Later in the day, however, they realized that they had an experience which it is not given to the New Yorker to enjoy.

It came nearer to them when one of Foster's business friends, a young Englishman, went down to the *Tierra Caliente*—the hot country for a few days, and got into an argument with a drunken officer over a question of passports. The dispute was finished by the officer's slashing the Englishman over the head with a machete, and the Englishman's being brought back to Bogota so nearly dead that it was only his Anglo-Saxon blood that saved him.

Affairs like this; stories of the plots and counterplots of the revolution, and the daily decrees posted on the street corners by the government, took the place of the regular mails and the morning papers of home; while, instead of the topics of conversation to which the Fosters had been accustomed, they found that the gossip of the little foreign colony was of passports, the rise and fall of the exchange, mules, guerillas, coffee and claims against the government. They drifted into the life and soon grew used to it. Florence learned where to buy old silver, what were the best places for Indian curiosities, and who made the feather-work that looked like water color, enamel and stained glass combined.

Accustomed to New York figures, the prices of things seemed to them nothing less than ridiculous. For a pretty little house, nicely furnished, in a good locality, they paid fifteen dollars a month. As service goes in Bogota, four maids and a boy were necessary; but the cook, who drew the largest salary, received only twenty cents a week in American gold, that sum, reckoned in the currency of the country, being ten dollars.

It was this disproportion between the values of a dollar in gold, and a dollar in Colombian paper that amused the Stillman Fosters more than anything else.

"Florence," Foster would call out from the bedroom, "where are my one-hundred-and eighty-eight dollar shoes?"

"In the corner, under the steamer-chair."

"No, not those; those are my two-hundred and sixty-four dollar ones. I mean my cheap, one-hundred and eighty-eight dollar shoes."

"What would the people at home think of the prices we pay?" wondered Mrs. Francis, going over accounts which she kept in the terms of Colombian currency. "Look at this: Tea, $40.00 a pound; American sugar, $5.00 a pound; one pair of gloves, $60.00; candles, $2.50 each. Isn't it ridiculous!"

"Ridiculous, for us, yes; we have gold. But it's very far from ridiculous for these poor devils whose income is in paper, and who get scarcely more now than they did when the exchange was 500 instead of 5,000.

When gold was low—when, for instance, one American dollar was worth only forty dollars in Colombian paper—the Stillman Fosters felt poor, and obliged themselves to economize, in cigarettes for him, and bocadillos for her. If they sold a draft one day, and the next day the exchange was one hundred points higher, they mourned their lack of foresight, and wondered why on earth they had not waited twenty-four hours longer. Or, if they sold, and then the price of gold went down, they felt that as speculators, not to say financiers, there was not their equal in Colombia. The spirit of speculation was in the air. The very fact that one had to sell his gold or his drafts to get the money of the country to live on made it a matter of daily, sometimes hourly interest, whether one got more or less by the exchange; and, constantly doing business of that kind, it was impossible not to try to buy low and sell high. With every report of a battle, with every new decree of the government; with every arrival of mail, bringing drafts from abroad; with every fresh rumor about the canal, the exchange went up or down, sometimes five hundred points in a few hours.

One day came news, apparently authentic, of war between Colombia and Venezuela, and gold went higher than any one had ever seen it before.

"By Jove!" cried Foster, excitedly. "If I only knew the truth of that story! Of course, if it's so, gold's going to stay high; but if it isn't, and the exchange drops, there'll be a chance to make a pile of money!"

He waited a day. Nothing further was heard of the international difficulty, and gold went down over one hundred points.

"Just as I thought," quoth Foster, "wish I'd bought paper yesterday. But it will go lower still before it goes higher. Florence," he turned to her impetuously—"I believe I'll go in for a lot!"

"I didn't know you had a lot to go in with," she commented, suggestively.

"I can get it; there's no trouble about that."

"How?"

"From the banks."

"Borrow it?"

"Why not?"

"But if you lose—?"

"I shant lose. The exchange is going down, beyond the shadow of a doubt. Don't worry about it. You'll see it will come out all right."

It followed as he had said. For several days the exchange dropped steadily, and the paper he had borrowed gold to buy became several hundred points nearer its nominal value.

Then, one afternoon he came in from the office with rather a long face.

"Florence," he explained, frowning, "I've got to go to Giradot tomorrow morning."

"What is Giradot?" she asked him.

"What's Giradot? It's a place—two days from here—down in the hot country. I've got to start on the eight o'clock train, in the morning."

"Are you going all the way by train?"

"Great Caesar! No! Do you think we're in the Empire State? I go about two hours by train, then a day on horseback, then the rest of the way in a push car to Giradot."

"A push car?"

"Yes, a hand-car—over the Company's rails. Some places where they've burned the bridges, it's nothing *but* rails—the wood's been burned away underneath. I get out and walk, but the push car men take the chances, and go over deep ravines on nothing but iron tracks."

"*Frank!*"

"Nobody's been hurt yet. Don't look like that; I've told you I'm not going to do it. Never mind it, anyway, the point is, that I've got to be out of Bogota for at least a week, and *quien sabe*, what's going to happen to the exchange while I'm gone?"

"Buy gold before you go."

"Can't. It's too late in the day, now, and I've got to start too early in the morning."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"Take the chances. I don't like it, but there's nothing else to be done. If it will only hold a week longer, I'm all right; I'll be back a week from tomorrow, by the afternoon train. Caramba! I'm going to buy gold the first thing I do when I get here! I'll be glad when the thing's off my mind."

Florence saw him off the next morning, then went back to the house to calculate how many hours there are in the average week. One hundred and sixty-eight! "But perhaps it will go down to one hundred and fifty," she hazarded, her mind on the exchange.

Her one interest during the succeeding days was in keeping track of the money market. She called on all persons she knew, and at each place, just as she was coming away, she inquired, with a casual little smile:

"Well,—and what is happening to that ridiculous exchange? When it goes to six thousand, I'm going to buy the old silver cup at Frankel's."

Every one told her—but she made no sign—that gold seemed to be going down rather than up—and that if this sort of thing continued, really, foreigners would be as poor as Colombians. She almost held her breath as the days went on, and it got to be Wednesday, Frank was to come Thursday — and the exchange was still low, and, apparently, stationary.

Wednesday afternoon she made her last calls, stopping, just before time to go home, at the house of the minister of war. His wife spoke an English of her own, but they had been very kind to the Stillman Fosters.

Almost from force of habit, Florence said, as she rose to go:

"And the exchange, Senora? But of course, to you it is not a matter of special interest, as it is to us foreigners. I suppose you do not notice the rise and fall particularly?"

Now, the wife of the minister of war was a clever enough woman, but it was her ambition to appear much cleverer than she really was, or ever could be. Her husband did not tell her all his secrets of state, but nothing gave her more pleasure than to have the people, especially foreigners, imagine that he did. And as it happened that today she really was in possession of a little piece of information which the general public would not have until the following morning, it was impossible for her to resist the temptation to whisper it into Mrs. Foster's ear.

"The senora," she began, with what was intended for an astute smile, "the senora believes that the ladies of Colombia have no regard for the *cambio*—what it calls itself? —the exchange, no? To the senora it pleases to see the exchange rise up, no? Bueno! manana it rises up, and the senora will buy the ollita of silver; but an ollita so antigua that only an Americana will desire it."

At this point Mrs. Foster hastily sat down in the chair from which she had just arisen.

"Si, senora; it is like that," went on the hostess, more than pleased with herself. "Manana will be a *decreto*—but many *decretos*—on all the corners of all the ways of Bogota. The husband of me"—this with great pride—"has making *decretos* to all the banks of Bogota, to catch gold to make go on the government. But *muchissimo* gold is a necessary, no? And when *manana* there is a very few, the exchange rises up, but high, no?"

It was only too plain, in spite of the English. The *emprestitos*—the forced loans—hitherto demanded of individuals, were now to be required of the banks also. Gold would, without doubt, be "very few," and the exchange would rise up, but *high*. If what the wife of the minister of war wanted was to make an impression upon her foreign visitor, she had the immediate satisfaction of seeing that she had done so.

"The decrees," Florence said, forcing herself to speak quietly,—"are you sure that they will be made public tomorrow?"

"But *sure*," affirmed the hostess, "Are they not — how you say? printed? All are in the *officina* of the print, and *manana*, but early, they are taking out the *officina*, and placed upon the corners of the ways."

It was, then, a question of hours. "Manana but early," the decrees would be posted. At three in the afternoon Frank would be in Bogota. And Florence could conceive of no possible way by which the one event could be delayed or the other hastened.

Mechanically she went through the ceremonial of a Colombian leave-taking, and started for home. On every corner of the streets that she passed, her imagination placed already the decrees which were to be posted there in the morning. If they had been there in reality, it seemed to her as if nothing could have prevented her from tearing them down. If only they would put them up during the night, she felt capable of going out and defacing them. If—the thoughts came thick and fast—if those decrees,—those sheets of paper—could somehow be put out of the way, so that several hours would be spent in looking for them, and, when they could be found, in printing new ones,—if the delay could be made to continue until Frank got back to Bogota—! She entered the door of her own home and dropped weakly into the nearest chair.

When the maid came to call her to dinner, she realized that she had not taken off her hat and gloves. She went to the table, but ate automatically. One thought filled her brain, so that no other could enter it: *How was she to get possession of those decrees?*

Leaving the dining-room, she returned to the *sala*, and there sat down before the desk in which Foster kept his papers. Blindly seeking for some grain of enlightenment as to what she ought to do, she opened one drawer after another; but there was nothing to explain to a woman how government decrees may be done away with. She found only the records of the money Foster had borrowed, the memorandum of the sale of the gold, and the bank book, showing the amount of paper that had been deposited. In a few hours unless something were done, the value of that paper would probably be less than half the sum represented by the figures in the book.

But what could she do? The decrees of a government grind exceeding small, and she was as powerless as a baby.

Continuing to turn over the papers, she came across the passport which gave Foster permission to be in the streets of the city after eight o'clock at night. With that ticket, Frank, if he had been there, would have been able to go out, and Florence felt sure that he would have devised some plan of action. But she—alone—a woman—

With the word, a notion came to her; but such a notion—as the wife of the minister of war would have said—that only an Americana would have entertained it. Mrs. Francis thought hard and fast. Then—

Fifteen minutes later, to all appearances, a young man stood before the glass, putting the finishing touches to his toilet. He drew on his over-coat and gloves, placed a folded paper in his pocket, and taking up his hat, went quickly out of the house. The clock in the cathedral was just striking nine.

Followed an interval of three hours and three-quarters, during which, in the house of Foster, perfect quiet reigned. Then might have been seen approaching from one end of the street, a young man—to wit: Francis Stillman Foster. From the opposite direction hurried, as it seemed, a double. The two met exactly at the entrance, and for one instant, they stared at each other in silence.

"Frank!" then ejaculated one of them.

"Good Lord!" gasped the other, "What in the—? *Florence!!*"

"You are here," she stated, superfluously, "How did you get here—now?"

"By trying to catch today's train at Ceresuela; missing it, and coming all the way on horseback. But will you tell me what under heaven—"

By this time they were in the sala. Florence put her hand into the pocket of the overcoat she had worn, drew forth a package of papers, and laid it on the table.

"They are decrees," she explained, succinctly; "Government decrees. I have just been stealing them."

"Just been—*what?*"

"Yes. It had to be done. Don't stand there looking at me like that!" Her voice broke as the strain of what she had gone through began to tell on her. "Oh, Frank," she sobbed, in his arms, "You don't know ow awful it was!"

Gently he stroked her hair, and petted her. "What was it, darling?" he said, between his kisses. "What was awful?"

"I am going to tell you. But wait,—just a moment. I can't talk like this."

She ran from him to the bedroom, then returned almost immediately, wearing a pretty, loose gown that was kept for the home, alone.

"Now! Well, Frank, you know the paper money you bought?"

"Yes—?"

"And we wanted the exchange to be low —to *keep* low."

"Has it gone up?" he asked, quickly.

"Not yet; but if I hadn't called at the Santiago's this afternoon, I don't know *what* would have happened. Listen! I went there, and by the merest chance I asked her about the exchange, and what do you think she told me? She said the *decretos* were all printed, and ready to be put up, demanding *emprestitos* of all the banks, and that tomorrow morning, early, they were going to be posted. Of course, gold would be awfully scarce, and the exchange would go like *that!*" She waved her hand toward the ceiling.

"Great Caesar's ghost!"

"Yes. So I came home as fast as I could, and thought and thought, and tried to fancy what you would do."

"What *I* would do! What could anybody do? I couldn't have done anything."

"Yes, you could. I did. First, I dressed myself as you saw me."

"In my clothes! And you went out like that! What—?

"Wait! I took your passport, and I went out. Between here and the printing office I was challenged twice, but I just showed them your ticket, and they said,—what is it they say in Spanish when they mean you can go on?"

"*Puede seguir.*"

"That's it. Well, they looked at the ticket and said, '*Puede seguir,*" and didn't look at me at all. But when I got to the printing office, there were patrols standing right in front of the door, and I couldn't go in, or do anything."

"But what in the name of common sense had you expected to do?"

"Just what I did, only it was too early. It wasn't half past nine yet, and the patrols didn't go away until after twelve, so I waited all that time."

"You waited! Three hours! Where?"

"In a doorway, where it was dark and no one saw me. Seemed to me I stayed there for three centuries.

I kept looking out to see if the men had gone, and they didn't go, and I was afraid they were going to stay all night, and—and I was *so* cold!"

At this point Florence found herself held so closely in her husband's arms that for the time there was nothing but to keep silence, with her face hidden against his shoulder.

"What else, darling?" at last he said, with a deep breath.

"Then they went away, just after twelve o'clock. I went to the door of the printing office, and just then I heard a man coming out. I stood in the shadow and he went on without noticing me. Then I tried the door, and he had left it unfastened, so I went in. It was all dark, but there were some matches in your match box and I lighted those, and there I saw the *decretos*, on a table! Well—I just put them in my pocket—what a good thing your overcoat has big pockets! And then I came away, and hurried home as fast fast as I could. And there you were in the doorway, and I *never* was so glad to see anyone! Frank, if I had to choose between scrubbing floors for a living, and trying to be a heroine—"

But she was not permitted to finish. For the time, further speech on her part was rendered impossible.

IN THE FAR MEADOWS

IN the far meadows of death's realm of light,
Forevermore through amaranthine bowers
I move in glory, heedless of the hours,
And heedless of the passing day and night.
At last all riddles do I read aright;
All mysteries grown simple as the flowers,
Yield up like fragrant perfume to my powers,
Their inmost charm and secrets of delight.

Yet still I sorrow, sorrow; still with sighs
I wander lonely midst Elysian mirth,
Bewildered in the throne-room of its lord.
For only where thou art is Paradise;
And thou dost linger in the gate of earth,
Life in thy loving hand like flaming sword!

Edward Wilbur Mason

THE ETHICS OF GLADNESS

WITH the poetic stroke of a master genius, Robert Browning created one of the most beautiful ideals in literature when he gave to the world "Pippa Passes." This dramatic gem is affluent in deep lessons of life, and as soulful and astir with the divine spark as it is tender and true.

Pippa,—abbreviated from Philippa—the little silk-winder, whose labors in the mill are constant, who

> "Winds silk
> The whole year around to earn just bread and milk,"

has but one holiday the whole year through —only one day to "get a feeling of heaven" as she says, and this is New Year's Day. As the day dawns Pippa, with a keen sense of its preciousness, exclaims:

> "O Day! if I squander a wavelet of thee,
> A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
> Then shame fall on Asola and me."

So she sets herself to plan for the day. While she plans she sings—sings to the sun-beams, sings to her lily, sisng to the sad earth, sings even to her wash-basin. In fact Pippa is an animated bundle of song, and joy radiates from her in all directions. The while she sings she plans. The culmination of her plans are: She will just imagine herself the four happiest people in loom-sounding Asola, and will crowd the blisses of them all into this one sweet day. She soliloquizes about them and the happy way they spend their lives, and wanders forth on her day's adventures, trilling her little heart songs. What wonder the joy-notes reach the ears of the four favored ones whom she is to imagine herself to be! What a sunbeam in dark places! What a conscience-sting to those whom she had wished to personate! Each and every one that she thought must be happy; how much of sin and evil and weakness were in their lives! But Pippa's cheer and voice of innocence put a charm for everlasting good in each one of their lives.

There was Ottima, the beloved of Sebald, the German music teacher—a guilty lover —but Pippa's vocal touch drew him up out of the depths of degradation, and a new love—an unselfish love is born. On she wanders the winding streets through; and next the faint-hearted patriot is nerved to slay the despot who would annihilate human liberty. And the artist is taught the Christ-lesson of self-sacrifice, and the cowled priest is moved to act from a sense of godliness instead of guilty greed—all these reformations are brought about by the fine spiritual essences emanating from the gladsome little heart of Pippa, the winder of silk!

The fundamental lesson taught by Browning in this gem of literature is that

> "All service ranks the same with God."

So powerfully does her life emphasize this lesson—and with such truth and purity of heart — being more than innocence — Browning develops a most beautiful, ethical "joy forever." So pure was the gentle heroine that when she came in contact with baseness, with cowardice, with villainy, each in turn is overcome and love plants her vine where these evils brooded. Pippa is unaware of the result of her day of singing, of joy-bringing, and when night comes, wondering in the tenderness of her soul if she has done aught of good, lies down to calm repose, a tired angel of sweetness and light.

We are told of Browning, that while walking alone about his English home near Dulwich, the image of some one thus walking alone through life flashed upon him. The little silk-winder of Asola was the final conception, and he elaborated it in the precious vision he gives us in the drama. Pippa passes—and where she passes men and women are won to moral rectitude—Pippa passes, and heeds no Siren voice of sin.

While Pippa is one of Browning's ideals, yet such ideals are all but attainable. She lives sweetly, innocently, the life He gave. The circumstance of her being a factory girl does not cumber her soul at all. Base things cannot touch her. She is an adept in the philosophy of human life. She is the reservoir of knowledge never learned of schools or books. While but a child yet is she great in simplicity. Pippa learned from the bee and the ant to be wise, for she says, "the fire-fly and the bob-worm" remember that

> "Winter hastens at summer's ends."

From these things had she learned that beasts and birds have words—

> "Our words only so much more sweet,"

and by such words she could almost understand the moon, and had so nearly made out the sun, and could then proceed no farther in finding wisdom; so she says "God took me," and completed her need. God's messenger she then becomes. She is moved and actuated by the Holy Spirit—true to self, true to truth. She is so in harmony with Divinity, and so beautifully and tranquilly and spiritually manifests a power not her own—Browning is always teaching this—"a power," as Arnold says, "that makes for righteousness." Browning has illimitable faith in the Divine possibilities of our every day life. Nothing is "great" or "small," so that it be genuine, be pure.

There are elements of life, or death, in every hour we live, not only for ourselves, but for those whom we daily meet. We pass and repass each other in life, influencing for good or for bad. We have all felt this subtle something in one another, that helps us to decide a course of action. Each character is made, not as the sole result of knowledge, but abetted by this outward force. Pippa's power to move to goodness was a Messianic power—the Savior in the heart.

Pippa becomes the central point of her own world, and she largely creates that world. Browning's subjectiveness becomes apparent here. We all live in a world of our own creating. Midway point am I of everything, as the eternal *now* is the midway point of time. Pippa, while only a little, menial spinner; yet had she the divine power to unloosen that which was working for death —"and whatsoever is loosed on earth is loosed in heaven." It is the old battle again of good and evil,—evil with all its legions, and Pippa, with a glad little heart—but all goodness,—beats down the minions of sin on every hand.

So Pippa passes and leaves her song. If we cannot sing, at least we can pass by evil. If not a pearl of purity like Pippa, radiating joy-beams, we can smile a salutation at least on God's good morrow. We can learn the lesson of the tremendous importance of the unimportant. The winding of silk is quite as important in the Father's eye as the owning of silk mills. She who sweeps a floor, and does it well is as important in her place as the noble who owns a castle. Who sets the type, does as splendid work as he who writes a book. To brighten an angry brow, to bring smiles where erstwhile were tears, to put a good thought where a bad one was —these are not menial service — this is the prime lesson so beautifully taught by the little silk-winder of Asola. So innocently joyous and triumphant in truth, ever may we rejoice in the song she sings:

> "God's in His Heaven,
> All's right with the world."

J. L. Smith.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the little helps found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

CURE FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM

By N. A., Dawsonville, Md.

Mothers, cut this out and paste it on the fly leaf of your Bible: One teaspoonful of Cox's gelatine; one teaspoonful of best arrowroot; six to eight teaspoonfuls of new milk; two or three tablespoonfuls of new cream.

Soak the gelatine in a little cold water for a short time; then boil in one-half pint of water until dissolved. To this add with constant stirring (at the termination of the boiling) the milk, then the arrowroot, the latter having been previously mixed in a little cold water—now the cream and a little sugar. Remove from the fire. This is given to babies who have summer complaint, or in other words, delicate bowels. As the child gets older, increase the quantity of milk and cream. I know a mother who was compelled to use this with her boy until he was three years old. It does not sour, and you can make it in the morning and again at night. I can mention a case of dysentery, the child having been given up; her stomach was too weak to take this food, so a little whiskey was put into it. She is living today. Mothers try this; it never fails. Children love it. This food was discovered by an eminent physician of Montejo, County, Maryland, who lost several babies from cholera infantum, but after trying this remedy, his babies and all other babies who came were saved.

SLEEVE PROTECTORS

By L. F. Shannon, Washington, D. C.

Cut the sleeves from old white lawn shirt waists. Trim off the cuffs, leaving only enough to make a narrow band and cut straight across the top, making the sleeve protectors long enough to come well over the elbow. Hem the tops and bands on the sewing machine, and you have a quickly-made and very useful article to draw on over the clean blouse sleeves. Being so easily and cheaply made, one can have several pairs, which can be put in the weekly wash when soiled. As a general rule, they will stay in place without pinning, but if one finds they keep slipping off, it is very easy to put over them when in place a thin rubber band, to hold them on.

POTATOE DOUGHNUTS

By A. B. E., Lowville, N. Y.

One and one-half cups of sugar, butter size of butternut, boil three medium-sized potatoes, mash and mix with above; add one teacup sweet milk and two eggs; five heaping teacups flour and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful salt. This recipe makes forty-five doughnuts, and they will keep moist for many days.

AN INDIAN REMEDY

By Lillia Cole, Bellevue, Ia.

Knowing that you are interested in securing information for your readers, I send you a simple remedy for wounds made by rusty nails, bites of angry animals, felons, wounds made by fireworks and all inflamed and poisoned flesh wounds generally. It is an old Indian remedy, and used successfully by many; it should become generally known, so that cases of lockjaw may not be so common. Here is the remedy:—Put equal parts of good fresh wood ashes and hot water in a pail or pan large enough to more than cover the hand or foot which is hurt. Keep the member in it some time, and when the water cools put fresh water as hot as can comfortably be borne, sometimes renewing both ashes and hot water. After a short time a soothing sense of relief from pain will come, but keep the treatment going on until the pain is soothed, the inflammation gone and the pus comes from the wound, leaving the flesh white and wrinkled as when taken from hot suds. Everyone can keep a bag of good wood ashes handy, to be used in time of need. It is so simple, but *so sure.*

CELERY ON TOAST

By M. G. D., Havre, Mont.

Peel and wash the roots of celery; or the coarse stalks not suitable for the celery glass. cut in small pieces and stew tender in a little salted water, (if for breakfast, this much can be done the evening before), add a small lump of butter and thicken with one tablespoonful of flour mixed with a little cold milk or cream; let all cook together for a few minutes. Have rather thick slices of well-buttered toast in your mush dishes, or small soup dishes, pepper the toast slightly and give it a sprinkling of celery salt, pour the cooked celery over it and serve hot. One celery root or three stalks is sufficient for two people.

COOKING HAM IN A BAG

By E. G. R., Girard, Pa.

When boiled ham is needed for sandwiches, picnic dinners, or other uses where thin slicing is a desideratum, try the following method: Trim the ham as for boiling by usual method: put it into a strong cotton bag just large enough to hold it. Gather the neck of the bag in hand and tie closely. Now put the "bagged" ham into the water and boil, slowly, until perfectly tender, then lift out and hang up to drain and cool. When perfectly cold the meat will be very firm and easily sliced. The secret of deliciously-tender ham lies in long, slow cooking, and when it is encased in a bag it may be cooked much longer than otherwise.

DELICIOUS DESERT

By Lucile H., Willard, N. M.

A dainty and delicious desert may be made by using the oats left over from breakfast. To two cups of oats mix one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one egg, and a few chopped raisins; mix well, and bake in quick oven. While warm, place on dishes, and sprinkle lightly with prepared cocoanut. Serve with milk sauce.

CRACKED HANDS

By John C. Rose, Hartford, W. Va.

Take several parboiled potatoes, peel and mash finely, add some dry bran and mix thoroughly; rub this all over the hands and let it dry; a few such treatments and your hands will be well.

A NOVEL PHOTOGRAPH FRAME

By Mrs. J. K., Meadville, Pa.

Any unmounted photograph can be nicely framed in the following manner: Place the unmounted picture face downward upon a plate which has been made wet with cold water. Mix a quantity of plaster of paris with water to the consistency of cream. Pour this mixture over the picture and fill the plate. By placing a piece of cord in the mixture before it hardens, one can have a hanger for the picture. After this has become perfectly hard, remove from the plate and you have the picture in a frame. A very pretty way is to bronze the edge. It gives more of a finished look.

PREVENTS IRISH POTATOES FROM ROTTING

By Mrs. Polk G. Johnson, Clarksville, Tenn.

To prevent Irish potatoes from rotting after they are dug, never let the *sun shine on them after they come out of the earth.* Throw them in the shade, or cover them as you dig them and remove to a shelter where the *sun cannot reach them immediately.* It is always best to dig them early in the morning, late in the evening, or on a cloudy day, and I have followed this most successfully for ten years.

SAVE YOUR SUGAR

By Mrs. F. S., Ohio

All housekeepers should know that sugar boiled with an acid if it be but three minutes will be converted into glucose. One pound of sugar has as much sweetening power as two and a quarter pounds of glucose. In other words, one pound of sugar stirred into the fruit after it is cooked and while warm, will make the fruit as sweet as two and a quarter added while fruit is boiling.

IMITATION GROUND GLASS

Dissolve epsom salts in ale and apply with a brush; as it dries it crystallizes.

OLIVED CHERRIES

By Hattie Smith, Pasadena, Cal.

Take nice ripe cherries; wash them and cut off about one-third of the stem; place them in a quart jar; when full, add one tablespoonful of salt, then mix together equal proportions of cold rainwater and vinegar, and fill the jar. Seal and set aside for winter use. These taste very much like pickled olives.

FOR CLEANING STEEL AND COPPER

By Mrs. G. E. H., Waterbury, Conn.

Select the finest ashes from your range or furnace, put these through a fine sieve, and put into tin cans. Apply by dipping a soft cloth wet, in the ashes, and use as you would any scourine. I have found it excellent, especially for steel knives.

CHERRY-STONER

By Blanche Stubblefield, Stevenson, Ala.

Use a common writing pen, turning the point into the holder, thus making a little scoop that fits the stone and removes it without bruising the fruit.

IVY POISON

By J. R. Butler, Marburg, Ont.

Touch each spot as it appears with a cloth or sponge saturated with the brine of codfish.

FOR TANGLED HAIR

By Mrs. H. H. Speer, Pe Ell, Wash.

When hair is tangled after a severe illness, rub it well with alcohol and the tangles will come out nicely.

PREPARING A MUSTARD PLASTER IN HASTE

To prepare a mustard plaster in haste, trim the crust from a thin slice of white bread, then sprinkle it thickly with ground mustard, spread a very thin cloth over the mustard, then dampen with vinegar or water.

CLEANING LINOLEUM

Sweet skimmed milk, warmed, is excellent to wash linoleum with. It cleans thoroughly and preserves the paint.

WASH YOUR MIRRORS WITH ALCOHOL

Try alcohol for washing your mirrors; polish with soft paper.

HINT IN COMFORT MAKING

By A. L., Ironton, O.

The hard work of washing comforts will be greatly lightened if the cotton be first covered with common mosquito netting and lightly tacked, before covering with calico. When the calico becomes soiled, cut the tacks and remove the calico and wash. Hang the cotton covered with the netting on a line in the sunshine to air, then return to covering and tack as before.

TO KNOW GOOD FLOUR

By May Peintner, Lacon, Ill.

When flour is genuine, or of the best kind, it holds together in a mass when squeezed by the hand and shows the impression of the fingers. The dough made with it is very gluey, ductile and elastic, easy to be kneaded, and may be elongated, flattened and drawn in every direction without breaking.

COOKING BONY FISH

By Rachel E. McNair, Willow Hills, Ill.

If the small, bony fish which taste so good but are so much trouble to prepare, are split in two after being dressed and laid on a board or table with the flesh side down, and cut crosswise at least every quarter of an inch from head to tail with a sharp knife, one will not know that the little bundles of bones had been there.

FOR DEBILITY

By Mrs. F. A. Stuart, Palo Alto, Cal.

Raw eggs thoroughly beaten, and stirred into strained orange juice (one egg to two medium-sized oranges) make a palatable and nourishing drink especially valuable for debility.

TO REMOVE A MOLE

By J. C. Y., New Iberia, La.

Diluted acetic acid applied carefully every night to a mole will at length cause the unsightly blemish to turn dark and fall away. This remedy I have personally proved to be effective.

KILLS CABBAGE WORMS

By Charles H. Bishop, Springfield, O.

To kill cabbage worms, sift pepper, or flour and salt on the cabbages when worms begin to work.

CREAM SODA

By Elwood Oplinger, Allentown, Pa.

A very good cream soda is made by mixing the following: two pounds granulated sugar; one kitchen spoonful flour; the juice of two lemons; white of one egg and two ounces of tartaric acid.

After all this is mixed, pour two quarts boiling water—but it must be boiling—over the mixture, and boil for fifteen minutes.

Let this stand until it is cold, and then add ten cents' worth of birch flavor. Put this soda into bottles, and put away for further use.

How to prepare for use:—

Shake this mixture well, and then take one tablespoonful of this liquid in a glass of water, and into this put baking soda about the size of a cherry. Stir this well, and you have a good drink. It quenches thirst and is also healthful.

CHIROPODIST'S PRESCRIPTION

By A. L. R., Jeanerette, La.

A lotion and powder for tender and swollen feet. One teaspoonful of boracic acid to one pint of grain alcohol. After bathing the feet in lukewarm water, spray them with the lotion used in an atomizer, and fan until dry. The effect is delightful. Then rub over the feet this powder, or put it in the stockings, or the lotion can be used alone.

Powdered starch 35 grains; oil of bergamont, 10 drops; oil of lavender 6 drops; oil of wintergreen 16 drops. Mix well, and pass through a sieve. Excellent.

BERRY PIE

By Elizabeth Cairns, Chicago, Ill.

To make a berry pie that will not run over in baking, line the tin with crust; put in this two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and mix with it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Fill with fruit. Put on sufficient sugar to sweeten. Sprinkle over this a few cracker crumbs, and put in two or three tablespoonfuls of water. Make plenty of slashes in the crust; wet edge of lower crust; put on top crust and pinch upper crust well into the lower one. Bake slowly three-quarters of an hour.

NEW USE FOR COMMON YELLOW SOAP

By Mrs. J. C. Weir, Newcastle, Ind.

It may be of interest to know that common yellow soap can be used even more effectively than mending tissue to mend a torn place in a garment. Wet the cake of soap, rub it over a piece of the goods, lay over the rent carefully, press with a hot iron (not too hot, of course) and the deed is done.

WATER- AND FIRE-PROOF CEMENT

By C. E. Washburne, Cooke, Mont.

For use around chimneys, fireplaces and stove pipes: Mix two parts sifted wood ashes with one part slacked lime, with boiled linseed oil, to smooth paste. A waterproof cement is made by dissolving in a little water four ounces of shellac and one ounce of borax, reducing it to a paste with heat.

TO KEEP THE FLIES AWAY

By Mrs. Chas. H. Bell, Portland, Conn.

A few drops of essence of sassafras will keep flies away.

A spoonful of mustard in a gallon of water will kill insects in the earth, and is good for the plants.

COVERING AN IRONING BOARD

By Jennie K. Hilton, Chicago, Ill.

To fix an ironing board neatly, lay over one side of it several thicknesses of old flannel; discarded blankets are good for this purpose; tack lightly to hold in place, then draw edges smoothly around to the other side of board and nail securely in place. Now take measurements of board and make two coverings to fit it out of coarse unbleached cotton cloth; draw one of these onto the board as you would draw on a stocking, and when in place tack the broad end lightly to board; when one covering is soiled you can easily remove it and adjust the clean one.

DANDELION WINE

By Harriet L. Sisson, Unadilla Forks, N. Y.

Four quarts of dandelion blossoms; one gallon of boiling water; let stand three days in a cool place and then add the rind of three oranges and one lemon cut fine. Boil fifteen minutes, strain and add pulp of fruit and three and one-half pounds of loaf sugar. When cool add one-half yeast cake, let stand one week in a cool place; strain and let stand three weeks; strain again and bottle.

FEED FOR YOUNG CHICKS

Feed young chickens dry feed, and you will not have any sickness among them. Skimmed milk is good for laying hens.

FOR SORES AND CUTS

By Mrs. Orrin Ralph, Confidence, Cal.

Take the leaves of common yellow dock, and lay them on the sore, covering the surface all over and pressing the stalk of the leaves between thumb and finger, to make soft. Bind on with soft cloth, changing leaves before getting dry. Wash the sore each time with pure medicated soap; keep leaves on until sore is healed. This is the best remedy I ever tried and it cured my little boy of blood poisoning.

KEEPS YOUR STOVE BLACK

By Miss Ida F. Beadle, Little Rock, Ark.

If, after washing the stove, a few drops of linseed oil are put on a woolen cloth and then rubbed on the stove, it will never have to be blacked, and will always look new. This is a labor-saver. The oil costs about fifteen cents per quart, and that amount lasts a long time.

FRIED PARSNIPS

Parsnips boiled and then sliced and fried in lard are very appetizing.

PARING APPLES QUICKLY

By L. E. P., Atkinson, N. H.

In preparing apples for cooking by hand, much time and trouble are saved by quartering, coring and then paring.

NEW IDEA IN USING COFFEE

Mrs. W. G. Roberts, Fox Lake, Wis.

Stir thoroughly one egg into one pound of ground coffee; set in covered porcelain dish in warming oven, to dry; then put in coffee can. Your coffee will need no more egg until a fresh supply of coffee is needed.

TEA IN APPLE PIE

Sprinkle a little cold tea on your apple pie before putting on the top crust. This gives the pie a delicious flavor.

THE HAPPY HABIT DEMOCRACY OF DOG DAYS

By the Editor

HAVE you ever observed what a different person that stern and absorbed man of business becomes when he mingles with his children and old friends on the sea shore or among the mountains, in the dog day vacations? Every year the vacation habit becomes more fixed, and relaxation in dog days more of a necessity. That is the time when stiff manners are laid aside with stiff collars and hard hats. The easy deportment of vacation days matches the tennis shirt and slouch hat in which the business magnate meets his fellow man—just as a man.

Now the mask of every-day business life is tossed aside, and even the stately parson, in clerical garb, forgets to be proper while he enjoys himself at a picnic, —mingling in the games with hat off and coat-tails flying; an easy mark for the pursuer.

* * * * *

WATCHING this mingling of human elements of varied character, I am reminded of the hobby of a friend, whose favorite study is metallurgy. He seems to consider those bits of metal as almost human, and I found him one day recently, in his yard, with two large pieces of different metal, which he had placed not far from each other, to test their mutual attractiveness. He assured me that the harmony between the two would eventually draw them close to each other. and he stroked that piece of metal as he would the back of a favorite pussy.

My friend is also something of an astronomer; and he went on to demonstrate, with a mass of logarithms and calculations far beyond me, the attractions of metals in masses, and the attraction of one star for another—the principle that holds the great universe intact.

The more he demonstrated, the more clearly I saw a lucid application of a similar force to human beings; for the Happy Habiter's line of thought deals with people, rather than with things, and it seems as though this theory has a fundamental application to every Happy Habiter.

The first thing necessary is to take a vacation at least once in the year—no matter if you have to change positions or steal away for a few days at the week-end to do it. Go out and find yourself as you really are; feel the touch of the real democracy of dog days; for certainly human beings are not less susceptible to the laws of attraction than are two pieces of ore,—or less ready to come into harmony.

My friend took a piece of metal and rapped it, and it responded to his touch with a clear, ringing sound. He struck the other piece in the same way, and it responded in a similar key. He seemed bent upon coaxing them together; so it is with the vacation days, which strike a responsive chord of friendship in every heart, while the rest-seekers are far removed from the whirl of the city and the clamorous demands of business life. There is the tramp through the woods, a clamber over the rocky shore, or a struggle through the brush of the hillside, and afterward the happy lunch together—perhaps the necessity of drinking from the same cup.

There is the comradeship of the automobilists—in trouble, it may be, over a punctured tire, on some isolated road. Such incidents make the democracy of dog days a potential influence in national affairs; for many of the conferences and comradeships of vacation time bring together into close understanding two persons who, if they met at first in business life, never would have had that harmony of feeling for each other. Each would have seen the other dimly through the heavy armour of modern business life, the vizor down to protect the wearer against the darts of commercial disaster or misunderstanding. Once known, in the heat of conflict, the adhesive qualities of friendship are apparent.

This thought has occurred to me many times, in connection with the reunion of National Magazine readers, which is to occur at the Jamestown Exposition in Norfolk, on September 14. I want you to come there with all the bloom and glow of vacation days upon you; to make this the very climax of your time of recreation. The place where we meet will be full of the congenial spirit of comradeship.

* * * * *

I THINK it was Tolstoi who recorded that, in order to comprehend the dignity and honor of labor, it was well to do real hard manual work for a whole day. In other words, do something for others, rather than for yourself—not the kind of work that is easy, and that the world could get along without, but the real hard toil that *must* be done.

This is the reason that many of the young college boys and girls who have served as waiters and waitresses, or performed other "menial" duties at the summer hotels, never suffer any loss of dignity. A man or woman may use a scrubbing brush all day, and yet not feel that anything unworthy has been done. Of course it is very easy to write about these things on a sticky, perspiring dog day in August, and very pleasant to sit on a fence and watch the other fellow work in the fields stacking grain, with the drops of perspiration pouring into his eyes and streaming down his hair. It looks very picturesque and poetic from the fence—a good deal more poetic than it seems to the man in the fields. I believe it was Henry Ward Beecher who insisted that he should perform at least one day's manual labor during his vacation, even if he had to take it on the instalment plan. It is in this way that the cohesive qualities of society are brought out.

* * * * *

THERE is such a thing as the pride of labor. There is the man who thinks that no one else can do the work as well as himself; and there are things which seem very simple, yet cannot be done just right without previous experience. It certainly is humiliating to see the good country cousin enjoying the joke when you undertake to harness the horse and get the britchin where the breast-band ought to be. Harnessing a horse is a useful accomplishment, even in these days of automobiles; for does not the automobilist look longingly upon the plebeian horse wandering by the roadside, and wish that he could secure him to tow the incapacitated auto back to port? The things that our country cousins can do well are usually the useful and necessary ones.

Driving, boating, fishing, or just resting—though one rests best when doing something. A change of activities is more restful than laziness, in many cases. It is delightful to return each night with the consciousness of having done some thing, and talk it all over afterward. The yachters tell each other of "that day when we encountered the stiff tail of the nor'easter," and how they handled the rigging on that momentous occasion. The fisherman will have stories of the size of that trout, which he will remember with unerring accuracy, unless he happens to be one of those fishermen whose catch increases in size every day after it has been hauled from the water. Then there are those days in camp when the Crusoe spirit prevailed, and everybody reduced the problem of living down to absolute simplicity—everywhere in vacation days there is the sweet, exhilarating sense of being near and close to nature, that seems to still the craving aroused by the summer time, as nothing else will do.

On Sunday I enjoyed a drive up the banks of the Ipswich River, among the beautiful fields and forest that have for centuries past known the sturdy touch of New England thrift. Here were trees of the third and fourth cutting, and among them were charming glens and nooks which had furnished happiness for generations of boys in years past. The old stone walls that bounded the fields were concrete evidence of the industry of previous occupiers of the soil. All the bell-crowned stately elms were wearing their cravats of burlap as a protection against insects. Here and there was an ancient, deserted well. Forsaken, too, were the old mill dams, but the delightful swimming pools were there—an attraction that never grows old. Passing from this near past, we were transported to a far remote age by the evidences that exist here of the glacial period.

How delightful it was to feel again the old buoyant spirit of playfulness. There was with me one of the most celebrated attorneys of Boston, whose mind is doubtless a perfect labyrinth of questions of law and equity, but on this day he just talked as though we were a pair of boys. We commented on the angle at which a fishing pole should be held when trying for cat fish on the bank of the stream. We lay on the grass and threw stones, so that they would "skip" along the water—we stopped, entranced, before a glade in the woods which recalled some old boyhood's favorite nook. Here were a number of Italians, disporting themselves in the stream with the same care-free joy as though in their own blue Bay of Napoli. We stood to watch them; it was astonishing how much old-fashioned fun we got out of that day.

I recalled the time I caught my first fish. It was a red-horse-sucker, and even now I can feel the wild excitement that possessed me as that thrill ran up my arm which indicated that at last a bite had come to my line. How cautious I was about landing him—if I had lost that initial catch I think I should have been heart-broken; when the little fish lay, with his mouth agape, and his red scales shining like gold in the sun, I am sure no miner was ever more rejoiced at finding a big nugget of the precious metal. How I conveyed the news in a hoarse, excited whisper to the other boys along the line, and how they laid down their poles to come and watch; "Joe's landing his first fish," they whispered. To this day I recall the eager, excited faces of that little group of watchers, and hear again the confused, whispered directions. If I had obeyed them all I might be still occupied in landing that first fish—at the old dam below the lime kiln.

So we ramble on in the dog days, when we have left the routine tasks behind, flung aside the worry, and are here for a week or two at least—our own real selves. The charm of those days cannot be described, and we hope may be tasted by everyone and, as I said before,—don't fail to come to *our* reunion; let us have the democratic happy habit vacation spirit exemplified at the Exposition on September 14, 1907, and prove that during the Democracy of Dog Days is a fit time to train for the Happy Habit.

THE GREAT DIVIDE

PRINCE FUSHIMI AND PARTY AT "THE GREAT DIVIDE" EN TOUR CANADIAN ROCKIES

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

ALMOST without warning, the traveler on the Canadian Pacific dashes from the rounded, grassy foothills of Calgary in among the precipitous, snowy peaks of the Rockies. As the train steadily ascends, one constantly looks upon great mountains, with bases tinted in purple, and higher altitudes flecked with white and gold, where the snow has begun to melt. The railroad follows the Bow River until it reaches the Kananaskis Falls, the roar of which is heard distinctly above the noise of the train.

Here we looked upon a glacier-fed river, tumbling from great heights into sheets of milky green, grinding away ceaselessly by night and day over the cliffs. The walls are almost directly perpendicular, and through this natural gateway the railroad winds up past Pigeon Mountain, among the fantastic castle-like peaks that reach far into the clouds. Veritable giants they are, and the outline of these tremendous uplifts of stratified rock is truly awe-inspiring. It seems as though they had been pushed straight up by some Herculean hand, and then tipped forward to salute the passing train. Even in the fleeting view from the car windows, the faces of the cliffs can be plainly seen to be scored over with shelf-like ledges, and all this comes so suddenly into view that the traveler feels a thrill in looking upon these giants of past ages. It is "look, look, look," first from one side of the car and then from the other, every mile revealing something more wonderful than the last.

* * *

Far out at the foot of the mountain, we caught a glimpse of the famous Hoodoos, the giant earthen pillars, many times the height of a man, which stand like sentinels guarding the new land. These erosions, immense in height and girth, are plainly seen from the train, and are but specimens of the weird sculpturings of Nature in these canyons, shooting up peak after peak, yet each one with an outline peculiar to itself, which is distinguishable as it is pointed out by some good friend on the train. There is Mount Rundle, named after the famous missionary to the Indians, and many another peak whose name is familiar to those who travel through this picturesque country.

At Canmore, we saw a deserted city, built around the coal mines, and it was pathetic to think that all this devastation had taken the place of industry because of a quarrel between two men; but farther on, gigantic new cement works make amends for this depressing sight. At Bankhead, large anthracite coal mines are being worked, and all is activity and bustle.

* * *

The exhilaration of the altitude grows upon one as the train wheels into the Banff district, where the Canadian hot springs are located. Here is a reservation of 5,700 miles, which includes portions of the Cascade, Spray and Bow Rivers, a preserve twice as large as the Yellowstone Park. Amid this magnificent scenery are web-like bridle paths, leading in all directions. The huge masses of the Cascade Mountains rise to the north; seaward is Mount Inglismaldie, with the sharp point of Peecher projecting; the forest-fringed ridge of Stony Squaw; and the wall-like, high crest of Mount Bourgeo seems to have an almost human personality, and, as he gazes, the traveler is lost and intoxicated in admiration. On every side were the wild creatures, the birds and animals of the forest; and on the mountain summits we saw specimens of real mountain goats. Just before we reached Banff we came upon a herd of buffalo browsing amid the brush.

When you have been in Banff, and meet a fellow-traveler who has also had that privilege, all that is needed is:

"I have seen Banff."

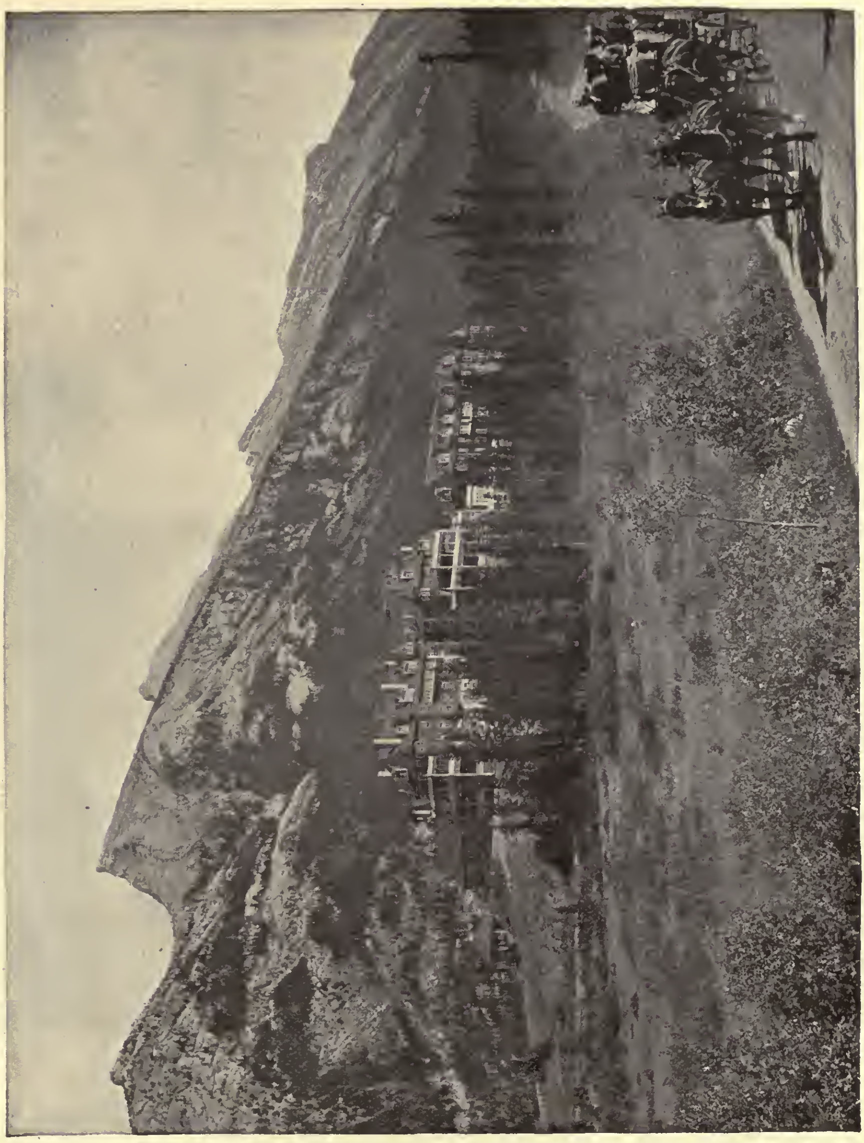
Here the spacious hotel is located in the very heart of the mountains—a haven of rest and recreation. The fountains about this hostelry are furnished with glacial water, which is considered the purest obtainable. Near-by are hot springs which provide the hotel with the sulphur baths, the curative qualities of which are sung in chorus by tourists.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE LOUISE, FROM THE CHALET

Banff is far more than a health resort; there is canoeing, driving, mountain-climbing, for the strong, while for the seeker of information there is a fine museum established by the government.

On the mountain slopes the remains of pre-historic creatures have been discovered; and it may be, after this region has been more thoroughly explored by the scientist, that valuable information will be added to our knowledge of those primeval times.

After a sharp turn in the railroad, the



BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD

traveler sees ahead the great pillars of snow-ledges, and there is Pilot Mountain, the landmark of Canadian trappers, which stands out with an individuality recognized almost equally well by night or day; 1,500 feet above the valley-bed are caves which run back 160 feet into the mountain, with a chimney-like aperture, giving a glimpse of the sky. A sheer precipice of 5,000 feet seemed nothing as the crescendo of awesome splendors burst upon us.

Never can I forget that Sunday when we looked far up the mountain and saw, for the first time, the beautiful glitter of the glacier. How strange it seemed that all that great lake of ice should hang there suspended, frozen solid as though by the wand of some mighty magician. Here the gigantic crystal remains, year after year, century after century, a relic of that mysterious glacial epoch which we are told once enveloped the entire continent—and here, after we have all passed away, those gleaming fields will still shine in the beauty of the May-time sun.

Laggan is the station for the Lakes in the Clouds, and after a few minutes' carriage ride, we looked upon these picturesque sheets of water, nestling upon the mountain sides. This is where the young professor from Montreal sat down and lapsed into a reverie on the charm of the scene, feeling that he must write a sonnet upon it; so we passed on and left him to woo the muse.

MARION LAKE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

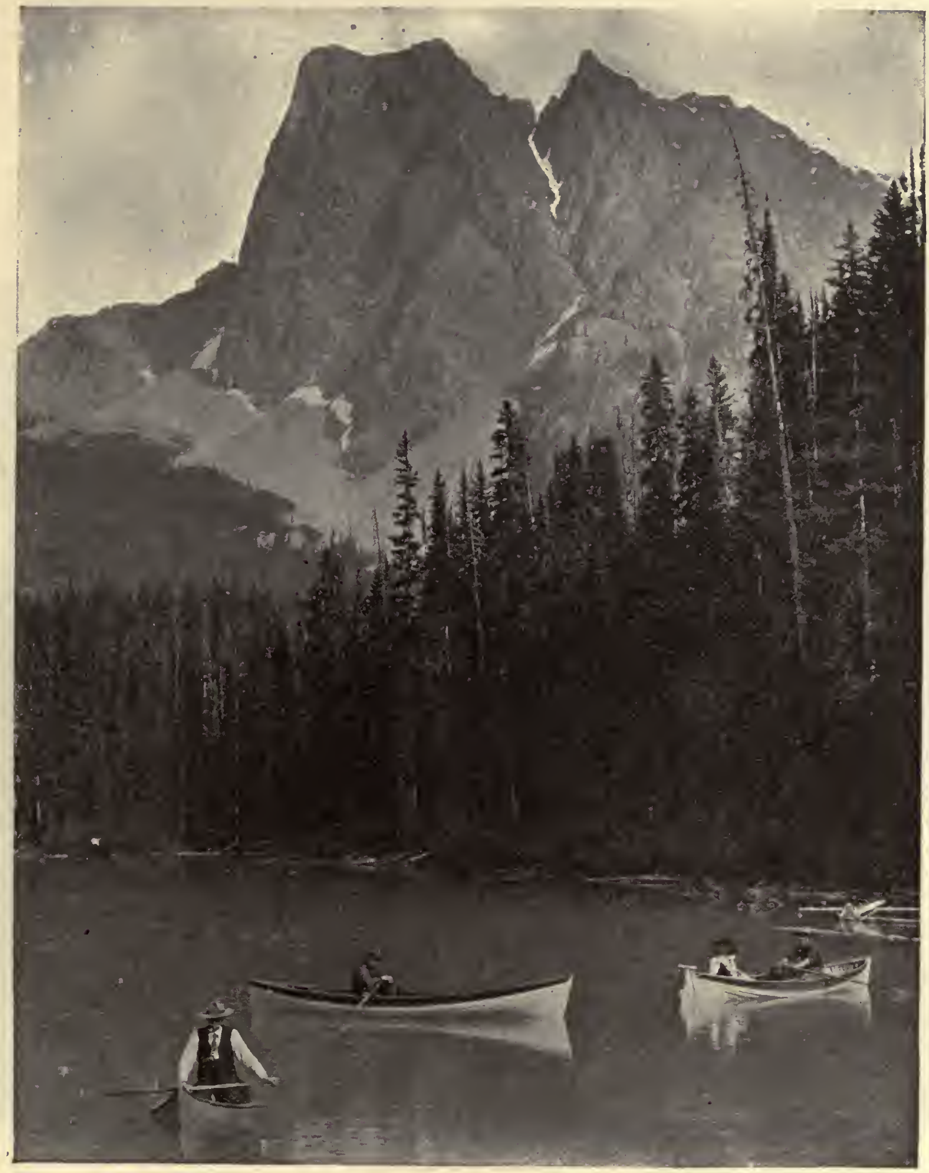
Beside Lake Louise is a hotel. All along the shores are bridle paths, which are used continually by tourists; and there are not only bridle paths, but bridal pairs also, as was evident when we watched the young people stroll along these picturesque mountain racks.

The pass over the Rocky Mountains on the Canadian Pacific road is 5,121 feet high, and is named after Sir George Stephen, first president of the Canadian Pacific, who aided materially in completing the railroad.

The train was moving slowly along as we looked upon the waters of the Great Divide, where the stream separates, part flowing to the Pacific and part to Hudson's Bay. Then we began to feel the first impulse of the Kicking Horse River, that tumultuous cataract which comes rushing down the ledges. That night, for hours after we had passed this point, we could still hear the roar of the Kicking Horse.

At the station of Field, the great gorge of the Kicking Horse spreads out into a vast valley of sand, washed by the rushing torrents. From Glacier the immense glacier field and the mysteries of the upper ice world may be reached. Here is the boundary line between the province of Alberta and British Columbia, which is nothing less than the "summit of the Rockies." It is difficult to define just where the summit of such a range lies, but if that boundary be elusive, it is certainly invulnerable.

While it was mountains and mountains, and glaciers and glaciers, we seemed so far removed from the stifling air of cities that we began to look with contemptuous eye even on the charms of ice-cream for dinner. I shall never again even look into the top of



-MOUNT BURGESS, EMERALD LAKE

our refrigerator without thrilling recollections of those splendid glaciers.

Speaking of dinner—what a delight it was to get the real Spring salmon of the Pacific Coast, just fresh from the water, and put aside the eggs for breakfast for a time.

We were still running a race with the mountain torrents. At short intervals there are built out on the steeper grades safety switches; so that if a train runs away, it can be instantly turned up the mountain and promptly stopped in its downward course—it is simply a matter of turning the switches by the man on watch, and all danger is over.

At Revelstoke we had the first glimpse of the Columbia River, girdling the Selkirk Mountains and going off again on its way to the southern boundary. Revelstoke is an ambitious little city, and here, as everywhere, we witnessed the activity of the Board of Trade in setting forth the beauties and the advantages of the place. In hotels, on railroads, in all available spots, lively local literature of this kind is to be found, describing the attractive features of the various cities, and the traveler cannot look long at these seductive pages without feeling the impulse to stop off and see for himself.

"THE THREE SISTERS" IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

There is Kamloops, and Spatsum, and Spuzzum,—how's that for names?—where the Fraser Canon is revealed.

At Hellgate, the great mountains seemed at times to close together and then open again, giving the singular effect of a moving earth.

It was morning, and the conversation was between two porters:

"Sicamous, Sicamous!" called George.

The other porter replied, "Say that again." and it was said again.

"Yes; but say it slower."

"Sick - a - moose, Sick - a - moose," said George, in a drawling tone.

"Go on with you," said his irate comrade, "This chicken am no dog."

That afternoon's ride was down the Fraser River, discovered years ago by the man whose name it bears. He thought he was on the Columbia River, hence did not go farther south, and this is the reason that the Columbia River is not at this time claimed by Canada. On the islands in this river are old Indian graveyards. It seems that they desired to bury their relatives in the most out-of-the-way places. The banks of the stream are lined with salmon nets, and there are many tall, slender trees.

AND THEY GATHER AT THE "BIG TREE" IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER

THE PORTALS OF THE ORIENT

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

WHEN I alighted from the train at the Canadian Pacific Terminal Station in Vancouver, I saw beneath me the Steamer Empress of China, and other vessels, making ready to loose from their moorings, en route for the Orient. In one glance, the possibilities of this young giant City of the West were revealed. Close to the spot where I plumped my heavy suitcase, weighted with Canadian literature, concerning every city we had passed, was the stump that had been marked out twenty years ago as the town site of Vancouver—hard by a solitary wharf. The adjacent harbor is now lined with wharves at which craft of all kinds and sizes are loading. If Vancouver progresses in the next twenty years as she has in the past, her future prospects will be magnificent, multiplied in geometrical ratio.

We arrived on a busy Saturday night. It was a luxury to get out and rest, for with the Vancouver Hotel the Canadian Pacific Railroad has proved its right and title to be proud of its long line of hostelries, reaching from ocean to ocean. Two things the road certainly knows how to do—to run cars on rails as they ought to be run, and manage hotels and steamboats in a manner that spells comfort.

In Vancouver the rule of keeping to the left in driving is observed in true English fashion, and yet it was difficult to believe that we were really on foreign soil, though here was the impress of the plucky early British colonist. The Scotch in Canada are the real thing. One son of Scotia told me I ought not to speak of Great Britain as "England," and reminded me that there was a country of no small importance lying to the north of England. He urged me to use the word British when I meant British; and also told me that persons born in Scotland were not Scotchmen, but Scotsmen. What a fine burr there was on all his "r's"—he did that letter ample justice when he said "bor-r-r-r-rn," and I began seriously to consider whether it would not be a good thing to have a few Scots sprinkled through some parts of New England where the letter "r" is seldom pronounced.

* * *

Here we met Richard Marpole, general executive assistant, who has been in these parts for twenty-one years in charge of the affairs of the company. He had just returned from a trip to Alberni district, on Vancouver Island, where the Canadian Pacific Railroad is building an extension over the Esquimalt Railroad, which they have recently purchased.

On the crest of the hill we invested in tickets for street car rides, and here I could not resist another look at the masts and funnels of the steamers below, which sail under the direction of D. E. Brown, General Superintendent of Trans-Pacific S. S. Here one is in close touch with the Far East. This fact is very apparent in the streets, where one meets, at almost every turn, Hindoos—long, lank fellows, with turbaned heads, and faces and manners that seem to speak of all sorts of occult mysteries, though by Indian laws only certain castes are permitted to emigrate from India. These brown-skinned wayfarers are British subjects, and so have a privilege which the Chinese do not enjoy—they can go to any part of Canada or the British settlements without incurring a head tax.

British Columbia's chief difficulty was discovered before I had been there many hours—it is the old question of labor and capital to develop the resources of the country.

One of the most hopeful features of the West is that, in the hotel dining rooms, on the streets, everywhere, one constantly meets young men with go-glint in their eyes. It looks as though about nine-tenths of the population must be young men, and I confess I fell to wondering what had become of the young women. Had their courage failed them when it came to leaving the homeland and coming West? I wanted to see that incomparable, pushing spirit of the new country reflected in the faces of the girls as it was in the boys.

The first thing to do in Vancouver, of course, is to see the "big trees," so we set out for Stanley Park. A new road had been cut, and without considering the vast distances of the great West, we walked and walked and walked in this primeval forest, but still the "big trees" were "farther on," and "farther on" we went, and again a sign read, "Big trees farther on." It was early on a Sunday morning, but we were not the only pedestrians looking for big trees. The fresh roads are fine specimens of highways, with over-arching fir trees everywhere leading through Nature's own haunts, which have been left unspoiled.

We finally swung around a curve, and unexpectedly came upon the big trees, and behold! there stood an enterprising photographer. Of course we must have our pictures taken. So he stood us up against one of those forest giants and shot at us with his camera. I felt like William Tell's young son, who stood with the apple on his head to act as a target for his father's arrow. It is always more or less of an ordeal to have one's picture taken, and feel the carefully arranged smile slipping away before the camera has done its work. After that we explored the beautiful boulevard which skirts English Bay, far removed from the roar of the Pacific tempests.

* * *

A visit at the Vancouver Club, and we began to notice the effect of the climate—a little more deliberateness is seen here than is evident on the eastern side of the Rockies. The men in Vancouver do not make haste in their conclusions—but they duly arrive. The peculiar effect of the air is felt by almost all newcomers, which is not surprising when one recalls the fact that the city is at the sea level, and the traveler has dropped a mile in altitude within a few hours.

The great saw mills represent one of the giant industries of British Columbia. Logs six or eight feet in diameter, characteristic of Puget Sound timber, were being rushed up to the mills. Ships were in process of construction from the sturdy firs of the West. Near-by the long line of warehouses, elevators and many other features called to mind the

City of Duluth. The lumber interests of British Columbia are largely in the hands of Americans, who have come to help exploit one of the most wonderful timber belts yet remaining on earth.

With a population of 70,000, one comes back again to the text; for everywhere the most remarkable statistics and facts crop up concerning the development of the country.

Far away to the southeast, Mount Baker bobbed up serenely at sunrise. To the north are the Cascade Mountains. Across the water, to the west, are the mountains of Vancouver Island, and the long row of the snow-capped Olympics to the south. Yet, despite the magnificent scenery, the mind will revert to the focal fact that this is the jumping-off point for Australia, Japan, Hawaii and the Orient, to say nothing of the Northland country and Alaska. A handsome new government postoffice is being built close to the water's edge. The city is supplied with good water, gas, and electric light plants; so here, as in other places in the Canadian West, we met with modern conveniences in full swing.

A VIEW OF VANCOUVER FROM FALSE RIVER

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To the east and south of Vancouver is a large area of land adapted for fruit-raising, and another prominent industry is the fisheries. Meeting the people, it was apparent that many of them had acquired competence in the Eastern and Middle West of Canada, and had moved out to spend their later years in the mild climate of the Pacific Coast. Here they find a relaxation from strenuous labor, and the charm of seaside, mountain and city life.

At the dinner of the Canadian Club, Sir William Mulock, former postmaster-general of Canada, and Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, C. M. G., deputy minister of labor, were present. Sir William is a veteran who has seen much of public life in Canada.

Mr. Mackenzie King is a young man who is certainly making his mark, and has come out to help settle the labor difficulties in the coal mining district of Fernie, in the Crow's Nest district. Sir William was the author of the Conciliation Act, which provides for an adjustment of labor troubles by calling in government officials to act as umpire between the contending parties—in short, an arbitration board. While the acceptance of this board is not compulsory, it is held to be binding by force of public opinion which lies behind it.

It is certain that young Canada has begun to "feel his oats," as the saying goes, as well as raise the famous Alberta variety. There is a spirit of independence that one cannot but admire. The young Canadian says to his brother, Uncle Sam: "Ha, ha, ha! Years ago we wanted to make a reciprocal tariff with you, but you haughtily decided that you did not want it. Now how is it? We are making you come over here with factories to realize that Canada is the real thing. Years ago we wanted you—now we can get along very well without you, and we are going to build up our own industries."

One is not fairly in Canada before he discovers that there are politics up that way—just as strongly marked as on the other side of the border. Several Socialist members were returned from the boundary districts.

* * *

In the Canadian West civic pride is a splendidly developed growth, only to be found in a young and thriving country. The outbursts of rivalry between the contiguous sections show an earnestness which is refreshing, compared with the indifference of older settled communities—it is better that men should vie and even fight with each other, than that they should spend all their energies snoring, or dreaming of the past.

The people of British Columbia insist that they have one of the richest provinces in Canada. The wealth of their timber resources alone is gigantic, being the largest stumpage now left on earth. English manners and customs are more noticeable in British Columbia than in other parts of Canada. English statesmen are beginning to scent Yankee influence in Vancouver—in fact, in order to understand that city one must take a trip to Seattle, where are found kindred people who simply smile at impossibilities. Canadians believe that when the Grand Trunk Pacific roads east and west are completed they will serve to check the pressure of "Yankees" from over the boundary, and stimulate more intimate relations between British Columbia and the lower provinces.

* * *

Vancouver has a gigantic Chinatown—a Chinese theatre, and a large amount of real estate in the city is owned by the Celestials—in fact, one of the wealthiest Chinamen in America resides in Vancouver. A $500 poll tax is assessed against the Chinese who desire to vote. The shortage of labor has even brought up a suggestion that the tax be repealed for a year or so, until the market is supplied. The scarcity of labor is an acute problem, but the Socialist and labor vote has to be considered. This silenced those who would otherwise declare openly what they secretly desire in the way of labor legislation. Some radical citizens of Vancouver, it is said, are willing to go through an earthquake to eradicate the Celestials.

In some of the manufacturing establishments an effort has been made to employ the lanky, turbaned Sikhs. Many of these will eat no meat and have a half-starved appearance, which is no endorsement of a vegetable diet. Labor unions are against Hindoos to the last round, some of the white employes flatly refusing to work with them. These dark-skinned strangers have little desire to speak the English tongue, and their utter ignorance of the prevailing language makes it very difficult to employ them.

Two Hindoos were at work with shovels on a railroad track, and were expected to clean up. The boss having carefully explained what he wanted, and set the two men at different points of the space to be cleaned, left them for a time. Detained longer than he expected, on returning, he was astonished to find that each Hindoo had been industriously digging a ditch, in which he was standing up to his knees. They understood that shovels were to dig with, and they dug. The boss said something on his return which they understood.

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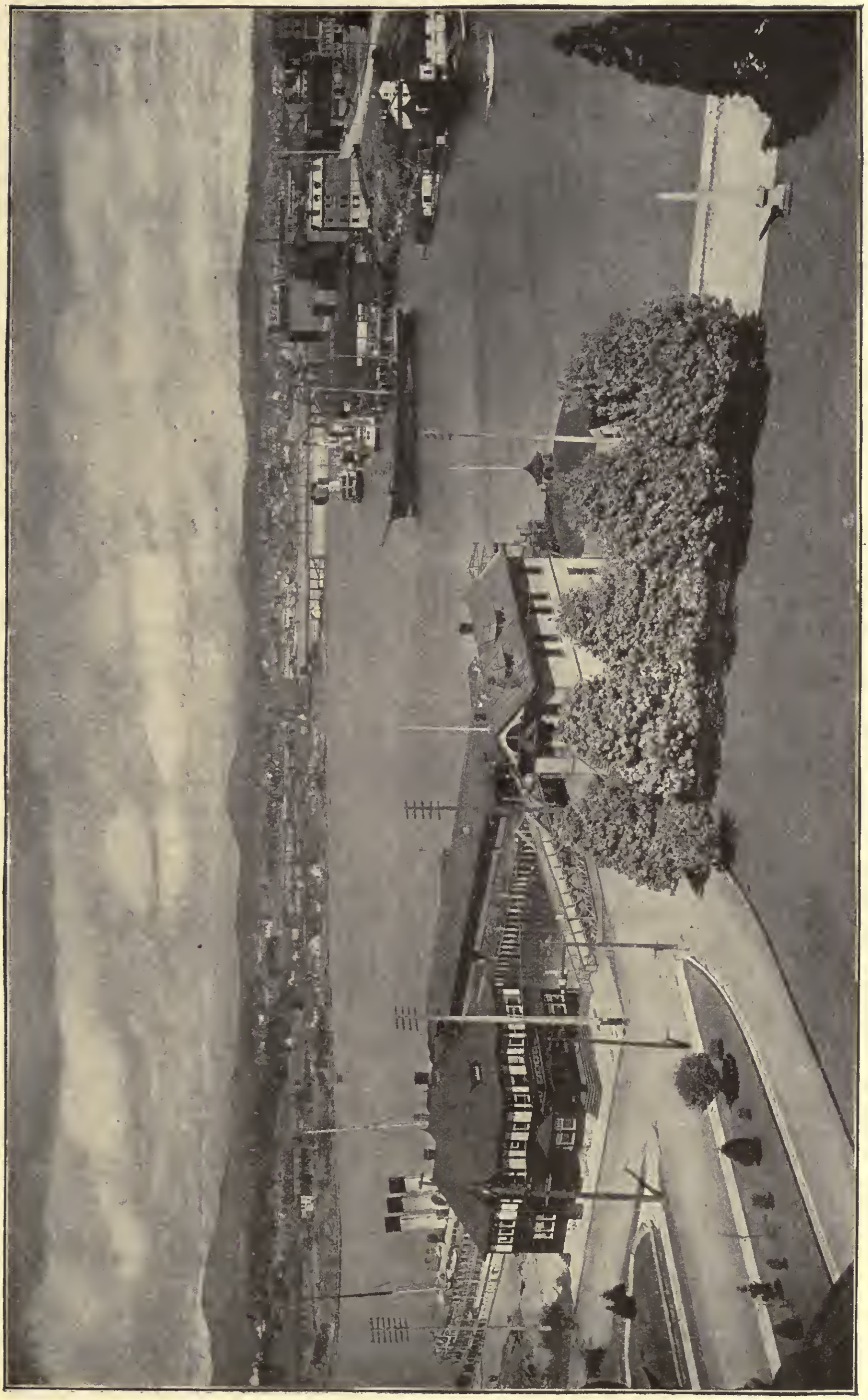
A mammoth new elevator, to care for the Alberta cereals which are being shipped to Japan and China, is being vigorously pushed; and it is urged that this elevator ought to



A VIEW OF VICTORIA HARBOR ON VANCOUVER ISLAND be built by the Dominion government. The visitor can hardly adjust himself to the degree of paternalism which exists between the Dominion government and the various provinces. Each province has its separate government, and the seat of parliament of the Province of British Columbia is in Victoria. A similar system prevails in the other provinces.

British Columbians certainly have an air of exclusiveness. One young lady, born in that province, indignantly denied that she was a Canadian. The aristocracy there seems akin to the "native sons" of California.

The railroads and land offices have, by their publicity campaign, secured concrete evidence of the success of the new home-makers in the West, and when you see farmhouses whose owners ride automobiles, there is ample evidence of prosperity. In the States, we think a man who owns an automobile certainly has money, or at least, gasolene to burn. In the famed Okanagan District is Vernon, with 1,800 people. Here fruit trees are pointed out as the real money-makers, and the Cold Stream Orchard is one of the largest in British Columbia, in fact the largest on the continent. Vernon sent out nearly two million pounds of fruit during 1906, and orchards are being planted at the rate of 250,000, trees a year. The estimated cost of developing twenty acres of fruit land is $100 an acre for fencing, ploughing and planting, and the expense of cultivating the trees, pruning, etc., is $2,500 for five years, which makes an investment of $3,700. The results may be judged by the record of the Cold Stream Ranch—a twenty acre orchard of twelve-year-old California Spy apple trees, which produced $15,525 worth of apples in one year. The fruit in this district is shipped in square boxes, instead of barrels, as they are more easily handled and the average price to the grower is about $1.25 net per box. The horticultural and fruit - raising interests in every fruit belt are thus far a success, and with a large home-market still unsupplied, this industry is sure to be greatly extended.

American ideas do not necessarily mean United States ideas, nor anything different from Canadian ideas, for, in reality, American ideas are the amalgamation of all the ideas of almost every nation under the sun, and each one has a share in making them. The strict constructionist Canadians want to call us from the United States, "Usonians," but that meets the fate of simplified spelling. Custom rules with an iron hand.

"The last and best of the West," is the slogan you hear on every side. Among the new developments that have atttracted a great deal of attention is the British American Land and Development Company, which is being organized under the laws of Massachusetts, and is settling two townships, Bulkley and Necho, in what is known as the Skeena and Caribou Valley districts of Central British Columbia.

It has been discovered that Eastern factories do not make the class of foot-wear required by mountaineers and miners, so shoe factories have been established in British Columbia, and these new Columbian establishments have been obliged to double the product every year, and are also exporting shoes from Vancouver to Ontario.

Speculators in real estate see good things in Vancouver. Property is selling on Hastings and Granville streets for $2,000 a front foot, and surrounding acreage is being divided into additional lots, but "the bane of permanent cities is a boom" say old-timers. They want solid growth.

With the coming of the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Northern, and the steel bridge to be built over the Narrows by the Great Northern, and the expansion of industrial and jobbing interests, Vancouverites feel that their city is the van-guard of the Canadian West. They feel, too, that they owe much to the courage and pluck of Sir William Van Horne, and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. The first steamer that the Canadian Pacific sent out is said to have had nothing on board but a few shingles and the bones of deceased Chinamen, who had desired that their ashes should rest in the tomb of their forefathers.

Here, again, were those live-wire newspapers, pushing prospects of the future. In the stores was a large supply of American goods—despite the heavy duty. I saw in the shop windows many reminders of widely-advertised articles, and walked along wondering if this might not possibly be the result of the influx of American magazines, and a proof of the value of the advance-guard—Advertising.

SCENE AT THE WHARVES, VICTORIA

VICTORIA, TIP 'O THE WEST

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

A FEW hours from Vancouver, and one is actually at the capital of British Columbia—Victoria, the "farthest West" city. West, still West—seems to me I have heard that word before. There is an irresistible magic in those four letters. Have you ever observed that nearly all the large cities in the country are built on the west side? Have you not noticed how often it happens that the west side of the street, the sunny side, is the fashionable promenade? Have you seen that it is usually the west side of a city which is most easily and rapidly developed? This curious westward tendency of the race was brought to my attention by a timber cruiser, who said no matter how tired he might be carrying his pack all day, if he came to the banks of a stream and happened to be on the eastern side, he would be sure to cross to the west before camping for the night, so that he might be "sure of a good start in the morning." These things may be merely co-incidences, but it is remarkable how the trend has been always westward since the days of the Aryan migration, when they left the eastern cradle of the race, and began that westward "trek" which has lasted for so many thousands of years, and now culminates here.

The magnificent view burst upon us in the glow of a western sunset. The city lay nestling around the harbor dotted with the masts of whaling vessels, bound for or returning from the North seas. The great gray stone Parliament House loomed up as the foreground of the beauties of the Evergreen City, flanked by the new palatial Empress hotel—Canadian Pacific Railway Co.

* * *

Victoria is the most British of all Canadian cities. It is a suggestive fact that while in Vancouver baseball is the rage, in sedate Victoria it is cricket. They are true to the sports as well as the traditions of "the old country."

The massive stone quay, with steps leading up from the water, gave that air of solidity witnessed in European cities. There is a sedateness about the James Bay Embankment, suggestive of the Thames There is the postoffice, the new hotel, the Parliament buildings, that always impress the stranger. Victoria is distinctly a city of homes. Hedge-bound estates are located in and around for miles; hidden behind rich banks of foliage, are homes which show that Victoria makes good her claim to be one of the finest American residential cities on the Pacific, as well as the western gateway of Canada, and the nearest British port to the Orient.

* * *

Extensive fruit and dairy farming country on the Island of Vancouver, surrounding Victoria, certainly presents opportunities for people with the right kind of push. Here again we found the city owning its own water plant and equipped with electric railroads and four beautiful parks. The city is fairly barricaded with seaside resorts, where the people congregate for a holiday at all times. The names on the streets are put in mosaics on the corners of the pavement, rather than on the sides of the houses, which saves craning one's neck upward to see what street runs thereabout.

In the rooms of the Victoria Tourist Association, late at night, I found Secretary Cuthbert, preparing a handsome new booklet for exploiting the manufacturing and tourist interests of Victoria. The rooms are tastefully furnished and serve as a rendezvous or "rest room" for the stranger who passes that way. On the walls are splendid photographs of scenes in and about Victoria and Vancouver. In the adjoining room, merchants and manufacturers of Victoria keep a perpetual exhibit, and a handsome one it is, of what is being manufactured and sold in the city. The Tourist Association is supported by voluntary contributions. No sooner does a stranger arrive, or even news of a prospective visitor, than he is looked after in a way that will not permit him to pass on without pleasant and enduring memories of the capital city of British Columbia. Premier McBride and his cabinet, and the public men of the provinces, have been especially interested in bringing in new and desirable citizens to exploit the great resources of the province.

Victoria has been called a bit of England on the shores of the Pacific, and one can well believe that he has passed off the American continent to the green halo of Britain.

It is not surprising that when the phlegmatic English journalist reaches Victoria he bursts forth into poesy, using superlatives without stint.

A PASTORAL VIEW UNDER THE OLD TREES AT VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

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When I first arrived in Victoria I frequently heard allusions to the splendid addresses made before the Canadian Club by Mr. J.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AND ST. JAMES EMBANKMENT AT VICTORIA—A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND ON THE PACIFIC

THE VICTORIA LUMBER COMPANY'S LOG DUMP

S. Dennis, calling attention in a concise and exhaustive way to the great endowments and natural resources of British Columbia. He insisted that no province possessed richer natural resources, and put the facts into figures in a manner truly impressive. Western Canada, with a population of 1,000,000 people, a railroad mileage of 7,000 miles, and 3,000 more under construction; bank clearings of $15,000,000; producing over 2,000,000 tons of coal; a timber output of 800,000,000 feet; with other mines than coal yielding $20,000,000 worth of different kinds of ore—is it any wonder that the speaker grew enthusiastic in pointing out the great future of British Columbia? He demonstrated with concrete facts the great possibilities in the way of raising fruit in the valley lands of this province, dwelling on the fact that the product would always be sure of a good home market, and declaring that it will not be many years before thousands of acres of arable land will be producing amazing horticultural wealth. As a climax, he predicted that he would live long enough to see a population of 10,000,000 people in Western Canada.

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Across the way from Victoria is the apparently endless chain of the snow-capped Olympian Mountains, and there was San Juan Island, the subject of international conflict in the years gone by. Out at Race Rock, lies the passage taken by the boats en route for the Orient. These craft make their last stop on this side at Victoria, before entering on the twelve days' cruise necessary to span the Pacific.

The warning whistle of the Seattle steamer came all too soon, and we left Victoria to pass over the boundary line "written on the waters" of Puget Sound.

MINING COAL IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

IN THE CROW'S NEST

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

ON the return journey, we struck Sicamous again which made the honorable George, the porter, smile, as he recalled the joke he had passed off upon his confrere upon the outward trip. It did not seem quite so funny, when a savage New York man came along looking for his shoes which had evidently been mislaid. Then the retort genteel reached George from the other car. "Don't you know, you big ugly nigger, that this is Shuswap," and he watched with glee while George hunted for the shoes which he had misplaced, to repay him for the joke that had seemed so poignant on the way out. So "shoe-swap" it was, sure enough—not far from Sicamous.

Among towering mountains, interspersed with placid mountain lakes, where little steamers plied to and fro, bringing the rafts and logs from the great timber districts, we passed Sicamous. The train runs south to the Okanagon fruit land belt, which has recently come into prominence. A large number of young men have fruit farms here which have been a splendid success. In some parts of the district, tobacco was being raised. A rigid inspection is made of all fruit trees, with a view to excluding pests that might be imported in nursery grown stock. The railroads and provincial government have taken a great deal of interest in exploiting fruit culture, because of the fact that in the mining districts of Crow's Nest and the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta there is always a heavy demand for all kinds of fruit. Wages are high, and miners will pay almost any price for good fruit.

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At Revelstoke the main line darts south for Arrowhead, the climax of scenic grandeur. This long lake, which is virtually part of the Columbia River, is of the bluest of Swiss blue, and lies between high mountains. On its bosom ply the handsome swift steamers of the Canadian Pacific Company. At times the scenery recalled the Hudson, and again there was a suggestion of Lake

Geneva in Switzerland, and of the lake district in England, made famous by Wordsworth. The landscape showed great variety, and rivalled in beauty the most bewitching lake scenery in the world. No, I did not indite a poem — but I felt like it. Our stately craft would sweep down the lake and turn her nose upon the beach, let loose the flying ladder-like gangway, and disembark the fruit farmer at his own ranch. These farms occupy the narrow strip of land just under the brow of the towering mountains, where the soil is especially adapted for fruit culture, sheltered from the biting winds and the frost.

WASHING GOLD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

* * *

The shores of the lake were lined with sawmills, and the logs now and then were caught in the wheels of the vessel, so we had to pull up and use a giant toothpick. At one lumber camp, the vessel got even with the logs. At the landing, men were at work making up a raft, and with long poles and pipes were as gay as gondoliers, until the motion of the water caused by the vessel disturbed their equilibrium and gave us an exhibition of real log-rolling, and incidentally some swearing of log-sailor kind.

At the Halcyon hot springs a landing was made, also at Nakusp, and, altogether, the delightful day's sail ended too soon.

In the evening we arrived at Robson, and from there took train to the bustling little metropolis of the "boundary," Nelson. Here, also, we found municipal ownership in operation, and they certainly had lights to burn in Nelson; for a generous row of electric lamps crossed the street at every corner, and impressed the stranger with the thought that a carnival might be under way to celebrate some gala day.

Excursions were soon planned from Nelson to come into touch with the real primeval forest and mountain wilds. Slocan Lake and Kitchener Glacier are reached from Kaslo, but that "boundary" trip was too attractive. This is known as the Kootenay district, and is so close to the boundary that it is called the "boundary country," having a close connection with Spokane to the south.

NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA, ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Nelson is the capital of the Kootenays, and is located on an island formed by the conjunction of the Columbia and the Kootenay Rivers. The 20,000 Club was in session the night that I arrived, devising ways and mean to make Nelson, with its scenic attractions health-giving climate, fruit-growing resources and liberal supply of minerals, better known to the world. When they heard of the National—it was settled.

A well-governed little city is Nelson, with a progressive citizenship. The great supply of available water power supplied by the Kootenay River, and the close proximity to the mining and coal district, establishes the Kootenay capital as the great mining center of British Columbia. The West Kootenay Power Company have their plant near Bonnington, where they have developed 16,000 horse power, and are arranging for 16,000 more. The city of Nelson owns a lighting plant at Bonnington which cost $200,000, and which has a capacity of development to 6,000 horse power.

The exhibits of fruit grown around Nelson are certainly interesting. Earl Gray, Governor General of Canada, is a land holder in evidence of his faith in the fruit culture of the Kootenay district. Near Trail F. A. Heinze, of Copper Mine fame, began his exciting career. He first secured a charter to build a railroad from Trail to the Rossland copper deposits, but soon sold out to the Canadian Pacific, meanwhile operating successfully a railroad from Robson to Trail. On this line, Brigham Young's old private car was used for many years.

* * *

The plant of the West Kootenay Company transmits all the power used directly over the mountain eighty miles distant to the copper mines. The climb up these mountains, passing through the Bulldog Tunnel constructed by "Big Smoke Stevens," of Panama fame, appears very hazardous, but in reality the tunnel obviates the peril of crossing the Bulldog switchback. No accidents have ever occurred here. Over the mountains we came into bustling little Grand Forks, where the Granby smelters reduce the ore brought from the Phenix mines.

Down the beautiful river valley, from Grand Forks, one looks upon a view that seems rather some imaginary fairyland melting away into the distance than a reality. Where the boundary line begins are towering mountains.

We drove among the foothills, where the fruit farms are situated, and to humor our fancy, the good cousin who had us in charge drove us across the boundary line and back again. The forty-ninth parallel is marked by bronze stakes, and when the line leads over a mountain the timber is cleared on either side, so that the boundary of the United States and Canada may be distinctly traced on the horizon. Scarcely less grand the scene at night, when the heavens were constantly illuminated with the glow of the smelters and the red glare when the great pots dumped the seething slag. The Granby smelters, although operating on low grade ore, make a good showing, because of the economical processes and large volume that is smelted every day.

It is said that President Hill, of the Great Northern, expended $1,000,000 on a spur track, to secure part of the ore traffic, which altogether amounts to about $400,000 a year in freight. This is an example of the aggressiveness of railroad construction, apparent all over the country. On the other hand, the "Hot Air Line," constructed from Grand Forks to Butler, was an utter failure because the ores mined there did not pay for smelting.

As was the case with the Hot Air Route, which stranded, leads nowhere in particular, has no starting point and no terminal of importance; mistakes are sometimes made in building railroads. In constructing the Kootenay Line, tariff changes were made such as prevented Mr. Hill from bringing the ore across the boundary line to Bonner's Landing, as he intended doing, and so Mr. Hill has one line where traffic is not congested, and trains run only at infrequent intervals.

* * *

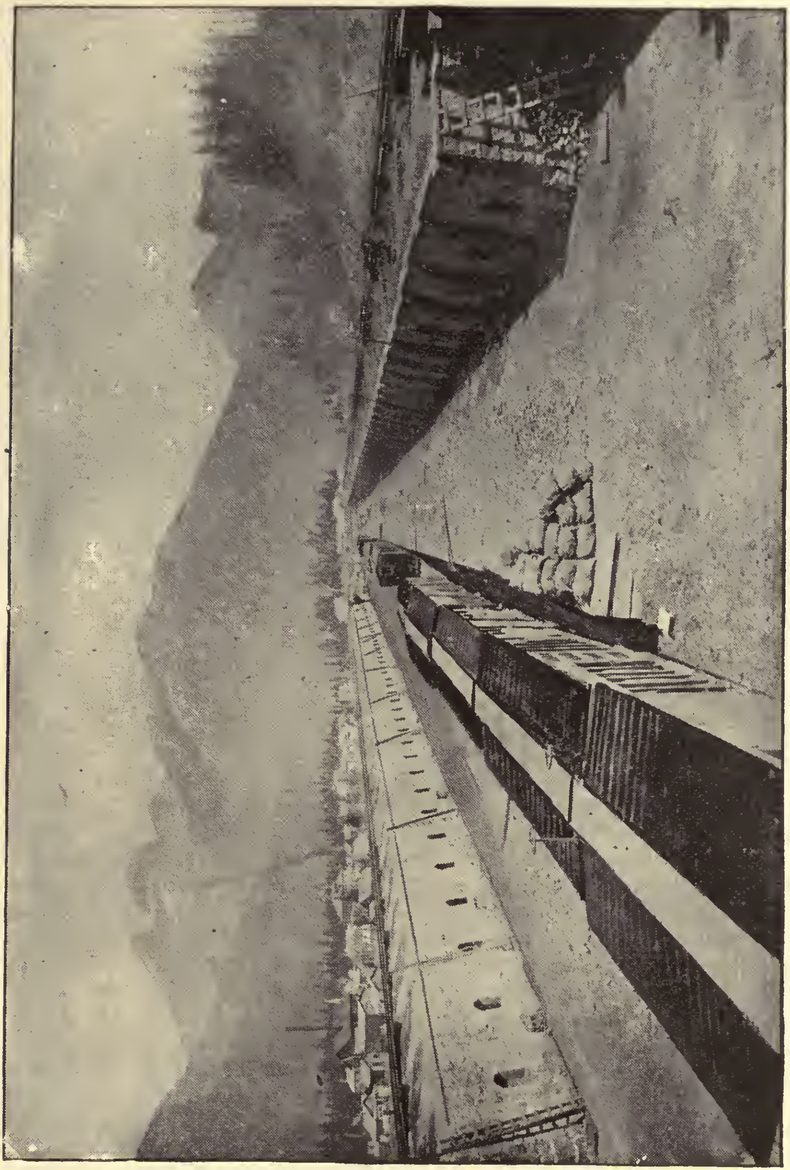
Here, by the way, I met "Gunner," a seasoned prospector, who had traveled for many years, all over the country, in search of ore, and locating mines. Sometimes he would be gone for weeks at a time, and, if successful, would return, to sell at a good price. Mining laws and customs are peculiar, but generally just. Should a prospector return. tell about his location, and simply say to someone, "You are in on this," that would transfer a half-interest in the location to the man addressed. Mining laws in the United States have been somewhat confusing, but in the Dominion the laws made simplify matters, and lawlessness in claim-jumping is decidedly a hazardous undertaking.

When the treaty with the Hudson's Bay Company was made, it was known that lead had been obtained in the Kootenay district by the Indians, and this brought about the discovery of the St. Eugene Lead Mine, one of the three largest in the world.

Great smelters at Nelson, Trail and Grand Forks are important factors in the development of the mineral resources of this district. About 6,000,000 pounds of lead, a goodly sum of gold, 3,000,000 ounces of silver, and 45,000,000 pounds of copper, estimated value $20,000,000, was the output in 1906.

* * *

Canadian Pacific boats leave Kootenay in the evening, and what a night's rest we had



COKE OVENS IN THE CROW'S NEST, NELSON DISTRICT

on the placid waters! In the morning we boarded a train, and sped on through the "Crow's Nest Pass" and the coal district. The track leads up the Goat River, through the great mountains of the "Nest." When the extension of the Canadian Pacific from Midway to Vancouver is completed—a veritable triumph of engineering, for stupendous difficulties in construction beset this line from the start—it will be a direct air line, but there has been a popular objection to running the road too close to the States boundary.

* * *

It is always interesting for me to go over a country and "discover" scenes made familiar in novels. The "Man from Glengarry" and other novels of Ralph Connor, were written concerning this country, although some of the natives say that it would not be wise for the author of "The Sky Pilot" to return there. Here I learned much of "Father Pat," a character famed throughout the district; a veritable nobleman he must have been, judging by the tributes paid his memory by the scores of people I met. While pastor of a prosperous Episcopal church in one of the Columbia cities, his wife died, and thereafter he gave himself with absolute devotion to his work. Of the rough and ready sort, he had a marvelous power over men. Father Pat was continually looking after the suffering and the needy, and his good deeds recall the Arabian tales of Aboul Ben Adhem. Father Pat was an Irishman named H. Irwing.

The "boys" raised a fund one time to buy a new suit for their cleric, since he spent his money on his flock, instead of supplying himself with clothes. He did not appear in the new raiment, however, and in a little while it leaked out that the money which had been given him for the suit had been spent on a needy family, so then the boys lassoed him to have his measure taken, and put the new garments on him by main force.

Father Pat would tramp the mountains for thirty and forty miles—for it was before the railroad days—and when he desired to play a practical joke on a stranger, he gently invited him for "a little walk from Nelson to Grand Forks," when the unwary tenderfoot was soon tuckered in the mountain walk. He was once challenged, when asking men to go to church, to play a game of cards; if he succeeded the men were to go to church; if he failed they were to stay away. So he took off his coat in the good cause, and—won the game! The boys were duly marched off to church, for they all loved Father Pat.

A modest monument to his memory is erected at Rossland. His death was a sad one for he was found wandering away one morning, with his reason dethroned by the privations which he had suffered in trying to help his fellowmen. He was truly a man among men, and perhaps did not conform to the conventional conduct of the average parson, but no memory is more revered than that of Father Pat, who made for himself an enduring place in the hearts of the rough and sturdy pioneers.

Traveling on Sunday morning through the lumber districts surrounding Cranbrook, I met Mr. Otis Staples, a leading lumbering operator, and a little later came to Fernie, the great coal district of Columbia, whose rapid development has been marvelous, and promises ere long to rival Pennsylvania mines in the production of coal which makes excellent coke, and can be supplied to the smelters and mines at a very low rate.

A branch line of the Canadian Pacific leads to Spokane, affording direct transit between that city, St. Paul and Minneapolis. At Franklin, just on this line, occurred the terrible landslide a few years ago, when a mountain broke in two and buried a city under fifty feet of rock and filled up the great valley for fifty miles. The road now runs fifty feet above that buried city of the West, which suffered the fate of Pompeii.

Over the summit to Macleod, in Southwestern Alberta, we rode through a country largely given up to stock raising. At Lethbridge, the Alberta Irrigation Project was well advanced, and already in part being successfully operated, reclaiming and putting into cultivation hundreds of miles of new farm lands. Here Mr. McGrath and Mr. Nasmith of the Alberta Railroad Company carried to completion a most remarkable project. At Raymond, the sugar beet mills and the triumphs of the agricultural methods of the Mormons are apparent. Not far distant is Medicine Hat, where natural gas has been discovered, and the city, in true Western fashion, has set about utilizing this gas for manufacturing purposes.

A few hours' run north to McLeod brought us back again to Calgary. On this train I counted in one coach fifteen babies, lusty, red-faced little mortals, who all took a notion to cry at the same time; when these Western babies lifted up their voices there was no mistaking the quality of their lungs. There is no need for any strictures from President Roosevelt as to race suicide in Canada.

* * *

Tempted to linger again in Calgary we hurried on to the "farthest North." Since we had left, the snowflakes had taken their departure, and seed-time was well advanced

A SCENE IN EDMONTON—PRAIRIE SCHOONERS BOUND NORTHWARD

AT EDMONTON, IN ALBERTA

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

AGAIN running due north from Calgary, we had visions of pelts and live bears at Hudson Bay, as we started for Edmonton, the great fur mart. The splendidly equipped train recalled the express between Boston and New York. There is something fascinating in that oft-heard name, "Hudson's Bay trading posts."

En route, we passed acres of rich black loam on the rolling prairies, with now and then a glimpse of trees and brush land. No wonder the Iowa and Indiana farmers were fascinated when they looked over this stretch of country. The Chinook wind modifies the winter, which has no terrors for the Albertans. Along this route are scores of new towns—in fact, everything is new, and new buildings and new anticipations certainly have a fascination all their own.

Late at night, on the south side of the river, we arrived at Strathcona, named for the president of the Hudson's Bay Company. This city is the present terminus of the Canadian Pacific, and has been built up like magic in the past few years.

The new province of Alberta was created with appropriate exercises on September 1, 1905, attended by Governor-General Earl Gray, Sir Wilfred Laurier, and other distinguished persons, with an escort of 200 R. N. W. Police. This ceremony inaugurated a new province, which already has a population of 300,000 people, the distributing center of 3,000 miles of territory. Alberta is a big province, large enough to put in the entire population of Canada, without crowding, and with its resources developed is equal to feeding America. They call it "the land of sunshine."

* * *

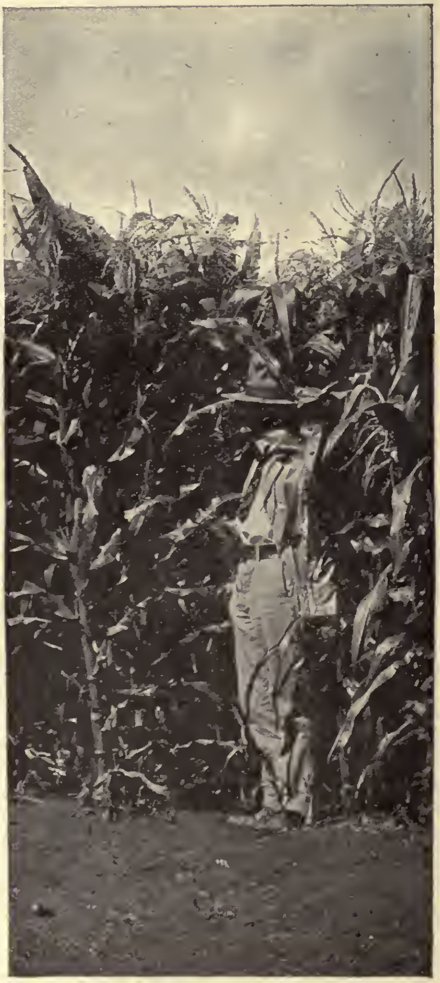
Edmonton, the new capital of Alberta, has long been known as the great fur-trading point of the Northwest, where the chief supplies of raw furs are purchased. This thriving city greatly resembles Winnipeg, with its broad main street and the peculiar bend, indicating the trend of the Hudson's Bay Company trails. Today Edmonton has far surpassed the distinction of being a fur trading point—it is the distributing centre for a vast area of thousands of miles, including the famous Peace Valley country, which furnished No. 1 Hard Wheat for grand prizes at the American expositions. Edmonton, as the terminus of the Canadian Northern Railroad, has a handsome depot, and has grown at a tremendous pace. When the citizens speak of territory tributory to Edmonton, they can point 2,000 miles to the north. It was but recently that a young society lady there made a trip to the Arctic Ocean, down the Mackenzie River, as a summer tour.

HON. FRANK OLIVER, OF EDMONTON
MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR FOR THE DOMINION

* * *

Years ago a newspaper man located here, made a good fight and held out and waited for the railroad. He was the Honorable Frank Oliver, editor of Edmonton's first paper, and now Minister of the Interior for the Dominion of Canada, at Ottawa. Genial, blue-eyed, with a drooping gray moustache and firm lips, one readily sees that the editor of "The Bulletin" is capable of using emphatic language not easily forgotten. He was in the city when I was there, looking after his Edmonton interests. In his own printing office, I found that he had just installed a Monotype and Miehle press equipment similar to that with which the National Magazine is printed, and of course he was at once a man after my own heart.

It is an every day occurrence to hear these Western people tell of young men who came here a few years ago without a dollar and now have achieved independence. On every side opportunity is spelled in big letters, and of opportunity, as known in the Canadian West, it may surely be said with truth, "They do me wrong who say I come but once."



SOME CORN GROWN IN CANADA WEST

The settlers come out and locate their lands and townships, and the first thing is to get an overseer, then a school committee; then a number is given them by the provin-

Edmonton
E.Brown
#605a

AN EDMONTON FARMER'S HERD OF COWS—SHOWING SOMETHING OF THE LAND AND TIMBER cial government, and if they choose, they may add a name recalling the old name they have left back East.

The trend of Western politics is indicated by the fact that in the provincial Parliament of Alberta, out of twenty-five members, only two conservatives have seats. They assert on every side, there are no longer any British-American people—they are strictly Canadian.

The Alberta College has four hundred and fifty students, under the management of Dr. Riddell, which indicates the character and progress of the people of that province.

With Mr. Alleyne Jones of the Alberta Agencies, Limited, we visited Revillon Brothers', Limited, wholesale store which would do credit to any city. There was an air of business, and a million-dollar stock of goods such as one never could expect to see a thousand miles northwest of Winnipeg. There was a fine display of Oriental rugs, and all manner of summer draperies and lingerie and costly woolens. Merchandise is brought to Edmonton in train loads, and aggregates millions of dollars in value. This establishment revealed the kind of people who reside in Edmonton and the Province of Alberta. Revillon Brothers, of Paris, own this great business, and purchase furs in exchange for merchandise, following the methods of the Hudson's Bay Company; for up in the fur country mere money does not count so much as flour and bacon.

The furs are brought in once a year to the city, and sent out in large shipments to Europe. A consignment valued at $160,000 was dispatched in one day. The price of furs is rapidly advancing, and now even wolf skins bring a good market price. On the floor of this business house were the pelts of mink, otter and choice specimens of silver fox, which bring prices ranging from $1,000 upwards. This vast business is under the able management of Mr. Rourke, who represents the Revillon Brothers at Edmonton.

Near Edmonton is old Fort Saskatchewan, with its romantic memories of early days. The city is located on the crest or high bank

PRODUCTS OF AN ALBERTAN GARDEN

back from the river, and the new single tax system has been adopted. The buildings of Edmonton are not taxed, only the land. This forces the vacant lot owners to improve and build, instead of merely waiting for an advance in price of land. All the public utilities—light, gas, water and street railroads — are owned and operated by the city.

No assessments are made on personal property, in the way of a stock of goods or machinery. They are all assessed on a basis of the square feet occupied by the owners, from livery stableman to doctor, banker and butcher.

The complete list of business assessments I secured from D. M. McMillan, the sturdy Scotch assessor, who started his tax experiments in Brandon, Manitoba. Music halls are taxed three dollars, and workshops one dollar a foot, each assessment being based on the valuation per foot, taxes being simply a question of so much a square foot under roof. Doctors, lawyers, dentists, undertakers, every one has to pay on this same schedule; hotels and ice cream parks pay extra, and banks head the list with seven dollars and a half per square foot. The necessity of variation in the schedule occurs each year. Real estate and loan companies pay a straight license in the course of development. The rate of taxation was ten and a half mills.

CANADIAN NORTHERN'S NEW DEPOT AT EDMONTON

UNLOADING BOATS ON THE LESSER SLAVE LAKE

REVILLON SPECIAL
THIS ENTIRE TRAIN FOR

WHOLESALE FREIGHT ROLLING INTO EDMONTON, THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CITY OF AMERICA

REVILLON FRERES' FUR TRADER ON LESSER SLAVE LAKE

THE "MIDNIGHT SUN" WITH ITS CARGO OF FURS ON THE ATHABASCA

PANORAMIC VIEW OF EDMONTON, ALBERTA

List of Business Classifications for Assessment per square foot, in Edmonton, Alberta

Amusement Halls	$3.00
Banks	7.50
Boots and Shoes	4.00
Butchers	4.00
Business and Professional Offices	4.00
Cigars	4.00
Confectionery	4.00
Drugs	4.00
Dry Goods (retail)	4.00
Dry Goods (wholesale)	2.00
Factories	.25
Factory Warehouses (permanent)	1.00
Florists	.50
Furniture	2.50
General Stores	4.00
Grain	1.00
Groceries (retail)	3.00
Groceries (wholesale)	2.00
Harness (retail)	3.00
Harness (wholesale)	2.00
Hotels (bars excluded)	1.00
Ice Cream Parlors	2.00
Jewelry	5.00
Laundry (steam)	2.00
Laundry (hand)	4.00
Laundry (first floor only)	1.00
Millinery	2.00
Manufacturers' Agencies (warehouses)	2.00
Photographers	2.00
Printing Offices	2.50
Pianos and Organs	3.00
Stationery	3.00
Undertakers	3.00
Warehouses (general)	1.00
Warehouses (implements)	.75
Workshops	1.00

Real Estate $50 per year license.
Insurance $25 per year license.

The inauguration of this system was interesting. Mr. Short, the former mayor, formulated the plans which have been carried out. Edmonton makes no specious academic claims in regard to the Henry George single tax, public ownership or utility idea, but the whole thing came about as a matter of necessity in the course of development. The city was growing rapidly; it was beyond the power of private capital to provide necessities, so they concluded to take the chance and set to work with material at hand. Now they have an assessed valuation of $17,000,000; an income of $1,600,000 in real money, and taxes of $125,000 on incomes of $2,000 per year and over.

* * *

The secretary of the Board of Trade, Mr. A. G. Harrison, was busy making abstracts of the figures showing the remarkable growth of the new capital. At his office was data in reference to Edmonton as a commercial and industrial center. Here I was informed that more than three-fourths of the area of Alberta is arable, also rich in other natural resources. The buildings erected in the city in 1906 were valued at $1,800,000, and it is estimated that those built in 1907—including the new Parliament buildings—will about equal $5,000,000. Twenty-three wholesale

SCENE ON JASPER AVENUE, THE MAIN STREET IN EDMONTON

houses are now shipping goods out of Edmonton, and bank clearings run over $1,000,000 per week.

This city was one of the first in Canada to take up advertising for a specific business purpose, with good results. When they began building their water-works they were short of labor, so they advertised generally and particularly for labor, and secured it, which convinced them of the benefits derived from "letting people know about it."

* * *

The soil about Edmonton has an average of eighteen inches of rich black loam. The country around is partially timbered, and the light poplar and brush and willow scrub is easily cleared by fire for the large fields. Ploughing goes on late into November, and sleighing begins about Christmas, and continues until March.

As a bushel of oats weighs from thirty-eight to forty-six pounds, and barley from fifty to fifty-six pounds, an order has been issued by the railroads not to load the cars to their full bushel capacity, as the weight is too heavy in proportion to the standard bulk. An agricultural fair held in Edmonton is a revelation as to the resources of the Northland soil.

Looking out from Main street, one sees miles of buildings erected or going up, and the visitor has to pinch himself to be sure that he is not dreaming, when he is told that this is all the result of a few years, and that all these great resources lay dormant through

THEODORE REVILLON

the centuries, awaiting the magic touch of the westward trek to develop them.

* * *

A new Methodist church, costing $60,000, is now being built, which has the unusual feature of providing lunch counters, to be kept open day and night. A gymnasium and social hall for stenographers and clerks, who may desire to gather there at the noon hour, is another unique feature. The Rev. Mr. **Heustis** has certainly projected advanced modern ideas, and is bent on making his church a practical part of the upbuilding of the city in the highest sense. The large church attendance in these towns must interest ministers throughout the United States who would desire to know how the large congregations are held together. True, there are no contra-attractions to draw the people away on Sunday, but more than this, the churches are a closely-knit feature of every-day life, and not merely a seventh-day tradition.

The municipal government consists of a council and mayor. Two commissioners, with the mayor, serve at a salary to look after all the affairs of the city. The mayor takes care of the legislative departments, and Mr. Pace is the commissioner who looks after all mechanical appliances for the city, such as water-works and other public utilities. The other commissioner has charge of the varied financial interests of the city.

* * *

All through Canada are located "Immigration Halls," over which floats the Union Jack, and in these the settlers who come into the country without adequate provision are housed until they can be properly cared for elsewhere. One of the immigration agents remarked that Americans seldom come into these halls, the immigrants who use them being generally foreigners, who seem to be unable to grasp the requirements of locating in a new country.

IN AN ALBERTA GARDEN

Edmonton has thrown open her gates, and expects the advent of 250,000 new settlers within two years. With 3,000 Canadians, 230 Scotch, 200 Irish, 68 Swedes, 26 Finns, 28 Hollanders, 75 Frenchmen, 18 New Zealanders and 42 Australians arriving in one year, the proportions of the new population, which is decidedly cosmopolitan, is indicated. A large number of families came from Pasadena and other districts of California to settle north of Edmonton—and Californians have a discriminating appreciation of a good climate.

This ingress of people from all parts of the world is occasioned largely by the desire for free homes—for one word in the language that conveys a sense of luxury to every ear is "Free." When new families have sampled these gifts of land, they are found to be so irresistibly valuable that when the news gets around in the "old home" district, there is a general stampede.

* * *

In addition to its wealth of agricultural resources, Edmonton is underlaid with a lignite coal formation, that is being mined very extensively at present. While it burns as readily as wood, especially when used for locomotives, it is valuable as substantial fuel. It is in reality a petrified peat, the upper strata of coal. The sparks from lignite coal are a dread of wheat field owners.

A large plant is being prepared for sinking petroleum oil wells, near Pincher Creek, and whether here or elsewhere in Canada, the cry is "Boost, Boost, Boost." The Vigilance Committee is after the "knockers," and the citizen with cobwebs in his head is soon shoved aside. An effort is being made by older communities in Lower Canada and the States to stem the tide of immigration with the assurance that "there is as good land to be had at home as anywhere."

"That may be true," says the enthusiast, "but the relative value of the land, as to what it will actually produce for a given quantity of work and outlay—these bear no comparison with the new lands of the West."

But even if this were not so, there are persons who are born pioneers; who love the excitement of the new country, and the joy that comes from overcoming obstacles in the formation of new settlements. The land is being settled more quickly than it can be surveyed by the government, and farmers are requesting this official survey, in order that their title to the land may be firmly established.

We hear the plaint of the land men, asserting that there is only so much land on earth left for ownership. They figure it all out at such a ratio per head, until it makes a fellow

THE FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE IN ALBERTA

feel he really ought to hie him to the West and grab a piece before it is all gone. This desire acquires new force while one is looking at these vast tracts, the ownership of which is now so easily secured. It seems that the Anglo-Saxon always finds a way to settle the country sooner or later, even though it has heretofore been passed by as untenable.

* * *

To the north of Edmonton lies Peace River Valley, and Mr. A. M. Bezanson, just returned from that Ultima Thule, tells wonderful tales of this almost Arctic farmland belt. This almost wilderness country lies near the fifty-fourth parallel, has an area equalling Alberta, and has scarcely 3,000 inhabitants in widely-scattered settlements and lonely trading posts. The great Revillon Company, who have headquarters in Paris, London and New York, draw from this district a large proportion of their furs. The Hudson's Bay Company also do a gigantic trade, as in former years.

This last western frontier of the Northwest was never overrun with hostile Indians, nor is there any sun-scorched desert or alkaline plain to make the journey in the prairie schooner anything but a pleasure excursion—very different from the old pioneers' experiences in crossing the plains in the days of Sitting Bull, Black Kettle and Rain-in-the-Face.

* * *

It will interest the farmer to learn that the first prize at the Portland Exposition was awarded to wheat raised in this Peace Valley district. As the traveler goes west, he finds the trend of the northern boundary belt of agriculture bears ever to the northward, and corn is grown successfully in British Columbia, though Iowa was long considered the most northern land of the corn belt. Almost any product of the North Temperate Zone may be cultivated successfully in this section. Wheat, oats and vegetables are sold as regular produce of the soil, and at Fort Vermillion, a mere speck on the Arctic map, may be found flour and sawmills operated by the Hudson's Bay Company. All this seems very strange to us, who have been accustomed to imagine this as a country of ice-bound rivers—whereas on these very waters steamers ply regularly up and down, and farms and fields blossom.

North of Edmonton is Athabasca Landing, an outpost distributing point for the Northwest. During the summer, fleets of scows are loaded with supplies, which go north with the current. The Hudson's Bay, Hyslop and Swigart Trading Company have a fleet of as many as eighteen of these trading craft, carrying goods for the Peace River Valley. The river current is very swift, and the great scows easily float along with it, but it is not considered worth while to endeavor to stem the current returning the empty boats, so they are broken up on reaching their destination, and the building of these fleets of trading boats each year supplies work for many hundreds of people.

Full-blooded Indians are rarely met with, but there are genial, happy-go-lucky half breeds, who appear satisfied so long as they have food and clothing. As boatmen they cannot be excelled, and they seem to have an hereditary aptitude for the navigation of these rivers. They navigate the scows with long poles, and have all the jaunty swing of Venetian gondoliers. The steamer, Midnight Sun, runs up the mouth of the Slave River, and furnishes very comfortable accommodation for passengers.

It was at Edmonton that the Board of Trade presented the gracious lady of our party with the splendid furs which she will always treasure, and which now adorn our modest Boston apartments, affording us a constant reminder of those pleasant days at Edmonton, where we felt the infectious spirit of the great new Northland.

Here are a few figures for you. C. B. Major, a farmer at Baptiste Lake, near Athabasca Landing, raised 7,000 bushels of wheat. Mr. Major is a fine type of the Northwestern pioneer. Very enthusiastic over his new home, he is firmly convinced that he has selected the right spot on earth to live life to the full.

An American colony is established five miles from Athabasca Landing, whence 900 miles of wagon road intersect a country rich in natural resources and as yet scarcely reached by immigration. A large timber belt stretches across the Northwest from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Thompson-Seton, the naturalist, left this spring for the Barren Lake Country. The more the land is explored, the more marvelous are the reports brought in from places hitherto overlooked.

At every trading fort there is a mission farm whereon the Roman Catholic priest and Protestant clergymen carry on their work of raising grain, grinding flour, erecting their buildings, but never failing to look after the spiritual needs of their respective flocks, and care for the education of the children. In all these posts may also be found the scarlet-coated soldier of the Royal Northwestern Mounted Police. That word "royal" means much in Canada. The presence of these sturdy representatives of the law has implanted in the breast of the frontiersmen a respect for the might of law.

HOMESEEKERS ENCAMPED ON THE WAY TO PEACE RIVER VALLEY

* * *

According to Mr. Bezanson, there is, properly speaking, no Peace River Valley. The river perforates the continental divide for 150 miles, in a trough-like depression destined to become far-famed, and the bottom of which the eye of man has never seen. It goes through a district 950 miles in length. Mr. Alley Brick, a member of the provincial Parliament, who has lived here for twenty-four years, asserts that he has never known a crop failure on his 100-acre wheat field, where the music of the threshing machine is regularly heard. Tomatoes of good quality ripen on the vines.

The stock thrives on the rich, nutritious grass, and is kept out during the winter without any protection, roaming at large. No one seems to think of such a thing as putting up any hay or shelter for them through the cold months.

* * *

One of the liveliest towns of the Canadian West is Saskatoon, an energetic candidate for the commercial and jobbing business of the great Saskatchewan country, located in the very heart of the vast wheat-producing area. One of the most promising developments of this district is the Saskatoon and Western Land Company. I was much attracted by the booklet which they have just issued, the cover page of which appears on the last page of the National as a back cover this month. It expressively shows the situation at a glance, calling attention to the lands within the heart of the great Saskatchewan country.

SWAN RIVER, A NEW TOWN ON THE CANADIAN NORTHERN, SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY LINE

GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT PRINCE ALBERT, SASKATCHEWAN

DRYSDATE, SASKATCHEWAN—JUST A YEARLING

FARM SCENE NEAR ROSTHERN, ON THE CANADIAN NORTHERN

ON THE CANADIAN NORTHERN

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

WHEN you mention Saskatchewan Valley, you must assert that it is the special pride of the Canadian Northern Railway,—pronounced C- &-R, which means "See and Rush." This road has been extending at a rapid rate during the past few years, conducting a great tide of immigration through the fertile basin of the great Saskatchewan Valley. Here, not only have mammoth crops been raised, pouring wealth into the hands of the tillers of the soil, but new social structures have been erected and new ideas have taken firm root. With hundreds and hundreds of rising towns along the line of the Canadian Northern, from Edmonton to Winnipeg, to say nothing of the wide-reaching branches built up in two years past, this district forms an exhibit which no railroad in the world can surpass, for these embryo cities are built to stay. A few hundred prairie settlers have grown as if by magic into a quarter-million souls and a great new province. The Canadian Northern has been a nation builder, though in reality it is itself one of the products of the country. Built almost without gradients, it draws along its level road-bed a great tide of immigration.

Incessantly extending its capacity, this road is still fairly overburdened with traffic, although 2,000 miles of steel reach across the rich country of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta; it is not surprising that railroad builders are among the most optimistic of people when questioned as to the development of the country, past, present or future. The peculiarity of Canadian railroads is that they go where the people are, rather than build on the chance of the people coming and settling later. They run cross-lines, cross and criss-cross, through country already settled but longing for the coming of the railroad.

A mile of road every day for nine years has been the record of this company, which has come into close touch with the settlers and municipalities, and has considered all interests in developing the rich heritage which awaits the people of the Northwest. The time-tables, with their list of stations, include a goodly representation for every letter in the alphabet; no lack of originality there. Radiating out from the main line are many branches reaching out for still more traffic.

Vermillion is a city of great ambitions, surrounded by many splendid farms. Lloydminster, located exactly on the boundary line between Alberta and Saskatchewan, is a British colony, brought from the west of England, and retaining the accent, expressions and customs of the old country, though permeated with something of the sturdy pluck and thrift of the prairie.

MR. D. D. MANN

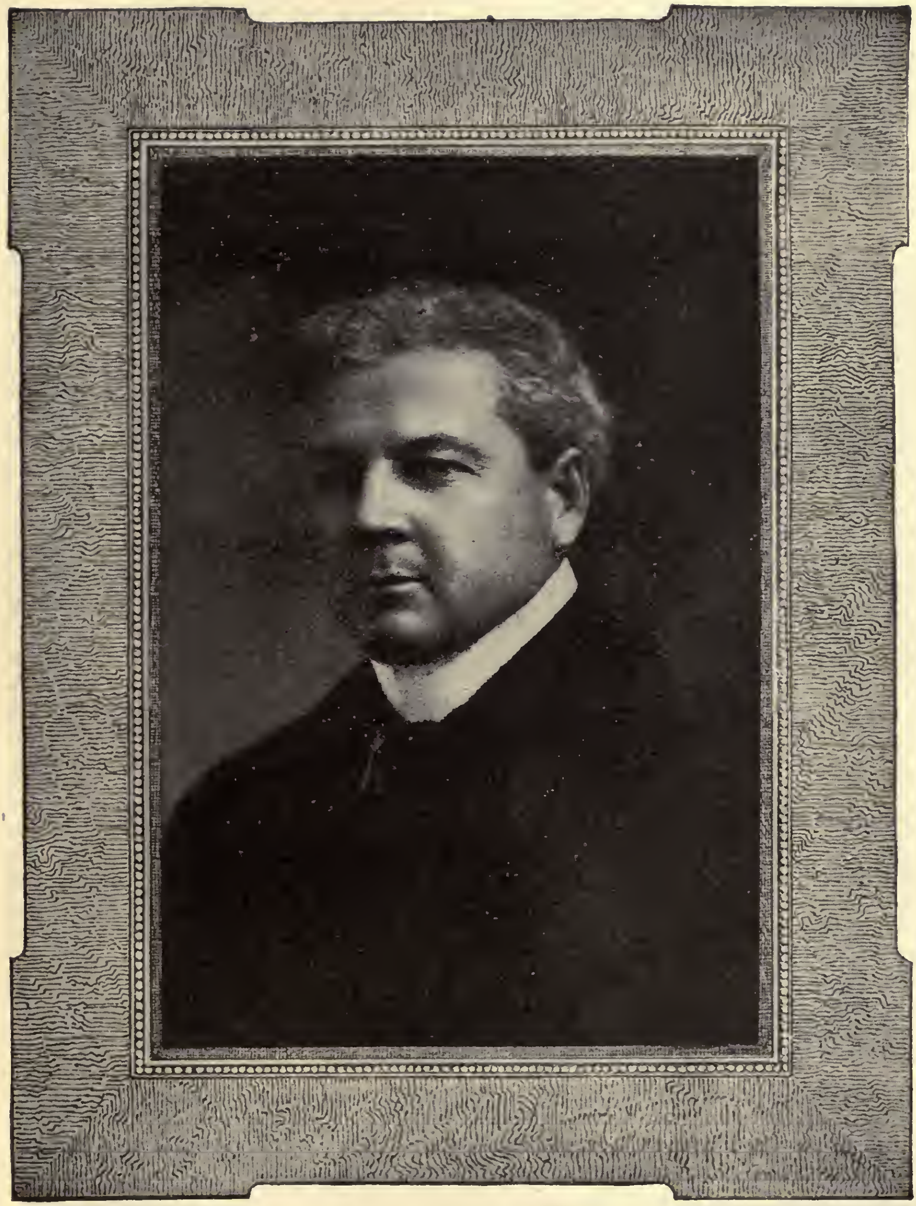
While en route on the C. N. R. R., I met the traffic manager, Mr. George H. Shaw, who is as full of Canadian information as an egg is of meat. His enthusiasm is founded on experiences, gleaned in twenty years of personal observation.

* * *

A farmer in Saskatchewan, digging a well, came upon a clay of peculiar appearance and texture, which is very plentiful throughout this province—a large fire brick manufacture has resulted; and these bricks are much used in building up the new towns of the Northwest. The cheap frame structure is not encouraged, as everything is "built to stay."

Crossing the famous and handsome Saskatchewan bridge, we drove on to North Battleford, near which is located Battleford, formerly the capital of the Northwest Territory. North Battleford has set out with great purposes, and the land office is kept busy platting the rich soil whereon the town site is located. Farther on, we passed through the district settled by the Doukhobors. At this time, they had been ordered by the Dominion government to give up their lands, because they had not obeyed the order to become citizens and mete out different treatment to their women, whom they insist on hitching to the ploughs, a practise enjoined probably by their peculiar religious views. The Dominion government is determined to stop this practise. These people will lose their land unless they take out their naturalization papers, for the Canadian

MR. WILLIAM MACKENZIE



R. McBRIDE, PRIME MINISTER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA homestead laws justly insist on this in return for the free land. The Duooukhobors are thrifty, and are desirable citizens in many respects—but laws are imperial in Canada. At Langham Station there was a rush of new settlers for the prospective vacated lands of these eccentric people.

At Warman Junction, named after the famous railroad story writer "Cy" Warman, a Canadian Northern branch runs to Prince Albert, the terminus in Saskatchewan. This town has already felt the thrill of growth, and the opening of the new country to the northwest still goes on. A few miles farther north is Saskatoon, a division point of the new Grand Trunk Pacific, and already an important wholesale center. When one looks at the map and sees the great Saskatchewan wheat belt reaching north for a thousand miles, and finds at Saskatoon the center of the largest area of wheat lands in the world, something of the prospects may be realized. Real estate in Saskatoon goes to high values as her future is pictured in glowing colors. Again figures—and always comparisons—which here are by no means odious, if you are on the right side of the comparison. As Cecil Rhodes remarked: "It is only by comparison that we gain an idea of progress made."

* * *

Off to the east is Humboldt, which I shall always remember as the place where I went out with a traveling man to find "a bachelor's button." Not a flower, mark you, but a plebeian button, to be put on without needle and thread. The thrifty housewives of that new city evidently don't use these modern appliances for the single man; for though every other kind of button was offered us, not a bachelor's button could we find, though some of the shopmen facetiously suggested a shingle nail as a means of repairing, where a fellow did not know enough to use a needle and thread.

* * *

Near the beautiful lake of that name, the city of Dauphin is located, which is the center of a rich, well-settled agricultural section, where farms command fifty and one hundred dollars an acre, and all earn good money. The value of the land is somewhat determined by the distance from the markets, but with a network of railroads and branch lines constantly being built, there are good prospects for land at some distance from Dauphin. This little town has doubled in size within two years. Division machine shops are being erected by the Canadian Northern, and the town will soon have the Canadian Pacific system. There are electric lights and granolithic walks. The elevators show one of the largest grain capacities in Manitoba. Over $200,000 was expended in building during 1906—you can say it in a breath, but think what it means! There are a large number of distributing warehouses here, and more are to follow. Here, too, I found the usual public spirit exemplified in Mr. J. A. Campbell and Mr. Meyers, who have much to tell of the town whose name recalls the oldest prince of the ancient French regime.

* * *

At Portage La Prairie, one can make a survey of modern railroad construction. This is headquarters for the railroad construction, where acres and acres covered with rails, ties and other supplies suggested the vigor with which the work is being pushed, and proves that Portage La Prairie is one of the chief junctional points of the transcontinental railroad of Northwest Canada.

THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

THE trail of the new transcontinental railway is now practically blazed from ocean to ocean. Already the builders are receiving and sending out mail on the new Pacific terminus, where there was only a voiceless wilderness yesterday, and which will be a bustling, booming city tomorrow.

The Canadian government, which backed the builders of the road, believed that there was immediate need of another transcontinental line, but no one guessed that 1907 would find the development of the West outrunning all the railways. The more trackage there is built, the more there is need to build; for the developing work west of Winnipeg has but barely begun.

The Grand Trunk Pacific is bending every effort to rail the new fields that lie between Winnipeg and Edmonton at the earliest possible moment; for there, in the great Saskatchewan Valley, half way between the "Chicago" and the "Denver" of the Dominion, is the center of a development that would be called "a boom," were it not that it has been of steady growth for a number of years.

They are also working west of Edmonton, and east from the Pacific terminus; but the task of locating a line of railway such as the Grand Trunk Pacific proposes to build is an intricately difficult one. It will pass through half a thousand miles of wilderness that was practically unknown when the preliminary pathfinders set their faces toward the three passes, which were supposed to lie somewhere near the headquarters of the Peace River.

Every river, gorge and canyon will be measured and sounded; every possible and doubtless many impossible passes will be examined before the final selection is made—before the president and the general manager "O. K." the profile—before the chief engineer pens his official "Put her there."

If the men who are to be held responsible for the finished line were satisfied to build as the early transcontinental lines were built in the United States, the last spike could be driven years earlier than it will be. If they had less faith in the future of Canada; if they could foresee a slump in the near future; they could build cheaply, have lower fixed charges to pay, and earn something on the money expended, even in "lean years," but they are building against a future in which they have unbounded faith. If Fortune favors them; if the good old earth continues to sweat "gold" at the rate of nineteen bushels

CHARLES M. HAYS, PRESIDENT GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC to the acre, as it has done for the past nineteen years, they will be counted wise in their generation.

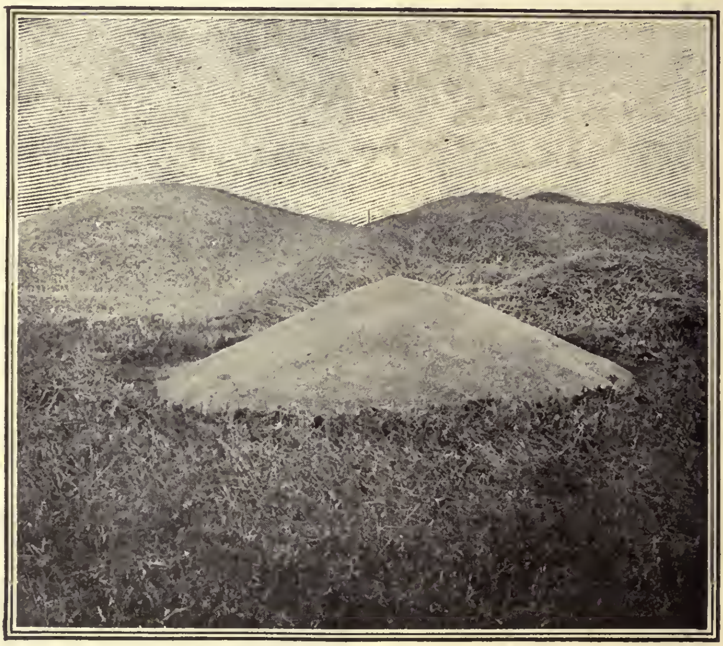
By the same token, if they were to build cheaply, following the contour of the country rising and falling with the swell and swale of the billowing fields, and finish a line utterly inadequate and physically unfit for the traffic that is almost certain to come to them; they would be called bunglers, and the road would have to be re-built at a cost of millions. Profiting by the mistakes of others, they have set a standard for the construction of this new national highway, that is proving a surprise to the contractors.

After the line has been properly located, the proper construction is the next step. If a valley be wide and deep, they bridge it from bluff to bluff; for a good line with bad spots, is a bad line.

Such a railway as the Grand Trunk Pacific will have from the wheat fields to the lakes—to the Atlantic, when the whole line is finished—will enable it to handle twice the volume of business that could be handled, say on a road of one per cent. grades. They believe that they will be called upon to move an immense amount of freight, and are building to that end; they believe that, as the years pass, the traveling public will be more and more in a hurry, and are planning a passenger service that will equal, if it does not surpass, the best between the Atlantic and the Pacific. These things make the builders anxious about every curve, cut and fill on the three thousand miles of main line; make them patient with the pathfinder and the contractor, and impatient with the unknowing, who want it finished *now*.

Between Hanley and Lacombe, Battleford and Swift Current, lies a little empire of itself, isolated and utterly void of railroads. In this vast valley country, two hundred miles wide and three hundred miles long; eighty per cent. of which is open prairie and arable land; hundreds of Yankees have bought land in the past twelve months, and thousands have come to settle and build homes. The land is fair and fertile, and that is all the born pioneer asks. He knows the railway will come, and it is coming.

The Canadian Pacific is cutting the little empire on the bias, from Moose Jaw to Lacombe. The Canadian Northern is already surveying south of its main line, while the Grand Trunk Pacific, leaving the main line west of Saskatoon, will go to Calgary almost as the bird flies. In two years, this vast region will be served by at least three competing railways; in it will be the homes of hundreds of thousands of settlers. The soil here is not so rich as it is farther north; not so heavy as it is farther east; but it is far enough north to be fertile and not too cold, and far enough west to catch the breath of life that lifts from the Pacific Coast and blows down from the Rockies—the warm Chinook, that makes the Northwest worth fighting for. And it is for this; for these and other unploughed

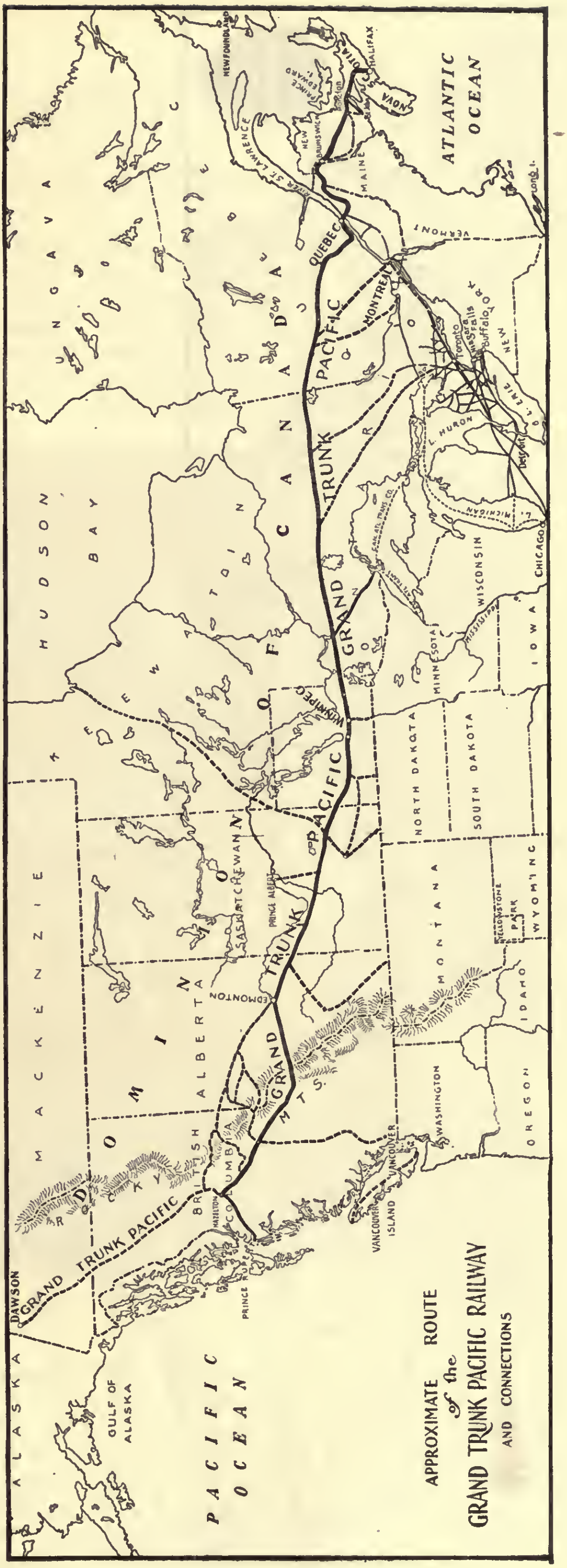

A MOUND OF MANITOBA WHEAT

areas; that the Grand Trunk Pacific is being rushed with all the speed consistent with good work. A winter campaign was made; in the tunnels and sheltered cuts, the blasters and the graders worked without ceasing. At Fort William, vast stores and supplies and material were gathered, while at Portage La Prairie, nearly four hundred miles of steel rails were stored, ready to be rushed to the front and spiked down the moment the frost left the ground again. Much depends on the condition of the labor market. Yankees will not work with pick and shovel; nor will Canadians. Either labor must be imported, or work must wait until it can be finished with the labor on hand.

Much of the labor is done in the Lake Superior branch, but only a fair start has been made on the government section west of Superior Javestian to Winnipeg. This section traverses that rough country famous for its iron mines. Some extremely heavy work is on the schedule in this section. Between Portage and Touchwood Hills, McDonald McMillan & Company have a great deal of their work finished. West of Saskatoon, some part of the work is done, but there remains heavy work to be finished along the Qu'Appele Valley in the Touchwood, and again in the Eagle Hills. It is here that the management concentrated their work for the winter.

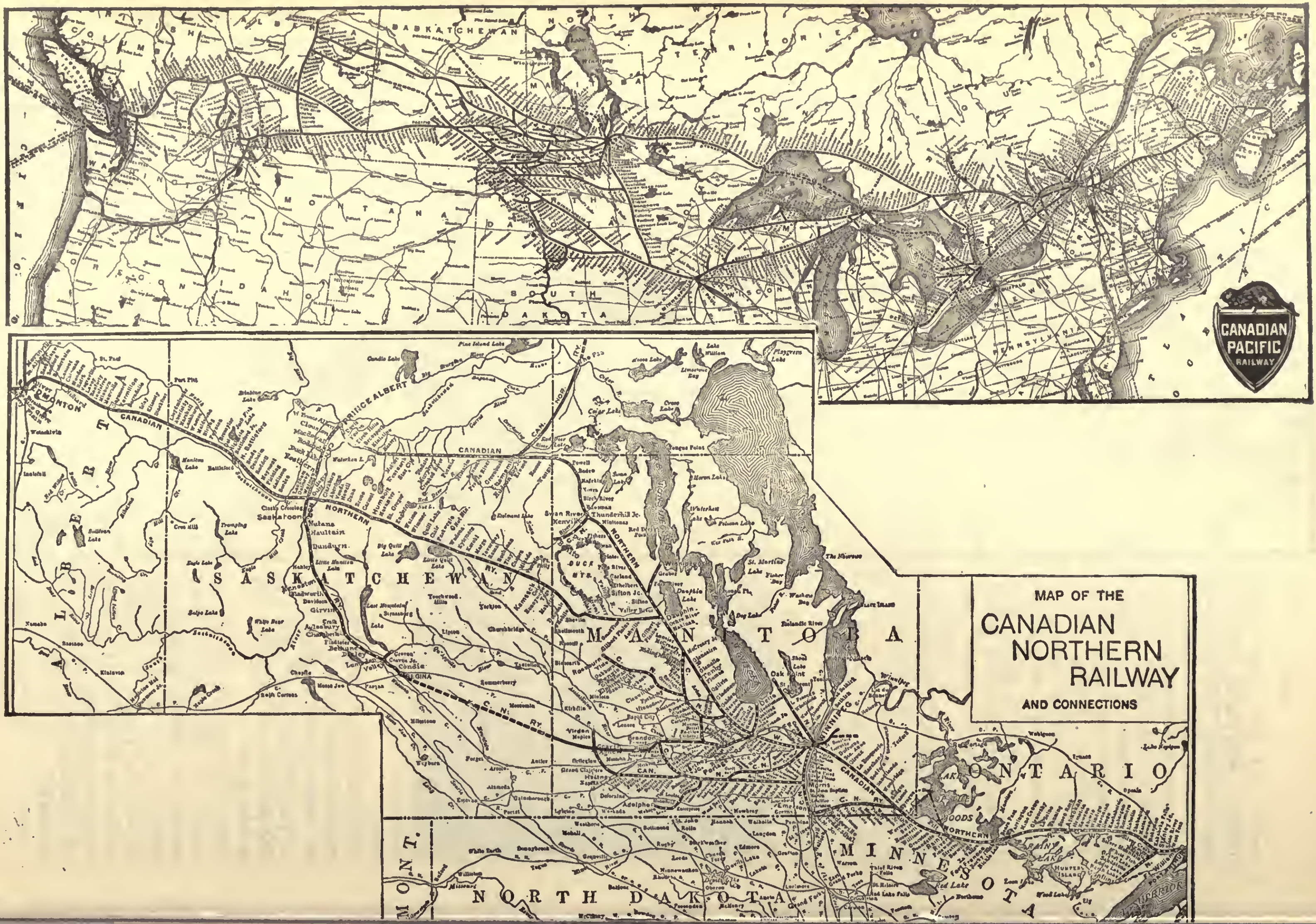
The traveler by the Grand Trunk Pacific will reach the very crest of the contract at Yellow Head Pass, on precisely the same grade per mile that lifts him from Winnipeg to Edmonton.

The close of 1907 will see the work well under way all along the line; but build as they may, the builders will not be able to keep up with the pioneer, the homesteader, the settler who is heading for the West, and who in 1907 will come and settle by the hundreds of thousands.



ATLANTIC OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
HUDSON BAY
UNGAVA
KEEWATIN
DOMINION OF CANADA
MACKENZIE
ALASKA
GULF OF ALASKA
DAWSON
GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC
ROCKY MTS.
BRITISH COLUMBIA
ALBERTA
SASKATCHEWAN
HAZELTON
PRINCE RUPERT
VANCOUVER ISLAND
VANCOUVER
EDMONTON
PRINCE ALBERT
WINNIPEG
QUEBEC
MONTREAL
HALIFAX
NEWFOUNDLAND
NEW BRUNSWICK
PRINCE EDWARD I.
MAINE
VERMONT
NEW YORK
ONTARIO
L. HURON
L. ERIE
Toronto
Niagara Falls
Buffalo
Detroit
MICHIGAN
CHICAGO
WISCONSIN
MINNESOTA
IOWA
NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
MONTANA
WYOMING
YELLOWSTONE PARK
IDAHO
WASHINGTON
OREGON
RIVER ST. LAWRENCE

APPROXIMATE ROUTE of the GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY AND CONNECTIONS


CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
MAP OF THE
CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY
AND CONNECTIONS
SASKATCHEWAN
MANITOBA
ONTARIO
ALBERTA
MINNESOTA
NORTH DAKOTA
MONT.
MONTANA
IDAHO
SOUTH DAKOTA
WISCONSIN
PENNSYLVANIA
PRINCE ALBERT
EDMONTON
Saskatoon
WINNIPEG
REGINA
CANADIAN NORTHERN RY.
C. N. RY.

WESTERN EMPIRE BUILDERS

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

YEARS ago, Lord Dufferin, one of the ablest of English orators, referred to Manitoba as the "keystone of the mighty arch of the sister provinces, which spanned the dominion," painting in noble words a bold picture realized by Western Canada. And all this is the work of strong men.

At the metropolis of Manitoba I met Mr. William Whyte, the vice president of the Canadian Pacific west of Winnipeg. His handsome home is situate on the banks of the river, in Winnipeg. He is a tall Scotchman, with a moustache and imperial; he came to this country years ago, in the day of the frontier and pioneer railway construction. No man has been more prominently identified with the permanent expansion which follows in the wake of railway construction than Mr. Whyte. Everyone seemed to know and love him. He appeared to be personally acquainted with every railroad employe on the C. P. R., as well as everyone associated with him in the development of the country. It was interesting to hear him talk of those early days. Years ago he insisted that the tide of immigration would veer to the Northwest in Canada, when the free homes in the States had all been taken up. He predicts a great future for the country, but considers that the mere colonization idea has never been altogether a success, because it does not bring the people who have the spunk to get up and come without help. A man who has pluck to come out unassisted, and fight his way, is worth a dozen protected men as settlers.

Mr. Whyte is to the Canadian West what James J. Hill has been to St. Paul and Minnesota—the great constructive force. A firm believer in young men, and young ideas, although he has passed three-score years, he still has the vigor and optimism of youth.

Mr. Whyte received his education in the public schools of Charleston, Scotland, leaving school at the age of seventeen, at which time he secured a position as junior clerk in the office of the factory of Lord Elgin's estate. His first experience in railway work was in May, 1862, when he accepted the position as station agent on the West of Fife Railway, with which company he remained for one year, and in 1863 came to Canada. Here for

WILLIAM WHYTE, 2ND VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER WESTERN LINES

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

twenty years he was identified with the Grand Trunk Railway, and in that time rose from the position of brakeman to that of superintendent.

In April, 1883, he left the Grand Trunk Railway to become general superintendent of the Credit Valley Railway. In the course of that year the Credit Valley became a part of the Canadian Pacific Railway system, and from October to the following May he was general superintendent of the western division, with headquarters at Winnipeg, and after a long and full ten years' work, he was made general manager of all lines and branches from Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast. In 1901 he was advanced to the position of assistant to the president, and relieved from all routine work, in order to look after the extension of the system in the West. With these objects in view, Mr. Whyte made a trip through Russia over the nearly-completed trans-Siberian Railway, and upon returning to Canada, pointed out how Canadian trade with Russia might be extended.

In 1904, Mr. Whyte was made second vice president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with complete charge of all the company's affairs between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean.

In the large terminal station at Winnipeg was Mr. F. T. Griffin, the land commissioner of the Canadian Pacific. He keeps a large force of clerks busy looking after millions of inquiries. With the thorough knowledge built up by years of experience, Mr. Griffin is perhaps handling more land than has ever been cared for by any one company before. Maps, blue prints, correspondence and literature have all aided in building up an empire on a business basis. Everything is made simple, showing just what any settler may produce on 640 acres, on the ten-instalment plan. The first cash payment at the rate of eight dollars an acre would be $191.70, and the first year's interest would be $69.25. The nine instalments would be $160 per year, for nine years. Those who take up actual residence on the land are required to pay only one-sixth of the purchase money, in five payments, with interest at six per cent. The real settler is what counts. At the station were scores of families, each one weighted with boxes, bags or bundles, en route for their new homes in the West, and all keeping an eye on the bulletin board.

* * *

A rather casual insight into the Canadian banking system was obtained from Mr. J. W. de C. O'Grady, for nine years manager of the Chicago branch of the Montreal Bank, and now general manager of the Northern Bank, the only institution of its kind with headquarters in Winnipeg and the West. Branch banks are looked upon as necessary to the elastic development of the new country, and they do business with a great deal less banking capital than American banks.

The system encourages large banks to establish their branches all over the country, so that each bank can put its money wherever it is needed, and keep in touch with the demand. Instead of buying government bonds, each bank can issue notes to twice the amount of its capital stock, and is taxed on this very heavily, so that it is desirable to retire them as fast as possible. The taxes are paid into a general fund, which guards all the banks from possible failure, and the bills have only the credit of the combined Canadian banks, and the fund designed to protect the notes and look after the weaker institutions; but the percentage of bank failures is very favorable.

* * *

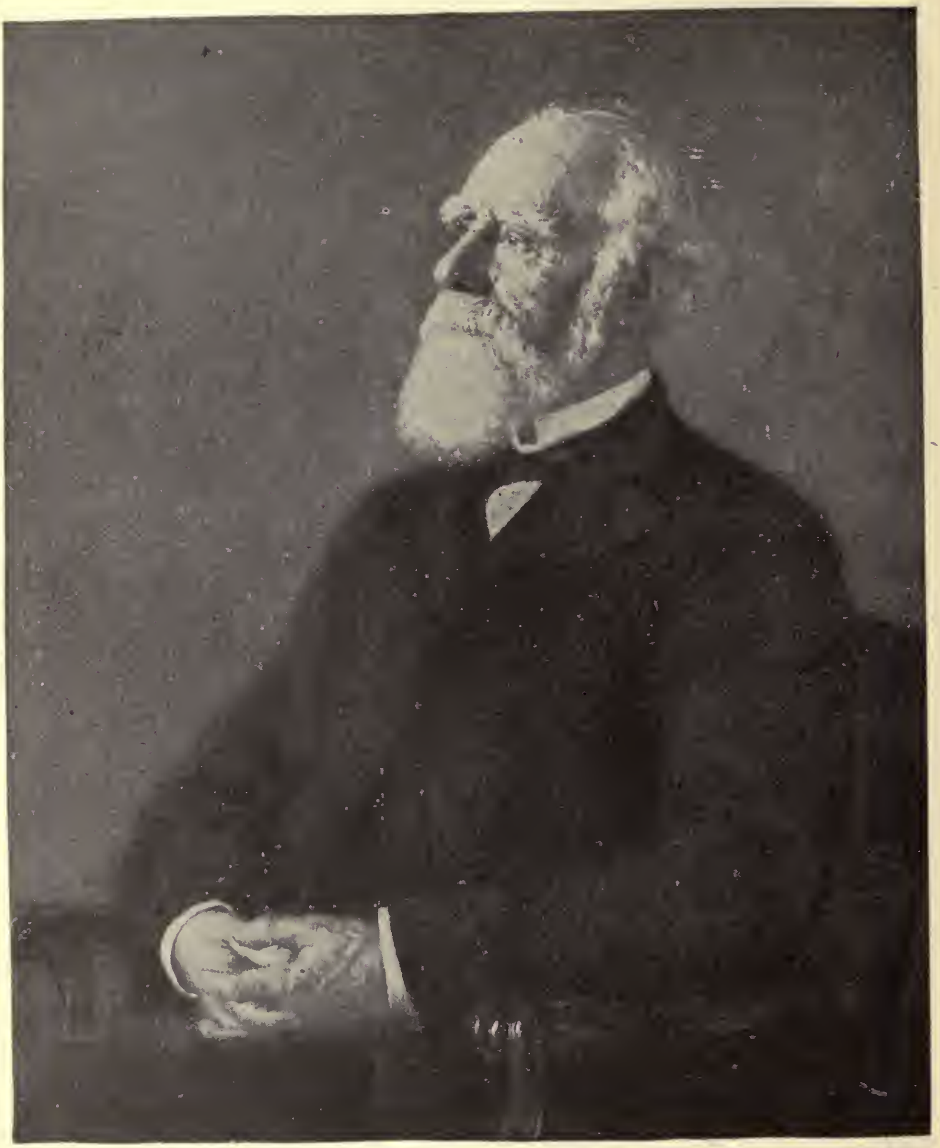
When mention is made of the empire-builders of the Canadian West, the name of Lord Strathcona instantly comes to mind. As Donald Smith, he played an important part in the exploitation of the great undeveloped country. He equipped a regiment, the Strathcona Horse, in the South African war. He has done much toward stimulating the ties that bind the Imperial and Colonial governments.

Lord Strathcona was knighted because of his public work, and was raised to the peerage because of his philanthropy. This latter point in his character was well brought out by the celebrated English novelist, Dickens, in his representation of the Cheeryble Brothers mentioned in Nicholas Nickleby. It is not generally known that Lord Strathcona was the original of this sketch.

His lordship's native place is in the Macbeth country, Forres, in the highlands of Scotland, where he was born in 1820. It is stated that, in eary life, he was a "shy boy," a characteristic which seems in some measure to have followed him all through life; for he is still of a very retiring disposition. Lord Strathcona went to Canada at the age of eighteen, and entered the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, in which his uncle, William Grant, was a prominent member. After that the young Scotchman went to Manchester, England, and engaged in the manufacturing business.

Lord Strathcona drove the last spike in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the year 1885. He accompanied Wolsely in his march to the Northwest, during the time of the first Riel Rebellion and Fenian raid, which was quelled without the loss of a single life. Sir Charles Tupper then remarked that: "Without Sir Donald Smith, the Canadian Pacific Railway would not have been in existence."

He was associated with James J. Hill and Mr. Stevens. his cousin, a banker who was connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, and the three gentlemen united in the work of buying the bonds of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway in the crisis of '73, a purchase which amounted to $20,000,-



LORD STRATHCONA, THE GRAND OLD MAN OF CANADA WEST

ooo, and was obtained by them from the Dutch, who held the bonds. The price paid was eleven to seventy-five cents to the dollar.

Louis Riel, at the time of his escape, seeing Sir Donald in the distance, said to one of his companions:

"There goes the man who upset my plans."

Sir Donald was elected to the legislative assembly of Winnipeg, and a short time afterward he represented Selkirk at Ottawa.

With the prairies and valleys dotted with schools and churches; a blacksmith's shop here and there, and the buzz of building everywhere; the banks helpful and prosperous; a constant increase in homes, cultivated farms and elevators; wheat by millions of bushels constantly going over sea, Canada certainly presents a picture of progressive conquest, prosperity and growth, that may well be recorded as "The Triumphs of the Canadian West."

THE SEATTLE OF TODAY

SINCE the geography of the world became known, the fact has been generally recognized that the Pacific Northwest holds the key to the trade of the wide Pacific. Transportation alone was needed to make this key useful. That transportation has been supplied in abundance, and by leaps and bounds, the Pacific trade of this region is growing at a rate unparalleled in history. Sixty-two years ago, at St. Louis, Thomas H. Benton predicted the course this trade would follow, and his words were regarded as the utterances of a dreamer. His prophecy has been fulfilled; and today, the prophecy that ultimately the site of the world's commerce, of wealth and civilization, will be centered in the Pacific Northwest, is much more likely of fulfillment than was Benton's prophecy in 1844.

Seattle occupies a unique position, situated upon the shortest route of travel and transportation between the Eastern States, and the countries of the Orient and Alaska, at the point where the transcontinental roads from the east, the south and the middle west, meet the ships of the world in the large and growing commerce of the Pacific Ocean. This fact gives her natural advantages, surpassed by no other city in the world.

The population of Seattle in May, 1907, as indicated by the city directory for this year, was 217,395. The total was reached by multiplying the 96,620 names in the directory, by the multiple 2¼. Whereas there are 96,620 names this year, there were 81,747 in that publication for 1906, a difference of 14,873 representing a gain in population in one year of 33,564. In 1897, there were 24,500 names in the directory; in 1899, two years later, there were 30,757; in 1901 there were 47,142 in 1903, there were 61,504; in 1905 there were 75,623.

Recently, the Washington State Railway Commission, compiled the estimates of a commission of real estate experts on the realty holdings of the railroads for terminal purposes in Seattle. These estimates were based on the bare land, not taking into account any of the improvements. The appraisement was made for July 1, 1906. The valuation on the Northern Pacific real estate alone was given conservatively at $22,394,580.97; that on the Great Northern was placed at $19,961,720.49. Thus, these two transcontinental lines, have an investment in Seattle, exclusive of the cost of their tracks, warehouses, docks, stations, tunnel and other improvements, of between forty and fifty million dollars.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, which is hastening its extension to the Pacific Coast, has invested enormous sums in terminal property at Seattle. The Union Pacific, through its local corporation, the Oregon & Washington Railroad Company, has within the past two years, spent $10,000,000 in buying terminals and rights-of-way within the city, and is now having plans made for the largest individual switching yards and freight terminal grounds on the Pacific coast.

The Canadian Pacific enters the city by a traffic arrangement with other lines, but is expected before long to seek entrance by providing its own road. The Burlington reaches Seattle over the Northern Pacific.

The expansion of railroad facilities at Seattle is equalled in extent by the growth of means for water transportation and ocean commerce. The increased population and transportation connections are but an index of the growth of the entire northwest. The State of Washington now has, approximately, 1,000,000 people. Conservative estimates hold that within the next twenty-five years, this will reach 5,000,000, with one-fifth of the total in the city of Seattle. Within the boundaries of Washington could be placed all the states of New England, with room remaining for Delaware and the District of Columbia.

On the shores and the mountains, beside Puget Sound, is the finest body of timber in the world; this supplies the material for the leading and only fully developed industry of the region at present,—the manufacture of lumber and shingles. The soil produces marvelous crops of fruit, grain, vegetables, and hay, while the entire section is admirably adapted to dairying. Underneath the surface, the mountains contain great deposits of coal, iron and other minerals. The streams offer water power sufficient to run all the factories of New England. The Sound and the ocean nearby, abound in the choicest food-fishes, and shell fish industries, such as oyster raising, are growing in importance. The world's salmon market is fixed and controlled by Seattle brokers.

The resources behind Seattle are almost innumerable and their development has only begun. Many important lines of business are as yet entirely open to enterprising men.

As the gateway to Alaska, Seattle has, during the past ten years, built up an enormous business in that territory, and has laid the foundation to increase it in volume many times over with the unfolding and development of the riches to the north. Commerce passing through the gates of this city to the Orient, is advancing with astonishing rapidity, and is carried by such vessels as the Great Northern Steamship Company's liner, Minnesota, the largest cargo craft afloat, and by the big ships of the Japanese lines across the Pacific. Commerce in all directions from Seattle seeks other coast ports, in Hawaii and Australia, on the west coast of South America, and all parts of the world, and is becoming more extensive. Here are some figures on the subject:

In 1906, the foreign exports of Seattle were $21,349,288; in 1897, they were only $2,811,009. In 1906, the foreign imports were $13,738,299; in 1897, they were but $1,124,553. The lumber shipments for 1906, were 68,920,000 feet; for 1897, only 34,933,000. In 1906, coal shipments from the port reached 461,324 tons, while in 1897, they were but 281,513 tons. The custom-house receipts, which were only $61,611 for 1897, amounted to $1,250,000 in 1906.

Evidence of the substantial nature of the growth of Seattle is given in the figures on the bank deposits: In 1906, at the beginning of the year, the deposits amounted to $48,257,667.13, as compared with $2,710,370, in 1897, an increase in ten years of 1680 per cent., while the deposits of the entire country grew only 130 per cent. But, since 1906, the deposits at Seattle have increased so rapidly that on May 20, 1907, the total in nineteen banks of the city had reached $60,403,647.98. The bank clearances in 1906, amounted to $485,920,021, compared with $36,045,228 in 1897.

No other city in America showed such a percentage of gain from 1905 to 1906, in the value of buildings, represented by the permits issued for their construction. Those for 1905, were, $6,684,784, while the permits secured for the inauguration of building construction in 1906 represented $11,920,438, an increase of more than seventy-six per cent.

As a means of impressing the world with the marvelous progress of Western America, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition will be held at Seattle in 1909. It will be an important international fair, exploiting primarily the resources of the Alaska and Yukon territory, and promoting the commerce of the countries bordering on the Pacific ocean.

The exposition will represent an expenditure of $10,000,000 when the gates are opened. It will occupy 250 acres of the campus of the University of Washington, on the gentle slopes and terraces overlooking Puget Sound, Lake Washington, and Lake Union. The citizens of Seattle raised in one day, $650,000 for the preliminary financing of the exposition. The State of Washington appropriated $1,000,000 for the undertaking, making an average of $1.00 for every man, woman and child of its estimated population of 1,000,000. At least twenty-five states of the Union will erect buildings and install exhibits. Foreign exhibits will be limited to the countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean, but Great Britain, France, Germany, and the Netherlands will be invited to make exhibits representative of their interest in Pacific trade development.

The United States Government will participate on a large scale and make exhibits from Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines. Canada will erect a Canadian building, and structures for Yukon Territory, and British Columbia. Low railroad rates will be made from all points, which will afford an unparalleled opportunity for persons living at distant points to see the Pacific states and visit the exposition at little cost.

And while preparations are under way, for the fair, Seattle continues to grow. She extends to the world at large an invitation to visit her, before and during the exposition, and see the evidences on every side of present progress and future promise.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

SWINGING around the circle—after a complete inland tour spanning the Canadian arch—my impulse was to pass on to Seattle. Puget Sound floats a commerce that is today surprising the world. The good steamer, Princess May, sweeps along the Olympian range of mountains on the right, past Port Townsend, and on toward the boundary line on the left; though boundary lines are now almost eliminated. The trip from Victoria, Vancouver, to Seattle is no more than going from New York to Boston. A few hours on the boat brought us within sight of the young Giant of the West. It was afternoon, and lying in the sunlight, fringing the shore, were the wharves teeming with shipping. Off to the right, on the point, were great flour mills grinding away, and on the undulating hills, with the streets terraced far up, was the city of Seattle, which from the sea presents the picture of a magic city. It is not surprising that the Victorian and West Canadian people are as much interested in Seattle as they are in the commerce of their own section, for its development has been as phenomenal as that of their own country.

* * *

It is impossible to keep mental record of the growth of this city, which is in years just out of its swaddling clothes, but has already assumed the responsibilities of mature years. Far out on the hillside we could see those modern insignias of growth—the towering sky-scrapers.

Seattle is now becoming a great convention city. The Christian Endeavor Convention was held in July, and the energetic Chamber of Commerce in charge of the city are constantly reaching out vigorously for national conventions. No trip to the Pacific Coast is complete without a visit to Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle, for Puget Sound has announced itself as the gateway for the Orient and the terminal point for all tourist traffic to the Northwest. In Seattle they say, "See Seattle and stay," and certainly for many a day after the visitor leaves the city, the buzz of its "spirit" rings in his ears. Much has been said of its wet and dry rain, and the citizens will tell you they feel twice as well when it rains, and that they are sure to cough if they don't have plenty of wet. I coughed. The sign worked. The rich green foliage speaks well for climate, but it is not the trees nor the climate that has made the city famous—it is the people—just their indomitable Pushativeness.

* * *

ON the shores are beautiful inland lakes, and just over the adjacent hills are the homes of Seattle, that would do credit to any community.

The government work on the canal to Washington Lake is a project close to the hearts of the people, who vigorously push Uncle Sam into doing things. The activities of the Alaskan traffic centering in Seattle were just opening. Throughout Alaska you hear of Seattle, and in Seattle you hear all about Alaska. This constant interchange cements binding relationships. Whether you voyage to Skaguay among the islands, over the inland route on the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's route, or brave Pacific billows toward the Aleutian Islands to Nome and St. Michael, there is always one place where the lines on the map focus—that is Seattle.

* * *

In the very heart of the city stands the totem pole, emblem of that great empire to the northwest which Seward secured from Russia, which is well illustrated by Seattle. The best definition of this spirit I have heard is that "It is the combined effort of all the people, set in motion at the right time, to achieve that which is for the common good," in other words, "doing the right thing at the right time." This was illustrated when 2,500 people responded in one day with $650,000 cash subscriptions for the exposition.

AGNES DEAN CAMERON

Speaking of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, there is one thing sure about it, and that is that it will be completed right on time in 1909, and will be an amazing revelation of the great development of the Pacific-Yukon Northwest.

IT is the proud distinction of the National Magazine that among its contributors are many who have reached fame in literary circles, and on this list is Agnes Deans Cameron, whose style is one of the most attractive, of all the Canadian authors of today.

In her early life she was a school teacher, in British Columbia, and her keen eye for values, and quick analysis and appreciation of matters of interest, and of the humorous side of things, formed a combination rarely met with, which soon pushed her to the front as a writer. She has created a literature of her own; and what Kipling has done for India, Agnes Deans Cameron is doing for British Columbia. Her grasp of subject, her clear style, her wonderful facility of expression, her freshness of thought, all combine to make every line she writes of interest to a large, and ever increasing *clientele* of readers. To those familiar with her, Miss Cameron's personality is an added attraction—tall, commanding in figure, with clear-cut, intellectual features and firm mouth, but ever with a gleam of humor lurking about the eyes, she is truly a woman in a thousand.

She is warm-hearted, and surcharged with keenest sympathy for her fellow mortals, while her calm and clear thought is most restful in these days of hurry, and query, and misuse of language.

Her appeals have all the heartiness of that great, varied expanse of territory known as the "Northwest," and no one person will be entitled to more credit for what Canada may achieve in the future than Agnes Deans Cameron, whose tireless literary work has awakened an enthusiastic interest in the new movement toward the "Last West." It is to the credit of the great Northwest that her people take a generous interest in the literary work of so ardent and earnest a Canadian writer.

Miss Cameron is vice-president of the Canadian Women's Press Club, and a director of the Dominion of Canada Educational Association.

* * *

WHEN calling on Mr. F. D. Waterman, president of the L. E. Waterman Company, recently, he showed me the new "Signagraph" which will soon be on exhibition at the Waterman Booth in the Jamestown Exposition, and I am privileged to give National

I FORGOT TO GET

"SIMON PURE"

Don't *you* forget to get Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. Everyone knows there's no shortening equal to *pure* leaf lard, and everyone who has ever used it knows there's no lard like Armour's "Simon Pure." It comes in tin pails, sealed under government supervision (threes, fives and tens). It costs less because it's best—so don't you forget "Simon Pure"

LEAF LARD

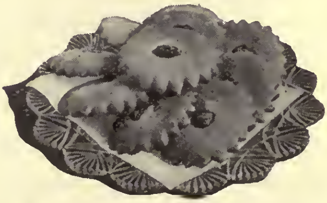
TEA BISCUITS

Sift one quart of flour with one teaspoonful of salt, and three rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder; into this work one large teaspoonful of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard until it is of the consistency of corn meal, then add just enough sweet milk to make a dough easily handled; roll out one-half inch thick, place in greased pan and bake for about fifteen minutes in very hot oven; brush with yolk of egg and milk; return to oven to glaze.

* * *

OLD FASHIONED SUGAR COOKIES

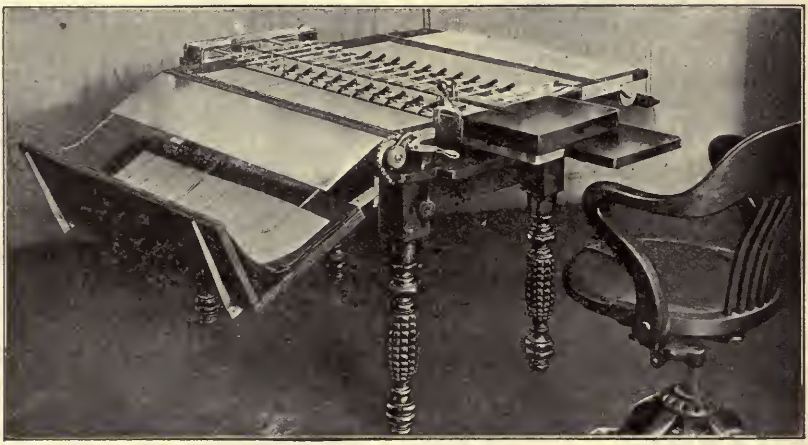
One cupful Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard; three cupfuls sugar, three eggs, one cupful buttermilk, one level teaspoonful soda, one-half nutmeg grated, pinch of salt; beat egg and sugar together; melt the lard and add with the nutmeg and salt; add the milk; sift soda with two cupfuls pastry flour and add; then add enough more to make a dough easily handled; cut out one-eighth of an inch thick; press a raisin in each center; cover with granulated sugar and bake a delicate brown.



readers a little advance information on this clever device.

The Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen has long been considered a great time-saver, but it is now planned to make it not a double time-saver, but a twenty-fold time-saver, and if a single Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen has proven to be the best possible writing instrument for signature work, as indorsed by the leading captains of industry, then the new invention is to be twenty-fold perfect.

This instrument, with its attendant system, enables the writer to sign a number of documents separately and simultaneously, twenty being the number now provided for in the present model; but a larger or smaller number can be arranged for as required.



THE EDISON SIGNAGRAPH, WHICH ENABLES A PERSON TO SIGN HIS NAME TO TWENTY DIFFERENT DOCUMENTS AT THE SAME TIME

Twenty Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens are arranged in two parallel rows, covering the signature spaces of an equal number of documents to be signed. It looks like a miniature "harrow," and indeed smooths the humps of arduous detail of signing innumerable stocks, with or without stubs; bonds, with or without coupons; checks, ad-interim certificates, short time notes, etc., in fact almost any issue that is necessary in the great business corporations of today.

All these pens are controlled by means of a monitor pen held by the writer in the usual manner, who writes with the twenty pens as with one.

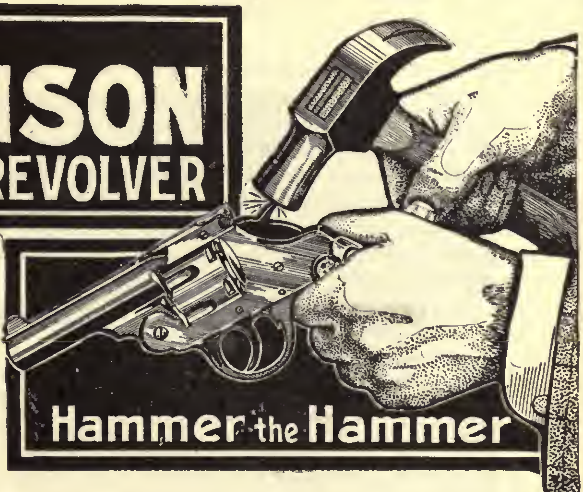
The documents to be signed are previously arranged in proper order for delivery under the pens, the actual delivery being under the control of the writer, who feeds and clears each set of twenty sheets or documents by turning a feed handle, at his left, after having affixed his signature.

Signing at the rate of four signatures per minute is equivalent to 4,800 per hour, or two days' work under the old method done in one hour.

* * *

A REPRESENTATIVE of English manufacturers was sent to Canada to see why more British products were not sold in the Canadian Northwest. The average English representative comes to Montreal, looks about, has a good time, and chums in with some broker there, who says to him: "Don't bother to go out there; I understand the Northwest Territory, and will act as your agent." So this gentleman is appointed agent. Probably he is agent for a number of other people as well, and though he may do a little business for each, it will not amount to much for any one concern. Having made this arrangement, the Englishman goes and takes a little jaunt around the country, a peep at "Niagara," and goes home. Meantime, the States manufacturer has been to Winnipeg, opened a warehouse or a factory, kept experienced salesmen going constantly through these thriving towns, "carrying the message to Garcia," and in a little while these traveling men come back and know how much

IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER



A revolver that can be discharged in any other way than by pulling the trigger is a mechanical absurdity as well as a constant danger.

The things you can do to an Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver without discharging it would keep you busy all day. The one thing you can't do to it is—fire it in any other way whatever than by pulling the trigger.

Handsome in appearance, made in many styles—like a rifle for accuracy—hard-hitting and speedy—but always safe to handle.

Send for **"Shots,"** *a booklet about absolutely safe revolvers, and our illustrated catalogue of superior firearms*

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver		**Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver**	
3-in. barrel nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire cartridge, 32-38 center-fire cartridge	**$6**	3-in barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center-fire cartridge - - - - - - - - -	**$7**

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the *owl's head* on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 188 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers Street.
Pacific Coast: 1346 Park St., Alameda, Cal.
Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4.
London, England: 17 Mincing Lane, E. C.

Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles

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If it be an Emerson—

¶ Many a home would gain in cheerfulness and be more attractive to the individual members if the sweet-toned Emerson Piano were installed within.

¶ "There's a tie that binds" in the influence of an Emerson Piano, with its mellow, singing tones. Why not let the "Old Home Week" spirit intensify the desire to make and keep the home life happier?

Every Emerson Piano carries a Certificate of Guaranteed Durability for Five Years.

Your absolute satisfaction is thus assured.

¶ As to prices and terms they will be made reasonable no matter where you live. Write for Catalogue and full description of Style 42 here shown, and other grades, including our New Short Grand.

EMERSON PIANO COMPANY
560 Harrison Avenue
Boston, Mass.

wheat there is in a certain locality; what kind of goods are wanted there; how the crops are running; and have established a thriving trade, which will be maintained by personal intercourse, without which no business can succeed. The young manufacturer who starts for Winnipeg with a few hundred dollars, soon finds that he has come to the right place; always provided that he is willing to hustle and see to his business personally. That is why the merchants in Canada will insist on having American-made goods; either those from lower Canada or the United States—in preference to British manufactures.

* * *

HOME life in Western Canada is a study in itself. One who lived on a homestead in North Dakota in the early years, and knows what it is to construct sod barns and pioneer on the rough, raw prairies, will appreciate the home life of the Canadian, where lives the same spirit of buoyancy and helpfulness that comes as the result of bountiful crops, good prices and markets, even though the first years have been somewhat hard. An area of 160 acres is about as small a farm as anyone would tolerate in the West, and 320 acres can be farmed to advantage. The successful farmer lives by the land. One portion lies fallow one year, keeping the rest in crop every alternate two years. Even in the rugged days of seed time, I could see in fancy the ripening fields awakening to the busy click of the harvester each morning. The great problem here is to have the grain cut and housed in the elevator along the railroad track. In the wayside stations were little granaries for use when the elevators are crowded; for the sturdy farmers are equal to all emergencies. Over 22,000 harvesters were taken into Canada last year on the railroads. The management of the various roads exercise a careful scrutiny of all the crop results, which mean as much to them as to the farmers. An outcry for help goes forth in harvest time all over Canada.

* * *

ON the train, traveling west to Winnipeg, was an elderly woman, going to help her son make a new farm home in the Cypress Hills. She had her books with her—real solid books, although past three-score years. She was looking forward with all the ardor of youth to the building up of a new home which would absolutely belong to her "boy." "He is a good son," said the proud mother, "and has been working a rented farm in Ohio, but now he owns a farm himself, and has built a house, which we are going to live in, and we shall sleep under our own roof for the first time in our lives."

* * *

On another train was a family going out to find a new home on the fruit lands of British Columbia. One of the little girls, a lovable little miss, a bright little creature, had only one hand. Her sweet face and affliction endeared her to everyone. The passengers quickly made friends with her, even the distinguished former member of the English Parliament making overtures, and the chilly young lady from the old country, who was evidently determined to make no "promiscuous" friendships on the train, finally succumbed to the charm of the little sweetheart. She was soon up in the berth of the dignified young Englishwoman, and sitting on the knee of the young bride, who was oblivious of the miles and miles we were passing, that set her farther and farther from the old home she had left, and the father and mother to whom she had bidden a tearful farewell for her new home and climate; and when the child was leaving the train how pathetic it was to see her throw her handless little arm about the neck of this young girl and bid her an affectionate good-bye, and when the little golden-haired playfellow had passed out of the train, we all felt that we had lost the sunshine.

* * *

An amusing story is told of a London nurse, who came out to British Columbia with the idea that she would find more scope for her profession than at home. After she arrived, she found that there seemed to be no such thing as illness in the place where she settled. Everybody continued in the rudest of good health, ate and slept so well that the nurse soon began to feel that the best nursing that could be done was to take a quarter section of land to care for. She went into farming and before long had her own prosperous home, where she lives today, and now says she has nursed a good bank account instead of attending the wants of complaining aenemics.

MT. RAINIER, WASHINGTON, THE HIGHEST PEAK IN THE UNITED STATES PROPER, 14,526 FEET, IS IN PLAIN VIEW FROM THE GROUNDS OF THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION WHICH WILL BE HELD AT SEATTLE IN 1909

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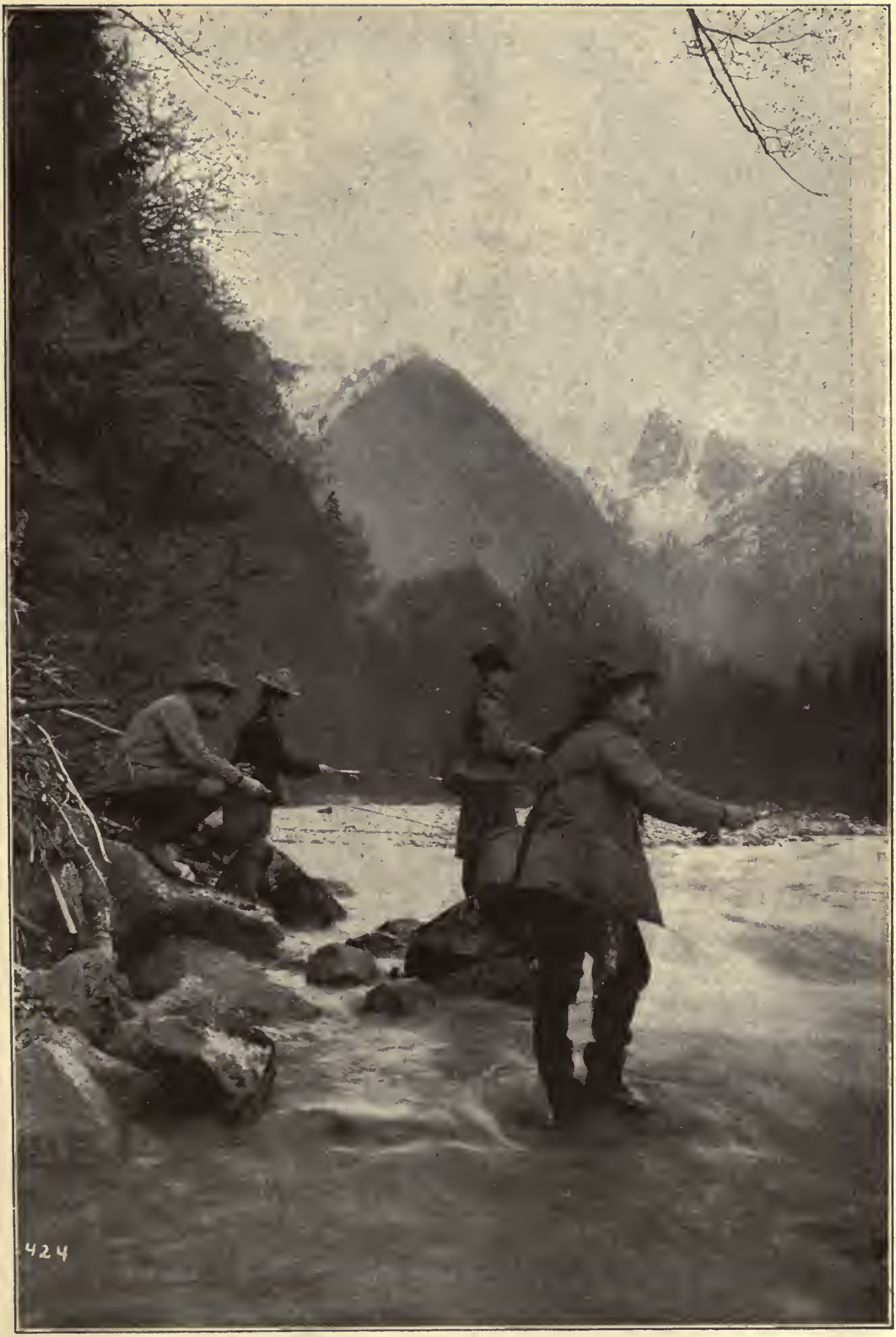
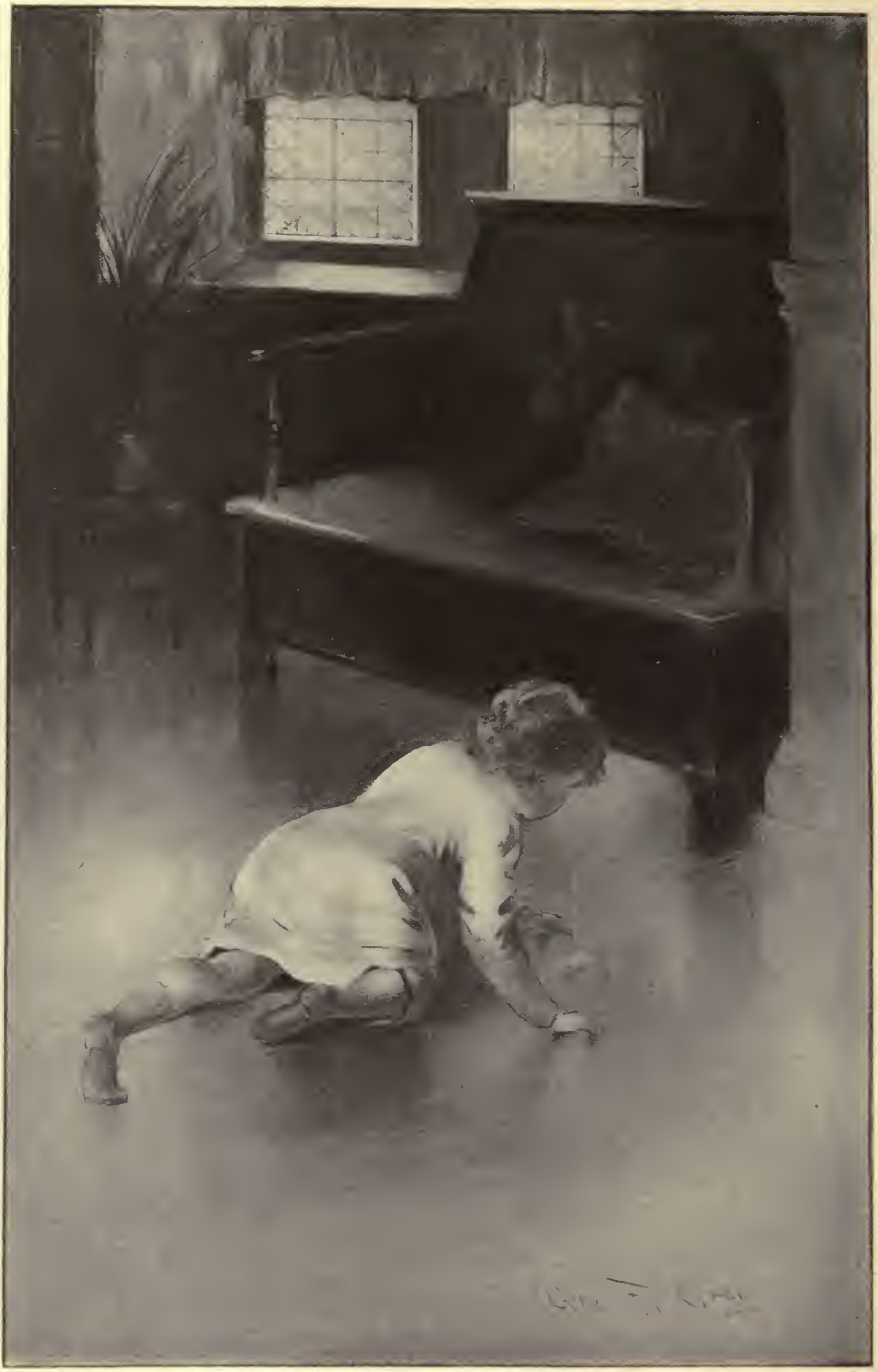
ON THE ROCKBOUND COAST OF MAINE. "HERE SHALL THY PROUD WAVES BE STAYED"



ON THE SKYKOMISH RIVER, WASHINGTON

Fishing amid beautiful surroundings will be one of the many sports offered visitors to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle in 1909



"His next acquaintance was a little chap who was always upside down, * * * *who patted up against the shining floor when he patted down."* (*See page* 667.)

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

MY thoughts reverted to grand old Thomas Jefferson, one summer's day in Washington, as I stood on the curb with the "sight-seers," and watched the tearing-up of the historic avenue which was being prepared for the reception of its new coat of asphalt, to glisten in the rains of the coming winter and become the scene of the many gala day parades and brilliant night pictures which Washington's famous driveway will present during the session of the Sixtieth Congress.

The workers were burrowing like moles under the car tracks; the stone-crushers were grinding like the "mills of the gods" when they "grind exceeding small," and the massive steam-rollers pressed rocky shard and smoking asphalt into cohesive levels. All this was going on where Thomas Jefferson had planted that row of Lombardy poplars in the center of the avenue.

Something too of Boss Shephard's rise and fall came to mind as the preparations were rushed forward that were intended to provide the nation with a still more beautiful Washington, as a scenic setting for the great national drama in two acts that transpires in each several sessions of Congress. The summer beauties of Washington are better appreciated by the residents who remain in the city the year round than by those who visit the capital only during the "season."

There are trips to Cabin John Bridge, Chevy Chase and the Great Electric Falls. Of course, one must take a tour in the "Seeing Washington" caravans, noiseless automobiles that lumber around like steam elephants over the avenues. They are easily located by the ringing of the megaphone, telling the story of the houses where the senators, representatives and other distinguished men live or have lived. This offers opportunities for *viva voce* advertising, for, sandwiched in with the tales of celebrities, mention is made of some who would like to become celebrated. Of course many of the houses are empty, and their closed shutters present a rather lonesome spectacle, but, nevertheless, people are always interested in seeing the dwellings of great men, even if they have gone out of town—or out of life. Passing the Pension Office, our orator became really eloquent in reference to the frieze surrounding the building, as he paid a tribute to the old soldiers

At the White House, a great network of scaffolding covers the front and rear porticos, as it is again necessary to put on another coat of paint, for the White House must always be kept white. The home of the Chief Executive was so named because of the fact that when it was injured by the British in 1814, an effort was made to hide the charred and blackened places on the walls by painting them white, and ever since then it has been known as the White House.

* * *

THE new District of Columbia building, the new Agricultural Department, and the new Congressional Offices, all constructed of gleaming white marble, are fast assuming a finished appearance; but even with the generous appropriations made by Congress, much remains to be done toward beautifying

Washington and reaching out to make it a city worthy of being the capital of the United States.

Efforts in recent years have been directed towards nationalizing Washington, and it is the dream of some that in a future day a national theater, a fitting place provided by the government for the encouragement of American art in drama and opera, will be erected—in Washington.

The government has a surplus at the present time amounting to over $200,000,000, which has excited the attention of distinguished writers who portray in current reviews, in ponderous articles, the dangers of "Uncle Sam's hoard."

* * *

Not so many years ago, there was a wave of agitation over a surplus, and not so very long after we had another agitation concerning a different condition: a deficit, which, like Pharaoh's lean kine, quickly consumed the surplus left over from prosperous years. When that deficit yawned, the surplus dwindled, and the government had to proceed to borrow money on bonds for the emergency. There are some people who *will* worry—whether the government has no money, or whether the government has more than it requires for immediate needs. It does seem, to the ordinary mind, that a nation of the proportions of the United States could get along all right with a surplus of $200,000,000, and that it would be better to have this on hand for emergencies than to fritter it away on standing armies, or invite another deficit to help along the banking and bond interests. If the money is there, it belongs to the people, just as much as if it were in their pockets to pay out again for deficits. Why worry over conditions which find a larger proportion of 80,000,000 people more prosperous than ever before? The real point of attack by those who consider the surplus a danger is the tariff, and this assault on the surplus presages a revival of the tariff campaigns that have so often figured in political national history in past times. The lessons of one generation never serve for the next.

* * *

THE real essence of democracy is expressed in the equality of opportunity, and at these concerts on the White House lawn one finds the leaders in social, political and business life side by side with the many who must traverse life's dusty highway at a patient jog-trot, or perhaps perambulate the rigid lines of departmental life in Washington, eating, sleeping, working and thinking as per schedule, which appears to be accurately all marked off for them by the tick of the clock.

* * *

THE State of Iowa enjoys the distinction of having for its Grand Old Man Senator William B. Allison, who has served a longer continuous term in the United States Senate than any other man in the history of the nation. Now in his seventy-eighth year, it is an inspiration to look into his bright, flashing yet kindly brown eyes and see all the zeal of early years displayed as he enters on his seventh senatorial campaign.

If there ever was a public man entitled to and possessing the heart affections of the people of his state, it is William B. Allison. He has done much to give the State of Iowa stable prominence and enduring distinction, and is untiring in his efforts to bring its ambitious young men to the front.

The sage of Dubuque has been prominent in the counsels of the nation for half a century past, and it would indeed be a national calamity if all his ripe, mature wisdom and experience should be withdrawn from the national councils, and how much greater a calamity would his loss be to the dear old state which he has so long represented!

Truly, it may be said of his career, in the same clear, scholarly and affectionate terms in which he eulogized the memory of his venerable colleague Senator Hoar of Massachusetts: "Reared in an atmosphere of 'plain living and high thinking,' of right speaking and right acting, he had formed lofty ideals of private conduct and public duty. * * * A close student of the history of our country, he was familiar with the public questions which confronted him, and equally familiar with the details of events which had brought about the then existing conditions. * * His service here was active, constant and vigilant, and without disparagement to any of the eminent men who served with him during this long period, it may be truthfully said that, compared with him, there were few, if any, who brought to this service higher ideals of public duty, greater industry in public work,

SENATOR WILLIAM B. ALLISON OF IOWA.

greater learning as respects the structure of our government, or a wider knowledge of its constitutional history and the successive steps in its growth and development."

* * *

IN the Navy Department, Secretary Metcalf was just having a final conference in reference to dispatching the sixteen battleships to the Pacific waters. While it is emphatically insisted that this is a movement entirely without international significance, it was regarded by ultra-jingoists as a precautionary measure to maintain the pacific status of the Pacific.

On the day when Admiral Yamamoto was in Washington, the Japanese flag, with its red circle in the center and its white field, floated over the tower of the New Willard. There is no use in disguising the fact that the popular feeling for the Japanese has undergone a wonderful change in the last few years; for whereas, prior to the peace of Portsmouth, the little yellow men were regarded as heroes, there is no gainsaying that since then they have suffered the fate of all heroes, including Dewey, Hobson, Funston, Schley, *et id genus omne*, and are now undergoing at least a partial eclipse in the admiration of the American people.

* * *

ONE cannot think of a scene in Washington today without an automobile somewhere in the foreground. Even the Indians, who, stopping at the Tremont House as they have for years when they come to the capital to see the "Great Father," as they call the President, want an automobile ride the first thing; arrayed in all their feathers, they may be seen taking a ride in one of the swiftly whizzing carriages. They evidently enjoy the exhilaration of modern civilization, including Marine Band concerts, which attract listeners from every state and territory of the Union, each of whom feel a personal and patriotic right to the grounds and buildings of the National Capitol. These

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CLINEDINST, WASH. D.C.

COLUMBIAN MINISTER (MR. CORTES) AND DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW (AT WHEEL)
One-Million-Dollar Concrete Bridge in the background, Connecticut Avenue, the finest concrete bridge in the world

concerts and like gatherings afford a perspective of triumphant democracy which the student of sociology should by no means neglect.

* * *

RECENT reports reveal a gratifying improvement in diplomatic and consular service. The insistence of Secretary Root, who is determined to make the diplomatic department and service one of the important matters of government, far removed from politics, has had salutary effect. The splendid work of John Hay and Andrew White is having its effect upon the members of the corps. The service now, for the most part, represents energetic, thrifty and conservative business men, who at their post of duty keep in mind the industrial as well as the social interests of the country. Only two consular buildings in the world are owned by the United States, and the irony of it is that one is located in Tangier, Morocco, and the other in Armenia. With adequate domiciles and suitable salaries for our representatives abroad, it will not be long before the service represents as high an average as that of any other country in the world.

In these days, when railroads, newspapers and steamships bring the nations closely together, the diplomatic service is becoming of more vital consequence; and in order to keep in touch with the needs and interests of civilized communities, it is essential that America be represented by the best men that can be obtained. Great opportunities are offered to American manufactures in Servia, Morocco, Macedonia and other remote places where there is as yet no diplomatic representation. At Belgrade, we are represented by a foreigner, as we are in many other places, and it must be confessed that in consular service the English, German and other nations are far ahead of us. In South America especially, the Germans have been aggressive, and so strongly entrenched are their trade interests that they need not fear any industrial application of the Monroe doctrine.

MEXICAN AMBASSADOR. MR. CREEL. WIFE AND SON (AT WHEEL)
The Ambassador is the richest man in Mexico. Worth $200.000.000. On the New Speedway, Washington, D. D.

THE interest manifested by readers of the National throughout the country in their congressmen and senators is a hopeful sign of the times. A reader recently called attention to a sketch of Robert L. Owen, the candidate for senator in Oklahoma, and gave us interesting details concerning that legislator.

While Mr. Owen is an Indian by descent, and proud of the fact that he claims Virginia as his birthplace, he has but a comparatively small admixture of Indian blood in his veins, it being claimed that he only possesses one-thirty-second part of the blood of the Red Man.

In 1715 the Cherokees held their hereditary territory in South Carolina. Quatsis, who was the queen of that tribe, and sister of the chief Calumna, called "The Raven," who was received in England as a native American prince, married Colonel John Beamor, a South Carolina gentleman of English descent. Peggy, the oldest of the four children born of this union, married Colonel Holmes, also of South Carolina, and their daughter, Martha Holmes, became the wife of John D. Chisholm who negotiated the Cherokee treaty of 1819. Thomas Chisholm, son of Martha, inherited by the maternal side the title of the chief of the Cherokees, and was presented by Thomas Jefferson with the medal of peace and friendship, as a representative of an Indian tribe, Another daughter of Peggy Holmes, Narcissa Owen, was the mother of the senator, and it is thus that Colonel Robert L. Owen comes by his Indian extraction.

While all this is of picturesque interest, the facts are that Mr. Owen has made his way just like any other American-born gentleman, by hard, steady and persistent work, and needs no apology for the Indian blood which courses through his veins, drawn as it is from the line of tribal chieftians of one of the boldest, bravest, manliest and wisest tribes of primeval America.

* * *

ALL sorts of problems are met with in Washington. In view of the fact that there are 32,000,000 telegraph poles in use at the present time, and that the average life of a pole is twelve years, it is evident that the demand must be over 2,650,000 every year, in order to keep the wires running. Just now interesting experiments are being made by the forest department with reference to seasoning and preserving these poles.

These are not exactly the poles with which the persimmons are sought in the political campaigns, but all these questions require thoughtful and thorough investigation. It has been shown that wood cut in the winter seasons more regularly than that felled at any other time, but it does not become as light as spring-cut timber. It is also shown that round timber seasons very light, with very little shrinkage, and this is probably why so many round telegraph poles are used. There are quite a number of seasoning stations in the country, where poles are prepared to stand all kinds of weather and every climate.

This study of poles recalls the incident in which President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Road, figured, when he set his woodchoppers at work to cut down the poles of the Western Union Telegraph Company in a single night. The ruthless waste seems needless destruction to us now, when scarcely enough poles can be found to meet the requirements of the extension of telegraph wires over the rapidly-developing sections of the West. These poles were ordered to be cut down because the contract of the telegraph company had expired, and they could not agree on the renewal, so the poles over the entire Pennsylvania system were destroyed, representing the growth of many square miles of live forest trees in themselves.

* * *

DURING the past year the outflow of American tourists to Europe has immensely increased. At first glance, one is apt to attribute this vast tide of travel to pleasure-seekers, but one cannot mingle with the passengers without realizing that a great many are on business.

Among this class of tourists is Mrs. Rachel Belden Frease (Green), who has been and is now studying with Madam Marchesi, who predicts for her a brilliant career in grand opera. She has a voice of wonderful power and resonance; one likely to prove equal to all vocal and dramatic demands. She promises to recruit the ranks of famous American prima donnas who have so long held the laurels in the operatic world.

Mrs. Green is from Canton, Ohio, the home town of President McKinley, whose

MRS. SMOOT, WIFE OF SENATOR SMOOT OF UTAH people are very proud of the wonderful success which she has won as a singer. In Paris there is quite a colony of Canton people, among them one of the Kontz brothers, the famous New York bankers; Lieutenant Lahm, winner of the recent balloon contest; Alfred Baehrens, who has achieved fame in Paris as an organist, presiding over the organ in one of the large cathedrals, and who is now studying voice under Jean de Reszke. Mr. Baehrens was organist of President McKinley's church in Canton, and played in the memorial exercises conducted in Paris at the time of the president's death.

Here, too, is Perry Chance, whose treatises on dental surgery are used as text-books; and Miss Wellman, daughter of Walter Wellman, North Pole explorer and former editor of The Repository in Canton.

* * *

PARIS may make the fashions for womankind of the whole world, with veils, tulles, feathers and what-not, but there are fashions in which the French capital has no share; at least I so concluded when I saw horses trotting demurely through Washington parks and avenues with veils of mosquito-netting around their heads, artistically draped and varying in color from green and red to yellow and white and all the shades of the rainbow. Sometimes in addition to these colored veils they wore dainty straw hats, and their big brown eyes seemed to gaze at the passers-by with the mild inquiry, "*Is* my hat on straight?"

* * *

Congressman Arthur L. Bates, of Meadville, Pennsylvania, has returned from a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and as a member of the Naval Committee, is deeply impressed with the value of Pearl Harbor, near Honolulu. He says it is land-locked, and possesses a natural channel twenty-eight feet deep. He believes that our government should equip it as a naval base, with dry-docks, machine shops and all other necessities for a first-class naval station.

The Hawaiian Islands he regards as the key to the Pacific, and thinks the government should not only continue to hold them, but put them in condition for service and defence, against the day when they shall become the theater of naval warfare.

Congressman Bates gives to his work assiduous attention, and, by the way, the average American congressman, no matter what post he may fill, or what party he may serve, is seldom lacking in this regard. If more reasonable appreciation were shown of conscientious public service, it would be possible to obtain the services of men whose best work is of too broad scope and value to be sacrificed or slighted. The fleeting fickleness of the average constituency which usually measures the ability of a congressman by the local conditions that surround his election, prevents a great many able men from seeking re-election.

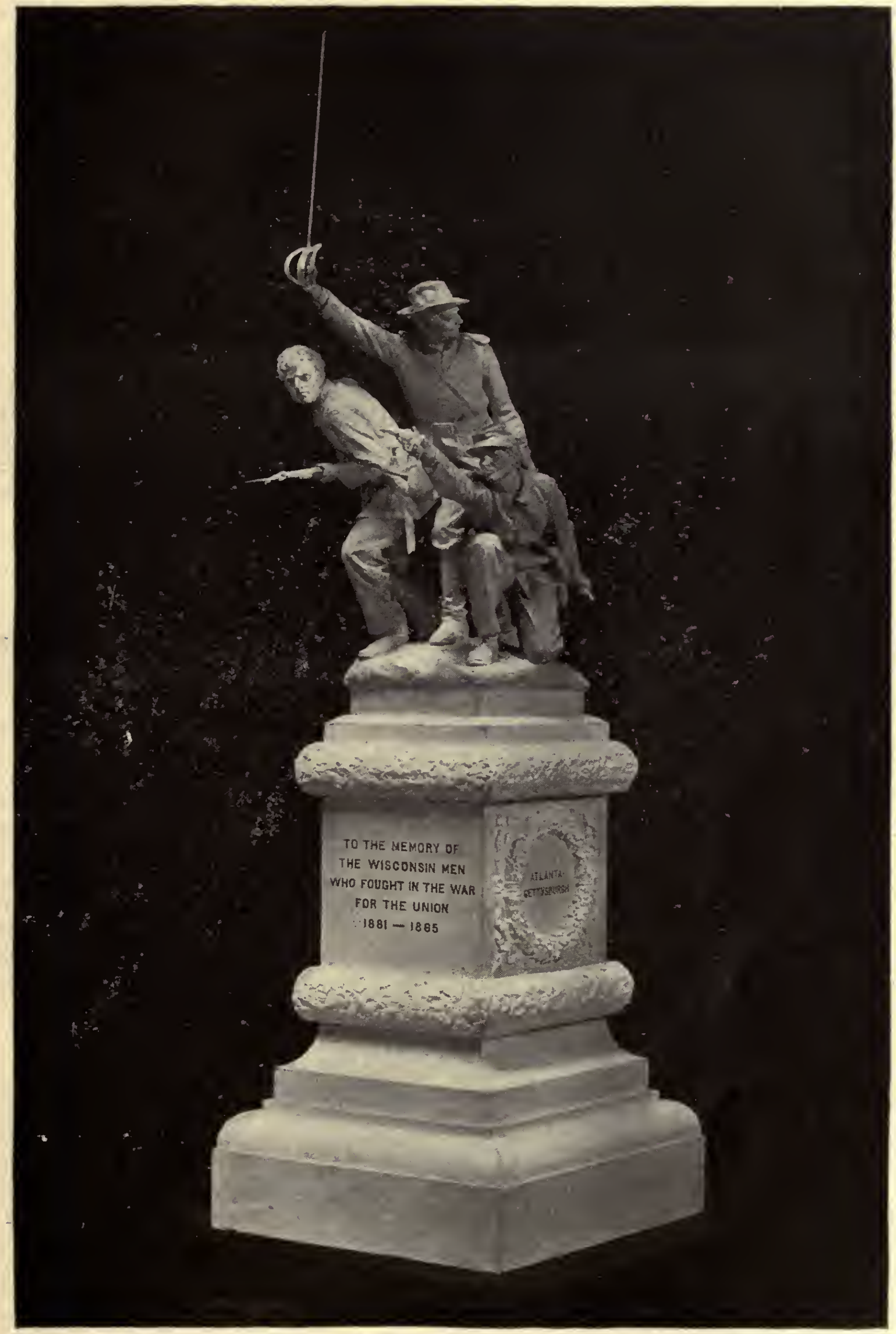
* * *

AT Oshkosh, Wisconsin, on July 8, 1907, was unveiled a magnificent monument to the memory of the Wisconsin men who fought in the war for the Union, 1861–1865. It was presented to the city of Oshkosh by Col. John Hicks, American minister to Chile. Addresses were made by Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur, Commander-in-Chief of the American army, and Bishop Samuel Fallows of Chicago. The monument is the work of Chevalier Gaetano Trentanove of Florence, Italy, a sculptor who has made many beautiful works of art in Milwaukee, Washington and other American cities. The cost of the work complete, including the expenses of unveiling, was $10,500 American gold. Minister Hicks came home from Santiago to be present at the dedication of the monument. He expects to sail from New York the last of August, and reach Santiago about October 15. At the dedicatory exercises in the Grand Opera House, Minister Hicks and family sat in one of the boxes over which were twined the Chilean and American flags.

* * *

THE Department of Justice engrosses a large share of attention from sightseers at Washington. The activities of the present administration have centered here to a large extent, although the proposition to put the trusts into governmental receivership seems to be looked upon as a rather radical and heroic mode of treatment; and vacation time found Assistant Attorney General Purdy and others giving the trusts a chance for a long breath.

The Department of Justice occupies what


TO THE MEMORY OF
THE WISCONSIN MEN
WHO FOUGHT IN THE WAR
FOR THE UNION
1881 — 1865
ATLANTA
GETTYSBURGH

MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF WISCONSIN SOLDIERS. ERECTED BY COLONEL JOHN HICKS OF OSHKOSH, MINISTER TO CHILE were formerly three residences, in one of which Senator Palmer resided when representing the State of Michigan; it was later occupied by Senator Elkins when secretary of war, and was also at one time a high-class hotel under the name of The Baltic. Another of the buildings was formerly the residence of one of the Vanderbilts; in fact, the Department of Justice is housed in what may be styled a sort of *pot pourri* of national residences which have been converted into the arena of administration for the even-handed goddess of the scales, who figures so prominently in the legal and political history of our country.

A large part of the furnishings were originally used in the residences, but a considerable portion were purchased by Attorney-General Brewster, who had exquisite tastes, and, in anticipation of later day needs, prepared for the department one of the most sumptuous rooms in Washington. His wisdom in buying these solid pieces of furniture is vindicated by the fact that practically no renewals have been made during the past quarter of a century, although the furniture has been in constant service. No one can stray about the capital, even during the summer months, without perceiving that the furnishings of the Department of Justice are in constant use. Looking at the interior of the building, one comes logically to the conclusion that Attorney-General Brewster must have been a home-loving man, with excellent taste in house furnishing.

* * *

IT was interesting to sail the broad prairies of the Northwest in company with a real admiral of the briny deep. In the vestibule of the sleeper, during the long afternoons and mornings of a transcontinental trip, I don't think a more delightful companion could be found than Admiral Hemphill, who has seen many years of active service in the United States navy. His traveling cap hardly suggested the brilliancy of the naval capote which he wore at the ceremonies when entertaining the German Kaiser at the maneuvers at Kiel. With the admiral were Lieutenant Manix and Ensign Anderson, on their way for a two years' service in the Asiatic squadron.

The pathetic side of naval life was apparent when it was understood that the admiral was compelled to join his ship while his wife lay very ill at home; such is life in the navy, even in times of peace, and many acts of real heroism are performed by the defenders of the nation, in obeying orders, whether it be in time of peace or war. It will never be known how many soldiers and sailors have left dear ones ill at home, to answer to the call of duty, knowing they may never behold the loved faces again on earth.

Admiral Hemphill has seen a great deal of service all over the world, and in the regular course of promotion he will naturally have command of the entire Pacific squadron. Few officers in the navy enjoy a closer personal acquaintance with the Kaiser than Admiral Hemphill, who is a great admirer of the German emperor, and insists that no more genial or democratic companion ever greeted hale fellows when once the exactions of official formality are over.

He said that it was a fine sight to behold the emperor reviewing the squadron from the "flying bridge," built aloft overlooking the entire ship. At the informal lunch which followed, the Kaiser served with his own hands and was always ready with a good joke. He is very appreciative of the American sense of humor, and is quite ready to tell a hearty joke on himself. One of the emperor's jokes was about two children who were accustomed to drive out behind a little donkey; one of the children started on the usual airing, but did not return at the expected time. Their parents became uneasy, and investigation was made, when it was discovered that the poor donkey had inadvertently consumed in his fodder one of the emperor's numerous manuscripts, which proved too much for even the digestive juices of Neddy.

* * *

WITHIN the past year, there has been a decided exodus from the government service. The old-time situation when bright minds turned toward "a government job," is now a thing of the past, and in some instances the government is forced to advertise to have positions filled which in former years were eagerly sought. It is true that there is always a good list of eligibles on hand, who have passed examinations, but many of these decline appointments because of openings in business life that assure them of better pay and more opportunity for advance-

MRS. E. A. MORSE, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN
MORSE OF WISCONSIN

ment. The government is precluded from raising the salary of an efficient official, as can be done by the elastic methods of private business life, as all salaries are fixed by Congress, and this requires a year or so of time to "see what can be done," to say nothing of the amount of regulation and "red tape" to be gone through after it is done even if increased salary is admittedly due.

The great complaint now is that it is so difficult to get rid of an unsuitable man that it is crowding out capable workers from the government service. One of the disadvantages in the government service is that an advance of salary is made to the inefficient and the efficient alike, so that the careless and the lazy get the benefit of the work done by the industrious, and it is considered, therefore, that a capable worker has not much to look forward to in the government service—he might as well be incapable, so far as any reward goes. These conditions in the government service, brought about by a deadline of equality, are engaging the keen attention of students in socialism.

* * *

NOW comes Dr. Woodrow Wilson, President of the University of Princeton, with a statement that interests every Western congressman and senator. He declares that in the East men have no opinions of their own, because they have no time to think

Dr. Wilson goes on to say:

"People who have their heads buried in the morning paper in the morning and in the evening paper in the afternoon, have no ideas except those which the newspapers give them. This is the kind of people that are found in the East, where the people think about nothing else except what they see in the newspapers and their business. In the West this is not true. The Western Senator has time to chew between sentences and consequently is more likely to think things which are of value to the nation."

Dr. Wilson emphasized the fact that the Western Senator is more likely to be free from corruption than the Eastern, though his position may not be perfectly clear to the logician.

"If you live in a place," says Dr. Wilson, "where you can sit around a stove in a country store, and shoot tobacco juice into a sawdust box, you are much more likely to have opinions than if you live in New York."

Our friends who do not approve of tobacco might suggest that the fresh air and country life had as much to do with the ideas as the tobacco chewing, but evidently the good doctor does not think so.

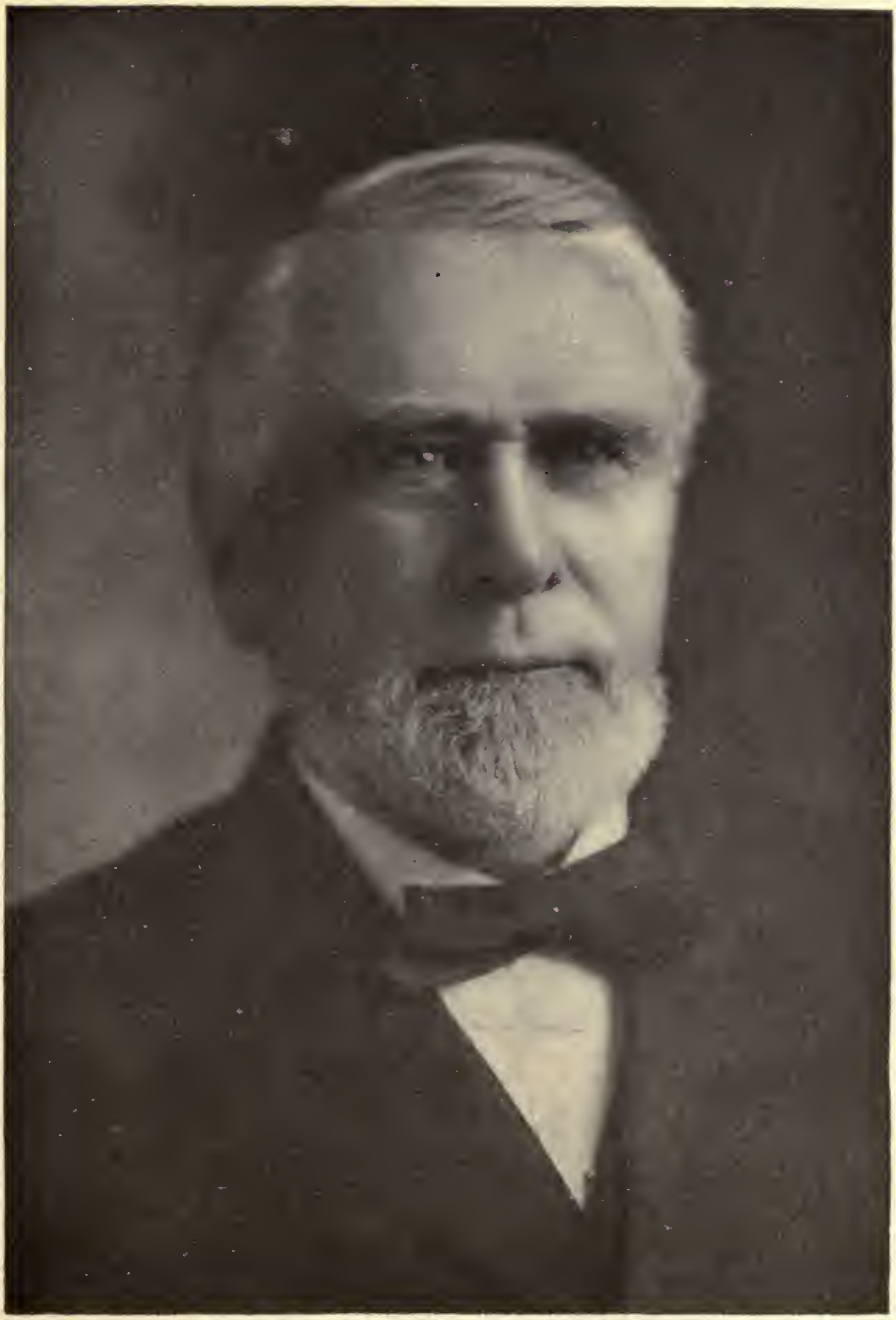
On the whole his conclusion is that the senators are not such a bad lot after all, and that as a rule men get into the senate because they are wanted by the people. His splendid tribute to that body of quiet, forceful men in both houses, who exercise a real influence in national legislation, but are seldom heard of, was exhilarating to anyone who is well informed of the situation in Washington; and after reading the learned disquisition of the President of the Princeton University, we can see the Western senators and congressmen, with renewed courage, take a fresh chew of tobacco and "ruminate", in more senses than one.

* * *

AS Secretary Wilson pensively watched the swallows on the street in front of the New Willard the other day, he suddenly turned to me and said: "Do you know that the swallows are the most valued allies of the farmers?"

When Secretary Wilson makes a remark of this kind, I am prone to believe it. This statement of his has been proven by the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture. There are thirty-eight species of birds that feed upon the boll weevil, an insect which has been playing havoc with the cotton crop in the South, and these same insectivorous birds are the most effective allies in the pursuit of these pests. The orioles are known to inspect the cotton bolls for these weevils, and blackbirds, wrens and flycatchers aid in the good work, but of them all, "the swallows are the most industrious little cusses." Secretary Wilson further assured me that "as many as forty-seven weevils have been found in the stomach of one swallow. Remember," he said, "when you hear the swallows twittering in the morning in the eaves, that they have their part to play in the great agrarian development of the country."

Swallows are not as numerous in the North as they once were, owing to the English sparrow, for this little foreigner seems to have a special antipathy for the swallow that brings to us the message of the springtime. The



SENATOR KNUTE NELSON, ALEXANDRIA, MINNESOTA

Department of Agriculture is urging the farmers in the North to aid in the protection of the swallow. This will mean much to the cotton interests of the South, where the boll weevil pest is traveling at the rate of fifty miles a year. The old song "When the Swallows Come Again," has a meaning in a utilitarian sense, as well as a poetical significance. In the consideration of the necessity for protection against the English sparrow, it has been grimly suggested that there ought to be a clause inserted in the immigration laws, insisting that these little chaps shall keep out until the swallows have made good use of a racial protective tariff.

There has been keen interest in nature study in this country for several years, and now the controversy between the President and Professor Long on ways and habits of wild animals brings to us the suggestion that closer study be given to the birds which have to do with husbandry, such as the swallow brigade, which is called the "light cavalry of the avian army." Here is a subject in which every householder, whether a farmer, commuter or urbanite, may assuredly interest himself.

* * *

NO sooner is the campaign against gipsy and brown-tail moths under way than along comes the new crusade against the terrapin scale, which is known as a dangerous pest to wild and cultivated trees, and one which may be controlled but never, it is feared, wholly eradicated. At first the name terrapin may suggest high living and superlative luxury in a stew, but it keeps tree owners on the look-out. It is the specific enemy of the peach tree, and seems, also, to have a good appetite for various species of wild plums, cherries and apples. This pest, though long known to those in the infected regions, was not officially recorded until 1898, though it was known to a member of the Bureau of Entomology as early as 1872. It is a small, reddish scale, which attacks wild and cultivated fruit trees alike, but it is announced, officially, that kerosene emulsion, with whale oil dissolved in boiling water with a suitable amount of laundry soap, and all mixed together to a creamy solution, will be very effective in keeping down this pest. Here again comes in the efficiency of kerosene as an agent in destroying insect pests—with more returns to follow.

APROPOS of this subject comes another fact made clear by Vernon Bailey, in charge of the Geographic Distribution in Washington, when he conducted his researches in reference to the destruction of deer, which are in danger of extermination by the Northern timber wolves. Deer are found in swamps and dense timber, and during the time of deep snow, they gather into natural corrals, and where the wolves are numerous dead deer were found in almost every corral that was visited during the research. In many cases, the carcasses were not eaten, but only torn and mangled. Up to April, wolves occupy their dens, and during May the cubs come out among the boulders and broken rocks, to begin their campaign of ravage upon the deer. It has been suggested that all dens should be located, and the pups destroyed, and in this way the increase of deer all over the country will be more effectively assured than by even the most rigorous enforcement of the game laws.

* * *

WITH countless automobiles whizzing along every avenue and boulevard, and the people who do not own a "buzz buggy" trying to decide whether these puffing, fussy machines are a curse or a blessing, the all-important topic of good roads comes to the front again. A few statistics on this subject are permissible even in warm weather discussion.

The little State of Delaware has just made a report of 3,000 miles of public roads, with a mile of road for every sixty-one inhabitants, and a mile of improved road for every 2,700 inhabitants.

The tiny peach state made a state appropriation of $60,000 in former years, but it has been provided that whatever the county spends, the state will spend an equal sum, making a total expenditure of about $90,000 or about forty-nine cents per inhabitant.

Massachusetts has over 17,000 miles of road and the largest proportion of improved roads of any state in the Union, possessing a mile of improved road for every 375 inhabitants. The state pays the entire first cost, but the counties are required to return one-fourth of the money in six years, and the total expenditure is approximately $3,000,000, or $1.02 per inhabitant.

The little Nutmeg State, Connecticut, has over 14,000 miles of road, with a mile of improved highway for every 384 inhabitants, at a cost of $1.32 per capita, being a total appropriation of $1,195,000.

The Lone Star State, Texas, comes forward with 121,409 miles of highways, with one mile of improved road for every 1,432 inhabitants. The total expenditure for roads and bridges is over $4,138,000, and the people of that state have patriotically spent $1.35 per inhabitant for the improvement of public highways.

Minnesota counts nearly 80,000 miles of public road, with a mile for every 280 inhabitants, and many of the roads cover the old Indian trails. The total expenditure from all sources shows that exactly $1.12 per inhabitant has been invested by the people, in order to have good roads over which to haul their produce or drive in their automobiles.

Michigan has 62,283 miles of public road, with a mile of road for every 344 inhabitants. Keeping up the roads is largely in the hands of the commissioners of highways for each township; every male inhabitant over twenty-one and under fifty years of age is required to perform one day's work or pay one dollar in cash every year. But the pathetic thing about it is, that this tax is not enforced in more than one-fourth of the townships. With a total expenditure of $3,179,000, Michigan has invested $1.31 per capita in road-building.

The committees on post-roads are gathering some very interesting data to present, in connection with the good roads bill that will run a star course in the Sixtieth Congress. This subject comes up with perennial regularity, and the advocates for good roads insist that before government ownership of railroads can be consistently considered, the proper management of dirt roads owned by the government must be proven. It is insisted by many students of economy today that were the public roads of the United States in private hands, it would save millions of dollars to farmers and manufacturers, by providing better transportation facilities for their grain and other products.

* * *

WHENEVER I want to get a perfect surfeit of information, I wander around that one-story brick building called the Census Bureau. If you chance to meet Dr. Joseph A. Hill, he can tell you about the important facts gleaned concerning women at work in America, which are rather surprising, in view of the general impression that women are doing about half the work of the country as bread-winners. No, they still remain, in great majority, the bread and home makers. It has taken years to gather this data. When Mr. Hill uses the term women, he means it to include all females of sixteen years of age and over, though in some instances in order to make comparison with other censuses, the age is fifteen. In all,

SENATOR J. H. STOUT OF MENOMONIE, WISCONSIN about five million women are at work in the United States, which excludes Alaska, Hawaii, and all outlying territories, or, to be exact, the precise number returned in 1900 is 4,833,630. Of these 1,771,966 were native white women, and 1,090,744 were native white women one or both of whose parents were immigrants, and 840,011 white women who were themselves immigrants. There were 1,119,621 negro women, and 11,288 Indian and Mongolian women, making the percentage of native white workers about 36.7, or more than one-third of the total number of women bread winners in the United States.

REPRESENTATIVE JESSE OVERSTREET OF INDIANA

Over sixty-eight per cent. of these women were under thirty-five years of age, and over forty-four per cent. were under twenty-five, while twenty-six and six-tenths per cent. had not reached the age of twenty-one.

* * *

WHATEVER else may be thought of Vice President Fairbanks as a presidential possibility by the people of this country, the recent malicious personal attacks upon him have crystalized the sentiment of a strong following who love fair play, even in American politics. The cowardly and covert attacks made on Mr. Fairbanks appear so wanton, to anyone who knows the truth, that it seems a travesty of liberty that such license is granted in the name of a free press.

The history of all presidential campaigns is peppered with such tactics, which usually draw a stronger following around the candidate attacked—a consequence little dreamed of by the assailants. But there is many a month between now and convention time, in which time the people can do some thinking.

* * *

FEW congressmen have given more assiduous thought and attention to matters in their direct charge than Hon. Jesse Overstreet of Indiana. I met him in Indianapolis, in the Terminal Building. His desk was thickly strewn with papers, which plainly showed that Washington is not the only place in which he exercises his powers of mind. On the walls of his office were trophies of Indiana campaigns; for a presidential campaign without a few battle fields marked in Indiana, would not be much of a campaign. From his law office, Jesse Overstreet was elected to Congress, with the hearty and enthusiastic endorsement of his constituents; and he has given them good service. His specialty of postal matters effected many reforms during his term of office as chairman of the Postal Committee.

Indiana has always been fortunate in having a list of strong representatives, but Indianapolis has been particularly favored in Congressman Jesse Overstreet. There is always something jovial and genial in his greeting, and when I met him in Indianapolis, he seemed even more cordial than in Washington. Most of the congressmen show more of their real personality in their own home cities than they do in the whirl of life and work at the Capital. That is why I am carrying out a well-defined purpose to see every legislator "at home"—to find out what aims or objects he has during his leisure hours. In this way it is almost always possible to discover just why he is successful; for at his home are evolved the ideas carried into effect during the working months at Washington.

THE SECRETARY AND MRS. TAFT AT THE OBSERVATORY

TAFT ON A VACATION

By Edward Carleton Knight

WHILE Editor Joe Mitchell Chapple was ploughing through the Canadian Rockies, I was on my way up to Pointe a Pic, Province of Quebec, where the secretary of war, William Howard Taft, was spending his fifteenth consecutive summer; and the story of a few delightful days with Taft is the subject of this little article.

* * *

Way up the St. Lawrence, ninety miles north of Quebec, nestling right at the foothills of the Laurentian Mountains, I found a little summer cottage of ten rooms, very loosely constructed—such an one as almost any "habitant" might occupy the year round. The Secretary doesn't even own it—he rents it. But he may buy it some time—that is, if he doesn't become president.

This little house on the rocks affords a vista of twelve miles straight across the St. Lawrence. It stands among trees well back from the road, with a tennis court in front and a grove of spruce and white birch on either side. Within the confines of the estate lies the rocky promontory from which the village takes its name—Pointe a Pic.

Here in the little cottage I found the Secretary of War with his wife and three children—Robert, Helen and Charles—a big man with a big heart and a great love for home. A hundred times a day his voice pealed forth in bell-like tones of laughter, for he is a "Habit Habiter."

In dress I found him simplicity itself; every morning he wore the same golfing suit of brownish mixture, and in the afternoon he donned a gray cut-away or blue serge.

Not once up to the time that I left Murray Bay had he worn his evening clothes, and even on Sundays when he went to church, he discarded the conventional frock.

* * *

When I first saw him in Manila, in 1901, I knew that he was fond of a good dinner, and in Pointe a Pic Taft is content. And who wouldn't be in a land where one breakfasts on wild strawberries, salmon-trout—caught the day before—rich English bacon cooked just right, and fresh eggs and cream from a near-by farm!

A FAMILY GROUP. Reading from left to right: Mrs. Charles P. Taft, William H. Taft, Miss Anna Louise Taft, daughter of Charles P., Charles P. and Henry

For lunch or dinner nearly every day, the Secretary enjoyed a salmon caught in the River Saguenay, which empties into the St. Lawrence a few miles to the north. One day he got a beauty weighing thirty-five pounds from Judge Robert Grant of Boston, who was on a fishing trip farther up the river; and the Secretary handled it as a boy fondles a new toy.

* * *

But I didn't find the Secretary so much of an epicurean that he couldn't find time to exercise. On the contrary, play was an important item in his daily routine. Every morning at nine-thirty—rain or shine—he called a public "caleche" and drove, with his brother Charles or son Robert, to the Murray Bay golf links, where he had a round of golf with one of the family, Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court, or some other cottager—English, Canadian or American—who happened to be around at the moment. They all know him, and had nothing but good to say of him, for he is a great mixer. I found Taft no joke at golf—he played a good game, and has been known to beat the best men in the club.

The afternoons he devoted to the ladies, going driving with Mrs. Taft up along the ridges of the Laurentian Range or picnicking with his brothers' families and his own in some delightful spot along the bank of the Murray Bay River.

He seldom if ever rode horseback in Pointe a Pic, although he rides a great deal in Washington. Neither did he swim, for the water in the St. Lawrence was too cold, maintaining an average temperature of forty-two degrees throughout the summer.

Neither did the Secretary fish, despite the fact that the brooks and streams abounded with trout and salmon. I have known of his going fishing in Murray Bay, but not this year. The last time Taft went fishing, he didn't have any luck, and when someone asked him how many trout he caught, he pointed to his French-Canadian guide and said, "The squadron under my command caught twelve."

THE WAR SECRETARY AT HIS DESK IN HIS SUMMER COTTAGE

A fisherman usually smokes—perhaps that is the reason why Secretary Taft doesn't like to fish; but at any rate, he doesn't smoke. Neither does he use profanity—at least he doesn't give audible expression to it in the ordinary course of things. His favorite expletive is "Oh Pshaw!" or "Oh me, oh my," with a sigh of discouragement—especially on the golf field. He is extremely resourceful in his expletives, and seldom uses the same one twice at one "sitting."

Like many great men, he is a man of great modesty. When I congratulated him on the success of his son Robert, in leading his class at Yale this year, he said, "Yes, he gets that from his mother, and she is very proud of him."

He doesn't like flattery or "guff," as he calls it. The other day I saw somebody collide with him on the golf field, and the man said, "I beg your pardon, sir, for bumping into the next president of the United States." "That is all right, my dear fellow," said the Secretary, "but don't give us any more guff about the presidency, or I don't know what I shall do to you."

Taft has three brothers, two of whom were with him, while the third, a school master, was in Connecticut. To see the brothers together, one would never take them to be members of the same family. Charles P., the editor of the Cincinnati Times-Star, is the eldest. He is of medium height, thin, has gray hair and a gray beard and blue eyes. He speaks slowly, and is rather deliberate in his action.

Henry, the New York corporation lawyer, is tall, of athletic build, has dark hair and eyes, wears a moustache, and is of a decidedly nervous temperament. He shows the effect of his active life in his New York law office, which he says is more strenuous than running a war department.

William H., the boy wonder of the family, is tall, of massive "structure," has blue eyes, brownish hair and moustache—streaked here and there with white—and has a deliberate way about him that savors of the Supreme Bench.

But all three have two things in common—voices that are a delight to the ear—soft, well-modulated and musical—and faces that show no signs of wrinkles. They have solved the mystery of keeping young. Whether they have discovered the fountain of youth, or partake freely of some nectar unknown to ordinary mortals, or whether it is simply because they refrain from narcotics and use stimulants in moderation, is not known. But the fact remains—they have the complexion of youth, with none of the furrows of approaching age. They are very happy together—these three brothers—and they are in each other's society most of the time.

It is an interesting coincidence that all three of them are enemies of race-suicide to the same degree; William has three children—Robert, Helen and Charles; Charles has three—Anna Louise, Howard and Mrs. Albert S. Ingalls, daughter-in-law of the Honorable M. E. Ingalls, railroad magnate; and Henry has three—Louise, William Howard, namesake of the Secretary, and Walbridge S., who rowed on the varsity crew this year at Yale, and who is now on a trip around the world, preparatory to entering Harvard Law School in the autumn. I found all members of the three families in Murray Bay this summer, except Walbridge, Howard and Mrs. Ingalls.

SECRETARY TAFT, HIS DAUGHTER HELEN, AND YOUNGEST SON CHARLES AT MURRAY BAY

* * *

The three children of the Secretary, Charles, Helen and Robert, seemed to me quite unlike: Charles is a lively young chap, nine years old, plays tennis and swims, and devotes the rest of his spare moments to the ordinary pastimes of boys, coming home just enough to eat three hearty meals a day, and make frequent assaults on the marmalade pot, for which he has an affection akin to his father's love for golf.

Miss Helen is a healthy, attractive young lady of sixteen, much devoted in the summer time to tennis and swimming. She drives, plays croquet and enters into all the fun of the younger girls of the summer colony. During the school year, she attends a select boarding school, where she is preparing to enter Bryn Mawr.

Robert, the eldest, is eighteen, very serious-minded and a good student—he led the freshman class at Yale last year. He is fond of sport, particularly golf, tennis and rowing, and is a boy among boys.

* * *

Despite the fact that the Secretary was on a vacation when I saw him, it was not all play and no work for him at Murray Bay. He had a private secretary up there with him, and used to give him plenty of work to do during a portion of every morning and afternoon, and frequently way into the night. Taft received telegrams and mail from Washington and Oyster Bay on every boat, and they invariably received his immediate attention.

Every day he received a letter from the President, concerning some important matter regarding the Panama Canal, Cuba, Porta Rico, the Philippines or War Department business proper. Never has a secretary of war been given more duties outside the sphere of his department than has Secretary Taft. He has a wonderful capacity for absorbing work, and the President keeps giving him more and more, but he has never yet reached Taft's administrative "dew point."

* * *

Now and then I fancy he got a letter from a gentleman whose name I won't mention, but whose initials begin with A. I. Vorys, Columbus, Ohio. This gentleman is Taft's political manager, and on him will rest to a considerable degree Taft's chances for the presidency in 1908.

By reason of Taft's prominence as a presidential possibility, his position in the Cabinet,

MR. TAFT COMING FROM CHURCH WITH MRS. JUSTICE HARLAN and his magnetic personal equation, he is very well liked by Canadians and English in Quebec. Scarcely had Sir Wilfred Laurier arrived in Canada from England the other day, when he sent a long telegram to Taft, extending to him the use of the Canadian government ship, "Lady Gray," for a cruise through the St. Lawrence River and Gulf, but, owing to the pressure of work, he was unable to accept this graceful courtesy of the Canadian Premier.

September 10, Taft leaves Seattle on the S. S. Minnesota on his long voyage across the Pacific to the Philippines, to attend the opening of the Filipino Assembly, visiting en route Japan and China. He will return via the Siberian Railway, visiting St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin and London, but I doubt very much if he enjoys any part of his journey as much as he did his summer vacation at Pointe a Pic in the Province of Quebec.

THE VOICE OF THE POOR

By Edward Wilbur Mason

O THOU who wert born in a cave!
Child of sorrow and poverty—
Thou Christ! who died all men to save,
List to our souls that cry to Thee
Out of the world's Gethsemane,
Filling with dole the nights and morns—
Ah deep our anguish as the sea,
For all the Poor are crowned with thorns!

Look down on us who toil and toil
Immured in mine and gloomy town;
Who plow the wave and on the soil
Bitterly break the furrows brown.
Ah pity us who bear Fate's frown,
Who know the very scorn of scorns—
Yea from Thy heaven Christ look down,
For all the Poor are crowned with thorns!

The rich are happy in their halls;
Crœsus waxes with the years.
To us save sorrow naught befalls—
This and our portion of hot tears
Over our children stretched on biers,
Shattered and wasted by the Norns—
Christ ease our woe and calm our fears,
Pity the Poor all crowned with thorns!

THE RECENT SETTLERS ON THE LINE FOR OKLAHOMA LAND STAMPEDE

LEVELLING OUR POPULATION

By Carlyle Ellis

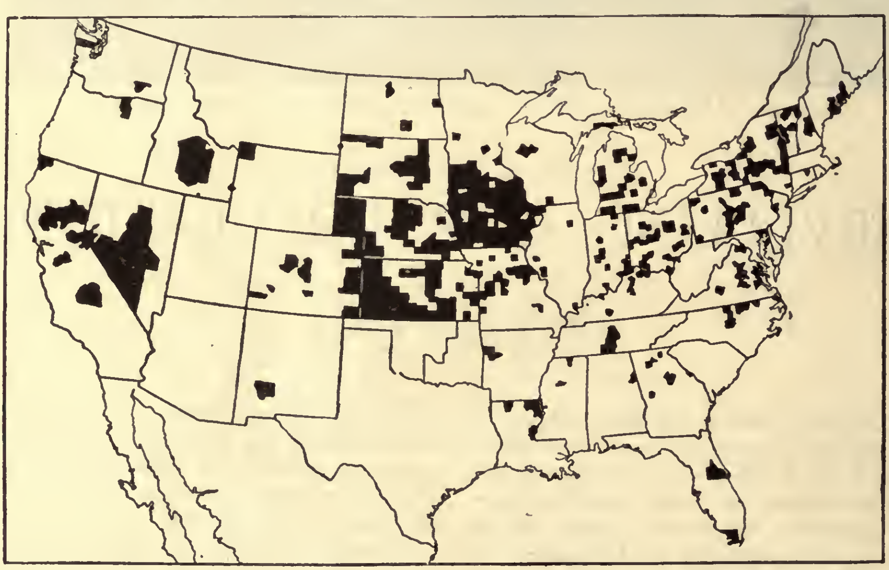
FOR many years it has been a subject of deepest concern, to those most interested in the problem of our unabsorbed immigration, that our always rapidly-increasing population, due to the European blood, was not evenly distributed. From the cities of the Atlantic Coast has come the cry of congestion, of a greater influx than can be assimilated. From the Pacific Coast there is ever the complaint of too much Asiatic and too little European immigration, while from the southern and southwestern states, where great projects are on foot, is always the complaint of too little immigration of any nature. Lately, there has come from the great agricultural states of the Middle and North West the cry of loss of population, even in the face of the continued flood of the immigration tide, and a note of alarm is sounded lest the continued removals of the Middle West farmer to new lands shall eventually weaken the backbone of the country, and produce results disastrous to our agricultural and industrial prosperity. In all of which it is now possible, perhaps, to observe a movement that is resulting in a levelling of our population and a healthful distribution of our immigration so long desired and worked for, but hitherto unaccomplished.

Behind this movement are many influences, natural and artificial, all working to the same end, from the opening of new and rich lands which have attracted the already settled farmer to release his old holdings at a profit and take up increased holdings for development, to the consistent and harmonious work of immigration bureaus, railroad corporations and industrial concerns. What is being noted in the Middle West as almost a serious disaster is more than offset by the increase in development of new territory adding to our natural wealth, balancing our population, relieving the congestion of the thickly-settled centers and supplying our more sparsely-populated districts with the bone and sinew to make them productive. Most notable of all the movements is that shifting of our earlier settlers of the Middle

West to the New South West, differing so much from the first march of the "prairie schooners" to the then wilderness that the migrating farmer today is traveling in parlor cars to the new land of promise. To the newcomer, or to his neighbor, he is selling his original holdings at five times its original cost, and, in the new territories where results are assured, he is buying new land at the cost of his old; thereby becoming again a pioneer, but with five times the amount of land that he formerly possessed,—all virgin soil of a productiveness that has been proven. He is seizing this opportunity as the gold-seeker goes on to new finds, leaving the old and partly-worked mines to the more conservative or to the less informed.

It is in this movement northward and southward that the reason is found for the cessation of population increase in states which a few years ago were *el dorado* of the agriculturist, and, though the last decade has shown an increase in population, it is now only proportionate to that of the entire country, and consequently a great decline from a few years ago, when their population statistics were advancing by leaps and bounds. A glance at the accompanying chart will show that longitudinally throughout the United States, from the Atlantic Coast to the Far West, there is a belt of states that are commonly supposed to suffer most from our influx of immigration, but which in reality are today showing the lowest percentage of increase of population. In some of these the increase is so slight as to be scarcely recordable, and in Nevada and Iowa there is an actual decrease.

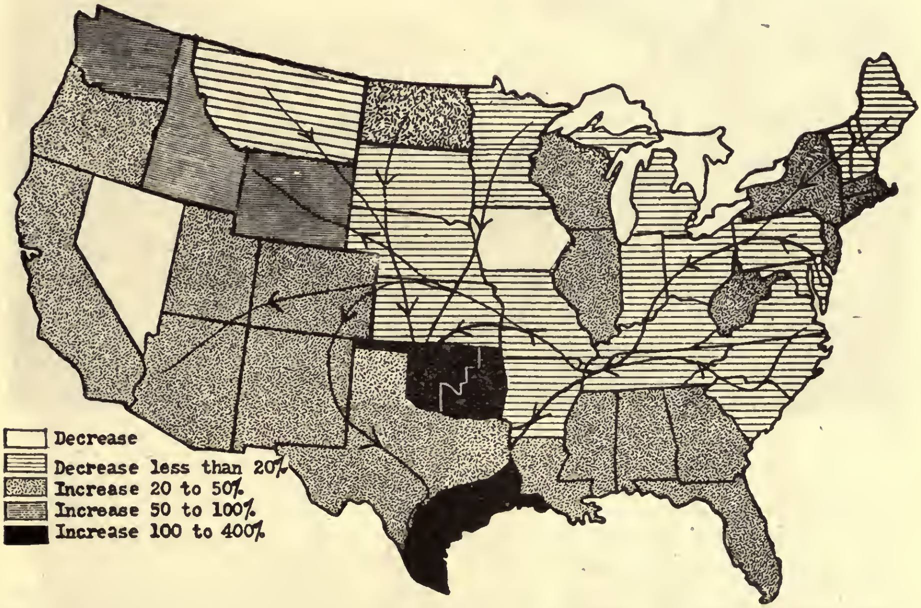
All of these vast movements, affecting every state in the Union, given impetus by transportation facilities unique in the world's history and momentum by two centuries of ceaseless western migration, seem to be proving themselves equal to the task of distributing a million or two newcomers a year. Apparently, the natural forces that have always been in operation though scarcely before noted, are solving the problem of undigested population almost as fast as it becomes a problem.



PROPORTION OF COUNTY AREAS IN EACH STATE SHOWING DECREASE IN POPULATION IN THE PAST TEN YEARS

By 1850 our primal tidal wave of immigration had reached the Great Plateau, bringing the first white settlers to the Dakotas and Minnesota on the north, and to Texas and Arkansas on the south. A half-dozen wreck-laden streams were rolling over the great desert to Nevada and California and Oregon, to lay the foundations of the Far West in gold — the gold of the forty-niners.

Year after year, for forty years thereafter, the tide swept on in ever-increasing strength. Between 1880 and 1890 the western currents were at their maximum of velocity. The "frontier" was 1500 miles wide, but it was still frontier, and the currents of population are changeable, rapid and vigorous. During the decade from 1880 to 1890 the population of the Great Plains increased 220.4 per cent., that of the Columbian mesas, which include the interior of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, increased 175.3 per cent., and Arizona, Utah and part of Colorado 117.8 per cent., and North Dakota alone increased 395.1 per cent., the highest rise of the period.



MAP OF UNITED STATES SHOWING POPULATION CURRENTS AND APPROXIMATE AREAS OF INCREASE AND DECREASE OF POPULATION IN THE PAST TEN YEARS

The year 1890 saw the beginning of the levelling-off movement. Westward streams slackened as they deepened and spread. Areas that were deeply flooded in the excitement of pioneering began to find their level unnaturally high, and the waters of population receded. By 1900 we find the great waters spreading out more smoothly over the land, and but few regions left that are still untouched by the flood.

In this decade, despite the large increase of migration, the percentage was fifty and five-tenths for the Columbian mesas, while the great plains and prairie regions increased only a little more rapidly than the twenty and seven-tenths per cent. of the country as a whole. In single states, the heaviest decrease of gain was in North Dakota, which dropped from 395.1 per cent. to 67.1, while South Dakota dropped from 234.6 to 15.2 per cent.

In this period also, we find a remarkable reactional movement in some of the central states. From the agricultural regions of Iowa, and Nebraska, there has been a lively exodus northward and southward, to Canada on the one hand, and to Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas on the other. Nebraska gained only three-tenths of one per cent. in ten years, while Iowa in the last five years has actually lost nearly one per cent. of her population, seventy-seven of her ninety-nine counties showing decreases.

As already pointed out, there has been a marked falling off in the growth of the Dakotas, and this is true also of Minnesota. This is largely due to a new and powerful northerly current which is crossing the boundary into the great Canadian Northwest, where land is cheap. This movement has been tenderly nursed by a vigorous and effective campaign of education, supposedly undertaken by the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and, as a result, thousands of earlier settlers have moved over the border, leaving our northwestern states to make up the depletion from new immigration.

Looking now to the southward, we find the center of population growth in the United States to be Oklahoma, Indian Territory and western Texas. Here are not only the evidences of powerful local movement in the levelling process, but here we have the present destination of the great main westward current. In the last census decade Oklahoma increased its population 407.6 per cent., the total in 1900 being 398,331. The total on January 1, 1906, was officially estimated at 800,000, and the growth is still increasing by leaps and bounds. On December 4, the "Big Pasture," consisting of a million acres of rich untilled, agricultural land, was opened to white settlement, and the Rock Island and Frisco Railroads prepared to carry into that region 20,000 people before the end of the year.

The settlement of Indian Territory has been slow only by comparison with the phenomenal development of Oklahoma. The territory increased 117.6 per cent. from 1890 to 1900, and from 392,060 inhabitants in 1900 to 442,000 in 1905

Here we have a population movement of intense interest, for in these two states we have reached practically the end of our "frontier." Moving always westward, we have come to the Pacific, dotted its coast with towns and cities, then swung southward and inward, till we have met ourselves still pouring from the East to Oklahoma. Here in this splendid region we see the final vortex of the big current, the last stampede of a century of "settling," a human tide unequaled in the world's history.

THE CITY OF LAWTON, OKLAHOMA, AT THE TIME IT WAS BUT THREE YEARS OLD

This does not mean, however, that the westward currents will grow less. On the contrary, they may sweep on for half a century and still there would be room for more in those vast expanses. Millions may prosper where today there are thousands. But the current broadens and deepens; the torrent becomes a river.

Already this is true of most of the West, save the few remaining regions of virgin resources. In southwestern Texas, where the influx is still in the torrent stage, the state having gained more than 600,000 inhabitants in the last five years, this condition is created by the finding of artesian water in an arid territory of almost tropical climate, which solved at once all problems of irrigation so far as that part of the country was concerned, and made experiments in "dry farming" no longer necessary. The development of this section is so suggestive of the practically limitless possibilities of the West to absorb any surplus of immigration we may have for a generation, that its story is of significance here.

Two years ago, a great dry and barren plain, larger than the whole state of Massachusetts, lay between the Rio Grande and the Nueces Rivers. It had 4,000 white inhabitants, mostly cattle raisers, and its pasturage was so scant that it required ten acres to raise one steer. They bored for water, and they found it—in gushers that poured out a thousand gallons a minute and made lakes among the cacti and the mesquite.

Within one year B. F. Yoakum, the man they call the maker of the Southwest, had shot 189 miles of railroad from his 'Frisco system across the erstwhile desert, a score of towns had come into existence, and the region had become the winter vegetable garden of the country. Today at least 60,000 of its acres are growing lettuce, tomatoes, cauliflower, onions and strawberries for the winter markets of the North, and the ten acres that two years ago would feed but one steer, will now produce from $3,000 to $7,000 in crops. It is this fact that is attracting the farmers of Iowa, Nebraska and the Middle West, and inaugurating a migratory movement that has caused the cry of alarm to be raised from the states that are being depopulated, in the sense that their increase has been checked. Millions of acres in this artesian belt remain untouched, and are still producing nothing but sunburned cactus and mesquite. To them the steamship companies, the railroads and the immigration bureaus have turned their attention. New lines of transportation are being established direct from European to Gulf ports, thus already relieving somewhat and promising greater relief in the future to the congestion of our principal Atlantic ports of entry. The German population in Texas is already great, though now the immigrant seeks the new country overland, whereas in the near future the immigrant entries at New York may be expected to be reduced and those of Galveston and New Orleans increased even more greatly than of late.

Almost as phenomenal a growth has been made by Oklahoma since it was first opened to white settlement on April 22, 1889, on which day its population rose from practically nothing to more than 100,000. Here we have a state comprising 25,600,000 acres, nearly as large as Ohio, and with at least equal resources, in which its million inhabitants are but a sprinkling. With more railroad building in this southwestern country than in any other division of the United States, and good land selling cheaper than anywhere else, it is the natural destination of the western movement, which starts in staid New England and in over-crowded New York, and sweeps onward to the great out-doors.

FULL GROUP OF THE FIRST CONSIGNMENT OF JEWISH IMMIGRANTS IN THE HEADQUARTERS AT GALVESTON

Study this current as it moves outward from New York, its chief source gathering volume with its progress through the older states. Pennsylvania is its first tributary, the stepping-stone of the old-world miner to the land of riches that are his for the finding. Then comes Michigan, giving of her best in lumbermen and farmers. Ohio and Indiana, with a lower gain in population than the country as a whole, are to ranked as contributors. Illinois, with a gain of twenty-six per cent, more than holds her own, and the current is forced southward into Kentucky, and then westward into Missouri, where it is joined by a tributary stream from Virginia, the Carolinas and Tennessee. Arkansas, with a gain of only sixteen and three-tenths per cent., adds its quota as the stream enters the Middle West and is swelled by the great southward march of adventurous farmers seeking cheaper lands in the newer country.

HOMESEEKERS LOOKING OVER GULF COAST-LAND PLANTED IN CABBAGES. ONE HUNDRED ACRES YIELDED $10,000 CROP

Now the stream, having gained its maximum volume, divides. The main arm turns southward into Oklahoma and beyond. Another, moving upward, spreads through the fertile valleys of the Northwest, gathering deeply in the mining camps of Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington. A third and lesser stream moves westward into Colorado, overflows into Utah, and hence to Arizona and California. Thus the levelling process operates today as it has operated since immigration began. The center of population is moving steadily out toward the wide West. One hundred years ago it was near Baltimore. In 1820 it was near Woodstock, Virginia. By 1860 it had moved 230 miles westward to Chillicothe, Ohio, and by 1900 it was 162 miles further, near Columbus, Indiana; a total of 480 miles in the century.

The levelling process is also shown in the relations of urban and rural population. The cry that cities are depopulating our farms—a cry that has frequently risen to a wail in recent years—was never entirely true for the whole country. The cities have increased in population several times more rapidly than the country, but the country has held its own. Now, moreover, a strong reaction is taking place. The figures of the last census showed a marked tendency toward equality, for, whereas in the preceding decade the rate of growth of cities was more than four times as rapid as that in country districts, in the last decade it was less than three times as rapid, the rate of growth in the country meanwhile remaining substantially the same.

With regard to the distribution of newly arrived immigrants, the figures of the Bureau of Immigration show that, of the 1,200,000 immigrants who passed through Ellis Island in 1906, about thirty per cent. were destined for New York State, and most of these for the metropolitan district, twenty per cent. for Pennsylvania, seven per cent. each for Illinois and Massachusetts, and five and one-half per cent. each for New Jersey and Ohio. This would seem to indicate a considerable congestion. But it must be taken into consideration that the immigration statistics do not take into account the great number who stay in New York only long enough to discover where they may go or to earn enough for their passage to agricultural districts. New York is the clearing house, and already there are large movements at work to draw from it the newly arrived labor so badly needed in the mills of the South, in the railroads of the Southwest, in the wheat fields of the great plains—wherever there is capital and undeveloped resources.

In 1905, 46,343 immigrants went, upon their arrival here, to the South and to the

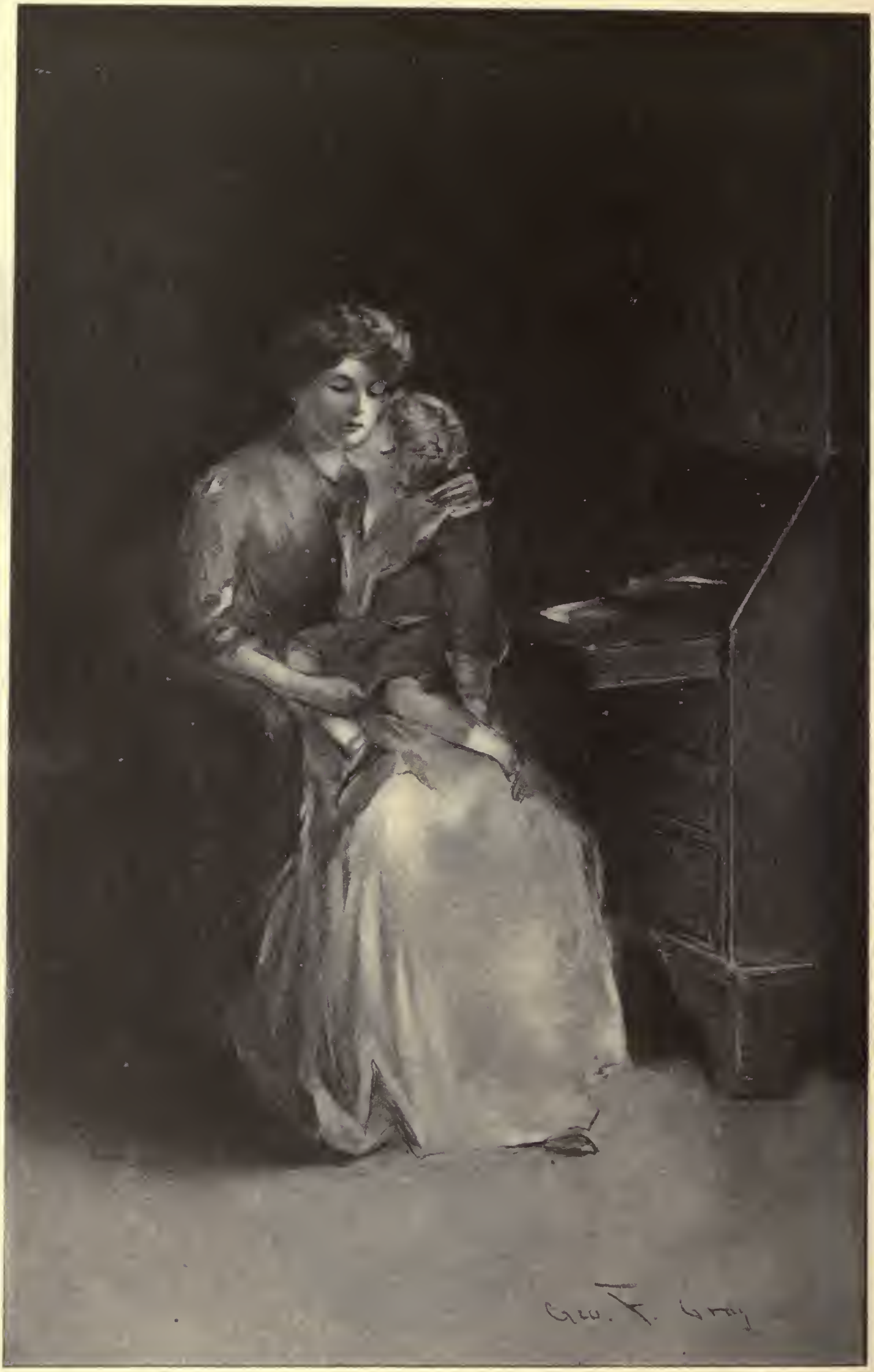
West. In 1906, it is estimated, twice as many were moved to each of these divisions, showing the first effects of the vigorous campaign which the outlying states have started among the immigrants in New York to secure them as settlers and which is to be one of the leading factors in solving our problem.

That this movement has already begun is shown by immigration and population statistics. In the ten years of the last census period, 1890 to 1900, the country's total immigration was 3,844,300. In the same period New York increased in population by 929,788 Thus New York's gain was more than twenty-four per cent. of the total immigration. In the five years from 1900 1906, the immigration was almost the same, being 3,834,000, while New York increased only 419,000, less than eleven per cent. of the immigration. This does not take into account the birth rate, which has increased, or the migration from other parts of the United States, which has shown no evidence of decrease, so that these factors are in favor of an even greater tendency of immigration away from the metropolis than is shown.

RESIDENCE IN MERCEDES, TEXAS. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS WAS TAKEN THREE MONTHS AFTER THE TOWN WAS STARTED

A RESIDENCE STREET IN KINGSVILLE, TEXAS, SIX MONTHS AFTER THE TOWN WAS STARTED

So, to recapitulate, we see, within a few years, a reduction of more than one-half in the percentage of our immigration remaining in New York City; we find vast areas of cheap and productive lands unoccupied, and a widespread cry for settlers and laborers. We see, also, that the great westward population currents are still at the work of "levelling-off" our millions, relieving congestion and filling vacuums, and finally we see powerful and growing agencies deliberately augmenting these natural forces by direct means.



*"There in the dark, while the red light faded, she laid his face in her neck, folding him close, * * * and through the shadows stole presently the low, old melody of By-Low-Ville.* (*See page* 670.)

THE PRINCE OF BY-LOW-VILLE

By Vingie E. Roe

HIS earliest recollection was a cloud of gold that waved and billowed, in most entrancing fashion, a wonderful cloud, that filled his brief periods of consciousness. That had been her hair, and in its midst her face always glowed like a flower,—a sweet, white flower, soft and fragrant. She spoke low, tender, meaningless words to him, and her lips caressed his helpless hands. As he grew older, he became conscious of another,—a man who bent above the two,—who looked upon them with tenderness, and sometimes held them both in his arms. He learned to crawl, and his next acquaintance was a little chap who was always upside down, a chap about his own size, who patted up against the shining floor when he patted down. He began to know the man as "Dear Boy." She always called him that in the sweetest voice. And "Sweetheart" meant that she would go trailing to the far door, eagerly, to meet the man and be held close, for a little space, while he sat on the floor, wondering. Then she would lead the man, laughing, keeping pace with her gliding, swishing rush, down the great room, and they would bow with happy eyes before him, making great obeisance and hailing him as His Highness, "The Prince." He adored her blue eyes, they were so beautiful. He was always creeping on long journeys to land on the silken fluff of her trailing skirts, when she sat writing, or sewing,—just that he might look up, quiet, worshiping. He was just a bit afraid of the man. He was so big. It was a very wonderful life. He was growing every day, so that he might adore her more. There was nothing but her around, above, below,—she and her hair, and her eyes. Then one day he awoke in the arms of a stranger, an old woman whose wrinkled face frightened him. He cried, and then hushed his sobs to listen, looking around with wide, tear-filled eyes for her. The old woman tried to soothe him gently.

"Ye blessid wean," she said pityingly, "ye poor little lamb." But from that day *she* was never there. And from that day he began his long search. He could crawl quite fast and since he was never satisfied out of the great room, they took him there. He started forward, eagerly. But there was only silence and a scent of dead flowers that had never been there before. The Endless Search was a chain of hope and despair. Day after day, he crawled and looked.

"Ah-ee-ah-ee-ai?" he would call, stopping to listen. The old woman offered comfort, but he was a quiet child, and his grief was just a low wail that sobbed through the great room. Only once did he see Dear Boy. He sat bowed forward on Sweetheart's little shiny desk, and when the Prince hurried to him, scuttling like a huge crab, with his eager query, he took him on his lap with a groan, and his face was haggard. But he could not answer the one question and the Prince struggled down and went on quest, over to the Island of the White Rug, lifting a mighty paw, to see if, perchance, *she* hid beneath. He did not see the man again, for four years. He was always listening for one thing more than any other,—her voice, when she sang. She had sung to him always, a hundred times a day, it seemed, and it was always of a wonderful place, called By-Low-Ville. It meant her face, and her gold cloud of hair, and light through a high red window. Presently, when he never heard the voice and the words again, nor saw the beautiful eyes, it associated itself with the place where they had been and the big room was it. Then, little by little, he began to know the land of By-Low-Ville. Since she was not here, other things began to thrust themselves upon him,—the white rug, and the legs of tables and chairs, and the little chap on the floor. Him, he began to know well. They followed each other all around. There were not many to disturb him.

Only the old woman, who looked after his wants, and shook her head over his elfin ways, and a silent servant or two. They let him spend his days in By-Low-Ville, since he cried out of it. A few times they took him out doors where the greatest thing was glaring light, that hurt his eyes, and such vast reaches, that he screamed in fright. He gave no trouble in the great, silent room, so the Prince lived in his domain, growing and creeping, and presently, he learned to walk with no one's help. When he was three, he had found the out-doors good and the old garden, with its moss-rimmed fountain, its weather-stained statuary, its hundreds of nodding roses, and broken stone seats, had been added to his possessions. But still he searched for something instinctively, crying even after he had learned to talk, the old call, "Ah-ee-ah-ee-ai?" which meant, blindly, the touch of loving lips, the love-words of one worthy to love the Prince. He would peer cautiously down a rose-choked path, and giving the cry, listen. He grew to love his land. Then when he was five, a gentle little boy with the blue eyes of Sweetheart, there was a mighty change. The man came home.

It was Dear Boy himself, as the Prince had known him first, a handsome, splendid fellow, who swung up the steps and into his own domain like the master,—not the haggard man who had wept across her little desk,—and with him there came a woman. A woman as splendid as he, tall and beautiful, and rustling in heavy draperies. The Prince met them at the portals, for he was of the blood royal, though he was shy and silent with much joy. He gave his hand gravely, as old Maggie had bidden, when Dear Boy lifted him for a kiss and a long look, after which he set him down quickly. His eyes were blue and gentle, you know. But the Prince had turned to the woman with a heart ready to burst. Was it she? Oh, was it she? He could scarce remember her,—only her eyes, and the gold of her hair. He had been so young. His little face was drawn with excitement. His hands were shut tight.

He could not speak. There was a mist before his eyes. Then the woman spoke, and his heart contracted. It was not she. The voice—*that* was like a silver string stretched in his soul, humming ever in undertone, the memory of it, ready to answer, should the real voice speak.

"And this is your son, Richard?" she said. It was a cruel disappointment. But while the child was quivering with its agony, the beautiful woman stooped and kissed him. It was his first kiss since the beginning of the "quest," the first that counted. He did not permit Maggie to kiss him. It opened a floodgate in the strained, lonely little soul, searching ever for love. The Prince straightened his little body. His control was ready to break.

"I'll be excused, Dear Boy," he said, quaintly. It was unconscious,—the word,—an instinct from all he remembered. The man went white. The woman looked from father to son, queerly. The Prince went to the dusky garden, too over-charged to trust meeting anyone. He lay face down in the moss with joy so great that his slim body trembled.

Here was love, the thing for which he was searching,—though not her,—Oh! not like her! Yet, here were two to love. He thrilled with the woman's touch. How was the Prince to know that conventionality and good breeding commanded her to kiss her husband's son? Life was indeed changed to the Prince of By-Low-Ville. Doors that had been closed all his life were thrown open, the vast silence of the great house was lessened by sounds, a tutor came, and the child was given over to him.

He ate with Dear Boy and the Queen, that's what she was if all Maggie's tales were true of fine ladies with jewels and such wondrous beauty,—in the high old dining-hall. The Prince was very quiet, filled with happiness, with expectancy of something to happen. He waited, scarce knowing what for. Dear Boy and the Queen talked and were happy, too. And kind to him. He was treated with great respect. Such a quaint little gentleman must be accorded it,—a queer, stiff, honorable little man, made of Maggie's tales of knights of chivalry and courtesy. He waited for the wonder of love. He held open the door for the Queen, looking up with eyes ready to worship, he waylaid her at corners and in the wide old hall. But as the days passed with just a pat on his curly head, where he longed for something greater and finer, he sighed patiently. It was long in coming. There was one dream that possessed him,—a dream of the Queen in the soft dusk of By-Low-Ville, with him on her silken lap, the light through the red window, and Oh! would she sing By-Low-Ville? But after a while he began to see dimly that the dream would never come. Dear Boy and the Queen were always together, nice to the Prince, but they scarce knew when he came or went. Little by little, it forced itself on his loyal consciousness that in the new scheme of domestic economy there was no definite place for Sweetheart's son.

His sensitive soul quivered in shame and deadly hurt, but he carried himself with all his quaint dignity, as became a prince. And once more he went to the long polished room on quest of comfort.

It was a new experience, his first lesson; the blighting of the first soul-flower, the finding of kindly indifference, when he had reached out for the first time in his lonely life. And the shadows of By-Low-Ville from now on became his friends more tenderly than ever. In its corners stood the knights of his favorite tales; on the Isle of the White Rug dwelt savages, and fairies danced in the deep floors.

But best of all, She sat ever by the little desk, or swung in the low rocker, a vision of beauty, gold and white and blue, a real presence, yet indistinct of feature. With a strange sense of something beyond his years he refrained from picturing her face, as bringing too close his Holy of Holies. Here he sat for hours, leaning against her chair, smoothing with loving fingers the imaginary folds of her dress upon the floor, or pacing sedately and always his friend in the depths paced with him a quaint little fellow in white linen and sandals with neck-cropped curls and earnest eyes. Here the biting pain in his heart found majestic vent. The knights braced him with invincible courage to fight life's battles; the chap on the floor watched with him in the silent sympathy of true friendship, and *she* gathered him into her shadowy arms when the loneliness grew too great. As soon as the tutor and his lessons were disposed of, the child slipped away to his dream land, and the man and the queen rode and drove and laughed, forgetting the lonely, little son. It was a kindly forgetting, a thoughtlessness. He was accustomed to Maggie, and all was well. Then the father thought sometimes, it was perhaps a mistake, his coming here where the boy was,—with his haunting eyes and his quiet ways. The slim white figure met about the upper floors, or seen in the garden, looking wistfully down the tangled avenues, was an alien link to a past he was trying by every device to forget. And the woman was only full of the careless joy of living. The summer waned and the early fall drew near. The Prince was more in his domain than ever. It was all his life. Then one day out of the still sky dropped chaos.

It was at dinner, and Dear Boy and the Queen were discussing plans. Guests were to come in the coming months and changes were to be made, rooms overhauled, festivities prepared for, happiness welcomed.

"And the long polished room, Richard, on the third floor, that I want torn up, and made in two. With the one beyond, it will make another suite. They shall be done in brown and gold,—a dream,—we'll set the workers at it first,—"

"Dear Boy," said a queer, strained voice, "may I be excused?" The Prince had slipped to his feet, rigid, his thin face as colorless as his immaculate suit. He was looking at his father with wide, tragic eyes.

"Certainly, son," said the man kindly, a bit surprised. The Prince was never impolite. He never knew how he got out of the dining-hall or found his way up into the familiar regions. He only knew that, as he entered By-Low-Ville the red light was glowing dimly in the high window. The man and the Queen talked over the plans, loitered out among the falling leaves and went for a drive, coming home just before the early sunset. They would never have missed him had not Maggie ventured timidly to meet them, saying that he had not come to his private luncheon an hour ago. The servants had searched, looking first into the long room where was his haunt, but all was still among its shadows. He was not to be found. Then the father's heart awoke with its first faint stirring of concern. They hurried in and began to search in every nook for the little white figure. Over all the house they went. It was a queer quest, searching for the child they had never missed before in all his lonely hours. At last they stumbled across the great room. The man had never entered it since that day he had sat by the little desk. Now he hesitated, and at the threshhold laid his hand silently, as in presence of some holy thing, upon the portals. Silently, with slow familiar touch, he slid them back. The shadows were thick in the high dim room. A graceful dryad stood on a pedestal to the left; between the deep, mullioned windows hung the pictures *she* had loved, slender nymphs in clouds and flowers; out of the dimness loomed the white rug in the sea of dark space, and there, just where a last beam of the dying sun fell reflected, in a crimson splash stood *her* little rocker, and beside it with his face upon it, was the Prince, a solitary figure in the dusk. His curls fell forward and he made no sound.

For a long time the silence was unbroken. Presently one of his small hands began to slip caressingly along the polished wood. It was as if he touched the fabric of a dress, a tender touch, infinitely fine.

"Sweetheart," said the Prince, suddenly, "Oh, Sweetheart! How can we bear it! They will take you from me. When they ruin By-Low-Ville they will kill you,—and it will kill me—you are all I have—Oh, Dearest, you will never be here in the chair again,—or come down the land to meet me, —or kiss me when I'm most lonesome!" The little voice sounded thin and eerie in the vastness of his domain. "The knights and the island and the under prince will all be gone,—but, O, its you, Sweetheart, I want,—you with the golden cloud and the pretty hands and the soft long dress. I'll die,—I'll die,—I want to die if they kill you,—I can't stay here alone! Oh, I can't stay here alone! Dear Boy and the Queen are here, but they don't need me,—only you need me, and I need you,—and all of our land of By-Low-Ville will be killed.

"What will we do, Sweetheart, Oh, what will we do?" He was not crying; the childish voice held a terrible, full-grown despair.

At the distant door the Queen had lifted her jewelled hands, palm outward, to her eyes. With a woman's soul she had seen, tardily, the light. The man stood gripping the heavy panel. In the dusk his face was working strangely.

"My God!" he whispered, "he *has* been alone. How terribly alone!"

"Sweetheart, Sweetheart," cried the child at last, "Oh, my mother!" The man sprang forward down the room. In a moment he had gathered his son into his arms. He spoke no word but held him. After an unmeasured silence the Queen crept up beside them. She sat softly in the little chair and held out her arms. Her eyes were wet.

"Give him to me," she said. And there, in the dark, while the red light faded, she laid his face in her neck, folded him close, rocking softly with the rustle of long draperies, and through the shadows stole presently, the low, old melody of By-Low-Ville.

"Richard," she said gently, "we have been blind, blind. Will you go below while I rock our son to sleep?"

THE BYE-LOW BOAT

HERE'S a bye-low boat,
Safely a-float,
On a wonderful Sundown Sea,
When the tide swings low,
And the star-beams glow,
And the dream-elfins sing, in their glee:
"Bye-O, baby bye,
Sailing away we go;
Swing low, swing high,
To the land where the dream-trees grow."

There are fairies a-wing,
Breezes that bring
The breath of the clover-bloom;
There are mermaids that dwell
'Neath the surging swell,
And they sing, from the twinkling sea-foam:
"Sleep, dear, sweetly sleep,
Out on the sea a-float.
While dream-fairies creep
Nearer the bye-low boat."

There's a land of dreams,
Where the white moon-beams
Play over the gleaming strand,
And the boat will glide
O'er the Sundown Tide
To the shore of that silver dream land.
Sleep, dear, dream and sleep,
Softly the daylight dies,
While bright angels keep
Watch from the star-lit skies.

Olive A. Smith

THE VANISHED PIANO

By Effie Stevens

"NOW, George, I really should like to know what brings you to this corner of our old world, although I am well aware that it is none of my business," remarked Henry Fenton, as he settled himself comfortably in his seat in the smoking car and proceded to light a cigar.

"If it was only Thanksgiving time, which it isn't," he continued, slowly, between the preliminary puffs, "I might imagine you were going to the paternal roof-tree to gladden the hearts of the old folks, and, incidentally, to assist in the demolition of the invincible turk."

Hazard laughed long and loud.

"The paternal roof-tree happens to be in Brooklyn," he observed, when he was once more in a condition for speech. "I can just imagine the disgusted expression the mater's face would wear, though, if she was to hear the pater and herself spoken of as old folks."

"It can't be, it certainly can't be, a young woman is the attraction?" Fenton's tone was teasing. He well knew Hazard's indifference on that subject.

"No, it isn't," growled Hazard. "I am after a piano."

"A piano! Hang it, man, couldn't you find a piano in the whole of little, old New York?"

"Not this one," retorted Hazard, grinning.

"To tell you the truth, I'm up against a rather puzzling proposition," he added, gazing abstractedly out of the car window.

"If I can help you in any way—" began Fenton, when Hazard interrupted.

"I'll tell you the whole story, old man. My aunt and cousin decided to shut up their house in the little town of Layton and spend the winter in New York. At their request, the mater engaged a furnished flat for them, but women like, they must bring a whole car load of stuff with them, including the piano, or, rather, not including the piano; for when the goods arrived, the piano had vanished into thin air."

Fenton whistled softly.

"Perhaps it wasn't shipped with the rest of the things," he suggested.

"My aunt and cousin both insist that they saw the piano put on board the car."

"I should think it would be up to the railroad authorities to produce that piano, then. Could it have been removed from the car en route?"

"That's the queer part of the affair; it wasn't. When the car arrived in New York the Layton seal was unbroken. My relatives saw the piano in the car at Layton. When that baggage-car reached New York I was on hand, saw the unbroken Layton seal removed, and discovered the astonishing fact that the the piano had vanished, although the box which had contained it remained securely nailed up."

"What do the police think of the matter?" asked Fenton, dryly.

"Well, both the police and the railroad people have hinted that they think that my aunt and cousin probably know more about the matter than they care to tell. That, of course, is absurd, but the fuss has made my aunt quite ill."

"So you are doing the Sherlock Holmes act, I take it. May I ask what deductions you have arrived at up to the present time?"

"Since the infernal piano was in the car when it left Layton, and wasn't in the car when it reached New York, although the seal was unbroken, the only deduction I have been able to make is that the blamed thing vanished into thin air, only that doesn't seem to agree with our preconceived notion of things," exclaimed Hazard in disgust.

"Are you sure your cousin doesn't know something about the whereabouts of the piano?" queried Fenton. "Might there not be a young man in financial difficulties in the case?"

"Great Peterkins! No. You don't happen to know my cousin. She is a young woman with a vocation, and there is no young man; but if there were, he might sink beneath an ocean of financial difficulties before her New England conscience would so much as allow her to think of helping him out in any such way."

"You think the piano was stolen?" ventured Fenton.

"I don't know what to think," returned Hazard. "I telephoned the baggage-master at Layton, and he replied that he hadn't seen any small boys around with stray pianos tucked under their arms. When he did he would let me know. I thought I had better have a personal interview."

"He must be a character," laughed Fenton.

"He may know something about the piano," asserted Hazard, meaningly.

"Well," rejoined Fenton, rising, "I wish you luck. I see we have nearly reached my station."

"Say," exclaimed Hazard, eagerly, "why can't you go on with me, and see this affair out?"

"I'd like to, first-rate, George," replied Fenton earnestly, "but you see I have a previous engagement."

"Bother your previous engagement," growled Hazard. "Chuck it, and help an old chum out."

"I'm sorry, but it happens to be a wedding," stammered Fenton.

"Well, what of that. The affair can go on without you, can't it?"

"Hardly," replied Fenton, in pitiful embarrassment. "It happens to be my wedding."

Congratulations were in order, and the piano was forgotten. Fenton gave his friend a pressing, though belated, invitation to attend the wedding, but this Hazard persistently refused.

After Fenton had left, Hazard's thoughts once more returned to the vanished piano. The more he thought about it, however, the more it seemed beyond his comprehension.

When he reached Layton, Hazard lost no time in singling out Thad Merridew, the baggage-master, who was a very important personage in his own estimation, and entering into conversation with him.

"If that piano was shipped from Layton, young man, it was shipped from Layton, and that is all there is to it," asserted Merridew in his most bombastic manner.

"Don't you know whether it was shipped from here or not?" demanded Hazard in amazement.

"Well!" drawled the baggage-master, exasperatingly, "I ain't in the habit of opening every box that is sent by freight, but that piano of Mrs. Houston's is on my books all right. Personally, however, I don't know anything about it, anyway. I was at home all day with the neuralgia in my face, and my nephew, Bob Winters, took my place."

"Why the devil didn't you say so before!" snapped the exasperated Hazard. "Where can I find this precious nephew of yours?"

"Well, he drives the team for the market, Tuesdays and Fridays, and the rest of the time he helps me if I need him", replied Merridew, complacently. "As this is Friday, he is naturally out with the delivery wagon."

"When will he return?" asked Hazard, impatiently.

"He gets back about seven o'clock. No use your trying to overtake him. He boards over to the hotel, that being the only boarding-house hereabouts. He will go there for his supper. You had better have patience; it's a good virtue to cultivate; and wait there for him."

Hazard concluded to follow this advice, hoping that the young man would be able to throw more light upon the affair of the missing piano, than his uncle had done.

So he made his way to the shabby country hotel, engaged a room for the night, and ordered the best meal the place could produce.

Hazard spent the remainder of the afternoon in wandering about the town, which he had never previously visited, and in making casual inquiries of the postmaster and others, with whom he came in contact, as to the character of Bob Winters.

He found that Winters had the reputation, in country parlance, of being "middlin' wild." One old man shook his head and said, he "wouldn't trust Bob Winters with a quarter of a cent, not a quarter of a cent," he was that heedless and scatter-brained. Not a single person spoke a good word for poor Bob.

So Hazard was hardly prepared for the open-faced young fellow who accosted him, as he was making his way leisurely from the hotel dining-room, about seven o'clock, with the assertion, "I just saw my uncle as I came in, and he said a stranger wanted to see me."

"Are you Bob Winters?" Hazard asked, finding it hard work to keep his astonishment out of his voice. It did not seem possible that this smiling, frank-looking lad—he was nothing but a lad—could be the character who had been described as wild and scatter-brained, whatever this latter might be.

"Yes, sir," acknowledged Winters promptly. "Uncle said you wanted to see me about that piano belonging to Miss Houston. Of course I have heard all about its being among the missing. I remember the day it was sent, for Miss Houston and her mother had to wait some time for the men who were to bring it to the station, and they were real fussy about it; so afraid they would loose their own train. I told them I could attend to the piano all right, but they wanted to see it put on board themselves. Guess they were afraid to trust me. Anyway, the piano came in the nick of time."

"Who helped you to hoist the piano into the car?" asked Hazard quietly. He was beginning to see that the young fellow before him could have had no hand in the disappearance of the piano.

"The two teamsters who brought the piano put it on board," explained Winters, calmly. "They were huge fellows and didn't seem to need my help."

"Didn't it strike you as odd that two men, however stout, unless they were second Goliaths, or Samsons, should be able to handle a heavy piano alone?" demanded Hazard, sharply. He now realized that Winters deserved the reputation of heedlessness, at least.

"Great Peters! I hadn't thought of that," admitted the youth, shamefacedly.

Hazard began to see daylight.

Then a new thought struck him.

"By the way," he remarked with forced composure, "I should think that when you weighed the box you would have discovered that something was wrong."

Winters face turned a livid hue, while fear was written on every feature.

Then he braced up and looked Hazard squarely in the face.

"I might as well own up and throw myself and my uncle on your mercy," he confessed. "If the Company should hear of it, it would be as much as Uncle's place is worth, but the scales were out of order that morning. I did not find it out until I came to weigh the piano, and it fell so far short in weight that I knew at once that something was wrong. You see Miss Houston only bought the piano six months ago. It was shipped here from New York, and I knew the charges, so I let it pass thinking it would never be found out."

"And you never thought that the piano might not be in the box, instead of your scales being out of order," ejaculated Hazard.

"No," retorted Winters, excitedly, "I just took it for granted that it was there. I see now I made a mistake."

"Never take things for granted," advised Hazard, grimly.

Winters shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. At last he blurted out, "I am due at the store in about fifteen minutes, so I must hurry and get my supper. In the morning I will help you in any way I can."

"One moment," began Hazard quickly. "Can you tell me the names of those remarkable teamsters, and where I would be likely to find them?"

"One was a negro, Bill Fisby, by name, who lives about a mile out of town on what is known as the River Road," replied Winters. "He is a tough character, but I hardly think he would be equal to stealing a piano. Chicken stealing would be more in his line. The other fellow was a stranger to me."

When left to himself, Hazard decided to make a call upon Bill Fisby that night, although he did not expect to get much out of the fellow. In his own mind, however, he was convinced that Fisby could tell more about the missing piano, if he were so inclined, than anyone else.

After making a few guarded inquiries; for he did not wish his business to become too well known to the townspeople, as that might interfere with his discovering the whereabouts of the piano; he found the house occupied by Bill Fisby.

He had expected a cabin or hut, but he was not prepared for the huge, ramshackle farm house, which he came upon.

Hazard wondered if he had made a mistake in the directions given him. As there was a faint light in the upper regions, he thought it would do no harm to inquire, even though the people were evidently going to bed, so he gave a sharp rap upon the panels of the door.

The sound of shambling footsteps over head, a muttered oath or two, a stumbling of heavy feet down the stairs, reached Hazard's ears; then the door was thrown open, suddenly, revealing by the light of a small lamp which he held well above his head, a huge, surly-looking negro, in decidedly unconventional attire.

Hazard started back. Then he pulled himself together and inquired, "Is this Bill Fisby?"

"Yep," grunted the negro. "What de debbil you want anyhow?"

"You were the man who carried a piano to the station for Miss Houston the other day, I believe?" questioned Hazard.

"Well, sposin' I was?" asked Fisby in defiant tones.

"Who was the man who helped you?" This was the first question that came into Hazard's mind at the time.

"Dat ain't no concern ob you'n, young man, an you jes' better be movin' right on, 'fore I move you," threatened Fisby.

Hazard saw that the fellow had been drinking and was in a belligerent condition.

It was useless to think of getting any information out of him then, so he moved on, and the door was slammed behind him.

The darkness was so intense that Hazard, used as he was to brilliantly lighted city streets, could not see his hand before him. He was at a loss as to which way to turn, when he felt someone or something grasp his coat sleeve.

"What's that?" he gasped, more startled than he would have cared to own.

"Jes' you wait," piped a small, shrill voice, "I won't hurt you. I'm only a gal."

"What are you doing out in the dark, child?" Hazard asked bruskly. He could now make out a tiny, tousled-haired mite by his side.

"Hush," came in a shrill whisper from the diminutive form. "I heard what you said to Bill about the pianner. I saw the man, I did. I hate him, I do."

"What man?" inquired Hazard wonderingly. What could this child know about the man he wanted?

"The man with Bill and the pianner, silly. I hate him. He told me I was a wicked girl, he did," continued the mite. "His name's Joseph Nettleton, and he lives in the old house, right up next to the burryin' ground. Ugh! You keep right straight ahead and you'll find it." Then the child relinquished her grasp upon his sleeve, and vanished in the darkness.

Hazard stood stock still, overcome by bewilderment. What should he do? There was evidently more in the affair than he had supposed. He half wished that he had brought a detective with him from New York.

Well, he was in for it now, and might as well see the matter through to the end. At least he could visit this Nettleton tonight. If he was not able to get anything out of him he could telegraph for a detective in the morning.

Hazard started out at a good pace, but after a time, his footsteps flagged, and he realized that he was tired. Just as he was wondering if the "burryin' ground" could, by chance, be in the next township, he saw before him two or three ghostly white tombstones.

Close to the stone wall of the graveyard, surrounded by a fence, stood a house which Hazard decided must be the one for which he was looking.

He opened the gate after some fumbling and walked up the uneven path, to the front door.

Hazard rapped loudly.

Everything was quiet.

He rapped again.

Then a dog, somewhere in the house, barked.

Just as Hazard was about to leave, thinking that probably no one was at home but the dog, since no lights were visible, an upper window was thrown open, and a head appeared.

"Is it Mr. Sanford, come to see my son Joseph?" a feminine voice queried.

"Yes," returned Hazard promptly, excusing the lie to his conscience by the fact of its necessity, and yet, trembling at thought of the consequences to himself that might arise from it.

"I'll be right down. Joseph was expecting you, but you were so late I had given you up," went on the voice.

"Evidently Joseph is not at home," thought Hazard.

In a few minutes there was the sound of bolts withdrawn, a key grated in the lock, and the door was thrown open.

Hazard found himself confronted by an angular, toothless old woman whose disordered gray hair was only partially hidden by a huge night cap, and whose faded calico wrapper gave plain evidence of having been hastily donned. She was by no means an attractive or reassuring figure.

By the light of the lamp which she carried, he saw that the small hall behind her was utterly devoid of furniture or carpeting.

For a moment Hazard hesitated about entering the house. He remembered that no one knew of his whereabouts, and the thought recalled tales he had read of strange disappearances under similar circumstances.

Then, with a feeling of disgust that he had allowed the unusual events to get upon his nerves, he pulled himself together, and followed the old woman into the house.

"Joseph had to go to a meeting in Derby, but he will be back before long," she volunteered, as she led the way into a large front room.

Hazard wondered if the meeting to which she referred was not a gathering of some criminal organization to which he belonged. Perhaps this man was the leader in the affair of the piano, after all, and the negro was only the tool.

He noted that the furniture which the room contained was piled in, hap-hazard, and that the floor was uncarpeted, and the windows without curtains.

"I have only just come this week, and haven't had time to get things settled yet," his hostess explained.

Suddenly the dog began to bark loudly.

The old woman arose hurriedly, "I will go and see what ails that dog," she murmured. "Perhaps Joseph is coming."

Picking up the lamp she went out, leaving Hazard in utter darkness.

He could hear her stepping about in the room beyond, and speaking to the dog, but that was hardly reassuring.

For all he knew there might be others in that house who were only awaiting the return of Joseph, or a signal from the woman to rob and murder him.

She might be plotting with them, even now, in a clever patter, for which the dog was a blind. He had heard of such things.

He felt the cold chills run up and down his spinal column, and wished that he had had the forethought to bring a revolver with him.

Hazard tried to remember if there was anything in the room which could be used as a weapon, in case such a thing was needed.

At that moment the old woman returned with the light.

She seemed to be nervous and ill at ease, and conversation flagged.

Hazard fixed his eyes upon a small, but stout looking stand, near him, and wondered if he could knock a man over with it.

He was considering the advisability of making an excuse for leaving the house, even though he felt that might hasten events, when the sound of wagon wheels was heard outside.

His companion jumped up, and hurried out of the room, leaving Hazard once more in darkness.

Hazard heard the sound of heavy footsteps; then a man's voice was mingled with that of the woman, in eager conversation, although Hazard could distinguish nothing that was said.

After what seemed an age, he heard the heavy footsteps approaching the room in which he sat, and he grasped the stand, and braced himself, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible; though he inwardly cursed his own foolhardiness in placing himself in such a dangerous position.

The door was flung open, and a tall, smiling young man, in decidedly clerical attire, entered the room, followed by the old woman with the light.

"Sanford, old man, I am more than glad to see you," the new-comer exclaimed, as he came forward with out-stretched hand.

As he reached Hazard's side, however, he stopped short.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "I expected to meet my old college chum, Tom Sanford. My mother has never met him, and so made a natural mistake."

"It is I who have made the mistake," interposed Hazard, hurriedly, taking in the fact that he had made a dreadful blunder, and that his fears had been entirely groundless. The young man before him was a clergyman and not a teamster.

As briefly as possible he told his story.

"That child must have sent me to the wrong house," he declared, in closing.

"I think not," laughed Mr. Nettleton. "I caught her beating a younger brother unmercifully a few days ago, and tried to show her the error of her ways, but I am afraid I did not do her much good."

Then after a pause he continued, "I also had a little tc do with the piano belonging to Miss Houston. I was passing her house one day and noticed a number of men trying to carry a piano out of the house. I saw help was needed and rendered it. I found the piano was to be taken to a shop in Derby to be repaired, and as I wished to go to Derby, and had no horse of my own then, I made arrangements with the colored teamster to be allowed to ride with him. The child, doubtless, saw me then."

"But," stammered Hazard, "I don't understand. My aunt said nothing to me about sending the piano away to be repaired. Isn't that for all the world like a woman? Besides, why wasn't it shipped directly from Derby, instead of being brought back here?"

"That is easy enough to guess at," returned Mr. Nettleton smiling. "Your aunt, being a woman, wanted all her things to go together."

"I am getting all mixed up on this affair," acknowledged Hazard. "Were the men who were helping to lift the piano negroes?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Nettleton. "The men were neighbors. The negro teamster does the trucking for Mr. Masters, the proprietor of the music store and repair shop at Derby. Mr. Masters does not do a very large business and so does not keep many employes. He has to depend largely on volunteer help or that hired in for the occasion, when it comes to moving pianos."

"I shall have to see this Masters and find out if the piano ever left his shop," observed Hazard.

"I will drive you over in the morning, if you wish," proposed Mr. Nettleton. "I should really like to see the end of the affair."

Hazard thankfully accepted his offer, and returned to the hotel so completely exhausted that the hardness of the bed did not interfere with his sleeping soundly.

The next morning, after a hearty breakfast, Hazard set out for the parsonage, not wishing to cause Mr. Nettleton any more trouble than was necessary.

Things looked very different about the parsonage in the bright morning sunlight.

Even Mrs. Nettleton, in neat and complete morning attire, was by no means a bad-looking old woman.

Hazard enjoyed his ride to Derby with the social young minister.

Mr. Masters, the proprietor of the music store, a stout, ruddy-visaged person, listened to Hazard's story in open-mouthed and bulging-eyed amazement.

"Never heard anything like it," he ejaculated, when the narration was finished. "Bill Fisby and another negro came for Miss Houston's piano. I was busy at the time and so was obliged to send them upstairs after it alone. I noticed that they had been drinking some, but they are used to the work of packing pianos so I did not worry; besides I expected my own workmen to assist them. It looks as if the fools took the box and left the piano here."

Here Mr. Masters burst forth in a peal of hearty laughter.

As soon as he could compose himself, he opened a door leading to a work room beyond, and called, "Richards!"

"Yes sir," replied that individual promptly.

"Do you remember helping Bill Fisby carry out Miss Houtson's piano the other day?" asked Masters.

"I didn't know that it had been taken away, sir," returned Richards. "If it was Monday, neither Smith nor myself were here until afternoon."

"Come up-stairs, gentlemen," said Masters, turning to his guests, "and we will take a look at the store room. I haven't been up there myself for a week, but I dare say we shall find the missing piano there safe and sound. Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing when I think about the time you have had hunting up that piano when it was reposing peacefully in my store all the time."

Hazard did not feel that it was much of a laughing matter.

The store room contained about a dozen pianos, most of them new.

As Mr. Masters entered the room his eyes rested accidentally upon one of the pianos. His face grew so red that it seemed almost a purple, and his alarmed guests feared an attack of apoplexy.

He turned about suddenly, and marched for the head of the stairs.

"Richards," he thundered, "I thought you told me that Mrs. Blake's piano was sent over there the first thing this morning."

"Yes, sir, it was," replied Richards meekly.

"Not a little bit it wasn't," exclaimed Mr. Masters wrathfully. "Its right here in this store room now."

'"But—but—" stammered Richards, "a piano was sent to Mrs. Blake this morning. I saw to it myself. I thought it was hers."

"Well, its a lucky thing for you that a piano of some kind was sent," shouted Masters. "Mrs. Blake's daughter is to be married at home today, and they wanted the piano to play the wedding march on."

This last was in a milder tone, and more for the benefit of his guests than for the information of his assistant.

Masters gave the pianos a hasty survey. "Gentlemen," he remarked, "how would you like to attend a wedding this morning? We may be a trifle late for the ceremony but I can give a pretty certain guess that we shall find that vanishing piano there."

The three men got into Mr. Nettleton's buggy, and though, owing to Mr. Masters' size, the quarters were rather cramped ones, they reached Mrs. Blake's house in safety. The wedding party was just on the point of driving away when Hazard jumped from the buggy.

To his intense amazement a cheerful and familiar voice called out from one of the carriages, "Hello, old chap! Changed your mind didn't you about coming to my wedding, but you're a bit too late for the ceremony. There's plenty of wedding cake left though. Hope you found that piano."

Then the driver whipped up his horses, and the carriage rolled away, leaving Hazard standing at the roadside gaping like any country yokel.

"Fenton!" gasped Hazard, his brain reeling. To think that I had forgotten all about his wedding, even to the young lady's name and place of residence."

He reached the house just in time to hear Mrs. Blake exclaiming, "I knew you would be right over after that piano, Mr. Masters."

"You found out the mistake then?" inquired Mr. Masters blandly.

"Naturally," replied Mrs. Blake, "I simply had to keep it though, until the wedding was over."

Hazard walked into the pretty parlor, all tricked out with its wedding decorations, and there, under an arch of carnation pinks and evergreen, stood his aunt's vanished piano.

RIDE OF FAITH

By Josephine Page Wright

LIFE is a whirr of wheels,
A shriek of escaping steam;
Life is a mumble,
A roar and a rumble,
A flash of the headlight's gleam.
He hath much to dread, he hath much to fear
Who hath small faith in his Engineer.

Facing the darkness ahead,
Some One with sleepless eyes
Watches the lights,
Thro' the misty nights,
While a soul sings its lullabies.
He cannot count the gift too dear,
Who hath great faith in his Engineer.

THE SONG MY DAD'S OLD BUGGY USED TO SING

WHEN summer days in June do linger long,
My memory wakes the dearest, sweetest song,
The faintest and the quaintest and the daintiest old song—
The song my dad's old buggy used to sing.
I remember how Old Ben would stamp his feet,
Awaiting all impatient in the street,
A-twitching and a-switching, and so anxious to begin
The song my dad's old buggy used to sing.
Jog-jog, jog-jog,
Squeakety-squeakety-squeak!
The song my dad's old buggy used to sing.

How bright the sun, how green the fields were then;
With Thrush, and Lark, and little Jennie Wren
A-winging and a-singing and a-joining in the song—
The song my dad's old buggy used to sing.
I remember when we passed the piney ridge,
And down the dusty hillside, o'er the bridge,
How neatly and completely the old tune changed around,
The song my dad's old buggy used to sing.
Thud-thud, thud-thud,
Rattle-rattle roll!
The song my dad's old buggy used to sing.

When passing o'er the carpet of the wood,
The tune would croon as softly as it could;
A-hushing and a-brushing and a-swishing through the wood—
The song my dad's old buggy used to sing.
When wading through the gravel bottom stream,
How beautiful the melody would seem!
A-whirring and a-purring and a-slurring in the song—
The song my dad's old buggy used to sing.
A-whirr-a-whirr, a-whirr-a-whirr
Kerplunker, plunker, plash!
The song my dad's old buggy used to sing.

Hamilton Pope Galt

THE VOICE OF THE INFINITE

By Edward S. Pilsworth

THE foreign-looking gentleman lifted his hat, a gesture new to me from one man to another. "Mistaire Fenton?" he queried.

"That is my name," I returned, surprised at his knowledge of me.

"Your uncle, my very dear friend, Colman, he:—How you say it? Ah! Give me the pleasure of greeting you, m'sieur," and, with a fine bow, he handed me a card. Glancing at it as we shook hands, I read:

AUGUSTE DELARUE

and down in the lower left-hand corner, in much smaller type,

"Connoisseur in painting and bric-a-brac."

"But how did you recognize me?" I asked.

"Ah, ha!" he laughed, with a queer shrug, as we walked along the platform. "Your uncle, he show to me a type of the great Daguerre, and he say: 'The young man, my dear fellow, play'—ah—how you? Oh, yes, 'center hurry on the team of the college football.' What more is necessary, hein? I see m'sieur. I acknowledge myself of the dear friend Colman, his emissary; and we will together, unless you sooner would a fiacre take, walk to the apartments of your uncle."

We walked, to my great delight, up Fifth Avenue, and my eyes—those of a rustic born, bred and educated in a small country town of the Middle West—opened wide with wonder and delight. The incessant chatter of the Frenchman fell pleasantly on my ears, and though I was too engrossed by my surroundings to pay much attention to his talk, it formed a pleasant commentary upon the attractions of the walk. He began presently to talk about my uncle, giving me to understand that he was somewhat ailing, and that for the last few days he had been very introspective and morose. I was expressing regret, when he halted at one of the apartment palaces clustered around the entrance to the park.

"Your uncle," he said, "lives here," and turning, entered. Through the lobby to the elevator, and up to the twelfth floor we went, and then turned toward the front of the building. "Ah," said Delarue, "he pays for the rent of his suite more than my income." There was no touch of envy in his tone, only a good-humored kind of comic despair.

My uncle, as I remembered him some eight or ten years back, was a big figure of a man, of a jovial and optimistic temperament. As he took my hand today, the change in him struck me like a blow; and though a natural embarrassment forbade me to closely examine him, the general effect was startling and ghastly.

The Frenchman shortly left us, with the remark that he would look around tomorrow early.

"Well, Harry," said my uncle, with an attempt at geniality, "What do you think of New York?" And then, before I could reply, "Did your mother object to your coming?"

This question plunged me into some confusion, although it was not my mother who objected, but my father. He, the pastor of a Congregational church, although liberal in matters of religion, is very conventional in many other directions, and some well-authenticated incidents of my uncle's early life led him to doubt the benefit of the journey. I managed to stammer out some answer, and my uncle proceeded:

"I could not get you a room on this floor, lad, but you have one on the floor above; my man has instructions to treat you as he would myself. If you want anything, speak to Jenks." Then, wistfully: "There is something wonderfully like your mother about your eyes, my boy; but never mind that now. Sit down, and tell me about them. Help yourself to a weed."

While we talked, I studied him, and he evened up much worse than a casual glance had shown. As I have remarked, he was a big man, or rather, his bones were large, but the flesh was flabby and of a curious appearance; it did not look so soft, but rather as though it lacked resiliency, and if indented with a finger, the hollow would show and the place remain; and it hung on the bones too much like rags on a scarecrow—separate and apart from the framework. His eyes were quick and with occasional flashings, throwing searching glances restlessly around; peering into dark corners from where he sat, and looking with concern into the open doorway of his bedroom. He was forever moving his seat, and once he arose and looked beneath it. When he saw the silly expression of surprise upon my face, he flushed uneasily, and I thought frowned a trifle. As I was there on his bounty, I was careful thereafter to notice nothing.

But the thing that most impressed me, and at the same time aroused a curious feeling of horror, was a miserable-looking sore, of an angry and inflamed appearance, situated on and around the left ear. There was something exquisitely revolting about this sore, which was circular in shape, and about three and a half, or four, inches in diameter. It had a greasy appearance, as though it had been recently rubbed with salve—as indeed it very well might have been—and there were pieces of dead and curled white skin sticking to it. But for the unusual regularity of the shape, and the strange position, I would have judged it to be a terrible burn; and though my gorge rose at the sight, and a nausea took possession of me, I must ever be glancing at it, and only look away to glance again. My uncle must have noticed my attention, yet volunteered no explanation as to the why or wherefore of it.

I have been thus particular in description, as it was the first malignant intimation of the terrible after events recorded here.

The telephone ringing, he asked me, with a peculiarly hesitating manner, to answer it, which I did, receiving some trivial message, and delivering his answer. I responded to a half-dozen or so calls that afternoon and evening. Most of them were on business matters, and, even to my inexperienced ears, dealt in large and weighty affairs, and one or two were from friends; mostly enquiries relating to the condition of his health.

The day slipped by, and though naturally impatient to see some of the great city, my uncle and I talked and chatted, mostly about myself, and home and the folks. He asked me many questions about our affairs, and the provision my father was enabled to make for his large family; but never a word did he volunteer about himself or his life, either at home or abroad. His conversation was graced by a remarkable elegance of expression, and discovered a wide range of observation and experience, but through it all ran a certain disconnectedness, as though his thoughts were wandering. I believe, as I look back, that he was really anxious to learn about the home folk, but the turmoil of his mind made strange discrepancies of our talking. I do not know that I can explain myself better than by giving a sample, which, by the way, was of no unusual character.

"And your mother is happy?" he asked.

"I have never had any reason to believe otherwise," I answered.

"Ah, well. She was always a home body, even when we were children together; and the country is the place for bucolic happiness. It is long since I saw the country, except from a car window."

So he led me on, and I talked of my father's ministrations, and of sister Jennie, and the twins; and of hunting and fishing, and camping out; waxing eloquent, as a boy will, when started upon such subjects. At first, he asked questions, expressive of a tender interest in our affairs, and showing, by little subtleties of expression, how deep was his knowledge of humanity and its phases. Then by degrees his remarks grew less frequent, and I could see by the way his eyes riveted on the carpet that his attention was withdrawn. I stopped, and the cessation of my chatter aroused him. For a moment his gaze wandered, then settled upon me with a pleading that almost drew a cry from me.

"Ah, Harry, my boy," he said suddenly, and with a little shiver, "Your father is wrong to take hell and eternal damnation out of his creed. I know he is wrong. I know!" And then, in a tone little above a whisper, "I know!"

The infinite despair in his voice, and the incongruity of the interruption, struck me like a buffet, and, making some foolish excuse, of which he took no notice, I sidled from the room. It was not until I had been well jostled and jolted in the bustle of the glaring lobby, that I could draw a deep breath or that my blood commenced to move.

From this moment a deep pity for my uncle filled my soul.

We had supper in his room that evening, and the gloom fell deeper and heavier on our spirits as the daylight waned; yet still he made no motion for me to leave him, nor offered to retire himself. The travel and excitement of the day had made me drowsy, and about eleven o'clock I caught myself dozing; for the next hour, I doubt if there were many minutes when I was really wide awake. The tinkle of the telephone at last startled me into action, and as I jumped to my feet, I noticed that the chronometer on the wall was pointing exactly to midnight.

As I was removing the receiver from the hook, a deep sigh from behind startled me, and I half turned my head, to see my uncle bending forward in his chair, his face a ghastly gray, his eyes protruding horribly from his head, and his teeth showing in a grin of terrible, soul-revolting and agonized fear. One glimpse I got of him, then every light in the room shot out, and we stood in sudden blackness.

At the same moment, the receiver went hot; red-hot; white-hot; and I dropped it with a shriek of agony. When, turning to my uncle, I had withdrawn my head from the receiver, I was yet close enough to feel the terrific heat, and hear the tempestuous swirl of maddening sound flung outward in the room. Underlaying the noise was a rush of wild, cruel and barbaric music; and woven into the uproar a voice, fierce, bestial, animal; everything vile, cruel and brutish. There was no manner of articulate words, yet somehow a message, "Two weeks," seemed to run through all this swinish rumbling.

All this came, struck us, and passed away, like the rush of a vulture in the night, and when the lights flashed up once more, I stood stunned and dizzy and shivering with fright and pain, and gazed at the receiver like a whipped schoolboy. As my senses returned, I looked around for my uncle; he was tipped forward in his chair, huddled together in a strange attitude; a ghastly gray of horror on his face, and senseless.

Placing him upon the bed, I bathed his face and hands with whiskey, and, forcing some with difficulty through his clenched teeth, he drew a fluttering breath or two and opened his eyes. Asking in a weak voice to be left alone, I went out, closing the door reverently, as I might have upon a corpse.

As I entered the corridor, I became conscious of a terrible pain in my left hand, and, holding it in the light, discovered that it was burned in a fearful manner. Wrapping my handkerchief around it, I hurried in search of help, and something to steady my shattered nerves.

My sleep that night was troubled and broken, filled with the tinkle of the telephone, and it was well along toward morning before I sank to rest. It was late when I awoke, and in my country innocence I felt somewhat uneasy at the hour, though I was surprised to find the lobbies deserted and few signs of wide awake activity. I was still more surprised, on opening the door of my uncle's sitting-room, to behold a young and beautiful woman reclining in a rocker, busy with some magazines.

Muttering an apology, I prepared to retire, when she arose, making a pretty gesture of protestation.

"You are the young Mr. Fenton, are you not?" she asked, and held forward a dainty little hand, as I acknowledged the truth with a bow. "I am Miss Delarue, the daughter of the French gentleman who met you at the railway depot yesterday. My father is closeted with your uncle, sir, and I beg you will not run away."

Stammering something, I took the seat she indicated, confused by the blaze of her beauty; which confusion, as I could well see, both flattered and amused her. She talked an almost pure English, decorated with an indescribable trick of expression; more, I fancy, in the gestures than in the words.

We chatted and talked of commonplace affairs, and though she must have noticed the bandages on my hand, she made no reference to the cause. I reflected that possibly this lack of interest might be the result of previous knowledge in the matter, or perhaps might be the effect of a foreign delicacy. We were progressing nicely in our friendship, when the door of my uncle's bedroom opened, and the Frenchman appeared. He gave a little start at sight of me, and, bending backward, said a few words in French, receiving an answer in the same tongue, after which he closed the door and advanced toward me with much warmth of expression.

"My dear young sir," said he, "Your uncle,—ah.—seeck this morning is; ve-ry seeck; and I think we would rather leave him by alone. I, alas, have to constrain myself, and some pictures see, but you young people, a walk in the park can take; and, *mon chere*, the young gentleman would the pretty swans, and the ducklets, like to observe. Adieu, my children," he went on, as we left the door, "Adieu."

I liked little this method of excluding me from my uncle's apartments, although it was doubtless his wishes, and the request was precluded in such a manner that I could not, without incivility, refuse. In the sunshine of the park, and the company of the beautiful French girl, the dark thoughts of my brain faded away, and, when I left her at the door of her residence, I had nearly resumed my normal composure. A sharp walk completely restored me, and I entered my uncle's room once again in possession of my customary good spirits.

The first sight of him, however, lying, woebegone and haggard, on a couch, with the horrible sore so prominent on his face, dispelled my elation, and I heard again the voice of the telephone and the undercurrent of barbaric and cruel music. From the moment I entered the room, I felt myself within the grasp of some mysteriously unknown and terrible combination. Jenks was at the telephone, talking, and I noticed that the instrument was working in a normal manner.

"Harry," my uncle queried, as Jenks left the room, "What do you think of Miss Delarue?" I was surprised at the question, and at his ignoring the events of the previous night; but never a word did he utter about them, but continued talking of commonplace and futile subjects. Whether as the result of agitation, or from some injury received during the fainting spell, the sore upon his ear was of a peculiarly angry and sinister appearance. I noticed that his hand would sometimes stray toward it, only to be snatched away with a shudder at the lightest touch. Feeling out of place and nervous, I excused myself and went to the public dining-room, afterward retiring to my room for a pipe and to think.

The events of the night gave me sufficient matter for reflection, and I studied the affair of the telephone and the condition of my uncle's ear—which, by some unaccountable twist of circumstances, seemed bound together—and the peculiar nervousness of his attitude, until my brain seemed falling to pieces, and then in an inspired moment, the explanation flashed upon me.

A crossed wire!

Yes, by Jove, that was it. The telephone must be crossed by a wire of high voltage that in some manner sent its current through the receiver, and turned it red-hot. It would also account for the sounds and the curious noises, and the voice and the music were probably hallucinations of an excited brain. Eureka! That would also account for the sore on my uncle's head; he had held the receiver too close and the result was that malignant and unsightly burn. What a fool I was not to have thought of that before. The size and the peculiar shape, together with it's unusual position, were accounted for, and with a sigh of relief, I caught up my hat and went out for a stroll.

When I returned, my uncle was seated in a Morris chair, and I thought that I noticed a healthier look than was apparent in the morning.

"Uncle," I said, after greeting him, "I have straightened out the matter to perfection."

"What is this puzzling proposition you have straightened out, Harry, lad?" he asked good-humoredly.

"The telephone," I started, and stopped; for even as I spoke, I saw hopeless fear and terror take possession of him. The same dirty gray of the night before spread over his face; the same speechless horror came into his eyes; and, putting his hands upward in the air, he tremulously wrung them in mute despair.

Terrified, I rushed to the cabaret, and, returning with a decanter of whiskey, held the neck of the bottle to his lips. He drank and drank, till in fear I removed it, and a little color came floating back to his face, and his hands stopped their desperate fluttering.

"My heart," he gasped, finally, but I knew he lied. It was something else besides his heart, and my new-found optimism incontinently fled.

We sat alone for the remainder of the night; he talking of every-day occurrences, flashing occasionally into bursts of wit and eloquence, anon falling into fits of gloomy introspection, and I, glad to follow his lead, joined in the one and respected the other.

As on the previous evening, his depression increased toward midnight, and re-acted upon me to such an extent that, at some few minutes to twelve, I found myself possessed of a strange and intolerable restlessness. Moving aimlessly about, I divided my time between the clock and my uncle and the telephone. The ashen gray on his face and the look of fear in his hollow eyes both deepened as the seconds ticked away; and slowly, slowly as the tramp of fate, they passed. A sickening repulsion grasped my viscera, and I found that I was holding my breath and strangling. The muscles that moved my chest refused to work except by an effort of will, and I doubt if either of us breathed at all for a space before midnight.

When some distant clock began to chime the hour, I jumped as from a physical blow, and my uncle fell back, helpless, limp and ghastly. With strained attention, we counted the strokes, and, as the last one reverberated on the air, I drew my breath with a terrible gasp and, falling into a chair, began a spasm of hysterical laughter. My uncle lay as one dead, and for a time I thought he had fainted, but a little gasp at last, and he sat up, his eyes shining with a feverish gaiety.

"Come on, Harry!" he shouted, "Let's make a night of it. Ring the bell for Jenks."

When I did so, he ordered supper, and plied me with wine, and poured forth a flood of quips and jokes and funny stories for the next three hours. But it was pitiable, and even through the fumes of the liquor my heart bled for him; for at times the veneer of his jubilation would show thin, and the despair of his soul peer through. I know little of how I got to bed that night, or when, but it was late when I awoke the next morning, my head aching and filled with curious pains.

That day was a sample of the ensuing week. Occasional visits from the Frenchman; walks with his daughter; and gloomy evenings until midnight; then feverish, drunken gaiety until three or four o'clock in the morning. I dreaded to think of what my parents would say to such debaucheries; and was careful, in my letters home, to say nothing of my doings. And all this time the telephone was working in such a commonplace, every-day kind of way that I came near losing my terror of it,—that is, until midnight, when some such scene as I have described would take place; though with somewhat diminishing intensity as the days wore along. Neither, by word or gesture, was any notice, direct or otherwise, taken of my injured hand, though I frequently caught my uncle glancing furtively at the bandage.

It was just one week from the date of my arrival that I received a request from my mother for some little knick-knack, and on my return from purchasing it met the Frenchman and his daughter leaving the hotel. Lifting my hat, I was about to pass, when Delarue caught my arm.

"I," said he, "must to my pictures go; but you, my young m'sieur, can play. If the time hang heavy on your hands does—a, ah, what you call,—yes,—hangs, a stroll in the park, my daughter with. What you say? If you see her home, it will save the five sous of car fare," and he laughed at his little joke.

"Perhaps Mr. Fenton is busy, father," replied Louise.

I hastened to express my more than willingness, for both the girl and the old man were great favorites with me, and I flattered myself that the feeling was returned.

We wandered through the park, sitting in shady nooks and watching the throng ride by; dawdling along silent walks, and, in some unaccountable manner, grew serious, looking upon the lighter life about us as at a thing apart. In this spirit, we arrived at her home, and though she asked me to enter, and I wished it, yet an unknown reason withheld me, and I excused myself. I waited while she went within the house, then turned to retrace my steps home, when I heard my name called from the doorway, and she re-appeared.

"Mr. Fenton," she called, coming down to me, "I am interfering in affairs that I have no business to touch; but go, for God's sake, back to your mother. Your uncle is a wicked man, and the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children." Then, not waiting for any answer, she ran lightly up the steps and disappeared within the house, leaving me standing on the sidewalk, smitten with astonishment.

As I slowly wandered back, my mind dwelt heavily upon this warning, which harmonized strongly with my own desires; pity for my uncle had hitherto restrained me from leaving, that and the unsubstantial nature of my fears; for I could hardly allege as an excuse a crossed wire in a telephone. The reference to the sins of fathers I set down to girlish romanticism, and possibly a twisted metaphor.

These thoughts occupied so much of my attention that when I cannoned against a person coming in the other direction, I glanced up with an apology, and was much surprised to discover Louise's father. My resolution was taken on the instant, and stopping, I turned and walked along with him.

"Mr. Delarue," I said, "I apologize before commencing, but will you give me a plain answer to a plain question?"

"Sir, Mistaire Fenton," he returned, growing grave, "if it is anything that to me relates," tapping himself upon the breast, "I shall be, oh, so happy; but," dropping his voice impressively, "if to some other person,—shall we say a gentleman, a very dear friend of mine?—could you, my dear boy, ask me, Auguste Delarue, to his confidence betray?" The keen wits of the old man had fathomed my intention, and foiled it before utterance.

For a while I sulked, but he apologized handsomely, and I finally saw the matter as he would have me. Indeed, to be candid, I admired him for refusing to betray his friend.

"Well," said I, throwing an accent of friendliness into my voice, to show I was not offended, "if you will not answer my question, perhaps you will give me some advice?"

"I will do what I can, my dear young sir."

"If I can get no better, I must even be content with that," I said. "And now for it: Am I standing in personal danger if I stay with my uncle?"

For a while he walked along by my side, evidently considering deeply. "I would be in the wrong, Mistaire Fenton, did I answer you absolutely; and, indeed, my dear boy, you should exercise on what has already happened to you some judgment. Your uncle, my dear friend, Colman, has a full life lived, but that, of course, is his own affair. He has ideas on certain subjects of an influence, in which I think he is mistaken. If my surmises are correct, you are in no danger. If, however, his ideas are true—bah!" He ceased to talk, and though I was quivering with excitement and suppressed anxiety, walked along by my side dumb and buried in a deep consideration. Once he muttered something in his native tongue, but too rapidly for me to distinguish the meaning, and then, with a gesture singularly expressive of dislodging a consequence, turned in the street and took me by the arm. "*Mon pauvre Henri*," he said, "if the ideas of your uncle are correct, you are in great danger. Very great danger. Danger of which I cannot bring myself to speak, but which means more, unutterably more, than mere bodily harm and injury." Shaking my hand vigorously, he looked at me for a moment with great intensity, then, turning on his heel, he strode away.

It may be imagined that I received cold comfort from these answers, and, after staring vacantly at the back of the departing Frenchman for a moment, I took to my heels and caught him. As I laid my hand upon his shoulder, I came to a very sudden and, after the warning I had received, silly resolution.

"Sir," said I, "I thank you. And now listen to me for a moment. It would seem to me, though I pretend to small knowledge in the matter, that my uncle should have as deep an intimacy with his affairs as any other man could have; and if this is correct, he evidently stands in the shadow of some sinister and threatening danger. Now, I am going it blind; but it looks a currish trick to sponge on a man's bounty while he is prosperous, and sneak the minute things turn a wrong corner; so I am going to stay and take my chances with whatever threatens. If he goes, I go; and I would be much obliged if you would break the news gently to my mother, Mr. Delarue."

I had begun this speech in the exalted key of a boy's braggadocio, and finished it like a sentimental song; but the Frenchman did not laugh, only did a very curious thing. Turning swiftly, he folded me tightly in his arms, and kissed me fervidly on the forehead; then, holding me at a distance—and I could see the tears shining in his honest eyes—he again drew me toward him, and, imprinting another kiss, turned and fled. I was blushing desperately, and filled with confusion and embarrassment, for the passers-by were laughing, yet in my inmost soul I liked it; and I think the action showed me more than any words could do the desperate view the Frenchman took of my uncle's business. I made my way slowly and in deep thought back to the hotel.

"You have had a long walk, Harry," said my uncle, as I entered.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "Quite a long one." And then to the valet, who was fussing anxiously around me, "Oh, go to the devil, Jenks." It was a phrase I had picked up at college, and used sometimes in moments of excitement and irritation.

I was ill prepared for the events that followed. Jenks sprang away as though I had struck him, and my uncle fell backward, trembling and impotent, in a chair. It was a curious incident, and, when coupled with after events, very significant. A damper was cast upon the evening, and the gloom deepened as the time slipped by; eight, nine, ten, eleven, eleven-fifty-eight, eleven fifty-nine, twelve! And, mingled with the chime of the clock, came the tinkle of the telephone.

I started wildly to my feet, my whole body pulsing with dread, and every nerve alive with a fearsome expectation, and for a moment I was half-inclined to run, but as I cast a look toward my uncle, he gave me a glance of such humble entreaty and pleading that it braced me like a tonic. Calling all my manhood up, I took my handkerchief and wadding it up in my hand, removed the receiver from the hook.

As before, the lights went out, and the receiver became intensely hot, burning my handkerchief to tinder, and even penetrating the bandages on my hand. I dropped it with a cry, and the same bestial roarings issued forth, mingled with the undercurrent of that wild, cruel and barbaric music, and the sound of a million souls crying in the punishment of eternal damnation. But the voice; that fierce, dominating and terrible voice. There was nothing human in it; more the sound of ravening carnivora, drunk with blood, yet still I got a message, "One Week." At that the lights shot up, and turning, I saw my uncle disappear within the doorway of his bed-room, all doubled up and shaking, and his white face peering sideways at me from over his shoulder.

That night I did not go to bed at all, but sat below, where light and human beings were, drinking in solitary suffering, and wildly endeavoring to forget that look and the sound of the music. Of all the fearsome things of that revolting time, the strain of that savage song, as it rose in such a torrent of cruel exultation, grips my memory the closest, with its weird, resounding woe.

When I entered my uncle's room the following morning, I affected a cheerful countenance, and going up to where he was sitting with Delarue, I offered him my hand. There were signs of resolution in his attitude that I had not before noticed, though, as I greeted the Frenchman I observed him pour a tumbler full of whiskey and drink more than half of it at a draught. This somewhat upset my confidence in his strength of resolution, but I made some cheerful remark as I seated myself.

Delarue, whose face expressed a heavy gravity, turned toward me. A little glass filled with some green liquid stood at his elbow, from which he took an occasional sip.

"*Henri, mon cher*," he said, "your uncle, my very dear friend, Colman, wishes a leetle conversation with you; and, if you object no, would prefer in the room, my presence. If you would that I withdraw, say so, my young friend, and your ah—pleasure, shall it not also be mine?"

"I am sure, Mr. Delarue," I answered, that my uncle has nothing to say to me which I would not be willing for you to hear."

They looked at each other and nodded, and then my uncle began:

"Harry, lad, 'tis only fair to say that Delarue has told me of the talk you two held yesterday, and while I thank my sister's son for his manliness and spirit, I feel that he should have a more direct understanding of the dangers that surround us. If you should then consider better of your bargain, why, I will think none the worse of you, lad, for backing out; for, I tell you, nephew, that it is the first thing I should do myself, did I have the power."

He stopped a while, and looked questioningly at me; but I only smiled and shook my head, and he, with a half-sigh of relief, finished the whiskey in the tumbler, and proceeded.

"To make this revelation plain to you, I must tell you that in early life I was wild and unruly, and, though gifted with some rudiments of brains, my success had not arrived. Purposes did not mature; my plans fell to pieces half-way; and I was in imminent danger of becoming a failure. With affairs in this condition, I went from bad to worse, and meddled in an affair of more than dubious character. An exposure was the result, and, to save the family from the shame of having me in the penitentiary, a distant relative intervened, and obtaining a mission for me in France, shipped me from the country with despatch.

"Settling in Paris, I became of the cult of the Devil Worshippers, and took Satan for my master. Our services were conducted in the catacombs, with many curious and terrible rites; and I, who was in danger of becoming a weak and ignominious failure, marched boldly in the front rank of those headed for success. Do not think that I entered into the contract blindly, or with insufficient knowledge. Far from it. I had weighed the price asked against the benefits conferred, and as the time of payment was long deferred, I signed the contract, and agreed."

His voice, which had trembled somewhat, broke, and filling the tumbler again with liquor, he took a heavy draught and continued:

"Everything I had stipulated for: wealth, fame, power, position, were poured with a lavish hand into my lap, and in a short time I was heralded as one of the most remarkable of the younger generation.

"I have lived my life as I would have wished to live it; experienced every sensation to the full; feared nothing; gained all; known everything but happiness and love. These, alas, were not for me. The clinging of tender little arms, and the soulful gaze of a woman's eyes were without my bargain, and I knew them not. Twice in my life have women loved me for myself, and not for the gifts I lavished upon them; and both of them died terrible and revolting deaths. Since then I have married worldly success, and if I am not many times a millionaire, it is because I have tired of my toy, and money is no more to me than so much ashes."

He paused and sunk into a reverie. Delarue sat with his elbow leaning upon the chair-arm, and his head resting upon his hand. His face, of which I could see but little, appeared composed to a deep and sombre gravity.

For myself, I was in a whirl of excitement, and my thoughts palpitated with terrific fury as I listened to my uncle's tale. I might have thought him mad, but for the composure of his face and the ultimate of despair his whole presence conveyed.

"Enough," he continued, shaking himself, "of reminiscence. Suffice it that my time has come to pay. Behold the brand of my master," laying his hand upon the ghastly ear, with a gesture at which I shuddered. "Three times he calls, and then—" he flung his hands widely apart. "I got the first message; you received the two succeeding ones. My time is limited, and I have much to do. Do you," he questioned, "still hang to your resolution?"

I nodded. I could not have spoken to save my life, for my tongue was thick, and my mouth as though filled with glue.

"I thank you, my nephew," he said. "And there is little more for me to say. I have noticed your attentions to Louise, and Delarue tells me that she thinks kindly of you. Marry her, Harry, lad, as soon as she will consent; for the trust of a woman is worth the whole of earth. I know," he continued in a tone of infinite bitterness, "for I never had it. Now leave me, you two; my faithful friend and my dear nephew; and, believe me, what I can do to make you happy for your kindness to a hopeless man, I will do, and do thoroughly." Rising, he extended a hand to each, and, pressing them reverently, we wandered from the room. Without speech or recognition, we found ourselves within the park, and seeking a secluded spot, dissolved into gloomy meditation of our thoughts.

Presently leaving his seat, Delarue began to promenade, with many mutterings and gestures, up and down the path, till, presently halting in front of me, he laid a hand upon my shoulder.

"Listen to me, Henri," he said, "for, even should you and Louise a matrimony not desire to make, I have grown to love you much in the little time you have been here. Your uncle, my very good friend, Colman, he is seeck; ve-ry seeck, and many strange fancies I think he has; and most of them the ideas of a fevered brain. The most of what he has this morning told us, I did already know, but I doubt ve-ry mooch, if it should be exactly as he thinks. I have no belief in your devils and your gods; and your little hells; and—how you call it?—Puritanical damnation. To me it all is foolish. But, Harry, although I believe it not, I do love my friend, and I like not to see him so gloomy and so sad, and so—ah, distrait. I am a poor man, and devote myself to l'art, and some silly frivolities, that are unbecoming to a man of my years; but, my good friend, Colman, he say, 'Ah, Delarue. He is poor, and cannot the money spare to buy what he would like.' So the beautiful Corot he did purchase for me, and I am—ah, your cold English tongue—his friend. And now he is in trouble, and my heart is torn with sorrow; still nothing can we do, but wait and sympathize. I know that there are worshippers of Satan in Paris, even as there are worshippers of God in New York; and I also know that their rites are mysterious and criminal; so, Henri, we must watch out for my dear friend and your uncle, and do the best we can."

He held out his hand to me, and I clasped it in silence, and rising, walked by his side. Asking me home with him, he told me that my uncle would be closeted with his lawyer all day, as he wished to put his affairs in order. I have noticed that, however much evidence may be adduced to prove a thing, it is some last little fact that finally turns our minds to a positive certainty, and the information that my uncle was "putting his affairs in order" affected me in this manner, and from that moment I abandoned hope, and prepared myself for the worst.

I stayed at the Frenchman's house that day, and when I returned to my hotel, my uncle had retired, and sent me word by Jenks that he would see me in the morning. The following day slipped by, and my uncle seemed calling up his reserves of manliness; for he made a strong fight for resolution, and I could see was prepared to meet the worst with composure and with decency. When he moved it was with a surer step, and he had lost the habit of prying into dark places and peering into corners, that had been so prominent a feature of his deportment. Me, he treated with an invariable kindness, and fell into the habit of watching my face and deferring to my judgment in a way that was inexpressibly touching.

For the next five days we were seldom together except in the evenings; my uncle being occupied during the daytime with his lawyer and other business men, while I amused myself as best I might, or visited with the Frenchman and Louise.

The day one week later than the last telephone happening opened still, gray and sultry, and as it moved along, the heavy heaven descended upon us, and a strong electrical tension filled the air.

Delarue, looking serious and anxious, arrived for dinner, and we sat down, the Frenchman and myself with grave and worried faces, to the table. My uncle was by far the most composed and cheerful, astonishing us at times with many funny quips and sallies, to which, I am afraid, we made but sorry rejoinders. Yet all the time his eyes were shining with a fevered luster, and I set it to an abnormal effort of will; much as a man may smile with his foot upon the stairway of the gallows.

With the removal of the dishes, came a lull, and for a time we sat gloomy and motionless; I noticed that the air had become close and sultry, and that it burned like an oven. We sat and smoked, or pretended to, but I observed that my cigar needed continual re-lighting, and that my uncle and the Frenchman consumed an unusual number of matches. These two attempted a game of chess, but it dragged and was finally discarded; silly fancies took possession of us; at one moment we were all striding about the room; at another we sat silent and motionless; then everybody would talk at once; and I remember a time when we were all laughing lunatics, though for the life of me I could recall no joke.

The curious gray began to creep upon my uncle's face, while that of the Frenchman was white and pallid, except where the tightening over the cheek bones gave a patch of different texture. Catching a glimpse of myself in a mirror, I found that I was the worst-looking of the three—a veritable figure of fun, from grief and suppressed anxiety. Also, I was continually swallowing and clearing my throat with a raucous and disagreeable sound.

As midnight drew closer, flashes of lightning and peals of ponderous thunder agitated the hot and sultry air; and some time about half after eleven the long delayed storm broke upon us with a concentrated and terrible fury. The Frenchman sought a chair, and buried his face within his hands; my uncle and myself strode wildly to and fro; the building trembled and shook at every sharp concussion. How long this condition lasted I do not know, but my uncle, stopping suddenly in front of me, laid his hand upon my shoulder and forced me to a chair.

"Harry," said he, "the time grows close; very close, when I must pay the debt I have incurred, and I wish once more to thank you and Delarue before I leave. Do not," he went on, in answer to my headshake, "buoy yourself up with false hopes and futile imaginings; for I know, my nephew, that I stand within but a few short moments of eternity, and such an eternity as—but it is a dog's trick to whine! Give what account you please to your mother, except the truth. I have left the bulk of my property to you, and trust you will not take it amiss that I have provided well for Delarue and Louise. I have also left a legacy to Jenks, and some little remembrances to others. And now, my boy, farewell; and may your after life be happy and propitious." The unutterable solemnity of his manner it is impossible to convey a notion of. Absolutely convinced in his own mind that but a few short moments intervened until he made an entrance into hell, he stood and gazed upon me; the lightning flashed; the thunder rolled; and the wind and rain drove ahead in wild and tumultuous rushes.

Bending over me, as I sat in the chair, he laid his lips upon my forehead and retreated, and stood gazing at me, serene in the majesty of the inevitable.

Involuntarily, I looked around the room for the minister of his death, and as I looked, the telephone rang.

For a moment I crouched in the extremity of terror, then with a bound I tried to pass before him, but with a backward fling of his arm, he threw me sitting into the chair. "*Caesar! morituri te salutant*," I heard him mutter, as he crossed the floor.

Delarue started half-way to his feet, and hung there, whilst I, with a curse, sprang wildly upright and commenced to rush across the room. I had moved but a step when he removed the receiver from the hook.

Instantly the lights shot out, and the room filled with that savage and exultant music, only louder and more impressive than before; filled with a barbarous triumph. And amid the howling of a million demons, and the groans of a multitude of lost souls, came the fierce and brutal snarling of the voice.

"Come! Come! The time is ripe!" shrieked the message.

A stupendous peal of thunder shook the earth; a blaze of dazzling light shot through the room; and I was lifted bodily upward and thrown with terrific violence against the opposing wall.

With a ringing shriek of wild and intolerable agony quavering through my ears, I fell to the floor and fainted.

Delarue, white and shaken, was bending over me as I regained my senses, and I was surprised to discover that I was undressed and lying on a bed. Louise came forward as I moved, and we have been together ever since.

I was told, when well enough to bear the news, that all that remained of my uncle was a pile of ashes on the carpet; which, I am pleased to say, were treated with consideration and given decent burial.

Many learned and curious theories were advanced in explanation of the matter, and many thought, because a crossed wire was really found, that the business had been cleared up with satisfaction; but you and I, my friend, have explanations that were hitherto private property.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

By Laura A. Hinkley

"PRITHEE," quoth I, plucking the ballad-monger's sleeve, "which of the gay gentlemen sitting on the stage, yonder, is My Lord Cranstoun?"

"Hey!" said he, in a loud voice, "I vow thou art from the country! Thy mien confesseth it; thy dress betrayeth it; and thy question proclaimeth it! Buy a ballad, and be instructed in town ways!"

He spoke so loud that many in the pit turned to look. Now the pit was full of people, mostly of the baser sort—shopkeepers, mechanics, 'prentices, with here and there some blowsy wheelwright's wife, or bold-faced street jade. Being of goodly stature, I stood somewhat above the rest, and, as their eyes met upon me, what with confusion and what with wrath, the blood rushed into my countenance, according to a vexatious aptitude it hath.

"Sirrah!" said I, "the country can breed an arm strong enough to chastise thine insolence, wert thou worthy a gentleman's correction. Seest thou not that I wear a sword?"

Whereupon many more began to look, and the 'prentice boys, desiring a fight, shouted encouragement to one or other of us, and from that three-fold circle of rooms that goeth about the theater heads craned forth to look at us; which I verily think was what the knave purposed.

But here he took a most sly, knavish turn. "I cry Your Worship's mercy!" quoth he. "I did but jest with Your Worship." Then, in a lower voice, "My Lord Cranstoun is he on the left, with the scarlet gold-laced doublet, and buff boots cut in the French mode."

I needed not to take his word, for at that instant a gallant bawled across the stage, calling on My Lord Cranstoun by name, with a jest broad enough, i' faith; and My Lord, laughing, tossed back its mate.

My Lord Cranstoun was a large man, red-faced and bull-necked; of what age I could not well divine, for his body had an active shapeliness, but his countenance was heavy-fleshed and old. Because the heat was great, My Lord had hung his scarlet-plumed hat across his knee, and the poll of his head showed quite bald. He wore no beard, and had scant brows or lashes to shield his red-rimmed eyes. His look, withal, was the most insolent and gross that ever I saw.

I know not whether I grieved or rejoiced to find him of this aspect. My flesh did move with hate of him, yet, methought, had he been of fairest knightly feature, I should scarce have hated him less. While I thought on this, a trumpet sounded thrice, and the players came forth.

Here, it behooves that I set down somewhat concerning the playhouse, since our players have now become so delicate they must needs have a roof to play under, and a wall built around them, forsooth! This same wall hath the further conveniency that each man payeth his sixpence as he cometh in; so that he must pay, whether the play liketh him or no! London hath now four of these playhouses, whereof this Globe, as they call it, though 'tis no globe at all, but hath eight corners, is the largest and most luxurious. And sure, 'tis shameful luxury! 'Tis not enough that Prologue telleth where the place may be, and hangeth out the sign; they must have let down behind a painted cloth whereon is figured trees and rocks if it be a wood, or the wall of a house if it be in a palace, or whatsoever place they list. Then strut forth the actors, garbed no whit worse than true nobles, in ruff and doublet and padded hose. They who listen likewise take their ease. On the stage, gallants sit on stools or sprawl among the rushes. All around the sides of this theater are built rooms in three rows, one above another, wherein the people sit on chairs. Among them be many women, but most of these wear masks, for modesty's sake. A few rooms have curtains at the front, so that one may not see those who sit therein. Over all these goeth a roof. 'Tis only in the yard in the midst that men stand under the open sky to watch the play.

The name of the piece they played that afternoon I have set at the head of this writing; for that 'twas so closely entwined (as you shall wot presently) with matters of high concernment to me. For itself, 'tis a piece of no great merit, since it hath neither any violence of passion nor any robustness of mirth. There is a maid who would love where her father would not, and a maid who would love and her love would not. There be six clownish fellows making a play, and a rout of fairies. I know not whether it be pleasing to the good people that they should be figured forth on a town stage, the more especially that 'twas on a midsummer's day that I saw the piece played. For the name of the author, I protest I remember it not. 'Tis but one of that swarm of playwrights our age hath spawned forth so plenteously, of whom, 'tis no question, not one will live in remembrance to posterity—save, perhaps, it be Master Ben Johnson, who excellently imitateth the ancients. But, truly, a gentleman hath small concern with the names of these scrivening fellows.

Natheless, this play hath a wooing smoothness; so that, insensibly, my heaviness decreased. Perchance I had quite forgot my grief, when a sudden word pricked it to the quick. The fairy king in the play saith to his knave messenger, "Fetch me here a little western flower," (he saith) "purple with love's wound. The maidens call it love-in-idleness."

At the word, I seemed to stand in our garden at Overbourne, under a sky of sunset, with small sweet blossoms growing, tangled and half-wild, along the borders at our feet. And the fairest lady in all this world, with the softest small hand laid in mine, (that ached to clasp her, and might not) a little purple bloom of the love-in-idleness.

"Oranges! Orange-es!" The act was done; the players withdrawn. Stage and pit were filling with confusion and jesting, and hawkers of many sorts were crying their wares.

"Oranges! Oranges! Buy an orange, gentlemen! 'Tis potent as a love philter, to give your lass!"

'Twas a black-eyed jade with a crimson bodice laced across her broad breast. She pushed and shoved among the men, prompt to bandy a jest or a cuff. Methought her bold eyes dwelt on me and sought to hold my looks. The cry of "oranges" came nearer, the broad crimson bodice moving briskly here and there. I did but turn again slightly thitherward, and again the orange girl caught my eyes with hers, and held them hard and meaningly, as who would say, "Take heed, now!" I thought she meant to have a flirt with me, or by means of me draw eyes upon herself, as these hawkers love to do. Warned by the ballad-monger's case, I made as if I saw her not. But she did not speak to me; she passed me in haste. Natheless, as she went—I know not how—I felt something thrust into my hand. As soon as I might, without being observed, I looked. 'Twas a tiny paper scroll. I read therein, daintily writ:

> "If Master Giles Overbourne would have speech with one that hath once plucked for him a flower of love-in-idleness, let him follow the orange girl."

Underneath, interwoven as though each embraced the other, were the letters V. E.

The orange girl had gone toward the back of the theater. When I turned to seek her, she gave me a quick, beckoning look and went on with her chaffering, moving ever backward. So, as one in a daze, I pushed through the throng. Here, while you may envisage me mazedly following the crimson bodice, it befits to set forth the manner of my coming acquainted with that great lady whose twined initials then lay against my heart.

'Twas three years before, on a day in summer. I had rid with four of my men to a far part of my lands, on a matter of felling timber. As we returned, we did espy a marvel—that strange thing, new-brought from France, a coach. Four great horses drew it, and a gallant gentleman in black rode beside it. My men stopped amazed, for they had never seen the like, nor, to say truth, had I. So we stood concealed among the trees, for the woods be very thick here.

As we watched, four caitiff fellows sprang out of the woods beyond the coach. They seized the horses by the bits, so that the beasts reared on their haunches. The gentleman in black whipped out his sword. Perceiving that 'twas foul dealing, I and my fellows gave a hålloo and ran down the slope, the men swinging their axes. We charged to such good purpose that one of the knaves was brained and two taken and hanged at the next assize. The gentleman in black had taken a wound in the thigh. He called to me to open the coach door; so I saw her first, fear and entreaty and desperate courage in her pale beauteous face. The space of three heart-beats we looked at each other; then I bade her be of good cheer; that she was safe.

The gentleman in black was the great Lord March, and she his sister, the Lady Violet Erskine. Because of My Lord's wound, we had him up to Overbourne Hall, where he lay under tendance three days. On the fourth day, he would be gone, with a thousand courtly thanks. He recked not (how should so proud a lord?) for the unhealing wound I had taken in those three days! 'Sooth, it needed not three days; the three heart-beats of our first encounter were long enough. 'Twas on the last day she plucked me the love-in-idleness. " 'There's a pansy,' " said she, naming it the French name, " 'That's for thoughts!' "

It dwelt much in my thoughts in this my present journey to London that I might see or hear of My Lady. I dared not go to My Lord March's great house in the Strand; but, seeing My Lord one day at Paul's, I made bold to accost him. He met me with cold courtesy, bade me go see the play, and told me he was on the eve of marrying his sister to a rich bridegroom, My Lord Cranstoun.

* * *

The orange girl led me up a stair at the back, opened a door, and pushed me into a room lighted by windows behind, and shielded from observation by curtains in front.

"Welcome to London, Master Giles Overbourne!"

The same gay, thrilling voice! She made me a great courtesy, spreading out her brocaded farthingale. I know not whether her face seemed to me changed or unchanged, only that it dazzled more. She was very richly dressed, in a bodice and farthingale all purple and silver and brocade. Her ruff, stiffened with purple starch, opened in front to show her white throat; long strings of tiny silver beads hung over her farthingale; underneath peeped a small purple shoe embroidered with silver roses.

"What think you of town, Master Giles?" she cried. "How like you our London plays? In sooth, how doth this 'Midsummer Dream' fit your humor?"

"I can think but good of them," said I, "since they have brought me to see Your Ladyship again."

There was also in the room a gentlewoman with round black eyes and a bitter, withered countenance, called Mistress Stark.

"You answer gallantly," quoth the Lady Violet, "but mark this, Master Overbourne! Had I not seen you yonder in the yard, at words with a hawker, you had not seen me. How comes it that your friends speak with you only by grace of a ballad-monger and an orange girl?"

"My Lady," quoth I, sore confused, "I saw My Lord March at Paul's, and he told me—told me that you—" My tongue palsied on the word. I looked to her for aid, but she sat with a sweet, unmoved countenance. "That you were soon to wed," said I.

"In three days," cried Mistress Stark, "is the nuptial day! My Lord Cranstoun hath sent twenty silver platters chased in the Italian mode, and twelve salt-cellars of divers shapes—"

"'Tis rare good fortune for a maid," interrupted the lady, "to find a bridegroom so generous and so rich. The scarlet-plumed gallant there below is he. Hath he not a noble figure?"

For very misery, I could not speak. Methought she had a cruel pleasure in my pain. Mistress Stark broke out again, praising My Lord Cranstoun, his house and his person; his dress, his victual, his silver and gold, My Lady assenting; so that when the play began again, I rejoiced as might one whom the Spaniards have racked, when the ropes loose a little.

At the next stop in the play we spoke of what had passed on the stage. For a right understanding of what we said, one must needs have seen this piece.

Leaning back in her chair, with a smile that did sorely puzzle my poor wits, she spake: "How now, Master Giles! What if I were Helena and thou Demetrius?"

"Nay, madam," quoth I, astonished. "Say rather were I Demetrius and you Hermia."

"Or rather, perchance, were I Hermia and thou Lysander?"

"Oh, madam, what avails this play of 'were I' and 'were thou,' since I am Bottom and you Titania—and the herb love-in-idleness doth not grow in London town!"

She opened and shut her fan softly.

"Doth it grow—still—at Overbourne?"

"Ay!" said I bitterly. "Nothing changes at Overbourne. Who dotes there, dotes forever!"

"Here be the players at last!" cried she.

Now, with the ending of that act was an end of the play. A great noise and confusion arose, many people trying at once to pass through the narrow doors.

"Mistress Stark," ordered the lady, "Go find Robert and Stephen. Bid them have the chairs at the northernmost door."

Sharply, reluctantly, Mistress Stark looked at me, but she went. My Lady and I stood alone, face to face in a chamber of silence in the heart of uproar.

"You are not married, Giles Overbourne?"

"My Lady! No!"

"Nor plighted?"

"No!"

Proud and pale, she stood with hands plucking her fan and eyes of cold fire.

"Master Giles Overbourne, wilt thou have me to wife?"

At that I found no words.

"'Tis a perilous gift " she cried. "To be taken by stealth, and held by the sword; perchance to be bathed in blood, and redeemed with a double death!"

"My Lady, if I do not speak, it is that I do not understand."

"Not understand? The air beats with it! The stones cry out!" Here she mastered a wildness that came on her. "My brother will force me to a great marriage for the honor of our house, though he knows that I fear death and hate Satan less than My Lord Cranstoun! Oh, could I fly to a nunnery, as Hermia would! But the nunneries be fled in these Protestant days.—Appeal to the queen? My Lord Leicester did but give me a foolish philopena ring, and Her Majesty hath taken me in despite.—Die by my own hand? Perhaps! Yet I love not the holly stake and the cross-roads burial!"

"My Lady, I am all yours—body and soul and sword and estate. How will you use me? What is your design?"

She swayed back a little, and caught her breath in a kind of sob. And ere she could answer Mistress Stark burst into the room with two strapping fellows in My Lord March's livery.

There was but an instant. All things lay between us to be determined and understood, with Mistress Stark's black eyes a-watching.

"What church in London doth Your Ladyship purpose to be married in?"

"St. Clement's," said she.

"Nay! 'Tis St. Dunstan's!" shrilled Mistress Stark.

"St. Dunstan's, I would say; a plague on my slippery tongue!"

"I have seen St. Clement's," said I, "'Tis a fair place. I shall not see the other, I doubt. I leave London at sunset tonight."

"Lawk-a-mercy!" cried Mistress Stark. "At sunset! You have no fear of foot-pads, then?"

"The fearless have less to fear," said I, with eyes on the lady. "I ride a good horse."

As if for better ease of going down the stairs, she put her hand in mine. By its pressure, I knew that she understood; but her hand was very cold.

That I came back across Thames, and sought out mine inn and my servant, Will Simple—for I had come up to London with but one man—and made ready the horses, lightening their burden as much as might be—that I did all this with despatch and forethought, I know, but 'twas all in the manner of a dream, and I doubted not to wake shortly.

An hour ere-sunset, I rode along Fleet Street toward the tryst. We passed under Fleet Street prison, where at that time lay the learned Dr. Donne, imprisoned for that he had married his wife against her father's will. I thought on him, and so, for the first time, that I were like enough to come to the block for this. At the which I smiled.

As we came to the trysting-place, the bells of St. Clement's rang. And here, since the matter hath gone so far, I must set down my disapproval of that riddling rhyme some fool hath fetched from this adventure. I see neither sense nor fitness in it, since that once-hovering peril of the ax did not fall. Yet I have heard young village folk on the green a hundred miles from Overbourne singing at their games the riddle that was made of me:

"Oranges and lemons
Say the bells of St. Clement's,
Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a hatchet to chop off your head."

She came, walking swiftly, dressed in all simpleness. A maid behind her carried a bundle not overlarge.

"I thought to take Prudence," said she, "but the jade will not leave London."

"Oh, My Lady!" whimpered the maid.

"She must have ridden a-pillion behind Will Simple, as you must ride behind me."

"It is well," said she; and we went into the church.

Many have marveled that the vicar of St. Clement's durst marry us. In truth, he owed My Lord March a bitter grudge, and rejoiced to do him disservice, which thing was known to My Lady.

So Giles Overbourne and Violet Erskine spake their vows and wrote their names in the parish record, man and wife; and these things passed like a dream of somewhat that chanced long ago.

The sun had set when we came to the open country, but 'twas yet light, with a vast redness over the west, between eight and nine of the clock, I judge, on Midsummer Day. The wind blew sweet after the stench of London streets. I never rode with a fairer track to travel; and my great horse minded his double burden not a jot. 'Sooth, she was but a little weight, and rode straight and easy, and her arm lay light against my side. I could wot nowise that this thing was so, yet I spoke soberly:

"We should reach Overbourne about dawning, with no mischance."

"And after?" she asked.

"After, I shall fight My Lord Cranstoun. God judge the right!"

She shuddered. I spake not my thought that I must also undergo My Lord March's challenge.

"But you, My Lady, once safe at Overbourne, they cannot take you thence, save by the Queen's warrant."

"And if they get the Queen's warrant?"

"Then, 'tis I to the Tower; and you—I know not!—as Her Majesty wills."

She drew closer to me. "Can they set our marriage at naught?"

"Not well—if we be married in deed."

By her little sharp sigh and the shrinking of her body, I read the recoil of her high blood from mixing with mine that was of low degree. So I knew that she looked on me but as a poor buckler, caught up in haste, at need, to thrust against her foe.

'Twas nigh on eleven, and very dark, when we came to a village green lighted by a great bonfire. Such a concourse of people had gathered there to keep the Midsummer Watch that our horses fell to a slow walk perforce. I would have gone around the place, so jealous was I of hinderance, but in the darkness I durst not leave the road.

These people were in great excitement. They had taken a witch whom the most part desired to throw upon the bonfire, but a few argued that this went a shade beyond the law. Certain of the milder counsel appealed to me.

"Nay, do as ye list!" cried I, "but yield me passage!"

But hereupon the witch brake away from them that held her and flung herself at My Lady's stirrup, praying for mercy and vowing her innocence. Methought My Lady murmured a word of compassion.

Now no man hateth the devil and his wiles more frank than I. But this old dame did cry on the name of Christ fearlessly. I avow, I am of that temper that hath little pleasure in blood and pain; I never took that joy in bear-baiting and cock-throwing that many use. But that which most moved me was this: as the witch clawed at my stirrup and My Lady's skirt, the look of her eyes, peering out of her wrinkled old face—'sooth, 'tis shame to say!—but 'twas like the look in My Lady's eyes that afternoon.

"Let me run by your stirrup, master!" prayed the witch. "Let me run by your stirrup to the turn in the wood!"

"Will," said I, "take the old dame up on thy saddle-croup."

Will's horse began to back and plunge.

"Nay, master! Nay, master!" whimpered Will. "I do my duty, master, but 'tis no man's duty to ride with the devil!"

I swung a leg over my horse's head, wasting no parley.

"Mount, then, before thy mistress; an I must needs be the beldam's cavalier!"

'Twas short work. I swung the witch up behind, set spurs to Will's horse, and cleared the crowd before many knew what I meant to do. After us came the thunder of my horse with Will plying the spurs like mad There is a tale in that town that the devil and his mistress came and carried off a witch the people were about to burn, but 'twas no devil, but I, Giles Overbourne, and all happened as I have set forth.

Soon I bade Will take the lead, with My Lady. The old woman pattered ceaselessly her blessing and thanks.

"Ay!" I grumbled, "It hath cost us twenty good minutes."

"There be men on your track!" quoth the old dame suddenly.

"What know you of that?" I cried.

"Ay! I know!" she averred. "But fear naught! No evil shall touch ye. The blessing of the helpless rides with ye! Ye've my safe-conduct to ride this night. Sore ye'll need it by Melstone church when the clock strikes twelve!"

"I'll have no safe-conduct from the devil!" said I.

She muttered some words of no meaning and fell silent. Greatly disquieted, I looked to the bridle; for 'twas rough riding among the trees, and little light, and fear came upon me lest the evil one were nearer than I wist. Sore comfort 'twas when I looked back and saw the horse's bare croup behind. The witch was gone!

I spake no word of this going, as I rode back to My Lady. Fear already lay heavy on us all. I had nigh forgot at the start of this adventure that 'twas the night of spirits; but here in the thick woods, and great darkness, and close on midnight, my soul did quake with knowledge of evil near. My Lady trembled greatly, and Will Simple, though a brave enough fellow by day, wept with fright and rode as close behind us as he durst. I spake more boldly than my spirit counseled. I told them of that safe-conduct the witch had promised. "And we have better reason," quoth I, "to fear not, for that we have done a deed of mercy in Christ's name."

Now thereon we came to a thinning of the wood, and a faint light shone about, so that we saw close upon us the spire of Melstone church. At that instant the bell began to toll midnight. Whether I first felt the horse stop stone-still, or felt My Lady's arms tighten to a dying grip, I know not. I saw Will's horse stop likewise, sweating and panting. But at first I saw not that which My Lady saw and Will and those two beasts. Afterward my eyes cleared, and I also saw.

Close before our faces, they passed across the road. Many have besought me to tell of what feature they were—but how may a man say what such be like. Very tall they were. Each wrapped h mself in a long garment of black, or mayhap gray, colored like darkness. Ever and anon, one turned on us a gleaming terrible eye; and ghastly hands stretched toward us. But always a voice cried "Hold! Touch not!"

With what madness of fear we fled from that accursed place, I delay not to tell. Nor how My Lady fell into a swoon, and my shaken manhood grew firm to comfort her, daring more freedom in her distress than I might have won to in years of quietness.

It drew nigh to dawn. We rode now in open country, the jaded beasts going slow. "When we stop at the next ridge," said I, "we should see the chimneys of Overbourne."

A cry from Will brought us round. There in the pale light two horsemen strained on our track. The foremost showed through gray dawn and travel-dust a scarlet doublet and plume.

"Ride! Ride for Overbourne!" I cried, and clapped to the spurs.

Wherefore there were but two pursuers, I learned after, and must now relate. 'Twas the maid, Prudence, that betrayed us, finding My Lord Cranstoun somewhat late drinking at an inn. My Lord, when he learned that his bride was fled, called on the six boon friends with him to aid his vengeance. So they all took horse, and followed instantly on our track, Prudence having good knowledge of whither we would be gone. They knew they had followed aright when they came to that village where we took up the witch. But at that place in the wood where the witch left us, great evil befel them. As they went, two abreast through the thick trees, on a sudden the foremost two stumbled and came down, horse and man. The next two, ere they could stop themselves, fell likewise a-top of the first. 'Twas an ill plight, I ween, when those horses and men lay struggling together in the darkness, with kicks and screams and oaths and groanings. For when they had struck a light, they found one poor fellow dead, with a hoof-print sunk in his temple, and two more bruised too sore for that night's business. So two that were sound went back with the dead man and those others; but My Lord Cranstoun and one companion came on. 'Twas a leathern strap, stretched tight across from tree to tree, which made that mischief.

This showeth, I hold, that Satan hath gratitude. For 'tis plain the witch led us past this devilish peril for that we had saved her from the fire, as she did likewise guard us from the witches at Melstone church. So think I, and so think all who have heard these things, save my cousin, Joseph Overbourne, who hath been in France. My cousin saith 'twas the witch herself who did stretch the strap across the road, after we went by; but this, I hold mere foolishness and atheistical twisting of argument.

Howbeit, thus it came that but two pursued as we fled along the low hills in that pale dawning. We were nigh to win that race. Already the roof of Overbourne glimmered ahead, when my horse stepped in a rabbit burrow and came down, unseating us both. Neither My Lady nor I took harm, but the horse ran wild.

"Up! Up!" I cried, "behind Will, and ride!"

"Nay!" said she. "There be two! Let Will stay!"

In that instant's parley those two came on. My Lord leaped down, flinging the bridle reins to his fellow, and came toward us, loosening his sword.

Such deadly anger I am not likely to see in human face again; yet he tried to cloak it in a kind of fleering scorn. He spoke only to My Lady.

"Madam, you will mount my horse now, and ride with me. If in this you have done wisely—" his voice broke in a great snarl.

She moved nearer to me.

"My Lord," said I, "my sword speaks for my wife."

I thought he would have spat in my face, but he restrained himself and spake again, still keeping hand on sword.

"There be men, Violet, would slay thee as thou standest. But I spare—now! As for this churl paramour of thine—"

I smote him on the mouth. Whereat he, who waited but for that, drew and thrust without warning. That foul blow had ended me, but for Will's watchfulness. The good fellow struck up My Lord's rapier with the old broadsword I had given him.

A great rage came over me for that dastardly deed. My Lord and I fought, and all feeling went out of me save the desire to slay him. My Lord had far more practice in arms than I, but I greater hardness of body and passion of fighting. 'Twas not long. I feinted, to draw My Lord's blade, felt the point go home,—then lunged. So came darkness.

Cold dew pressed against my cheek and hands, mingled with it warm dew falling. I looked up on a blue sunny sky, then closed my eyes for weakness.

"My Lord Cranstoun?" I whispered.

A pause; till My Lady's voice answered: "God rest his soul! He hath judged our quarrel just."

I lay silent, while my dulled brain strove with another thought..

"Here come the men with the litter. My husband, I will tend thee well!"

My other thought found utterance. "If I die, My Lady, you are free."

Then that warm dew fell thick on my face, and a voice said brokenly, "Oh, brave—and true—and—tender!"

Finding no clear meaning in this, and being somewhat mazed, my mind cast back, and I muttered, "Love-in-idleness!"

"Nay!" cried she, "Love in earnest! Love forever and a day!"

Thereat my eyes opened full on heaven and My Lady's face, but durst not credit what they saw.

"Dreaming!" I cried, "a Midsummer Night's dream!"

"Not so," she whispered, bending close. "The dream is done! 'Tis morning, and I love thee, Giles."

THE PINK CHINA CUP

By Cecilia A. Loizeaux

IT was not a pretty cup, at all. It was squat and dumpy; it was too, too rosily pink; the decorations were too indisputably green; the handle was ludicrously out of proportion, standing out at one side like a huge misshapen ear; but it was old; very, very old.

When it arrived at the cottage where Steven and Amanda Blake had been keeping house for two whole weeks—one of his aunts sent it as a wedding gift, explaining in the accompanying letter that she did not send it to Amanda before the wedding because she was afraid Amanda would break it in the moving—Steven unpacked it with carefully gentle hands, and, blowing the excelsior from the glowing surface, explained its virtues to his young wife.

Amanda Blake had her own ideas of beauty. Out in the tiny dining-room was a glass-doored cupboard filled to the brim with a whole set of china which her Uncle John had given her. It was new and cream white, with a tiny wreath of pink rose buds around every piece. That was beauty to Amanda; and here was Steven telling her that china, to have any real value, must be old.

She put her hand out to take the cup for closer inspection, and Steven thoughtlessly drew it back. "Careful!" he said. "I wouldn't have it broken for anything." And of course Amanda's feelings were hurt.

"You'd have to drop it on stones to break it, it's so thick," she said. "I thought that the *genuine* old china was always very thin."

And then Steven launched into a talk on old china, which was not at all interesting to his wife. Finally, he placed the cup on the top shelf of the glass-doored cupboard, and got down, rubbing his hands with satisfaction.

"Doesn't it make the rest look cheap!" he said, thoughtlessly, and Amanda turned away to hide the tears that came into her eyes. One thing she was determined about—Steven should never become a collector. She remembered the broiling July day when Steven's mother took her up into the low little attic and showed her the collections of earlier years. Bird's eggs and beetles and butterflies; shells, pebbles and dried mosses; all carefully preserved by his adoring mother.

Amanda waited a day or two, until Steven had forgotten about the cup, and then she pushed it cautiously to the back of the shelf, watching Steven closely when he came in to dinner, to see whether or not he missed its rosy presence. He did not, and though she breathed more easily, she felt a little guilty. If Steven had no better taste than to think such an ugly cup was fine, she felt that she should allow him to have his own prejudices. After all, it was only one cup, and she had a whole cupboard full of pretty ones.

Time went on, and the china cup was all but forgotten—at least there was no bitterness in its presence. Steven worked steadily at his growing business, and planned for the day when they would move into a larger house in a better neighborhood. Amanda sang about the tiny home, and sewed as she sang, and began to put away little lace-trimmed garments one by one.

One day, while she was still weak and not gaining as fast as she should, Steven, to tempt her appetite, brought her something in the pink china cup, with nothing but tenderness in his heart, of course. It was unfortunate that the cup should have been brought to the girl's attention just then; for even when she was well it irritated her. Now she pushed it petulantly away, saying that the sight of it spoiled the food for her.

Steven was hurt, forgot that she was ill, and told her she was jealous because the cup came from his family, and not hers.

"I wish Mary'd break it while I am sick, so that it would be out of sight," she said, and then Steven went out and slammed the door.

But this, too, was forgotten. They were too happy to remember unpleasant things for long at a time. It is never any one thing which causes heart-break and unhappiness; it is only the last straw which makes the load too heavy; the last dollar which makes any given article costlier than one can afford. The baby thrived and grew, Amanda grew strong and well, and time passed somehow until the baby was nearly two—and then both parents worried because he had not yet talked. Nothing could make him talk.

One day he was playing about as usual, while Amanda was putting fresh lace-paper on the cupboard shelves. She had the dishes all put down on the table, and went out into the kitchen, to see to her bread, leaving the child alone.

As the oven door closed, there was a crash of broken china, and Amanda knew immediately what had happened. She ran to the dining-room, and found the baby looking at the fragments of the pink cup at his feet. As his mother entered, he looked up.

"Pink cup," he said distinctly. "Baby broke it. Get annuder." Amanda caught him up. "Say it again, baby," she coaxed, "Let mamma hear you say it again," but the child roguishly laughed, and would not open his lips.

Amanda started to the telephone, to let Steven know that the baby had talked, but stopped with a queer little start. It was the pink china cup which was broken—out of all the other dishes on the table, the baby had chosen that. And of course it did look careless of her, to say the least. She knew that it was only natural for a baby to snatch at the brightest colored article, but would Steven believe that? She feared that he would think she had done it purposely, because he knew she hated the cup.

She gathered up the pieces, carried them to the cook-stove, and carefully burned them in the coals until no one could have recognized them. Then she spent the remainder of the forenoon trying to make the baby say something else. She did so want Steven to know that the baby could talk; and of course she could not tell him without also telling what the child had said. Added to this, she was uneasy for fear the baby would repeat the words at the wrong moment—when his father was present. That would be another complication. So when Steven came home, he found her trying to get the child to sleep, though it was not time for his nap. She watched the child during the noon meal so closely that Steven laughed at her. "What's the matter? Has he shown signs of talking?" he asked, teasingly; for he knew that Amanda was worried over the child's apparent backwardness.

Amanda longed to confess—but still she did not dare. She thought and thought during the next few days, and mentally formulated all kinds of excuses which she would make if Steven should miss the cup. Then, one day, she took the baby and went down town. She had always been sceptical about the genuineness of that cup, and when she found one at the ten-cent store which was so nearly like it that she could hardly believe her senses, she paid her dime and carried it home triumphantly. But mingled with the triumph was a guilty, sneaking feeling that would not be crushed down. She was deceiving her husband. She might just as well tell a lie, and be done with it. She was going to let him think that this cup was the real one—and even if she did have her doubts about the age of the original cup, *that* was not the point. Steven liked it—and she, well, she was making the baby a party to it, too. He knew, young as he was, that he had broken the cup. In after years, would he not also know that his mother had deceived his father?

She hesitated—and was lost. For while she was making up her mind to tell Steven the whole story, she put the cup on the cupboard shelf, and before she could take it down, she heard Steven coming in at the front door. Being caught, and having to confess is a very different matter from confessing because one really wants to, and, quick as a flash, Amanda shut the cupboard door and started to get supper.

Again the cup was forgotten—almost forgotten; for Steven never seemed to think of it. But Amanda felt unhappy and conscience-stricken. She tried time and again to make opportunities for confession, but each time something went wrong; and then she let it go altogether, knowing, nevertheless, that, sooner or later, she would wish she had obeyed her first impulse fearlessly.

The baby's second birthday passed—and still there were no more words from him. Amanda grew very sensitive about it; she wondered why her son was not as bright as she and Steven had been. They seldom spoke of it now, but several times each caught the other trying to make the baby talk. Amanda fancied that she detected an expression in his eyes which said, "Oh, *I* could tell things, if I wanted to," and she redoubled her efforts to make him tell them, feeling that the sooner it was over the better.

One evening, a neighbor called on them, and during the course of a rather desultory conversation she spoke of the pink cup.

"There are some imitations down at the

ten-cent store, which are horribly good," she said. "I wanted to get another look at the real one, so I would know just what the real one is. Would you mind showing it to me?"

Of course there was no reason why Steven should not show the cup. But to Amanda's alert sense, he seemed reluctant, and as he passed her on his way to the dining-room to get it, he gave her a look which to her meant but one thing. He knew that the real cup was broken, had known it all the time, and had never said a thing about it. And now he was going to show this woman the cheap imitation as the real thing. Amanda knew how he hated anything that even looked like an untruth. The truth was a passion with him. His business associates said that he carried it too far.

All the time that he was in the dining-room, his wife sat in tense silence, her hands clinched together. The caller chattered on, scarcely seeing that her hostess was preoccupied to the point of rudeness. Amanda's sharpened ears heard the clink of china, and then the scraping of a chair. The dining-room was dark, the floor slippery—she prayed that he might slip and drop the cup. Anything to save him from deceiving others as she had deceived him. Then she would confess—she would tell him everything, and get him to forgive her, for the baby's sake.

But he entered the dining-room with the cup in his hands, and his wife's heart beat almost to suffocation. She turned pale, and rose, meaning to do something—she didn't know what; and then, at the very moment of her rising, Steven caught his foot upon the rug, threw up his hands to save himself, and dropped the cup.

The guest cried out, thinking of the broken china, and protested that it had been thoughtless of her to ask to see it at night, anyway. Amanda had begun to sob with nervous relief, and Steven laughed a little uncertainly. It was an awkward situation, out of which the caller went as quickly as she could—which was none too quick for the Blakes to be left alone. As soon as the door was closed they faced each other, and there was a moment of tense silence.

Then Amanda said, "I suppose you know now what the matter is—I was afraid to tell you—I didn't want you to know that the cup was broken, because I had left it down where the baby could reach it, and I knew it would be hard for you to believe that I did not do it purposely. I—Oh, please don't interrupt me," she begged, as he began to speak, "I must say it all, now. There is more than that! After the baby had broken it, he talked!—yes, he did. He said, as plainly as I could, "Pink cup! Baby broke it! Get annuder." And I feel worse over deceiving you about that than I do about the cup—I suppose you'll never trust me again." She was crying now, so that she could not see the look on Steven's face. But when he put his arm around her, and drew her down beside him on the couch, she leaned against him, thankful that he was still kind.

"Amanda," he said, "I guess we'll have to forgive each other. You're not half so bad as you think you are. At any rate, I'm as bad as you are, because I deceived you, too; and I was the one who started it."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, sitting up very straight.

"Well, you remember the day when you got angry because I brought you something in the pink cup? Well, that made me spunky, and I—well, I hid the cup and got another almost like it to take its place; so it was not the real one at all which you and the baby broke, and I'll forgive you, if you will me."

Later in the evening, they formulated a little plan whereby they hoped to make their son speak.

When Amanda brought the child down stairs and put him in his chair at the breakfast table, his father placed on the table of the high-chair a pink cup full of milk. Then they watched him with breathless attention. He seized the cup and disappeared behind its rim, giving no attention to anything but its contents. Amanda glanced at Steven with tears in her eyes, but he motioned her to look at the child.

Emerging, finally, from the half-emptied cup, to find his parents gazing at him in a most foolishly attentive manner, the baby bounced himself up and down in the high-chair and gave the cup a push. It lurched and toppled over, and neither parent made any move to save it. The small boy leaned across the table and looked down at the fragments and then up at his parents. Amanda saw the knowing look in his eyes.

"Pink cup broke. Get annuder," he said, and with the sweet sound of intelligent words from his mouth, the subject of the pink china cup became only a thing for delightful memory.

REMOVING THE DEAD AT OTTAIANO, THE SECOND POMPEII

SCALING THE VOLCANO

IMPRESSIONS of AN ASCENT PRECEDING the LAST ERUPTION

By B. F. Fischer

FOR weeks we had watched for such an opportunity. Vesuvius had been belching forth fire and fumes, and threatening dire destruction. The spasmodic activity of the crater seemed almost whimsical. For months sluggish streams of lava had been flowing from fissures in the mountain's side, and the great smoke crown was hourly increasing.

Little our finite minds knew what stupendous destruction that sombre scene foreboded; and with a temerity that seemed utter madness, we quietly prepared for the ascent which we had planned for months. We had resolved to scale the walls of the fire-pit at night, without guides. The attempt was unlawful, and its execution was considered impossible. But the wastes of Alps and Apennines had yielded to our steps; and why should we hesitate now, when the great black rounded monster that arose just upon the outskirts of Naples, dared us to the trial with taunt and defiance?

We accepted the grim challenge.

The early train whirled us away to Pompeii, where we succeeded in smuggling our revolvers and cameras through the gates of the "dead city." Once within the lonely walls, a paltry bribe to the corrupted guards bought us the license to indulge in our photographic propensity before their very faces.

With our wanderings through that silent necropolis of dead ages, the bright fresh morning, noiseless in its contemplation of the mystery of weird Pompeii, was fast wearing away.

We hurried to the Gate of the Tombs, resolved to secretly scale the ancient walls and begin an immediate advance upon the dismal slopes of Vesuvius. But a yelling pack of guards swooped down upon us in the midst of our attempt, and with drawn swords they threatened violence. But, throwing at them a handful of copper coins, more efficacious than a charge of grape-shot, we scurried from the crumbling lava-blocks and scrambled through the viney underbrush.

Behind us, the desolate Abode of Ruin stood gray and soundless in the vibrant lights of golden noon; before us, the lonely, houseless *campagna* stretched deserted about; and beyond, the grim monster of fire beckoned us on. We obeyed the sullen summons; and trudging over the damp and silent waste, we soon reached Boscotrecase. The strange village, another Pompeii in its lifeless desertion, seemed only waiting for the awful visit of the sleeping "thunderer." How soon that visit was to come, and with what attendance of ruin and desolation, no one could surmise. Clinging to the last declivity of the nether slope, it was inviting the very destruction it feared.

We found a *trattoria*, ate a hearty dinner, and rested until the sun, flinging his golden-tipped arrows from the western skies, impelled us to our labor.

Evading the rapacious guides and mountaineers who followed us in chagrin and wonder, we soon reached the "white house," where the official guards of the "new road" brought us to a halt. But to their threats and remonstrances we replied in terms of such vehemence as to leave no doubt in their unwilling minds that we were not only able to climb Vesuvius alone, but that we intended to do it, and to do it immediately, in spite of the whole mob of them. Suiting the action to the word, we struck off on the "old road," which is here joined by the new path, though streams of red glowing lava on the southeast had all but made this route impassable. The guards, nonplussed and fearful at this breach of all order and precedent, levelled their long rifles and attempted to impede our advance. We drew our heavy five-shooters and marched on, apparently unconcerned; while they, mounting the incline on a ridge almost parallel with our path, cursed and fumed and swore, enraged at our boldness in defying them, and (what hurt them most) our success in escaping without being robbed.

Farther and farther over the charred deposit of subterraneous fire, we made our arduous way.

Beyond increasing weariness, we were progressing well, when we met a party of guides, guards and valets hurrying down the mountain at the approach of night. They seemed horrified at our intention of scaling the crater's walls at night. They threatened us with arrest, with accident and even death, in view of the increasing violence of the volcano. Remonstrance and persuasion were useless, and we started on. When the stick-renters, chair-carriers and strap-bearers,—those most generous aids who would, for fifty lire, haul a man on his own legs to the crater—offered their liberal assistance, patience ceased to be a virtue; and flinging at them a parting token of a string of our choicest invectives in their own speech, we quickened our pace to such a degree that the entire gang, after scrambling headlong over craggy masses of lava and through cinder-pits to catch us, gave up the chase in disgust. They had never seen "such crazy Americans."

It was now twilight. The shadows of evening were creeping over the wide earth below; and on the tops of the surrounding brood of lesser heights rested the sun's last rays of stainless splendor. It was a sad sight. Day, in crimson flashes, was bidding us an ominous farewell. We were leaving the world of human life and making a journey into a dark unknown realm.

Again the guards, retreating from the blackening crest, halted at our approach. In order to deceive them, we struck off on a path to the northeast, toward a glowing lava-pit, a thousand feet below the main summit. Then, suddenly turning, we began the ascent over the pathless waste, straight to the lofty, smoke-wreathed cone.

The labor now became prodigious. The cinder-slope we valiantly attacked was in some places inclined at an angle of sixty degrees. In the soft, yielding ashes we could make but three inches' progress with every straining step. We were panting hard. Night was settling fast; and the lurid sun, a fiery ship on a vermeil sea, flashed his shadowed bands and spears, blood-tinged, through melting clefts in the distant mountains. He seemed to mock our diming hopes

A MASS OF ASHY STEAM TWO MILES HIGH

with all his radiant glory. Only foolhardy, dogged determination, stoically cultivated through many dangerous adventures, conquered the weird, almost sickening foreboding that oppressed us.

Suddenly one of the evaded mountaineers who had long sought us, appeared on the cross-path below. He saw our foot-prints in those ashes untrodden for years. It was sacrilege! With a cry of horror, he looked up—and there we stood, laughing in sneering disdain. At this sight of desecration, he became wild.

"Ha! ha!" he cried in a demoniac screech, and began to dance and scream and wring his hands in a fury of horror and wrath.

"Yi! You get kill!" . . . "Yia, yia-a-a! You no come crater!" . . . "Hi, hi!" . . . "You die! Ia, ia-a-a! You die!" shrieked he, like a demon of another world, whose fiendish curses might blast us as with infernal fire. I never saw a human being so crazed with an idea. He danced and leaped about; he whooped and howled; he whirled his hands above his head, and whined and screeched most terribly. To such inhuman noises we could not reply.

By this time, other guards, brandishing huge clubs, came hastily at the other's horrible agonizing. But from our secure height two hundred feet above them, we tore off craggy masses of lava and hurled them into their midst. With the weird, fierce cries of mountaineers, they scattered down the slope. We continued our tiresome march unmolested.

Up and up we mounted, over the sliding cinders and grinding ashes and piles of pinnacled, froth-like lava, black and craggy and sulphur-tinged. Past steam-holes we labored, which out-breathed fumes hot and suffocating,—the poisonous breath of the reeking terror that writhed in the fathomless pit below; and through ancient lava-pits, once active craters from which the fiery metal had poured to overwhelm man's civilization.

Every step now required a voluntary and distinct act of the will. Nothing but absolute necessity could have driven us onward. We could scarcely see the ground; for the flaring, pale light above threw only blacker shadows across the steeps before us. On earth below it was darkest night. The tiny glimmers about the populous Bay of Naples seemed like distant stars floating in silver haze. Rocky, pyramidal Ischia, an ancient monster born of earth's pristine fires, heaved up out of the gray seas on the west; and Capri and its adjacent mountain masses on the south stained with their denser bulks the misty sea air.

THE BAY OF NAPLES

We were now becoming so fatigued that we were compelled, with pulses fluttering at one hundred, to pause every moment. With ordinary inspiration, further ascent would have been impracticable. But our fixed resolution, the settling pall of night, and the ever-increasing danger of stepping into a lava-pit or steam-hole and sinking out of the world, lent mysterious strength to our stiffening muscles. The morbid air seemed devoid of the support of life. With constant, heavy gasping for sufficient breath for hours and hours, we were famishing for water. The realization that we might not obtain any until we again reached the nether earth was positively terrifying. Already we were almost suffocated, but still stumbled on.

Suddenly, as we rounded the last slope, with a rush of fury indescribable and a thunder whose rumbling shook the very soul, a bursting sheath of sulphur-fumes, flaring and dense with flame and cinder, swirled out of the viewless pit before us and enveloped us in its poison-arms.

We sprang back from the mouth of that seething hell. No other word can bear to the mind the most paltry conception of that scene. Oppressed with nameless awe, we lingered on the edge of that bottomless gulf from which burst, in thunderous rage, enormous volumes of venomed smoke and shattered particles tinged with a wild, lurid glare that mocked the power of night. The mountain trembled and quaked with grinding thunder-blasts. Down in the flaming pit yawning at our feet, the melted iron and stone, distended in colossal spheres by the imprisoned giant-stream, were bursting with crashing detonations. Again the huge masses of sulphur-fumes, reeking with acid-venom, crashed into the air, hurling hot ashes and cinders far and wide. We were chained to the spot by the horror of the scene.

But it was madness to tempt Death; and we leaped away from the tottering ledge. But where could we go? Danger was all about us. To retreat were folly; to advance were to challenge annihilation. Awed and motionless, we stood spellbound in the raining ashes.

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS JUST BEFORE THE ERUPTION

Human life seemed an unknown existence. Memory alone, on that fiery height, four thousand feet in the air, reminded us that man dwelt on earth below. We were face to face with the World's Supreme and Primal Might, whose presence seemed, with a thousand spirit-voices, to threaten the universe with destruction. The spirits of Creation and Ruin raged in combat in that sulphur-pit, whose every convulsive breath was a horrid avulsion of wrath. For that scene there can be no expression in the vague verbosity of hollow words.

Far below us, the glaring streams of lava, whose thousands of degrees of heat are beyond measurement by human science, were flowing in flaming tongues; and above us the demon of fire was gnashing in rage. From fissures and cracks puffed sulphurous fumes that might at any instant burst out with flaming lava-streams.

THE DESOLATION AT OTTAIANO

Even if we could escape destruction, we seemed fated to spend an awful night of unbearable misery, maddened by raging winds, threatened by every thunder-breath of Vesuvius, suffocated with ashes and acid-fumes, and suffering untold thirst. Even now, our mouths and throats were so parched with fevered heat and cramped with constant effort that we inhaled oxygen sufficient for sustenance only with the greatest difficulty. We could not retreat down the mountain. The pathless, inky blackness, tinged with weird, crimson glares flaring fitfully from the crater's jaws, would only lure us to some hidden pit of destruction.

We stumbled precipitously against a craggy mass. It was a lava-pit, pinnacled and scarred with blackening age. Columns of hissing steam issued from several orifices. We drew back in horror, for in that cinder-bed ruin was breathing in its slumber.

But fortune, weird and inscrutable, came to our rescue. In the midst of the ashy blackness that threw its pall over the precipitous slope, a fiery stain flared up before us. Amid the cinders and lava which half covered the opposing wall, a little lava-house, deserted, bare and dark, awaited our reception. No creation of god or magician could have appeared more miraculous. Despairing, wondering, hoping, we pushed open the door and entered. In spite of disbelief, there was a little stove filled with burning charcoal. Two rude benches stood near, and on a table rested a primitive lamp, a drinking glass with olive oil and floating cord-wick. Beside it stood a huge earthen jug like those used by

THE AWFUL NIGHT OF A RECENT ERUPTION

the fated Pompeiians of old. How greedily and fearfully I grasped it! Ah, could it only contain water! Trembling in an agony of thirst, I placed the mouth to my lips.

"Water, water!" I cried, between gasps.

"No, no!" said McGowan, slowly watching with wild desire my every movement. "It can't be!"

"Yes!—Drink, drink!"

That water was our salvation.

The weird and unearthly scene, too strange for reality, hung over my mind like a sweet, enticing pall of destruction. I could only believe it was a gracious suspension of certain fate.

POMPEII AND VESUVIUS

Circumstances were depressing us with a weight of seeming destiny. Vesuvius was thundering and shaking the flimsy earth with terrific violence. The guards who constantly occupied these quarters had rushed from the scene in headlong flight, retreating precipitously to the nether earth. We realized now what a feeling had caused their wild cries and actions on the lower slopes.

We sat there in silence, oppressed with the awfulness of imminent doom. There was nothing to be done or said; we were in the hands of fortune. The sullen monster in his fathomless den under us gnashed forth his rumbling momentarily; and with every gasp puffs of scorching steam, sulphurous and ashy, burst from three invisible fissures in the lava-floor. Ashes finer than the motes of air crept in about the door and window. Half-molten masses and craggy scoriæ fell with their ominous thud about the creaking walls. The awful crashes that seemed a part of our very senses became every moment heavier and quicker. The ashy cone quaked and shivered.

It was useless now to think of escape; but I stumbled out and peered about.

The world was a-fire. Naples and the crescent bay, with their lines of silver light, were visible through the crimson glare. The lurid fire of the new craters, boiling over in rage beneath us, lent the spiral froth-like lava an aspect weird and ghostly. Fated Ottajano and San Giuseppe were quietly sleeping, hidden beneath the black-cragged walls of Somma. Not a light from the doomed coast cities could be seen through the gathering pall.

Suddenly, with a terrific, resounding blast, the dense fumes from the dim-lit crater's jaws swirled down overwhelmingly upon me. Almost suffocated, blinded and breathless, I stumbled toward the shelter.

The little shanty was like a death-oven

The fuel in the stove had long since burned out, but the heat was becoming more and more intense. I felt the walls and floor. They were glowing with a strange, infernal warmth. The reeking fumes, that floated about us and over us like a pall, became sickening. Indications had for a week pointed to an eruption. Every appearance now verified that fear. What fools we were thus to taunt the powers of destruction!

I took a pencil and paper from my pocket, and in the dark-glowing glare—our light had burned out—I scrawled the following note, hoping that should we succumb, it might be found and lead to our identification.

Crater of Vesuvius,
Thursday, Midnight.

To ——,

We made the ascent to the crater's mouth after nightfall. Were compelled to retreat and take refuge in lava-shanty, half buried in ashes.—A gracious Providence! This is an awful experience,—it seemed like facing the dreadful grandeur of the Supreme Being. Mountain is shaking now with thunder of explosions beneath us. We may get out safe. If not, someone else might mail this note.

Goodbye,

—. —.

To spend the night in the arms of ruin seemed an utter impossibility. It was almost beyond belief; and yet, somehow, moment by moment, the long doomful night was passing. Occasionally I crept out, gazed up at the reeking nostrils of the monster and down at the quiet sleeping earth. It seemed all a dream. For once, life was as unreal as death; and existence was a vision, that hovered between life and nonentity.

At length we could see, between the rifting fumes, the broad golden daylight that streamed over sea and city. But on this begrimed volcano-height it was only twilight.

ACRES OF LAVA COOLING AFTER THE ERUPTION

We left the protecting lava-walls at last, and were making our way down the steep waste. The wind was blowing a crashing hurricane. Suddenly there swooped down upon us volumes of sulphur smoke so dense and deadly that the senses were paralyzed. So laden were the fumes with the venomous sulphurous acid from that cauldron of fire that we began to suffocate. Oh, for the protection of the lava-shanty now!

"Handkerchief over mouth!" I shrieked, as McGowan reeled and groped about bewildered.

"Lie down!" he gasped, as I staggered, almost senseless.

We dropped on the cinders, clutched the yielding ashes, and pressed our faces to the ground. We panted in silence. A few more breaths of those acid-fumes would have sufficed for our suffocation.

What was to be done? We could not retreat. Below the entire slope was wreathed in a heavy pall of reeking poison. Our only chance was to push upward to where the crater's mouth lay exposed to the crashing wind. It was like going to the violence of destruction to avoid a peaceable death. But calm cold reason alone, not impressionable fear, could now save us. So we did not hesitate, but plunged onward. The variableness of the wind alone was the means of our deliverance. Again and again the solid-clouds swooped down overwhelmingly upon us. But just as suddenly they were whirled away. Though in the choking fumes we held our breaths until our hearts almost ceased to beat, we greedily drew deep gasps whenever the raging winds lifted from us the thick pall of venom and drove it in another direction.

Thus working our way around the edge of the wide, hollowed cone, we reached the gulf on the windward. Entranced by the awe of a mysterious power, we leaned over the crumbling ledge of soft ashes and gazed into the far depths. Frenzied fire and steam fought and hurled their reeking masses in a diabolical fray—monsters maddened and sightless with demoniac fury. The thunders had ceased, and left the scarred walls—black and precipitous, or covered with unsightly acid-emissions—cracked and tottering. Thousands of feet below, in that fathomless pit, the awful combat raged; and the tumultuous masses of fumes and forked tongues of fire, lapped the trembling walls in a fury of thwarted revenge.

How we endured the indescribable scene unquailing, I cannot now possibly conceive. All judgment of danger was distorted; and we calmly set up the camera on the crackling ledge and made some photographic exposures. Still unsated, we stretched, clinging one to the other, over the ashy precipice and tore off some sulphur-tinged lava.

We bade adieu at last to the volcano, and began the descent. One leap down the sheer slope, and we had cleared more space than we had gained in a hundred painful steps. Rolling, jumping and falling, in headlong haste we reached the base of the cone. But the fame of the "crazy Americans" had spread before us. Bands of guards and mountaineers, afraid yet to approach within the sphere of reeking gas and ashes, scoured the slopes from every point, intent upon our arrest and their reward. If we should be found dead, as they fully expected, our bodies perhaps would yield rich plunder. If we could be arrested alive, we should be robbed with similar grace, fined enormously and imprisoned for six months for carrying weapons. We determined to avoid apprehension, even at the cost of broken limbs, and, leaping over precipices and dodging behind lava-masses, we evaded their vigilance and struck across the charred waste. A deep-scarred, craggy gully, down which the streams of liquid fire rushed in that awful death-deluge centuries ago, and which so soon was to be the course of the triumphal march of the Monster of Ruin to the populous cities below, led us down to the cindery level.

It was difficult to believe our senses when we sauntered innocently past the custom-house and into the village of Torre del Greco. I had scarcely dared hope to tread the ways of man again, and had positively despaired of doing so unattended by hated guards and fetters.

The miracle of our escape became even more wonderful when we realized the conditions of activity existing. The monstrous deluge of liquid fire, so early destined to the destruction of man and his civilization, was even now forming in the seething cauldron. The melted and boiling minerals, coming in contact with streams of water breaking into the lava-pit from the sea, were producing steam in prodigious quantities. Its pressure, which nothing can resist, amounting at certain depths to one hundred tons or more to the square inch, becomes so great that, with sudden and mighty disruptions, it blows the oppressing mountain to fragments. Such was the power that destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum almost two thousand years ago, and the fated Vesuvian towns but yesterday. In both cases, millions of tons of the burning mountain-mass were lifted in an instant and hurled with poisoned fume and fire over the abodes of man. Such was the ruin fast preparing for the prosperous cities encircling the beautiful bay and climbing the inviting slopes. Even during our visit, some of the people were beginning to flee in terror from the growing rage of the dark power above them.

Fortunately for us, at the time of our rash exploit, the steam pressure sufficient for the dreadful eruption that followed had not yet formed; and the liquid masses were being blown out in monstrous bubbles, which filled the entire bottom of the crater, until they burst with a mighty detonation and were hurled to heaven with a force that dissolved them into a million dry atoms. Our experience was even more dreadful when, but a short time after our ascent, the mountain burst into all the fury of destruction, blowing to dust the entire cone on which we had stood, already convulsed into a quivering mass with a thousand explosions.

Could there have been a death more awful, more sublime to contemplate, than annihilation in the crater's jaws?

Often since that night of dread, and now again, when even this narrative arouses hideous visions of unutterable awe, have I tried to imagine that fate. And I have felt that, though earthly existence were swallowed up in a whirling, seething vortex of ghastly horror, his would be a destiny grand and awful who should meet, on the confines of earth and eternity, the "Primal Might of the World" unveiled.

RUINED BOSCOTRECASE, WHERE WE HAD OUR LAST DINNER

THE "DES MOINES PLAN"

By Sidney J. Dillon

THE new municipal charter, known as the "Des Moines Plan" of City Government, and recently adopted by the electors of the capital city of Iowa, represents the most important and most radical experiment in municipal administration ever made in America. Revolutionary in its character, distinct in its fundamental and essential principles from all existing municipal systems, it affords the opportunity of demonstrating that the conspicuous failure of city government in the United States has been due, in part, to the misconception of the functions to be performed by that government, thinking of the city as a miniature republic, when in fact it is a business corporation; and, in part, to the fact that politicians of mediocre ability have been managing the affairs of our cities, although the magnitude of its business is so great that the responsibility for its proper management should be trusted only to men of ability, wide experience and recognized integrity. Abundant evidence can be found in well-nigh every city to show that its public affairs are poorly managed and its funds unwisely spent. The frequency of graft, costly errors and careless management in the administration of our public affairs is in startling contrast with the high degree of efficiency always found in the management of modern business concerns. Therefore, should the "Des Moines Plan" of city government prove successful in working out a satisfactory system of city government, its adoption will mark the most advanced step ever taken for the better administration of our city affairs, and this reformation may make the conservative capital of Iowa as famous in the New World, as was Athens in ancient Greece.

J. W. HILL

CHAIRMAN OF "COMMITTEE OF THREE HUNDRED" BUSINESS MEN WHICH INAUGURATED THE REFORM MOVEMENT FOR A BETTER CITY GOVERNMENT

The "Des Moines Plan" of city government is not in any sense the old system with new features added, old ones modified, and undesirable sections eliminated, but is, in fact, an entirely new plan, drafted along lines hitherto unknown in city government. Public men and students of municipal government have met only with discouragement and failure in their endeavor to secure a satisfactory city charter by revising the old system with its multiplicity of departments and scattered responsibilities. The central aim of the "Des Moines Plan" is to attain the maximum of efficiency in the administration of the city's affairs, and at the same time to provide the greatest possible opportunity for securing an expression of the popular will. Taking as a model the system of our large business concerns, the framers have attempted to incorporate into the new charter those salient features of business principles which have simplified and facilitated the management of private corporations. Departing from the beaten path, the authors of this law have sought to correct some of the misconceptions in regard to city government, and to devise a system simple in its operation, and adapted to the real needs of the city. Their effort has presented us with a system unique in character, embodying ideas foreign to popular conception, and representing the most advanced thought in local self-government.

The numerous boards, committees and departments, with their conflicting and overlapping duties, have been abolished. The supposed necessity of keeping all executive, legislative and judicial functions of government entirely separate was ignored, while the complicated machinery and cumbersome methods of the old system were eliminated and the number of elective officials greatly reduced.

Naturally, these radical changes called forth much opposition, but it is significant that that opposition developed chiefly among old-time politicians, favored contractors and public service corporations, all of whom were quick to realize that many of its provisions were aimed directly at them. They raised the cry of monarchial government, but, with them, the underlying objection to the "Des Moines Plan" was that it restored the power of governing to the people themselves, thereby making many of their evil practices impossible under the new administration.

SIDNEY J. DILLON, ATTORNEY
SECRETARY OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE ADOPTION OF THE "DES MOINES PLAN" OF CITY GOVERNMENT

The most important function of a city government is the providing of sidewalks, street pavements, sewerage and other local improvements. An investigation of the functions of a city government indicates that they are similar and, in many respects, identical with the management of a large business enterprise, and the duties of officials in office are analogous to the duties which devolve upon a board of directors. Our corporations, many of which handle a volume of business in excess of our larger cities, are securing an efficient and economic administration of their affairs under a system thought out by successful business men, aided by the best legal talent they could secure. Therefore, being convinced that a municipal corporation is in its nature essentially a business corporation, and only in a small way governmental; and, seeing the wonderful success of our modern business concerns, the framers of this law have followed their guide by placing the management and the responsibility of the city's administration in a governing board consisting of a mayor and four councilmen; which board is in every way analogous to the board of directors of a private corporation. The members of this governing board, immediately following their election, organize themselves with the mayor as chairman. Subordinate officials, such as city clerk, solicitor, auditor and treasurer, are elected by the board, and are, at all times, subject to removal. The remaining city employes, with the exception of unskilled labor, are selected by a competitive examination, which is conducted under a rigid civil service provision of the law. Appointments made under the civil service insure considerations of fitness and qualification rather than the political influence or the party affiliations of an applicant. Elective officials are thus unable to reward political service with appointment, or employment, and the foundation of machine politics is removed. Thus, by the placing of the business of the city in the hands of the small governing board, centralization of authority is secured, and the means for the enforcement of popular will made effective.

In order to simplify the system and fix a definite responsibility for all official acts in the conduct of the municipal affairs, the business of the city is divided into five departments as follows: the department of Public Affairs, Accounts and Finances, Streets and Public Improvements, Public Safety, Parks and Public Property, and to each one of these departments is assigned that member of the governing board best qualified by reason of experience and ability to act as superintendent of that particular work. As superintendent of the department, he is held responsible for the performance of those duties which fall within his division, and is made accountable to the people for its proper administration. By thus placing upon each of these five men certain specified duties, the system is simplified, and prompt and effective action is at once made possible—a result long desired but impossible of attainment under the old system of ward representation, numerous committees, boards and departments.

JAMES G. BERRYHILL

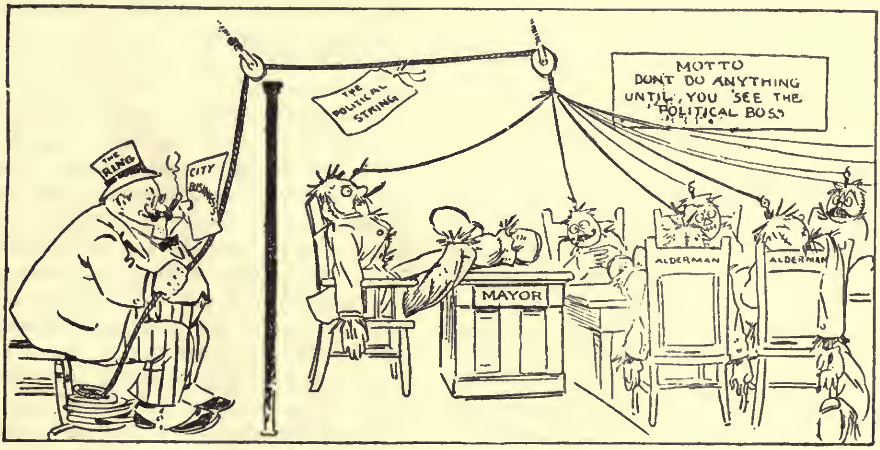
PROMINENT BUSINESS MAN AND MILLIONAIRE-CAPITALIST, WHO FIRST SUGGESTED THE PLAN, AND ASSISTED IN DRAFTING THE LAW

Dispensing with the election of many officials formerly selected by the people, and centralizing the entire power of administration in the hands of five individuals, a majority of whom may control, might seem monarchial and destructive of popular government; but it must be remembered that it is not the number of officials who are elected by the people, but the control which the people have over them when elected that determines the character of the government. This governing board is not vested with final powers, and the people may, if they so desire, vote directly upon all matters of importance, and it is this feature, safeguarding as it does popular rights, which opens the way for an expression of popular will in all matters of importance affecting public rights such as has never yet been known in any other system of local self government.

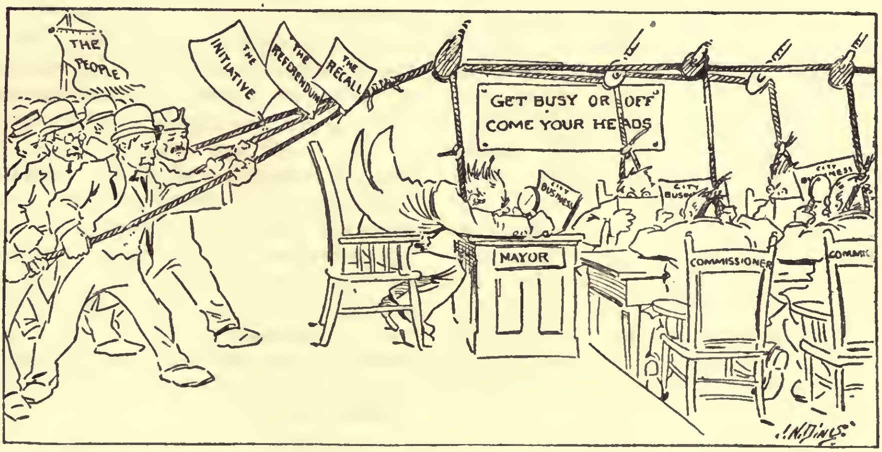
By the initiative, the power of direct legislation by a majority vote of the citizens is provided, so that desired legislation may be secured at any time, whether it is favored or opposed by the governing board. In order to accomplish this result, a petition bearing the signature of twenty-five per cent. of the voters is presented, requesting the governing board to enact the desired law, and the board must either pass the same within twenty days without alteration, or submit the matter to a vote of the electors. If at the election a majority favor the ordinance, it at once becomes a valid law, and cannot be repealed or amended except by a similar vote of the people. The importance of the initiative may be realized when a moment's consideration is given to the number of times the will of the people has been thwarted by a refusal on the part of their representatives in office to execute their commands.

Another important provision which has been greatly agitated during the last few years, and which is made a feature of the

WHY NOT LET THE PEOPLE HAVE A HOLD OF THE ROPE


THE RING
CITY BUSINESS
THE POLITICAL STRING
MOTTO DON'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL YOU SEE THE POLITICAL BOSS
MAYOR
ALDERMAN
ALDERMAN

A MEETING OF THE CITY COUNCIL UNDER THE OLD ORDER OF CITY MISGOVERNMENT (FROM HISTORIC DATA).


THE PEOPLE
THE INITIATIVE
THE REFERENDUM
THE RECALL
GET BUSY OR OFF COME YOUR HEADS
CITY BUSINESS
CITY BUSINESS
CITY BUSINESS
MAYOR
COMMISSIONER
COMMIS
J.N.DING

A MEETING OF THE CITY COMMISSIONERS UNDER THE DES MOINES PLAN OF GOVERNMENT.

This cartoon was made by J. N. Darling, of the Register and Leader of Des Moines. His cartoons were used very effectively both in that paper and on posters during the campaign

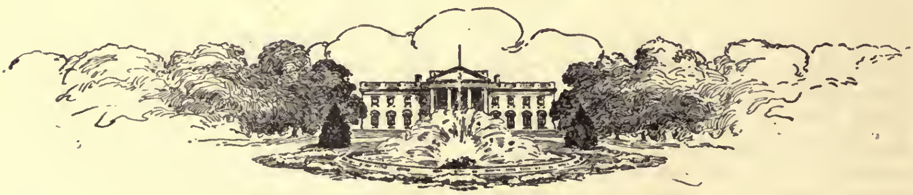
"Des Moines Plan," is the referendum. By this provision, the unnecessary expenditure of a large sum of money or other legislation which does not meet with popular favor, may be effectively blocked. The proceedings necessary to invoke the rights under the referendum feature are practically the same as those regarding the initiative. No franchise or other valuable rights in the streets of the city may be granted to any public service corporation without first submitting the matter to the people and receiving the approval of a majority of the electors.

Publicity is made an important feature of the law, so that the people may know what their public officials are doing. Ordinances must be on file for public inspection at least ten days before going into effect, and monthly statements, showing all receipts, expenditures and transactions of the previous month, must be furnished to the newspapers and public libraries.

The most important, and perhaps the most startling innovation, is the safeguard known as the recall, designed for the purpose of placing all officials within the absolute control of the people. Although officials composing the governing board are elected for a definite term of two years, yet, under this provision of the "Des Moines Plan," their continuation in office is at all times subject to the will of a majority of the electors. The history of practically every city is disgraced with names of officers who have proven unmindful of the trust imposed in them, and who could not be removed before the expiration of their term of office. Under this provision of the new chapter, such a situation could be met by a prompt recall of the offending member. A petition signed by twenty-five per cent. of the voters, and stating in general terms charges of incompetency or dishonesty, would be filed with the city clerk. The offending or guilty official would then, without further delay, be required to stand for re-election with any other candidate whom the people choose to nominate, and the one receiving the highest number of votes will be the officer for the remainder of the term This recall feature of the law will undoubtedly have a tendency to keep public officials in the straight and narrow path of their duty, ever faithful to the trust of their constituents. The highest form of democratic government is not atttained by electing a multiplicity of city officials, each official to act as a check upon the other, but popular liberty is more certain of attainment where fewer officials are elected and the proper facilities are made for impressing upon these officials the popular will, and making them responsible to the whole people for the execution of that will.

The desirability of having the membership of the governing board made up of the strongest men of the city has not been overlooked by the framers of the "Des Moines Plan." Not only have they made the office one of honor and opportunity, attractive to the honest and capable of every community, but they have so changed the manner of choice that the election of this type of men is less difficult, and the election of politicians without business ability less possible. The primary, as well as the election, has been made non-partisan, so that candidates can no longer depend for their election upon party affiliations, but must go before the people upon their own merits. Ward lines have been removed, and with the people voting at large, the evils of ward politics are abolished, electors are freer in recording their choice of candidates, and the business man is better able to secure his election without stooping to the low practice of the politician.

The new charter certainly has an inviting appearance, especially from the view-point of theory, yet it remains for the citizens of Des Moines to demonstrate that its provisions are as practical in operation as they are beautiful in theory. Des Moines, a city of one hundred thousand, offers a good field in which to try the plan; she is entering upon a most interesting and instructive experiment in government reform, and the eyes of American municipalities are upon her, hoping that the "Des Moines Plan" will prove a practical system, under which the public affairs of our cities can be wisely and economically administered.



OUT OF THE FLATS

By Ruth Huntoon Parsons

IT was a hundred and eleven in the shade, and hadn't rained for two years. Our tent was in the middle of fifteen square miles of Buffalo grass and the horizon was a perfect circle around us. The only thing necessary to complete the illusion of being at sea, was a teeter-board motion of some sort. The grassy billows were as hard and fixed as a stage scene.

With his usual foresight, Uncle Jack had picked on Blue Mound to camp. We could see for twenty miles in any direction. No matter how far the boys went on the fence, we were safe. No intruder could reach us without looming like a sore thumb against the sky-line.

When the sore thumb arose in the wrong direction Del and I were interested, but undisturbed. We had been waiting supper for an hour and the sky was a vast canopy of writhing shell-pink clouds before we sighted the stranger. We flew for the field-glasses, and tried to locate him in our catalog of cowmen but the big gray pacer and the loud stripes of the sweater, refused us any clue.

They seemed very near at first but the gray horse kept going up and down and up and down, with the roll of the low hills, and it was some time before he made much headway in our direction. They must have been some miles away when we discovered them, for by the time we could see them distinctly, we realized that they were making about two miles a minute.

I saw Del swing the glasses around to the west, and I knew she was looking for Uncle Jack and the boys.

"Nothing of them," she said at last, with almost a sigh of relief. "Nan, it looks very much as though our adventure had found us out."

"Praise be," I gasped, gratefully, "but that pesky old lumber-wagon will lumber in here just in time to break up the excitement. And we crept carefully inside to await developments.

Camping out was still a novelty to Del and I. We had only been free of the dust of town three weeks. But the vastness of Uncle Jack's big flats always seemed to possess wonderful possibilities. So far, nothing possible had discovered us. As we listened eagerly for the stranger's advent, we strained our ears with almost an equal dread of interference in the other direction.

But the gray arrived. I heard the jingle of spurs as the rider jumped to the ground, and was still busy reciting a careless speech of welcome when the man appeared in front of me. I think he was the biggest man I ever saw. We looked at him and he looked at us till finally I got my breath.

"Want something?"

"Yes, Madam, mighty bad; but I didn't suppose I'd find anyone in camp this time of day. Have you got any extra water?" and I saw him glance at the water barrel.

We gave him a drink without any waste of words. He needed it, but we hadn't enough for his horse, so Del and I volunteered to show him the way to a little water-hole to the south of us.

We couldn't examine our visitor very well, but I noticed that the only hair on his face was his heavy eyebrows. Evidently he was from town, or shaved himself. He carried his head like a bandmaster, and his hair was curly and wet under his hat. Altogether, he was a very possible villain, though more than likely he would turn out to be an honest cow-boy who couldn't read or write.

He took us in pretty thoroughly and asked how long we had been in that part of the country. I told him we were natives, and he glanced at Del's long slim neck and aristocratic nose and grinned.

No, he wasn't a puncher; I saw that now. but before I could get off anything to that effect, we came up out of the little hollow. Away off to the east was a tiny cloud of dust, or smoke, or something. I couldn't make out what. Evidently he could, for he stopped short and watched it.

"Girls," he said, quietly, "that gang out there is after me. It looks pretty much like they had me all right. Better go inside and not witness the proceedings."

"What did you do?" Del asked, in her deliberate way, but the big fellow shook his head and laughed.

"I hit the flats so they'd follow me, and they have, too damned fast."

"Never mind, what he did," I snapped; though away down inside some stray atom of common sense struggled a little. "Unsaddle and turn the horse loose. We can't hide him. There's a hole down there among the plum bushes you can crawl into with your traps if you hurry."

He stopped a minute as though he wouldn't, so I started for the horse, myself.

"But—"

"Oh, bother," I sputtered. "Even if you haven't done anything you can't make that kind of an outfit believe it. If you have, go back, when they've given it up and hang decently, with some credit to yourself, at least." By that time all I thought of was getting him out of sight. I never had seen a man at the end of a lariat and I didn't want to.

Dell was looking a little undecided, till I pointed out to her that we needn't lose our fun because a silly man had done something that was none of our business.

"I'll take your offer," the fellow said, finally. "You seem to get the *hang* of the thing, all right. I'd have mighty little show to prove anything with that bunch. Go! Go inside, so you can't see me get away."

I didn't just like the high and mighty way he ordered us around but we laid it to unusual excitement and let it go at that. He guided the gray down to the water-hole and unsaddled. Then he turned the horse up the creek bed and gave him a cut with the bridle rein. The horse splashed off as fast as he could in the sand. Then we saw him lift his head and heard him neigh.

"There's Uncle Jack and the whole thing's spoiled," I groaned. But no. The only thing that came over the little swell of the sandy bank was a bunch of loose horses, and they made straight for the strange horse and in another minute he was one of them. Off they went over the low sweep of the prairie to the north, and we turned to look for the rider. Nothing was in sight. Blanket, saddle, high boots and all he had disappeared among tbe plum-bushes. But off to the east the dust cloud was nearer, and by the time we heard the rattle of the lumber-wagon we could almost count our fugitive's pursuers.

Uncle Jack found us staring hard at the new-comers. He patted us on the back before they came up and explained that they had started into camp as soon as they discovered that one bunch of horses were not rangers. "We thought at first they were," he said, but it was evident that the rider ahead had escaped Uncle Jack's vigilant eye.

I didn't like the looks of the posse as they rode up. They were covered with dust from hard travelling. They looked surly and quarrelsome and they were armed. Winchesters, and ugly, black-barreled revolvers, were plentiful. Their lariats were all unslung.

"Hello!" called Uncle Jack, "what are you boys up to? You look like business."

"That's what we mean," one fellow answered. "We're after Lon Craig. Seen him?"

"No. What's Craig done?"

"Nothing, only put a streak of daylight through Ned Lindsey." Then another one broke in:

"Look here, Jack, if you're hiding that skunk it'll be bad for you. We saw him heading this way and—"

Uncle Jack flushed up at that.

"If he's here, Reeder, suppose you find him. I've never been caught harboring criminals yet. But if Lon Craig's taken to the underbrush, I'll give it up. It looks to me as though it was the sheriff's business, though. What's your evidence?"

Del and I had begun to feel pretty shaky about our part in things but we felt better at that.

"Sheriff's in Dodge. Ned was potted in Dan Field's shanty. Dan's away and his wife won't talk, but four of us saw Craig hitting the trail south, before we knew what the racket was. Old lady Rice and her kid saw him come out of Dan's shack almost with the gun-shot. Craig was a friend of mine, too, but I won't stand for as nasty a lay as that."

"Ned's dead?"

"Hit him square in the back. But that wasn't enough for Craig's idea of doing things. He must pepper him three times more."

"Any more proof of its being Lon?"

"Lon's the only one that carries a dinky little thirty-eight. That's what Doc Smith found in him."

Well, Del and I sneaked back into the tent and I could feel her shiver. It wasn't right for us to harbor a man of that sort. We knew nothing to his credit. But somehow it is natural for women to hide anything hunted down, I guess. At least neither of us could bring ourselves to give that man into hands as eager as those around us. When they had gone we could tell Uncle Jack and if he thought best, he might smuggle the fellow into town and into jail before these men could find him out. Uncle Jack helped them search the tent and had them beat the plum bushes in the hollow. They questioned us, and we lied royally. There was nothing else to do. With Uncle Jack's help, we got them something to eat and breathed easier when they started on again. They seemed determined that their quarry was headed south and had given them the slip in the low hills to the east of us.

"Well," he said, while he helped us clear up the supper things, "all I've got to say about that business is, that I'm mighty glad I'm not mixed up in it. I hope they won't catch Craig, at all, for I still think there's a screw loose about his doing it. But this country'd soon get too hot for me if I bucked against that outfit, sheriff or no sheriff. Dan and his wife have always been mighty good to Lon. It's too bad."

So Del and I kept still and let Uncle Jack out of it. It looked pretty black for our fugitive and I suppose it was nothing but ignorant impudence that made us stand by him. That, and the fellow's good looks.

It took some time to freeze the rest out of the tent that night. Then Del and I filled a fruit can with cold coffee and with that, and what sandwiches we could improvise, we wandered out into the shadows. We went up the creek far enough to be indiscernable, and crossed to the other side. Beside the path a low bluff arose from the creek-bed washed out by freshets from the foot-hills to the west. Almost opposite the tent I sat down in the path and reaching an arm through the plum bushes put my hand straight into the dark hole at my side.

"Gracious, Nan! What if there might have been a snake," cried Del.

"There wasn't." I laughed cautiously, but my voice shook in spite of me. My hand was fast in a big one that trembled and the man's face pressed softly against my palm. The thing was so unexpected and the fellow's breath was so warm and eloquent of life, that the danger of his position seemed all at once of personal importance. My sense of touch was sharpened suddenly, like that of the blind, by the very uselessness of all other faculties. I knew the man's face and could have told it from any other by touching it.

Del knelt beside me then, and together we pressed back the shrubbery and set in the jar and food.

"Are you sure he's there?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yes," I answered, "but we mustn't talk any now."

"No, let's get back. We'd spoil everything, by playing the fool."

I felt considerably as though I'd played the fool already, but I didn't say so. We slipped back the way we had come, and crept into bed as quietly as possible. Once, Del woke me up shaking me by the shoulders. I was sitting up, and the moon made the place as bright as day.

"Wake up," she laughed, "and lay down. Are you seeing things? There isn't anything on your hand."

I knew there was, but whether I was glad of it or ashamed I couldn't tell.

Breakfast went off without a hitch next morning, but we found, to our consternation, that the boys and Uncle Jack would be within shouting distance all day. They were careful to explain to us that there was no cause for nervousness, and that the criminal at large could not possibly molest us. Glory! wouldn't they have squirmed, if they had known how near he was. It was lucky we weren't squeamish, for there didn't seem much chance of getting rid of him.

But we had no qualms about our criminal now. I had succeeded in allaying any stray fears that threatened Del. It was easy. I'm afraid the chap was too good-looking. Of course that wouldn't have helped if he had really killed a man—shot him in the back. But we didn't believe he had. And his looks no doubt, went a long way toward forming our opinion which Uncle Jack had confirmed.

All the forenoon we could see them working on the fence, and didn't dare go near the hollow, but after a long noon-hour they disappeared behind the rise they had covered in the morning. We made another raid on our supplies and delivered them. Craig came out of his hiding place and stretched himself. He was pleasant and impartial in his talk but there was an odd little half-laugh in his eyes when he looked at me, that was disturbing. Evidently, he thought Del had the most sense. He steered clear of everything regarding his own predicament, and some way we couldn't find the courage to question him. We told him in a general way of the men the day before and the only thing that seemed to bother him was our part in it. That of course, was very pretty, but it wasn't just reasonable.

That night it rained. Not a nice, respectable, decently conducted rain, but a "gully-washer," that rolled over the ground, and through the creek-beds, without doing any good. We couldn't have gone to the hollow without marking every step of the way. We were glad enough we had taken time by the fore-lock in the matter of provisions.

Del and I had to sleep in the tent, and both of us put in a good share of the time wondering if our fugitive was drowned, or if he had taken advantage of the clouds to start off afoot. But of course, he wouldn't do that on account of the soft ground.

It was hot enough next morning and by noon even dusty. The folks were in sight all the forenoon, and after dinner they lay in the shade of the wagon-bed, smoking and dreading to start to work. Suddenly, I saw Jim Wade jump to his feet and heard him say something as hot as the weather.

"Look at that. Jack, do you reckon that can be Craig?"

Against the deep blue of the noon-day sky, and making time that would shame a limited, was a solitary horseman. He came from the east, too, and the same thought came to all of them at once.

"Lon's caught, and that fellow's coming to call in that gang." But Del and I knew better.

The horse turned to escape a little stretch of sand or something, and we got a full length view of him. We were eager enough, goodness knows, and he was so near we didn't even need the glasses. But I've started out of my sleep often enough since then, with the horror of the thing in my head.

The horse was running. All at once he seemed to stop a second and whirled suddenly, straight up into the air, and horse and rider went out of sight. Whether they went up or down I could not have told, until a sickening little puff of dust rose over them.

There wasn't a word from the men. Not even from Del. Uncle Jack jumped for his little saddle horse, and the boys hurried the team into the wagon and started off.

Without moving otherwise, I turned my head. The man in the hollow behind us was standing up in plain sight. But as I looked, he disappeared.

We saw the wagon stop where the horse went down, and they loaded something into it. We couldn't see what it was, but we knew.

As they came creeping back, Del's hand slipped into mine and I heard her whisper:

"Nan, let's go in."

But I wouldn't.

The wagon stopped in front of the tent and Jim grumbled something about not letting the girls see, but Uncle Jack wasn't that kind.

"They're not babies," he retorted, "let them do what they can."

They carried him in and put him on the quilts Del and I used to sit on in the daytime. As they laid him down, he opened his eyes a moment, but that was all.

"Who is he?" Del asked.

"It's Dan Fields."

We gasped.

"He was probably out hunting that outfit that were here yesterday. Jim, you take the little mare and get into town as quick as you can. Don't kill her, but hurry. Send Doc Smith out and you better wait till morning. Dan's all in, but maybe Smith can ease him up a little."

Del and I helped them what we could, but it was little enough anyone could do. We made him as comfortable as was possible and waited for the doctor. How long it seemed yet it was really hardly dark when he drove up. He had made the thirty miles from town in less than three hours and Jim had done even better than that going in. It didn't take the doctor long to come to a decision about Fields. The man was nearly dead, and the worst of it was he seemed to have something to say and couldn't. We thought, at first, that it was of his wife, who was sick from her fright, and couldn't come with the doctor. But the man wasn't satisfied with any of the doctor's assurances. He kept his one uninjured hand moving around in a restless manner that worried us. Finally, we heard him say, "Lon."

Doc Smith brightened up.

"Oh, they'll catch Lon all right," he said, but the fellow had fainted.

About midnight, I stole out to the hollow. We couldn't both go and Del wouldn't go alone. Craig was sitting up in full view, by the path. I cautioned him, but he paid no attention.

"Who is it they have in there?" he asked.

"Dan Fields," I said, and stopped. Craig had jumped to his feet with an oath as foolhardy as it was wicked.

"Will he die?"

"I hope not," I snapped, and he quieted down a little, and let go of my arm. But I could see he was badly excited. A great deal more so than when he thought the posse had him cornered.

"I hope he won't either," he returned, with a funny quiet in his voice. And then, for the first time, he seemed to realize that I was there. "I don't want Dan to die. And I don't want to hang, either."

"But you didn't kill *him*, at least—"

"No, and I didn't kill Ned; but Dan and his wife are the only ones that know it—and you."

I was glad he added that, and I held out my hand to him. He smiled, but he shook his head.

"Not now, but I'm coming back to get them both, if this thing is ever over with."

There wasn't time, even to argue. I saw a shadow on the bluff behind us, then two, then three. They were men on horseback. Before Craig could turn, the leader's hand shot twice above his head and the sing of a lariat hissed over us. Craig heard it but it was too late to jump. With all my strength I pushed him back and a band that burned like red hot iron settled on my shoulders. Then I struck the ground. Only for an instant, though, and Craig was bending over me. I knew he cut the rope for I felt it loosen. Then he gathered me up and dashed through the creek and into the plum bushes and I heard the horses lunging through the sand. It was all too quick to tell but as we reached the tent, Dan Fields struggled to his elbow. The rest were scrambling up from the ground.

"It didn't go, Lon." Fields gasped, "you did all you could —but I never got away. Nell knows now that I was drunk and not —not responsible. Ned might have let me alone—"

"But Dan, you followed him—and in the back." Craig was down on his knees beside the quilts.

"I tell you," and Field's voice strained to a higher key, "I was full and he tried to run. Any way they might as well know I did it—" the words trailed off, inaudibly, but the relief in his eyes was good to see, and there stood the posse crowding each other in the tent door. Uncle Jack pushed them out with scant ceremony.

"I guess you fellows don't want Craig, after all," he said. "Come here, Nan; what the devil's the matter with you."

I explained, and the man without a lariat, apologized.

"But that boy's a fool," he added, "tolling us out here, to let Dan give us the slip. How quick we'd a strung him up if we'd a got him." He made a wry face as he helped Uncle Jack patch up my shoulders. "Gosh, she flew into that rope like a hawk after chicken. Do you own 'em both?" Uncle Jack nodded, and Del made some objections.

"Well, Lon's got out of it mighty easy. I suppose he just felt bound to do it, for Mrs. Dan. And poor Dan will make his get-a-way all right. Craig's straight goods, after all, but,—" he stopped, and I knew it was coming, "I don't believe, Jack, I'd let a team like that hob-nob with suspicious characters." And then everything came out.

Dan Fields died before morning. They took him into town next day, but as they started off, Craig turned back to me.

"Where can I find you when this thing is over with?" When I gave him our address I heard Del laugh.

"If all our adventures are as strenuous as this one we won't last long," she said.

I rubbed my shoulders. Evidently, Del thinks her turn comes next. We'll see.

THE ARISTARCH

By Harrold Skinner

DOCTOR THOMAS alighted from a car and hastened homeward through the fog, dodging awnings, and colliding with pedestrians, who cursed him roundly as his umbrella innoxiously gouged an ear, or tumbled a hat into the slush of the street. Reaching his apartment, he ascended the steps, three at a leap, and without ceremony burst in upon his room-mate, puffing from exertion.

"Hello, Jack! Ugh! —I'm chilled through!" he growled, as the water streamed from his mackintosh and trickled across the polished hearth.

"You're a sight, Tom!" ejaculated his companion. "That rain-coat looks as though it had descended through a long line of cab-driving ancestors, and the flaccid droop of that straw bonnet is really pathetic. Consign it to the tomb, dear boy, and I'll write an ode to its illustrious progenitor. How's this:

"Oh, thou festucous cow food!
Thou multiparous hay stack—"

"Hold, villain!" interrupted Tom, "I object to cow food. Not that it hasn't merit, but it does not meet my present needs. By the way, did Abram deliver my dress suit?"

"Haven't seen it," replied Jack, scanning a returned manuscript. "Not going out on such a beastly night as this, I hope?"

"I really ought to call on the Sullivans; but that mendacious tailor has disappointed me again."

"Wear the old 'has been,'" yawned Jack. "Antiques are quite proper just now, besides, the tailor is yet to be born who could disguise the beautiful rainbow curves of your pedal extremities."

"See here, Jack Montague, I wish you to understand that remarks about my figure are decidedly non grata!"

"Nonsense, old chap! Your pins are good enough to paddle around with, even though they are not being modeled in clay by the art students."

"Permit me to say, Mr. Arthur Inovo, that if they attract as little attention as your jejune narratives, I shall be entirely satisfied."

This shot struck the bulls-eye, and Jack's grin was almost ghastly from its lack of mirth.

"You're right, Tom, and I may as well tell you that I am not only discouraged but disgusted," he replied, awkwardly concealing a yellow envelope beneath the evening paper.

"Fess up, old man," exclaimed the doctor. "Which was it this time; express, or postman?

"I have no desire to deceive you, but realizing what it is to be bored, dislike continually to burden you with shop talk."

"Don't be a fudge just because you know how!" retorted Tom, removing his raincoat. "You have every reason to believe that I am keenly interested in your work, and confident of your success. That I have never assumed the role of flatterer, is no reason why you should hide your unedited manuscripts. Don't deny it. I saw the clumsy attempt, and recognized the publisher's name on the envelope."

"I don't deny it, and if your diagnosis of this menu card can discover something edible, we'll discuss the short-comings of publishers, over a bit of lunch."

"That's the first intelligent thing you've said since I came home," remarked Tom, as he turned to order the meal served in their rooms.

The banter and jest which followed the appearance of a steaming hot dinner, was ample proof that discouragements, like riches, "make themselves wings."

"Out with it!" mumbled Tom, between mouthfuls. "What specific edition of weak plots and bad English, came back today?"

In spite of Jack's desire to swear, he roared with laughter.

"Thy remark is most apposite, thou infestive pill mixer, and for once thou hast said something sensible."

"Bah! An author's interpretation of that adjective is just about as reliable as a steam fitter's opinion on obstetrics; but that doesn't answer my question."

"No, for the reason that I decline to discourse on literary subjects with a ferine monster doing a cannibal stunt, entitled, 'Swallowed at a Gulp, or a Guinea-hen's Finish!'"

"You're as crusty as an old granny, Jack, All you lack is the mother-hubbard and clay-pipe to complete the character. However, if you'll try one of these perfectos, I shall be glad to have your opinion on the lethal effects of the tobacco habit, after we have dissected the woeful lack of genius in authors."

"No doubt you remember, that while we were summering in the Catskills, I began a story which I finished shortly after we returned to the city."

"Yes, I recall the outing, but not the story, for you never allowed me so much as a peep at it; but proceed."

"After its rejection, by nine magazines, three weekly journals, and two syndicates, I launched it two weeks ago on its fifteenth cruise among the rascally publishers."

"Well?—"

"It came dawning back home without a feather ruffled. Even the ebony-hued postman grinned like a baboon when he poked it at me this morning!"

"Haw, haw! !" laughed Tom.

"Oh, of course, its easy enough to haw-haw about it! Any dunce can do that, but I fail to see the joke. If you must *laugh*, do so, but don't sit there intoning to me like a jackass! !"

"I'll be as solemn as a Paschal feast; furthermore, since I have decided to remain at home this evening, you may as well begin."

"Begin what?" inquired Jack, with a curious look.

"Fish out that yarn we've been talking of. I want you to read it to me."

"What? Indeed I won't! It's so stale I can't bear the sight of it, much less read it. You have my full permission to moil it over, if you feel so inclined, but as for my reading it—"

No, no, that won't do," interrupted his companion. "I desire to hear it read, and shall be glad to give it a frank criticism, provided you have reasonable confidence in my ability as an aristarch."

"There is no one whose opinion I should prize more highly, and if you'll tell the naked truth, I'll do it."

"Agreed. Bring on the villain!"

Jack produced the manuscript, and his cheek tinged with a blush of modesty, as he began:

FROM STARS TO STRIPES

As a youth I was deeply interested in æronauts, and at twenty-five had become an experienced balloonist. My father, a scientist of repute, was a Fellow of the British Royal Geographical Society, and with him I frequently made excursions to remote parts of the world. At that time ballooning was in its infancy, and a parachute performer was looked upon as aufait of the air. It was during an elaborate festival at Hong Kong, that I made an ascension which almost ended in my being scheduled for a public funeral.

The steamer Kowshing, later a naval transport, which was to convey us to Nagasaki, had met with an accident in the Formosa Strait, and was lying at Samoy for repairs. Meantime, I had consented to entertain the inhabitants of the island, who were celebrating the marriage of the young Emperor, Kwangsu, to the daughter of a distinguished general. It was in February, 1887, that I made my last excursion to cloudland.

The day was calm and beautiful, and my balloon, located in the center of the magnificent Government Gardens, was surrounded by a mob of jabbering Mongolians. The park, decorated for the occasion, was thronged with gaily-attired Orientals, glittering snakes, fulgent dragons, and burlesque devils, presenting a scene of dazzling splendor.

Prince Kung had courteously sent an interpreter to assist me, and I was surprised to find that the fellow spoke excellent English, and also understood the principles of ærostatics. He was escorted by a number of Indian sepoys, members of the local police, who were extremely brutal. They inscribed a circular chalk line about the balloon to prevent interference from the facetious revelers, and trespassers were sent back howling over the boundary line with skins punctured from the sharp swords of the dusky guards.

Under the able direction of my assistant, the ropes were manned by a dozen stalwart Indians, who were instructed to release them at a given signal. At twelve o'clock, I had everything in readiness, and the great gas bag, encased in a heavy mesh netting, was inflated and swaying gently in the breeze, with the parachute and trapeze carefully appended.

An ear-splitting broadside from the battleship Chenyuen, gave me a dramatic start. As the balloon leaped from the earth, I performed a number of gymnastic tricks, ending with a spectacular fall, catching the ropes near the trapeze-bar with my feet. While hanging head downwards, waving my cap, I noticed the receding crowd of humanity pointing up and gesticulating in the wildest fashion. Their evident excitement was so intense that I returned to an upright position, feeling that something was amiss. Just then the balloon lurched violently, and I grasped the ropes to keep from falling. Something was seriously wrong. I leaned far out, clinging to one of the side ropes for support, and was confronted with a sight that froze the blood in my veins. Hanging to the meshes by one of his tiny legs was a Chinese lad, whose feet had become entangled in the netting as the balloon swept from her moorings.

For a moment I was petrified with horror.

All my nerve and daring fled in an instant, but I realized that a wasted second meant certain death to the child.

Could I save him? In an instant I had climbed the thirty feet of rope, grasped the slippery folds of the parachute, and by sheer strength mounted hand over hand to the top. Locking my legs firmly around the parachute canvas and reaching out with my disengaged arm, I clutched the unconscious lad, tore him from his frail anchorage, and snapped the safety hook of my belt around one of his ankles. The additional weight and unfavorable position of the child, as he dangled head downward, forced me to exert every particle of strength in my desperate descent. The blood was bursting from my finger tips. The strain was terrific. Exhausted and faint I reached the trapeze, where linked together, we hung with the slender bar between us. The balloon was settling rapidly. I jerked the trigger line, releasing the parachute, and we shot downward like a meteor—a sensation of dizziness—a great sea of faces rushing upward—a shock—then all was blank.

At moments I had a dim sense of existence.

Presently I realized that I was alive, and suffering horribly, but again drifted into oblivion. It was midnight before I completely rallied from the dreamless sleep of the anæsthetic.

"Water, water," I moaned, in torture of insatiable thirst.

"You shall have some presently," replied a sweet voice, and opening my eyes, I beheld a nurse bending over me, cool, quiet, immaculate. Courage boldly stamped her features, and I read the look of sympathy and womanly character in her intelligent brown eyes. During the weary weeks of illness, she wrote my letters, read choice bits of literature, prepared delicious dainties to tempt my appetite; and through her able nursing and cheery manner, I made rapid strides toward recovery. As I grew stronger, she became more diffident, and it was with an effort that I engaged her in conversation.

"Do all of your patients fall in love with you, Miss Bonfield?" I asked one day in a wild attempt at something original.

"This is a hospital, not a home for the feeble-minded!" she replied, looking me squarely in the eyes, whereupon I coughed with chagrin, stammered something, pointlessly, then grinned like an idiot.

"Try a little ice water," she said, sweetly, "perhaps you're feverish."

"Thank you. I—I—feel b-b-b-better now.

Long silence.

"Beautiful weather, isn't it?"

"Charming."

More silence.

"'Tisn't so warm as it is, was it?"

"What's that?"

"I mean, hot, don't you know."

No reply.

"Ahem! Will you join me—er—I mean, would I better smoke here?"

"Better *here*, than *hereafter!*"

"Yes—yes—to be sure! Ha, ha, funny isn't it?"

"Woefully!"

"You wouldn't object to reciting that little poem that you repeated when I was quite ill, would you?"

"Yes."

"What! Didn't you enjoy it?"

"No."

"I thought it perfectly—"

"Silly!" she interrupted, smiling with her eyes.

"Didn't you consider the lover a hero when he attempted to rescue his sweetheart?"

"Decidedly not."

"No? and why, may I ask?"

"He only attempted; he should have rescued her."

"Of course. 'Twould have served him right if she had drowned!"

"Served *him* right!"

"No, no! Served *her* right!"

"What!"

"I—I—mean th'- th'- dunce that wrote it."

"Excuse me," she said abruptly, and fled from the room convulsed with laughter.

My father had been a daily visitor, and finding me convalescent, had gone to London in response to an urgent call of his society. Shortly after his departure, Miss Bonfield was assigned to another important case, leaving me to the care of the general duty attendants. Collecting some of her belongings, she expressed a wish for my speedy recovery, then quietly withdrew. Instead of thanking her for the unselfish care that had been given me, I sat in my wheel chair, dumb as a folding-bed. I had composed a speech to deliver at this very time, but to save my life, could neither remember a line of it, nor anything else. The longed-for opportunity had arrived, but there I sat with a strangle-hold on my blanket, staring into vacancy, until the door gently closed upon her retreating figure. A week later I was able to walk through the corridors, but not once during my rambles did I catch a glimpse of her.

"Hello, Clifford!" said the doctor, one morning. "You're a pretty healthy looking chap to be masquerading as an invalid, even though you have three silver ribs as a souvenir of my blacksmithing ability. Why don't you go home?"

"I was waiting for your permission."

"Go today if you like, or say tomorrow."

"Tomorrow will suit me perfectly," I replied, and securing a formal discharge, which was an oblique hint to evacuate, I prepared for my departure.

Next day I requested to see my nurse, determined upon reciting my little speech before leaving the hospital. As Miss Bonfield entered the reception-room I arose, and for the moment, declamation roared, while passion slept.

"The doctor has advised fresh air and sun baths," I added, "but since no one cares to ramble about among the pig-tail populalace, what do you say to a drive?"

"I should enjoy it very much, and wish to thank you for the invitation, but I have so little leisure—"

"Oh, that will be all right," I interrupted. "Even if you only go for an hour."

"Let—me—think. I shall be off duty Monday afternoon, from two until four."

"Very well, I shall be here promptly at a quarter before two."

"Three would be better, I think."

"All right, at three, and till then, *au revoir!*"

"*Auf Wiedersehn!*" she replied, and hastened to her patient.

Upon reaching my lodgings, I found a courteous note from Prince Kung, thanking me for my daring and courage in saving the life of the Viceroy's son. There was also a package from the boy's father, containing a carved ivory casket filled with rock candy, a token of profound gratitude among the Chinese.

On Monday, I secured a drag from the British Consul, and took Miss Bonfield for a drive.

"I always thought your professional costume extremely becoming, but today you're a perfect picture," I remarked as she stepped into the carriage.

She gazed at me for a moment with a look of annoyance, then said, coldly:

"Forget it."

"Do you know, Miss Bonfield, that I have acted like a dunce?"

"Yes, but that's nothing unusual."

"You mean?—

"That men seldom act sensibly."

"But suppose that one of your patients should fall in love with you?"

"But he doesn't."

"Assume for the purpose of argument, he should."

"If he did, I shouldn't care to discuss it with everyone," she replied; and the clever manner in which my fair auditress avoided an approach to the sentimental, was charming.

"True, but say for illustration, that I should?"

"Well?"

"Should you consider that nonsense?"

"Perhaps, and more."

"What, may I ask?"

"A foolish manner of wasting your time. But my hour is up, and I must ask you to drive at once to the hospital."

"May I call for you again?"

"Never, unless you promise to do something I request."

"I know. Abandon the balloon business."

"Pooh! Men are woefully bad guessers. Refrain from discoursing on the moon, the weather, and love; smoke cigarettes if necessary, swear if you must, but *please* don't ask me to recite poetry. Farewell!"

The following day I received a message from my father, requesting me to return to London at once, and accompany him on an extended excursion through the Canadian Rockies. I made haste to catch the first outgoing steamer, and while on my way to the docks, called at the hospital to say goodbye to my friends.

"An excursion of that kind must be perfectly glorious," said Miss Bonfield, after I had announced my itinerary.

"I'll send you some snap shots of wild American scenery, if I may?"

"Will you really? I should enjoy them so much, for I dearly love the mountains."

"To be sure, but you'll have to write to me, so that I shall know they were not lost in the mails."

"If I do, I shall say only four words: 'yours received, yours truly.'"

"In that case I shall be obliged to answer with a little note of reprimand for its extreme brevity, whereupon you will be justified in defending yourself with a return missive, commenting upon my impudence and bad photography," I said laughingly.

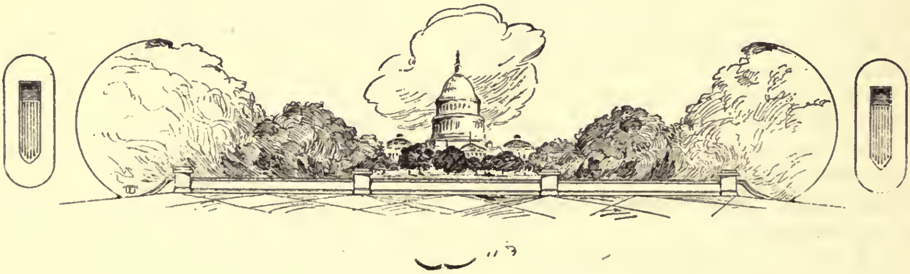
As she said goodbye, there was a momentary expression of tenderness in her eyes that I had not seen before; it vanished instantly. But the memory of that glance destroyed my peace for the months that followed.

We wintered at Fort St. John, where we were snow-bound for many weeks. The tourists at the barracks were growing restive under the enforced separation from the outer world, when a warm south wind loosened the snowy blockade and opened the way for renewed travel. There was general excitement one morning when a huge pouch of mail, long over due, was delivered at the post. The first letter handed to me bore the post-mark of Hong Kong, and with feverish haste I broke the seal and read:

"My Dear:—

> You have asked me a very serious question. If you were my patient I could say no, and think no more of it. But you are not my patient. You are my own dear hero, my sweetheart, my life. Oh, you darling boy, my heart is beating so fast—but—it's yours. When are you coming for your Lucile?"

Jack quietly laid aside the manuscript, turned down the lights, and with a sad smile crept softly to his room. The *Aristarch* was fast asleep.



THE GIRL *and the* OTHER MAN'S GAME

By Frank Conway

SHE was the feminine person to make a hit with him. She was the girl for whom he would toddle to the edge of the earth, and over, and elsewhere. He made ready to fight, bleed, die and come back to life for just her momentary notice that he existed.

He had set course in his auto for the uptown country. At sight of the entrancing unknown, as she boarded a southbound trolley chariot, he had tumbled out of his big, rich brute of a tonneau, leaving it to Mr. Chauffeur, and had taken passage on the chariot, and there he was.

He so seated himself as to confront her. He remarked about her little in detail: only that an impartial grand jury would have charged her with being queenly beautiful, that her shoes matched, and that she wore a smart autumn frock and a boa of white feathers that he would have eaten on the spot for a formal introduction to her.

She rested on him once, a cold, cold look—plainly, without apprehending even that he was of the Caucasian color. Not in the least did he drill to scare her attention toward him. He didn't wink, nor grin, nor seem about to burst into tears. For his majestic behavior he could have urged an excuse other than his having, at the outset, noted that hers was the demeanor of a maid who had just fallen out of a convent. (And in a play of old Rome she would have imaged St. Agnes). There certainly was an excuse other than his fear that she might, in a pretty, talky, teary little feminine manner, show battle. Simply this: he no more could have been ruffian enough to address a lone lady in that fresh fashion—oh, the knight that he was!—than he could have been the boorish lord that feeds his dog at the table (in preference to letting the blamed dog starve.)

He actually hurt himself in an effort to produce a plot that would result in his knowing her ere she gave the conductor the sign and got off the street railway caboose. "What's to be done?" he demanded of himself twelve times. She had, as the fellow says, nailed him. The morning paper in his hands, he held up and studied—but, had he been cross-examined by his neighbor, he could not have sworn whether it was the "Burglar's Bulletin" or the "Bartender's Voice." In fact, after yielding a piece of paper money to the conductor when that crafty scholar signalled for the fare, he accepted with his change a proportion of counterfeit coin that included a glass half dollar—so sublimely did the fact of her presence beset him. He assured himself that if he let her get by—missed her—he'd subsequently chase himself into a corner with a bass-drum stick and there beat himself to death.

Odd acting, indeed, on the part of Dabb! A history of him up to that time would have revealed few exploits among the ladies. His chances for them, however, had been legion. Of course. You can get an idea of what was his wealth by putting down a figure and throwing a handful of ciphers after it.

A year after he sallied from his university, where he had learned something about everything and not very much about anything, he found himself with all kinds of cash on hand and the prospects of a long life-time in which to get rid of it. He became a society knockabout and settled down to the life of genteel languor — not the proverbial life of beer and pig's feet, but the career of champagne and broiled lobster. All the same, he had been, in his general conduct, quite correct. He was no Johnny; he never had sprinkled diamonds in the paths of actresses, nor had he — well, in a word, he was now nodded at as a young millionaire that the love of woman did not heavily dictate to. And at last he had happened on the princess for whom, to bring in a rather homely bunch of words, he was prepared to slap a mortgage on the stables and orchards on the family farm.

She left the car, and he tagged after her. He meant to earn or buy the privilege of speaking to her all right. Accustomed to having his own sweet will at all times, he did not for a moment mentally fuss with the possibility of his tasting disappointment now. He tracked her to an office building in the lower business district. It was noon. The ground-floor corridor was packed with people either breaking for luncheon or getting back from it. Dabb kept his goggles busy. The beautiful girl made for a half-filled express elevator car. He dusted after her. A pot-figured man in a lieutenant-general's uniform, with the word "Starter" on his grand hat, yelled a number — and the gates of the car, be gum, were slammed shut in the millionaire's face. Think of his grief. He wheeled and went out.

In the street he called the meeting to order and took things up with himself. He could have talked an acquaintance up against the wall on what was now the most important matter on the secretary's desk. He, however, before he did anything else, remarked to his inner self that he would confide to no friend about the beautiful girl and his hopes of her. Friends fuss. He told himself, too, that it would be risky to shadow her again; maneuvering men are ignominiously pinched by policemen for that kind of field action, every once in a while. The thing least in the dime novel style, it oddly enough struck him, would be for him to hire a helper whose shoes wouldn't squeak; a detective.

He remembered a fellow named Faik, whom a club friend had engaged to hunt down the sender of a loaded cigar that the friend in question had disastrously smoked. Then he made a bee line for the office of Faik's Agency.

* * *

"Well, brother, what's agitating you?" asked the sleuth, as Dabb took a chair. Faik was a fellow with a face ugly enough to be pretty. To make matters worse, he was awfully fat. It seemed that over all he wore three inches of skin thickness. He was smoking, and each time that he lifted the dark pill to his lips there glittered on one of the digits of his right hand a raw diamond as big as his head.

"What's agitating me?" Dabb then told the dreary tale. "Why, something. It may sound like a passage from 'Robinson Crusoe,' but I shall ask you not to enjoy it, because,— well, let's say, because I pay my bills. By the way, I'm disgustingly sober —and if I didn't do something like this over the matter that's agitating me, I should throw remorseful fits for the rest of my life."

The detective simply sat there and chewed off morsels of his cigars and swallowed them, as though fond of that branch of food. Dabb was to be given a chance to talk himself empty of sentences.

"I can assure you, at the very first belt from the box," remarked the millionaire, "that you will not be asked to work on one of those divorce cases."

"I don't undertake them," said His Nibs, the sleuth, with an air of dense respectability.

"Of course not."

"What's your name?"

"Dabb."

"Are you of the Dabbs of foundry fame? Ah, I've heard of your father." With that, he scanned the son. There's little to be said about the society blade's appearance. He was a man that looked like one, although he had a moustache that resembled a thousand-legger; it was, politely speaking, in the "guardsman style."

"A girl has me going." Dabb fired it point blank. "I'm anxious to catch an interview with her, and I'm ready to burn up money in the game. My purpose?" By a half smile and a shrug of his padded shoulders, he intimated that he was not doing much for his health except eating. The detective, still dumb, reflectively dropped a hand to his chair-arm. The gigantic diamond once again twinkled like Saturn, and Dabb declared: "This will be the first long run for love that I have ever made. Yes, the very first. If you will come with me at noon, tomorrow, and stand around a certain skyscraper for a while, I will point out the young lady—and you can do the rest. I mean, you can get at her identity, and, by some diabolical method, make her known to this cheerful citizen. Of course, your remuneration—"

There the detective gave notice that he had not lost his voice. He had hoisted his bulk from the chair, and, paddling to the window, had pensively gazed out over the Hudson. Turning, as though on an inspiration, that had touched up his wit with a flash-like punch, he asked: "Are you sure that the girl's worth all this trouble?"

Dabb stared at him. Was that to be the keynote of a pulpit lecture? "Worth it?" He didn't kill himself with an effort to cloak his disgust at the triviality of the question. "I hardly need say that she's splendidly beautiful. Whoever becomes her man can never find fault with the face that's there to be kissed. Pretty close talk—but I want to put everything well before you. Why, man, after one glance you'd proclaim her the wonderful lady with whom every unattached male is bound to be in love."

"That let's me in—doesn't it?"

"It let's you in, Mr. Faik."

The gentleman named—no gom in his profession—knew how to stay well with a client. "Since I'm in," he said, "and since I'm a free agent, I take the liberty of backing out."

After a pause he indulged in talk to the following tune: "There are two ways. I'll whisper all about the first in a jiffy, and then set the second before you with great care. In fact, I'd better name it now, and forget the first."

"The first?" Dabb insisted. "It may do, you know."

"It won't do unless you can be angelic."

"I can," said Dabb, with nary a blush. "Of course, you'll keep it well imbedded in your skull that money's no consideration. I'm ready to let it go in lumps."

"Exactly." Said Faik, then reseating himself before his mission writing table: "After I've determined her name and address, I'll go to her, on your order, as Mr. Ernest Glendenning, a lawyer with something for her to hear to her advantage. I'll use lots of legal words, and inform her that a client of mine wishes to clear off a cloud in the title to certain land known as the Mattaluck tract, situated in Hohokus over in the Jersey State. For the purpose of local color, I'll have stuffed into my pocket one of the town's papers—for instance, the "Hohokus Peach" —and what's that? You bet the bones of your ancestors! Yes, I shall previously have found out things about her various relatives. Maybe I'll invent a relative for her. At any rate, one of her relatives has had something to do with that tract and—don't you see how nicely that puts your delegate in a relation with her? I thought so. Oh, this plan has been in practice before and has worked well. For a quit-claim paper I'll offer her a respectable sum of money, and invite her to write about the matter to the registrar of deeds there to look in on one of the title guarantees companies. If she doesn't write she'll get the money. She'll find out, if she does write, that her name figures in none of the romances of the county records. In any event, we will give her money for her signature to this stage paper. That will make me Santa Claus—and I'll introduce my friend Dabb. You can jump from behind the tree as yourself or, if you want to be loved for yourself and not for the number of banks that your check is good on, you can borrow the character, let's say, of a business man just out of the West."

Dabb — without a moment's hesitation, "Your first suggestion is O. K.," he said. "We'll tune up tomorrow. I'm Dabb—but not Dabb the millionaire."

Mind this! Just as he said the last thing an electric fan on the wall piece above the detective's desk, though no one touched it, started to revolve and to throw wind. Dabb jumped to his heels as though he had been hit with a load of shot, and as quickly flopped back into his seat. "Were I superstitious," he remarked, "I should take that for a sign of something."

"It's sign enough for me," Faik laughed, "that gray and greenless autumn is on and that I must chuck the fan among camphor balls with other summer nuisances. Let's, by the way, take it as a sign of the complete success that you hope for." Joyously they took it for that.

They arranged to meet on the morrow. Before leaving, Dabb had more to say. A fragment of it is: "It's none of my business, but you may have a conscience, Mr. Faik." He was speaking hero-style. "Well, let me assure you that while I shall be wicked and unscrupulous in my efforts to procure a regular introduction to the girl and to establish a claim on her, my purpose, sir, is—matrimony."

"How you do like her! Your assurance rings good to me, boy. To be frank, I have a conscience—or the remnants of one. Any further instructions for me?"

"Only that you must do things in the dashing manner of the man who meets his letters half way to the postoffice. I want results right away. I get tired soon. I can't be made to wait any psychological moments."

The next day he forefingered the girl out to Faik. The day after that, with the remark that it never took him long to do twenty-four hours' work, Faik reported that the Unknown's name was Went, that she was employed as a stenographer, and that he had her street number. (He gave, in addition, information of a fancy nature. Miss Went had no one in the world but her mother; they were so full of the Southern strain that it could be seen——God-send-Sunday folk who would make any kind of a bank account look silly, in short order, with checks made payable to themselves; though never broke, they were ever badly bent; a burglar, robbing their flat, would have had to content himself with taking tubs and tinware—at any rate, would not have left with a peach basket full of jewels; her father had been a smoke-eater with Longstreet in the Civil War, and, later, in the local fire department, and had lost his life in a tenement blaze; and in their truck-closet were so many bundles of Confederate script that they could get themselves classed as well-off ones if Congress at any time carried out a crazy notion and redeemed Jeff Davis' notes.) Before sunset of the same day, the detective flew to the Wents, as Ernest Glendenning, lawyer, in one of Dabb's autos of various sizes.

The youth of the millions had no fear that Faik, as the gift-bearer of the glorious gods, would make an everlasting impression on Miss Went before she and the wild Romeo were met. Faik, with his funny features and short hair (not to mention his constantly looking liable to burst at any moment from fatness)—well, had you heard a street-organ, and, turning, perceived him in a red waistcoat, you'd have pitched him a penny. You'd taken him for one of the species of which Darwin makes so much.

* * *

The baboon-detective, when next he communicated with headquarters, reported grand progress as he should have done, for Dabb leaked money every time the detective yelped for more. Besides, our detective volunteered to bet his head against a football that success would crown their endeavors. He had made the stroke of advising Miss Went to put into the hands of a title guarantee company her claim to the Mattaluck tract—so ran that report of his. "That seems fair," she had said, and he had exactly understood what she'd do. "Her last message to me, which she telephoned, Mr. Dabb, is to the effect that the guarantee company tenderly had told her she hasn't the shade of a claim to any spot on the map of Hohokus, and the little sister has ever so delicately hinted that she has made up her mind to sign for the money—rain or shine." Dabb directed him to pay her the sum first stipulated—pay it multiplied by two, if she'd think of that—and to ask for permission to bring around his interesting friend, Mr. Dabb.

The report mentioned was delivered over the telephone. When they met, "I've asked, pal, and you can come," Faik informed the son of the riches. The latter grasped his hand heartily. (And if it will afford you solace when you tie yourself up in the draperies of your couch, know that the detective lifted one foot—and Dabb remembered the big diamond and tried to figure out how far it had cut into the hide of the sleuth's hand). At a table in a side street cafe, as they ate several beers, they discussed the situation. "There was no possibility of her refusing me the privilege of marshalling you up for inspection," quoth the big, fat fellow who was doing his best to personate not only Mr. Glendenning but Hymen, the young winged god that carries the bridal veil and torch. "I've never been as good a friend to anyone as I've been to this girl—on your cash. Now, as I understand it, your amiable act in pushing aside to her a chunk of your affluence is not to be unmasked. All right. You are simply Mr. Dabb, a Westerner of some means."

"As that character," observed Dabb, "I can't but woo queerly. She and I are fortunate, for all that. We've no anxious family friends to keep shoving us into each other's arms. It decidedly isn't going to be an automatic courtship." But it was. He was light with the pleasure of anticipation; he could have flown like a fairy.

* * *

That night Dabb, with his brother sample of the plain people, rushed in his auto to within three blocks of Miss Went's flat. The rest of the way they legged it. Let in by Mrs. Went, the hopeful Romeo took a tight attitude in their ambitious imitation of a waiting corridor, with his hat in his hand and his heart in his throat, and with a copy of the "Hohokus Globe" in his sack coat's pocket. He wore the newspaper conspicuously, the better to bluff Miss Went into believing him most fiercely interested in Hohokus real estate. The young lady, coming into sight all of a sudden—a lithe figure in a uniform of gray—quietly coaxed him and Faik, alias Glendenning, into the parlor.

There he got a look at her. That she wore skirts and real leather shoes, I hardly need be at pains to put down with forceful earnestness. A jury of impartial men, regarding her brown eyes and Grecian features, and because of them, declining to worry themselves white over the fact that she had a rather large nose, would have found her guilty—but it occurred to Dabb that he had already whispered that to himself, somewhere, so he sat down; from the complexion of the parlor estimated fifteen dollars as the total of the family's weekly earnings, and, cleverly simulating the charmed rabbit, listened to Mrs. Went.

The last-named dame, spare as a yard of pump water, reminded him (with her hard-fitting dress and severely combed white hair), of a well-brushed piece of antique furniture. She doubtless would have reminded him of other rare things had she not forthwith opened the evening's session with the chairman's few words. Desperately vain of her daughter, she could not have sat in peace, he saw, till she had explained to him the young lady (for the ownership of whom he would have cheerfully gone through a pest-house, to slow waltz-time, without any explanations).

So far—darn it!—his call had promised to prove only something worse than a perfect frost.

There presently spoke Miss Went. Hers sounded like a voice from the crib; every moment he expected to hear it wail for the bottle. Miss Went, instead, modestly informed him, with regard to God knows what, that her father, in bayonet charges for the greater glory of the Stars and Bars, had soldiered where the bullets bounced in the second day's fight, or fright, at bloody Chickamaugua. Then, since there seemed no other task on the secretary's desk, she placed herself before the piano and drummed a dance from Grieg.

She alone worked. Dabb, stiffly sticking to his sitting position, gave the effect of a portrait on the wall. The old lady now and then put in her oar—without much splashing of the waters. Little rhetoric could have been asked from Faik. He was fairly choking with a bronchial cold; the night before he had either gotten his feet wet, or had left off his diamond ring. He simply, now, allowed that ring to play the part of a flying circus of fire, and smoked a cigar that grew stronger with every puff. Because of that —not, surely, because he was jealous for not being able himself to smoke the same kind—Dabb slipped the detective the agreed-on signal shortly after the wind-up of the Grieg dance. Faik, minding it, got to his soles, and, in a series of ballet movements, rammed himself into his top-coat. He wanted a telephone, he said. "Oh, Mr. Glendenning, do stay longer!" pleaded the shorthand girl in a pretty half-wail. "Their gratitude!" was the fine reflection with which Dabb jolted his consciousness. Faik blew out, and later let them know, by messenger, that he would not be able to return.

Alone with Miss Went, Dabb soon figured it out that there was nothing for him to do but to leave also. He had not achieved a big measure of popularity—he knew it—but hope springs eternal in the human breast. She asked him to show up again.

Poor fellow, he sneaked to the flat within forty-eight hours. Miss Went gently refused to follow him either to the theater or to a cook-house. More calls—incog. Faik she never failed to ask for solicitously—and that somewhat dented the impressionable millionaire. Undiscouraged, he sent word to Faik that she not only was beautiful in feature, but that she would have been every bit as amiable had she been installed on the earth with a face ugly enough to hurt. By the way, Faik's bill for services rendered had not yet been paid, nor even inquired about. Dabb meant to postpone settling it till he had learned what Miss Went thought of him as a possible husband. For a chance to call her on that question, he politely waited and waited.

He finally got his chance. Alas for him!

"Good night, Mr. Dabb," she murmured, as, in the light of the same old moon shining through the November-time atmosphere, she stood on her doorstep to bid him anything but the farewell of the fiancé.

Whereupon he remarked, in a tone of protest: "I think I'm a real friend of yours. Don't mister me."

She gathered together the folds of the shawl that hung from her shoulders. She gathered together her thoughts, too. "I must," she softly insisted. "There's but one man in the world whom I know as you flatteringly ask me to know you. I call him 'Budd.'"

Then she talked like a sewing machine about her approaching marriage! Moreover, she looked about to apply to the courts for an injunction to prevent Dabb's further liking her, and even his wishing she'd so like him as to see, when he was gone, that his grave would be kept green—or whitewashed.

Her hymeneal announcement landed on him as would a poke from a parasol, catching him at once between the eyes and in the back of the neck. At any rate, it didn't make him look pleasant. How could it, when it had knocked the stuffing out of his dear matrimonial hopes?

He didn't say "Dod gast it!" nor anything worse, and he didn't take off his derby and bite it in vexation. He just congratulated her, and muttered a so-long. A block from her place he stopped once and stared long into the moonlight space; so to speak, he peeped for the cool thousands that he had romantically choked from his dough-bag for a clear title to the Mattaluck tract in Hohokus.

* * *

"I've flung up the sponge," he groaned, as he all but fell into a chair in Faik's office the next morning.

The detective asked something. "Didn't it hit you—her air of innocence—as rather—"

"My dear detective, there never was a moment when it cut any ice. She didn't act. She didn't want me—she showed it—but I was too glass-eyed to see. I didn't once smell an opposition party." For an instant he looked like the anger of the storm gods. His face clearing up, he added: "There's one—another man, I mean."

"You mean something I failed to find out for you?"

"No!" and Dabb was emphatic. "Your work was done when you got me regularly introduced to her." To put it graphically, he then threw up his hands, asking, "To what extent has your opinion of your own talent suffered by my failure to score?"

Faik brazenly breathed a figure. "I could no more now raise a holler and make a fuss," said Dabb, "than I could have thought of boxing with my rival, and making him a picture for mother to moan over." He scribbled with his fountain pen in a book that he yanked from his hip pocket, and tore out a check. When a lawyer acknowledges receipt of money that he has been after, he sends you a letter so kind and glad and thankful that reading it makes you fatter. That was, more or less, the way Faik's manner of hauling in the check worked on Dabb.

Yet he said, "I could sob over my loss."

"Loss of what—the girl or the money?"

"Both. Of course, I shall survive the shock. It won't make me bow-legged. I shan't, in short, throw myself into the first pond that I come upon; for I haven't lost my last chance. The world's full of them."

"Women—that's it!" shouted Faik, as he thumped his desk, sounding the first lively note. "You have missed the lady of the Mattaluck tract—but, oh pshaw! I won't be a bit surprised to hear it from you that you mingled in this affair simply for one rosy time!"

"Time, your grandmother!" Dabb mumbled sullenly. Oh, he was not so hopeless an ass that Mr. Detective could jolly him into believing he had thrown a tidy total of dollars to the winds on a mere merry impulse. On the contrary, he declared: "It sticks in my craw that I just stepped in and supplied the girl with the means to marry somebody else. Thank you for your laughter. Mine has been a regular fall from a parachute into an egg-wagon." He showed himself no charity. "I have been the comedy character of the melodrama. Whoever may be called the playwright of it—he trotted me out whenever things were getting too sad, and a laugh was required for a general spasm of cheerfulness. Well," and he arose to go, "I shall never again take a lick at buying land for ladies that I like."

Dabb also scrambled to his feet. The elocutionary effort that he immediately made might have struck another auditor as having been rehearsed before an ample looking-glass, but Dabb could spare no time for a display of his perceptive capacities now; he was sick of the affair, and wanted to get away.

Faik said: "Our relations, Mr. Dabb, have been pleasant, but under the circumstances I don't care ever to see you again. Should we meet, don't know me. This is the first time I've trained with a losing team. I'll forget it. This is the last thing to be destroyed."

He passed a newspaper to Dabb. "The Hohokus Star—It Shines for All Its Readers," Dabb read. He returned it to the detective, and the latter ripped it up and threw the strips into the waste-basket.

"As you wish," Dabb laughed. "We are never to meet on earth again." They shook hands.

* * *

After the man of money departed, the detective harkened. He heard his client heel through the corridor, his "Going down!" announcement, and the clanging of the elevator car doors—once—twice.

With none but the Lord looking over his shoulder, Faik then drew open a desk drawer and fished out a photo. It was of Miss Went. He put his fat lips to it.

Whoever said it's a crack at the public peace for a citizen to paste a kiss on a portrait of the lady whom he is soon to marry? If all's fair in love, is not a man invested with the right to spread banana skins o'er the path of a rival?

The defense rests.

THE QUIET WOMAN

By Harrison S. Field

SHE was twenty-six, slight, brown-haired, and only pleasant-looking until she smiled; then her face became beautified. She was timorous, and had not an alluring personality, except with the children, (which, to be sure, was her business, for she belonged to the pampered order of nursery governesses). Sometimes she received $150. a year, but in her last situation, she had drawn one hundred and thirty dollars, and a sharp attack of pneumonia (that was not in the contract) from a pair of damp sheets put upon her bed by a careless housemaid.

The little nursery governess acquired a hacking cough that seemed to go through her thin body; she became ill, and could no longer teach. One night the family were startled by hearing a loud voice in the bedroom occupied by the governess—they listened—the nursery governess was teaching the towel hoarse French verbs. It then dawned upon them that the governess was delirious; a doctor was sent for, and Death and the governess fought hand-to-hand in the stuffy bed-room that the servants would have disdained.

Now, the little governess's lungs were not made of leather; they were in a very delicate condition. The doctor told her that an operation on the left lung would be necessary, and asked her if she had any friends who would pay her expenses at a private hospital.

She said she had not, but her employer guaranteed all the requisite money, since the case was serious. The carriage was brought to the door, and the little governess and her meagre trunks were packed off. The children of the house cried after her, for she always had time to make doll's clothes for them, and to play gay music whilst they danced at dusk in the old school room. The housemaid who had done the mischief gave her a flaring dressing-sack and a package of conversation troches for her cough.

In the hospital, amongst the other patients, a woman lay ill—a young, pretty woman in the twenties. She was awaiting an operation, one for which they were starving her, whilst they plied the "Quiet Woman," (for that was what they called the little governess) with dainty food and wines.

The rooms of these two patients were opposite. The Quiet Woman could hear her neighbor laughing gaily with the troops of friends that came to see her; her room was always decked with flowers and baskets of fruit. The Quiet Woman glanced in at the opposite door as she came to and fro, and the Pretty Woman was curious to see the governess, for she had coaxed the nurses to tilt her table mirror, so that the eyes of the two met and smiled at each other in the glass—one so pretty as she lay upon her frilled pillows, the thick masses of satiny, golden-brown hair framing a merry, girlish face; the other only pretty when she smiled.

Now the Pretty Woman was the vainest little being—every night she coaxed Nurse Mary to curl and crimp her hair. One night the Quiet Woman heard her say, laughingly· "Now Nurse Mary, if I die, you know, don't go putting a dowdy old shroud upon me; you bury me in my pretty white silk wrapper."

Nurse Mary, who was fat and comfortable, laughed and told her not to talk nonsense.

The visits of the Pretty Woman's friends became more frequent, and her husband and little child scarcely left the bedside, for the time of the operation was at hand. Then, one day the Pretty Woman was carried out.

The Quiet Woman became curious, and asked the reason for it. The nurses told her that she had been taken away preparatory to being operated upon.

The heart of the Quiet Woman felt as though it were being squeezed. "My turn is coming," she whispered to herself. She asked to be allowed to enter the now bare room; she saw all the ghastly preparations, and she felt around the edges of the operating-table, whilst the nurses looked pityingly at her.

"When my turn comes don't tell me 'till the last minute," she asked of them.

The Quiet Woman was busy writing next day, arranging her small affairs, for she thought it likely she would not recover. She did not care much—loneliness and poverty seemed to be her portion in life. She was bending over the table, when suddenly she noticed a sweet, insidious odor, and heard a gurgling laugh; then a dull moan, as of an animal in pain. She laid down her pen, held her breath, and the moaning began again; then it broke off into a weak cry. She ran to the door and listened; she heard a man's voice giving directions in low, authoritative tones, then a clink as of fine steel being carefully laid on china. She ran to the window—three doctors' buggies stood at a little distance. The Quiet Woman clenched her hands, and buried her head under the sofa pillows, to shut out the fearful sounds. The doctors were at their ghastly work in the opposite room. "Ah, God! let her live; life is so sweet to her," whispered the Quiet Woman.

* * *

Some time afterwards Nurse Mary entered the room. Her eyes were red.

"How is she?" said the Quiet Woman.

"Dead!" said the nurse, wiping her eyes, "and—and I've put her in her white wrapper she used to joke about."

That day, the house was filled with the scent of flowers.

Night came on, and the dead woman lay at peace, while in the room opposite sat the Quite Woman, her nerves at highest tension.

"The quiet dead," she said; "the quiet dead."

Oh, how distinct every noise was! Her own breath, how horribly loud! A hair-pin fell from her hair to the floor, with a ringing sound; she gave a quick start, every nerve in her body ticking like a clock. Suddenly she started from her seat, rushed headlong through the dim passages, and beat frantically for admittance upon the door of the nurse's sitting-room.

They soothed her and comforted her, for they knew that next morning the turn of the Quiet Woman was to come.

"Is it today, Nurse Mary?" said the Quiet Woman next morning.

"Yes," said the nurse; "at ten o'clock."

"Will you give me my Prayer-book and my Shakespeare, if you please?" said the Quiet Woman, gently.

It was then eight o'clock. How madly the hands of the clock raced around! Twenty minutes left now; ten minutes, five minutes; a sound of wheels stopping at the door; men's footsteps on the veranda; men's suave voices in the hall. The Quiet Woman panted for breath; she covered her face with her shaking hands. The handle of the door turned noiselessly, and doctors and nurses were in the room.

"Good morning," said a cherry voice. "Now, you mustn't be frightened."

"Don't touch me until I am unconscious," she begged.

"Now take a long breath, and begin to count slowly"—a man's firm hand took her right hand in his, supporting her fingers very gently; a felt mask was laid over her face.

"One, two, three," she began; I am sensible yet; sensible yet; sens—" Every bell in the world was ringing in her ears; now up, up, up, she was floating in a delicious languor, leaving the world behind her. Past a shining star she floated, whereon spun an ugly little grinning black devil, with a pitch-fork in his hand. Whizz, whizz, round he spun on his star toward the Quiet Woman, pointing his pitch-fork at her breast. Then she felt as if she were hurled, like a feather, into oblivion—she lay supine, smiling.

When all was over, and the Quiet Woman became conscious, she murmured to herself sadly: "I should have died; Fate does not know her business."

Only the doctor who had held her hand heard her, and he looked at the Quiet Woman with a puzzled, tender look.

For weeks the Quiet Woman lay upon her bed of sickness. She got to know every street sound—the bark of every dog, the rumble of the wagons in the early morning; even the different footsteps she could distinguish. But there was one street sound which attracted her strangely. It came in the first faint gray of the winter daylight and just at dark, for a few seconds only. It was a voice that whistled faintly a few bars of an old-fashioned melody she used to play for the children, before she had been taken ill—just a bar or two, no sound of footsteps, and then silence—the whistle seemed to vanish around the corner.

The Quiet Woman grew to love the shrill whistle; to be grateful for the company of it; to listen for it, and fancy all sorts of sick fancies about it. One morning she heard the whistle approaching, and she dragged herself to the window and waited. A ragged, bare-footed lad about ten years of age, his thin coat buttoned tightly across his chest, a cap put on backward, his feet and legs blue with cold, and with a bundle of newspapers strapped around him, darted, whistling, past the window.

The Quiet Woman smiled to herself; she felt happy for knowing. One evening, when she had become convalescent, she put on warm clothing and a shawl and stole out on the veranda when she heard the boy approaching. She beckoned him to her, and he came wonderingly to the gate, looking narrowly at her whilst he warmed the sole of his right foot upon his leg. She beckoned for him to come upon the veranda.

"Want a paper, Lady? Here y're, latesdishun news of th—"

"No, thank you, my boy."

"What's up, then? Oh, cricky! yer do look white about the gills, blame if yer don't. Sick, ain't yer, Lady? Been 'ere long? This 'ere's a hospital, ain't it? Goin' some on funerals—four in a week I seen once, comin' out of here, with big plumes on the kerridges an' silver on the corfins!"

"Don't!" said the Quiet Woman, shuddering. "I called you to give you this," and she put a gold piece in his hand. The lad's eyes grew big with wonder, and he turned the coin over and over, looking at her thoughtfully, even suspiciously.

"It ain't—ain't 'fony,' Lady?"

The Quiet Woman shook her head.

The child put the coin in his mouth, bit it, tasted it.

"Cripes! this is a 'pipe,' Lady. What's it for; I ain't done nothin' for it, y'know."

"You whistled as you passed to and fro; I was very lonely, and it cheered me."

"Yer a funny one; 'ere, take it back," said the urchin, buttoning his ragged coat.

"Keep it," she urged, "and tell me what you will do with it."

The lad considered deeply, and finally said:

"I'll go to the theayter, an' take me sister; an' I'll 'shout' for a chap I know an' his sister. Look 'ere, Lady, I'll come and tell yer all about it, eh? termorrer night, on my way home—an' what's lef' over I'll give ter me old woman. I say, what's yer name, Lady?"

"They call me the 'Quiet Woman,'" said she, smiling. "What is your name?"

"They call me the 'Little Bloke.' Well, S'long," and he ran swiftly away.

The next morning he arrived almost breathless on the veranda.

"I went to see 'Th' Crime o' th' Fair Ireen,'" said the "Little Bloke." "It was grand! Ireen was awful nice-lookin', but she wasn't up ter much—she was a real gay one. She was dead gone on mashin' another lady's husband; so she was awful cute, an' she lays a plot to coax this 'ere lady away from 'er home—see 'er drift? 'Fly wid me, Iserbelle,' 'e sez; 'leave the tyrant yer calls yer husband; 'e don't love yer, not fer sour apples; 'e's dead gone on another woman; 'sides, 'e ain't such a much. Come to Parrus,' sez he. 'Wot?' she says, 'Leave me home and jools; an' me husband and child? Never, viper!' she sez, an' let's a yell out of her. In comes the husband, cops the villyun mashin' 'is wife, an' lays 'im out wit a club. I'll have ter git, Quiet Woman, or the boss'll be gittin' on ter me," and with a "S'long; see yer termorrer," he was off.

* * *

The Quiet Woman had a relapse, and again grim Death hovered close to her. Again the cheery whistle sounded in the street. It was louder, clearer, and had a petulant, inquiring tone in it. One morning the French window was blown ajar, a soft something whizzed through it and fell upon the outstretched palm of the Quiet Woman. Her hand closed upon it. It was a bunch of purple blossoms nestling in a border of rough green leaves, and was wet with the morning dew. The Quiet Woman held the flowers to her face and drank in the rich perfume. "My 'Little Bloke' has sent them to me," she said, and a bright drop fell upon the violets and mingled with the dew.

"Violets in the room, as I live!" said Nurse Mary, bustling in a few hours later. "I forgot to tell you—we have had a great joke since you have been ill. Nearly every morning, we have found a great bunch of violets on the veranda. Such a race we used to have to see who would get them first. Some of Nurse Nellie's beaux, I think," she added. "She always blushes when we tease her about it."

The Quiet Woman fondled the flowers beneath the quilt and smiled a little. No more whistling in the street; no more hasty footsteps; no more violets on the veranda. And she felt sadder because of it.

* * *

One Sunday, as she raised herself upon her elbow to look from the window, she noticed that the grape vines were uncurling their pale green leaves, and a crimson rosebush was flowering in the garden.

"Spring is coming!" said the Quiet Woman, and "Spring is coming!" chirped the dusty little town birds, making believe that they were in the country.

The church bells were ringing joyously, and the sound of girlish voices came to the ears of the invalid. In a moment they would pass the window; so she sat up again. Two sisters, in dainty dresses and new spring hats decked with saucy, nodding bunches of field flowers, poppies and buttercups, passed. The heart of the Quiet Woman leaped within her; life was still worth the living—there were still spring hats!

* * *

The Quiet Woman was nearly well now. It might have been the spring hats, or the careful nursing, or the rich food—whatever it was, she was improving in appearance. She was quite pretty now; her face was plump, her eyes bright, and she had a delicate color—the Quiet Woman had never looked better in her life.

"I shall be losing you as a patient soon," said the doctor one day—it was he who had held her hand. "Three more visits only; you are quite convalescent now—no pain? Appetite still good? H'm!" he continued, reflectively, and a line came in his forehead. "Good morning," and he strode from the room. "Never saw such eyes and eyebrows in the course of my whole life," he said to himself as he went on his way; "and what a lovely soft arm she has!" He thought deeply all the way home, and that night, in slippers and jacket, he smoked more cigars and stayed up later than was compatible with the wisdom of a medical man.

"Poor little woman!" he soliloquized. "I wonder if she has any friends? Doesn't seem like it. Wish I could help her. How's a chap to do it, though? Devilish ticklish job!" With that he began to pace up and down the room. "The prettiest eyebrows and eyes I ever saw in my life," he said, solemnly, and then, sneeringly, "Oh, yes! I like your charity, my boy! I like your philanthropy! Why, you confounded ass, you are in love with the girl!"

* * *

The doctor had come to pay his last visit. As he leaped from the buggy, a breathless voice at his elbow said, "Say, boss, how's the lady gettin' on?"

"What lady, my boy?" said the doctor, smiling.

"The one with the brown hair, I mean. That 'ere room there, in th' front."

"Friend of yours, eh?" asked the doctor, laughing.

"Yes, she is, Smarty," said the boy defiantly, poking out his chin. "I want to know how she is; yer might tell a feller. Look here, she give me two-and-a-half because she was lonely and heard me whistlin' goin' past one day. I was havin' a good time callin' on her, but she never came out on the veranda no more, and I was put on another paper round, so I had ter quit comin' this way. Look here, Doc, will yer give her this dawg?" He took a tiny fox-terrier from his pocket. "Tell her to let it lay quiet a bit; I only bit its tail off terday. Tell the lady it will keep her from feelin' lonely; and tell 'er—she'll know 'oo yer mean—it's from 'er 'Little Bloke,' wid his best respects."

"I'm a lonely beggar myself," said the doctor. "Here, my lad," and a bright half-eagle lay in the hand of the "Little Bloke."

"Yer a real sport, and that's no lie," said the boy slowly; "darned if yer ain't! Thanks, Doc."

The doctor smiled as the boy ran swiftly away. He carried the dog the steps.

"Good-morning," he said, as he entered the room of the Quiet Woman. "I have brought you a dog."

"Yes?" said the Quiet Woman, smiling.

"From your 'Little Bloke,'" said the doctor; and he laid the sprawling puppy upon her knee. "He says it is to keep you from feeling lonely."

Now one little sparkling tear came into the eye of the Quiet Woman, and then another, and another, until they rolled down her face. For veriest shame, she laid her hand over her eyes.

"Crying? Oh! I say, don't cry!" said the doctor, forgetting his professional manners woefully. "You must not cry. Now promise me you won't."

"It was foolish of me," she said through her tears. "He c-c-called himself my 'Little Bloke.' I was so lonely, and he comforted me somehow."

"I am so sorry for you," said the doctor.

"I s-s-shan't be pitied, so there," sobbed the Quiet Woman, breaking down hopelessly. But, strange to relate, her little brown head was now in the loveliest place in all the world to her—the doctor's shoulder—for that to which pity is akin had come to her, and no longer was she lonely.

"Ah!" she said, with a happy little sigh, "Fate sometimes *does* know her business!"

THE ROADWAY IN SEPTEMBER

The heat glimmers down on the long white road
Where the latest strength of the sun is spent—
While out from each plash of shadow and shade
The chill of the winter's breath is sent;
Red, red are the berries of roses wild
And blue are the asters along the way,
And down through the white of the thistle mist
Gay butterflies dip in fantastic play.

O! Familiar the rustle of ripened corn
And the sound of the pop of the milkweed pod
And sweet is the scent of the honeyed air
From the field where the clover-heads toss and nod
And deep in my heart is a tender thrill
For the maiden and lover who walk in the glow
Of the September sun—as we used to walk
Oh, lover of mine—in the long ago.

Grace G. Crowell

PAP HILDRETH AND THE HEN

By Archie P. McKishnie

"TAIN'T 'cause I don't think he's good enough. Tommie's the best man I ever had on this farm. 'Tain't 'cause of that er anythin' else, only he can't have my Susan an' I told him so this mornin'."

Pap Hildreth finished filling the old brown basket with potatoes, and arose stiffly from his knees. There was a peaceful, satisfied look on his seamed face as he wiped his dirty hands on his freshly washed overalls, and let his eyes roam about him.

"I'm comfortable," he said, addressing the old drab hen, who was industriously pecking holes in the mellow red tomatoes just beyond. "I'm comfortable well fixed."

The hen turned her back upon him, and sent a spray of dust over the low wire fence with the unerring aim of her kind, directly in his face.

The dirt settled in his hair and beard, and Pap Hildreth set his basket down and wiped his mouth on his sleeve.

Now he, Pap Hildreth, was a model father, not only to his family but to everything on the farm. To this particular drab hen he had always been kind and indulgent. Time out of number had he let her offenses go unpunished only because his heart was big and he could overlook little mistakes. She was a nuisance, too, he confessed it to himself now as he spat the grit out from beneath his teeth and watched her destroy whole bunches of red tomatoes. She had never acted like other hens that he could remember, and his acquaintance with hens was large. She had never laid an egg in her life. She had simply stood around with a proud, defiant air, and waited for the other hens to do their work. Then she would proceed to clean up on the fruits of their labor,—she ate the eggs. She was an aristocrat—no doubt of that. She was big, and fat, and sleek. Her comb was red as blood, and she fairly danced and pranced about, she was so full of life and spirits. She was not an old hen by any means, but she had been so much in evidence and had bossed things so long, that to Pap Hildreth she seemed to have been on earth a very long time indeed.

"You sure do seem to be enjoyin' life," continued Pap Hildreth, coming over to the fence and looking over. He smiled at the hen from his lips and heart and one eye. The other had a gravel chip in it and couldn't smile. Pap Hildreth kept it closed.

The hen lifted her head, and listened without turning. Then she put her head impudently on one side, and said something *sotto voce*.

A red flush stole up across Pap Hildreth's already red neck and face.

"If she didn't say devil as plain as I er eny man kin say it, then my hearin's gettin' bad," he told himself.

Now as usual, Pap Hildreth being in an amiable mood had addressed the hen in a gentlemanly way. He had simply said, "I'm comfortable well fixed," and that was all. Nothing about such a remark for a hen to take objection to, and he knew it.

He didn't like it a bit, but he simply grinned foolishly and turned to pick up his basket.

Then the drab hen said something that fairly made his short hair bristle. Something that even he could not let go unchallenged. He heard it distinctly, and knew there was no mistaking.

"Blow-hard!" said the hen.

He returned to the fence, his heavy eyebrows knitted in a frown, and the hen turned and faced him. For a moment the two looked into one another's eyes; then the hen turned her back upon him again, with all a boss's disdain, and sent a handful of gravel into his face at close quarters.

It was a terrible insult, an unpardonable one. Her life must pay the penalty. So decided Pap Hildreth, standing with lips drawn back from dust-filled teeth and eyes tight-closed and hands gripping either trouser-leg in helpless frenzy. Die she must—and now—right now. She should live to make his life a terror not another minute longer than he could help.

But how was he to accomplish his end? Any hen is clever when it comes to the last "Light's out!" call. This particular hen he well knew would try all his resourcefulness.

He would deceive her. Yes, that was the only way. He would let her think he considered her audacity clever; he would go any lengths so that her suspicions might not be aroused. Then when she least expected it, he would seize her, and pluck her neck-feathers out one by one, and with his own fingers force small particles of sharp gravel stones into her eyes. He would laugh at her helplessness, and gloat—yes, that's what he would do, gloat—over her helplessness. And he would take her life slowly, torturing her all the while. He might burn her to death, but slowly; or scald her in the big coop cauldron, little pieces at a time.

So far his mind was fully made up. Now he must proceed to act. So he whistled softly. Whistled in a dusty, wheezy treble, "Ole Zip Coon."

He couldn't see the hen, but he knew she had picked up her head to listen. So he with great difficulty scraped away at his left eye until he had it clean enough to see a little. He still kept whistling, although every note gave him pain, and the dusty perspiration running down his face was all that furnished the necessary moisture for his whistle.

He stopped whistling and began to hum, "There Were Ninety and Nine," as he squeezed himself through the fence, keeping his eye on the hen.

"Poor man!" she said, side-stepping a yard or two and smiling at him.

"Cuss you!" whispered Pap Hildreth. "Jest you wait."

The hen, who had been scratching in time to his whistle, said something softly to herself and looked so pleased that all the dormant evil in Pap Hildreth's nature that had slumbered on, awoke with a start. Henceforth his one object in life was to destroy her.

"Chookie, chookie chookie!" he called softly. "Poor chookie! Come and get some corn."

He threw a handful of dirt about his feet, and the hen stood on one foot and craned her neck. "Poor man!" she clucked, and recommenced operations on the tomatoes.

Her back was toward him, and Pap Hildreth got down on his hands and knees and crept towards her. Nearer and nearer he drew until the prize was within his grasp. Oh, glory of glories! he reached out, and with the words, "Dang you, now I've got you!" made a grab at her. Alas, that it should be the part of man to simply propose! The hen side-stepped again, and sought the other side of the row of vines.

Pap Hildreth lay still, and said things to himself. He made up his mind now that when he caught the hen he would pluck her feathers out one by one and tie her down to a bed of ants; and he would catch her—this he vowed.

"Chookie, chookie!" he cried, softly extending one bare arm toward her.

A yellow moth settled down and alighted on his arm. Glory! The hen saw the moth, and was creeping towards it. Now he would have her, sure. Just let her within his reach, and—

She came slowly, trustingly, the yellow moth her lodestone to destruction. At last she was there. He would wait for her to make a reach for the moth; then he would grab her by the neck. He would jab one of her eyes out with his finger. Yes, he would take that much revenge at once. She came, and—Pap Hildreth felt a sharp pain as though his arm was poked by a red-hot iron; and lo! she was away again, the yellow moth fluttering in her beak.

Human flesh can endure but so much, and Pap Hildreth's stock of patience was exhausted.

The drab hen had pecked Pap Hildreth on the muscle of the forearm, leaving a puncture from which oozed a little trickle of blood. Noting this, Pap Hildreth cast strategy to the winds and sprang to his feet with a growl.

"I might shoot her," he muttered, slipping his galluses down and tying them about his waist. "Only it 'ud be too easy a death for her. I wanter torture her, so I'll run her down, I will, by gosh!"

Accordingly, he made a dash for the hen, and the hen made a dash for the fence. She went through with flying colors. Through the fence she went, and through the fence Pap Hildreth followed, puffing like a steam engine. Across the potato patch they raced and down the path to the barn-yard. The hen dashed around the straw-stack, and Pap Hildreth, with the superior wisdom of mankind, circled the stack in an opposite direction so as to meet the drab hen on the other side. She came sailing around, her head over her shoulder and her wings spread wide. Pap Hildreth made a grab for her, and tumbled pell mell over a family of little pigs half hidden in the straw.

He was too much out of breath to do any damage to the small pigs; otherwise it might have fared badly with them just at this time. When he got his wind back they had wisely taken themselves away, and the the drab hen he saw quietly disappearing beneath the drive-shed. Armed with a two-tined fork, Pap Hildreth made his way laboriously to the shed, and peered underneath it. Ah, fate was kind indeed, for the drab hen was there sure enough. She had settled down, as she thought secure from all danger, beneath the shed floor. Pap Hildreth judged that he could easily reach her with a fork. He tried it. If he could but impale her on its tines, he would have the shed torn down if necessary in order to get at her. No—the fork was just a trifle short. He worked his head and shoulders under the shed. Ha-ha! Now he could spear her easily.

Just at this juncture a flock of sheep came around the corner of the shed and gazed wide-eyed at the strange sight of a fat little man fanning the air with his legs. The proud leader of the flock went forward to investigate. Reaching over to sniff at the waving feet of Pap Hildreth, this particular sheep received a kick under the jaw that made him see all kinds of green and blue hills and stirred deep resentment within his breast.

Accordingly, he backed away, and came against Pap Hildreth's exposed person with such force as to drive the poor man under the shed, wedging him between the ground and the shed floor so tightly that he could scarcely budge, let alone breathe.

"Oh! Oh!" groaned Pap Hildreth, and kicked out lustily, only to receive a more violent shock from the old ram.

Pap Hildreth lowered his legs and lay still. He could feel the hot sun on the calves of his legs, which were exposed, owing to the fact that his trousers had slipped up on them. Then the little pigs came over to investigate too, and rubbed their moist noses on those calves until poor Pap Hildreth had to lift his legs again, which was the signal for another onslaught from the sheep.

How long he lay there helpless he never knew. It seemed hours to him, wedged in as he was so as to be scarcely able to breathe, and receiving at regular intervals a shock from the old ram. He gave himself up to fate. He was sure he would die unless help soon came, and there was little hope of it, as he was on the south side of the shed and even if anybody did by chance happen to come into the barn-yard, he might never be seen. He tried to shout, but he was too tightly wedged in. He could hardly breathe, let alone call. The old drab hen had looked around at him and called him some more names, after which she had said good-bye and left him.

After what seemed hours to him, Pap Hildreth heard a voice as coming from a long distance. Two voices, in fact.

"I had better pull him out, Sue," said the one he recognized as Tom's.

To which he heard his daughter, his own flesh and blood, the darling of his old age, reply:

"Make him promise first, dear."

"Pull me out," supplicated Pap Hildreth, weakly. "For God's sake, pull me out, Tommie."

"Kin I have Susan?" came the response.

"Yes, you kin, on one condition," faintly replied Pap Hildreth.

"Make him name it," said the other voice.

"Name it," said Tom.

"If you'll catch me that old—hen," answered Pap Hildreth.

"I'll do it," said Tommie. And he did.

MARIAN'S SECRET

"YOU don't mean, Marian, that you *really* believe in them?"

"Yes, I do."

"Honest Injun?"

"Honest Injun, 'hope to die and cross my heart.' I believe in fairies. Don't you, Florence?"

"No, of course not." Florence's voice was scornful.

"But you said you did. This afternoon, at the matinee, when that sweetest, dearest little fairy was sick, and had to die unless we believed, and we were asked if we believed in fairies, I heard your voice say *yes*, as plain as could be."

"O! I was just pretending."

"Florence Craig, I didn't think you'd do such a thing!"

"You little goosie!" Florence's chin tilted defiantly. "Didn't you know that all the folks that said yes were only *pretending?*"

"I wasn't." Marian Easterly spoke solemnly, her dark eyes big and shining.

Florence laughed a provoking little laugh. "Of course nobody believes in real fairies—that is, nobody with any sense. Before I'd be such a little *silly* as you are, Marian."

Marian's heart was too full for words. She walked along in silence until she and Florence reached the corner, where their ways divided.

After leaving her friend, she hurried home, her troubled little heart longing to unburden itself. Her *mother* believed in fairies; for hadn't she told her beautiful stories about them hundreds of times? And yet Florence said only "sillys," believed in them!

"Your mother's out calling, and she told me to tell you to play in the yard until she got back," Sarah the maid announced, as Marian rushed into the house.

The little girl's heart sank, for she did want her mother right away. However, there was some comfort left. Out in the yard was the most charming apple tree that ever grew, and to this tree, in the summertime, Marian always went when the affairs of life grew tangled and snarled, as affairs have a disagreeable way of doing sometimes, even in the lives of the happiest of little girls.

The tree was now a beautiful bouquet, which one would be apt to think was good only to *look* at. But Marian knew better. For in the center of it, concealed by the green leaves and exquisite pink and white blossoms, was a delightful little rocking-chair. It was made by a broad branch that served as a seat, while back of this, and a little higher, another branch spread its arms lovingly around you when you sat there, so there was no danger of your falling out backward, no matter how hard you rocked. And even if you leaned forward, there was a branch in front, like the strap in a baby carriage, that held you in safely.

Now Marian climbed into the chair, and thought of the wonderful things she had seen at the matinee. How could Florence say she didn't believe in fairies, when she had seen them on the stage in that beautiful play of "Peter Pan!"

"I'm just as sure there are *real* fairies as I am that there are real little girls," she spoke aloud.

"Of course there are!" said a musical voice near her.

Marian was so startled at the sound that, if she had not been in such a safe place, she surely would have fallen from the tree.

"Who are you, please?" she finally summoned courage to ask.

"I'm a fairy," was the reply. "Do you want to see me?"

"Oh," breathed Marian in delight. "Can I *really* see you? I'd like to most of anything in this world!"

Immediately, a beautiful little creature appeared on the branch directly in front of Marian. How she got there, the little girl did not see, but there she was—there was no disputing that fact.

She had on a short skirt of delicate green, just the shade of the apple tree leaves, the bottom of which was notched and pointed like their edges. Her waist was of pale pink, and was tied at the belt by a sash which looked as if it might have been made of a flattened apple leaf stem. She had a complexion tinted like an apple blossom, and her hair, which was long and flowing, was dark. There she stood, lightly poised upon the branch before Marian. How she did it, Marian could not tell; for she did not take hold of anything to support her.

The little girl drew a deep breath. "Oh, you beautiful little darling!" she exclaimed.

The fairy smiled. "I'm glad you like my looks, Marian," she said.

"How did you know my name?" asked Marian in surprise.

"Oh, fairies have a way of finding out lots of things," was the reply. "Besides, I've heard your mother call you that many, many times."

"Will you please tell me *your* name?"

"I'll tell you part of it. Apple-Blossom Dryad is part of it—then I have a first name that only the fairies know."

"Oh," said Marian wistfully. "I wish I were a fairy, so I could hear it."

"Can you keep a secret?" asked the fairy.

"Yes."

"But I've heard that mortals often promise to keep things secret, and afterward break their promise! So you see I don't know whether I can trust you or not." The fairy looked hard at Marian.

"You can," said Marian eagerly. "Mamma often tells me secrets, and I've never told one of them in my whole life."

"You'll have to keep *this* a secret even from your own mother."

Marian hesitated a moment. "Well, I'm sure Mamma wouldn't care," she said at last. "So I won't tell it to *anyone*, if you'll only trust me."

"All right, then; I'll tell you." Apple-Blossom leaned over and whispered in Marian's ear.

Marian gave a little cry of delight. "Oh," she exclaimed, "that's the most beautiful name I ever heard—and it just suits you, too. I'm so glad you trusted me with it.

"Where do you live?" Marian asked a moment later.

"Right here."

"What! in this apple tree?"

"Yes. Don't you know what the word *dryad* means?"

Marian thought a minute. "Yes, I *think* I do," she said doubtfully. "I had to look up the word in school the other day. The dictionary said it was a wood nymph whose life was bound up with that of her tree, but I didn't know *then* what it meant. Does it mean that you live here all of the time?"

"Yes, I live here and take care of the tree. When the tree dies, then I must die, too."

"Oh, I hope this tree will live forever!" exclaimed Marian. "You say you take care of it; what do you have to do to it, please?"

"Every spring I have to paint the leaves and the blossoms."

"Do *you* put on all of the beautiful colors?" asked the surprised Marian.

"Yes."

"What kind of paint do you use?"

"*Water* colors, of course; and I put them on with a brush made of the rays of the sun. Then, in the summer-time, I have to paint the cheeks of all the apples. You know how rosy my apples always look; that's because I take lots of pains with my work."

"Oh," said Marian, "I'm so glad you told me that you painted them. I've always hated to eat them before because they *looked* so beautiful, and *now* I'll never eat another single one."

"But you must," said the fairy, shaking her head emphatically. "That's what apples are made for, and that's why we dryads work so hard on them. It makes us unhappy to see our apples shrivel and dry up on the tree, instead of being eaten by mortals. You know one is always happy when he gives pleasure to others. So you must eat all my apples you want, and give away those you don't want."

"All right, I will," said Marian; "but it does seem a shame, after you've had to work so hard on them."

"We *are* kept pretty busy in the spring and summer," admitted the dryad, "but we make up for it in the winter. *Then* we have a good long rest."

"Doesn't it make you sorry, when the wind blows off your beautiful leaves, in the fall?" asked Marian.

"No, indeed, for by that time they are old and withered, and we know we are going to have some beautiful new ones in the spring."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed Marian. "It's like the second-hand man who comes to our house and carries off our old furniture. We never feel sorry to see it go, for we know we are going to have some nice new furniture to take its place. The wind is your second-hand man, isn't he?"

"Yes," said the dryad, "and we are always glad to have him come—that is, all but Oak-Tree Dryad. She hates to see her leaves go, even when they are old and dry and rusty; so she clings to them as long as she can. What does your second-hand man, as you call him, do with the old furniture that he carries away?"

"Mamma says he sells it cheap to poor people who can't afford to buy better furniture; and they are always very glad to get it."

"Then our wind is just like your second-hand man!" exclaimed Apple-Blossom, giving a rippling little fairy laugh. "He carries off our old leaves and heaps them up on the poor little flower beds and plants that haven't anything better, so they, too, are very glad to get our old furniture."

"May I tell Mamma all the things you've told me?" asked Marian. "I mean, of course, *all* but your fairy name?"

"Yes, you may tell her if you like."

"Do you think I had better tell Florence Craig?" Marian questioned, anxiously.

"Who is Florence Craig?"

"She is my very best friend, but, you see, she doesn't believe there are any real fairies."

Apple-Blossom Dryad's face grew stern.

"My Mamma believes in fairies," Marian hastened to say.

"Then you may tell your mother about me. But *don't* tell Florence Craig. It's bad enough when grown-ups lose their faith in fairies; but when little girls don't believe in them, it's *simply* dreadful. Such children don't *deserve* to have any nice stories told them," declared the dryad severely. "If you hadn't believed, I'd never have made you this visit. There! I hear your mamma calling you now, so you must go. I'm sorry I can't kiss you goodbye, Marian, but fairies never can, you know. Goodbye, dear," and, waving her tiny hand, the dryad disappeared as suddenly as she had come.

Marian Easterly rubbed her eyes a moment in bewilderment at the startling disappearance of Apple-Blossom Dryad. Then she hurried into the house to tell her mother all about her strange experience.

RUTH MERWYN

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LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

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TO CLEAN LEADED GLASS

By C. W. Gunnison, Minneapolis, Minn.

If you have art or leaded glass in your home, try cleaning it with vinegar and note the disappearance of dirt.

CLEANING CYLINDER RECORDS

Wash outer side of record with cotton-batting saturated with kerosene till it is quite clear. Then place record on revolving mandrel and polish with a piece of silken or cotton cloth, brushing lightly across the record in the same direction as the grooves run.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE CAMPERS

By A. S. M., Portland, Me.

For mosquito and black-fly bites there is nothing as good as poultices made of tea leaves. Put the steeped tea leaves between two thicknesses of cheese cloth and run together, then apply to the affected parts. When they become dry, moisten with tea. This is a good remedy for fishermen and campers to keep in mind. Something that will positively prevent the bites is oil of citronella, which can be obtained from any good druggist. Apply to hands and face, and it is well to carry a small bottle of it in the vest pocket while on a fishing trip. Cheese cloth or mosquito netting colored yellow will keep the insects away from the camp. There is some odor about the coloring which they dislike.

TO KEEP YOUR PIES NICE

Mrs. E. M. Manning, Milford, N. H.

I wonder if anyone has ever tried my way of keeping pies; it is also a fine way of carrying them to a picnic, or anywhere else. Take a wash-boiler that leaks or is past doing duty on wash day, and scour all nice and clean; procure two wire pie racks and set them in the boiler, and you have room for eight pies, where they will be out of the way of rats and will keep moist and nice. If I have a spare wire I set in a plate of cake or any thing I wish to keep from getting dry.

A FIRE EXTINGUISHER

By Mrs. J. M. Sewell, Pullman, Wash.

We prepare for fire in this way: Take twenty pounds of nitrate of ammonia, place in twenty gallons of salt water, dissolve the salt and then it is ready to bottle in thin glass bottles holding a quart. They must be well corked and sealed. They are fine hand grenades. They should be thrown in the edge of the fire with force enough to break the bottle, and let the gases escape to put the fire out.

TEA FOR THE HAIR

By Hattie K. Hopkins, Frankfort, Kan.

A teaspoon of tea steeped in an old tin cup, with a trifle of sugar. will keep the hair very nicely in curl for a week or more. It does it for me. A few drops of alcohol added to the tea and sugar will keep it for a month.

FOR A SILENT CLOCK

A teaspoon of kerosene oil in a little dish, placed inside a silent clock, will keep it in order for a long time.

FROSTING

By Nellie M. Prescott, Raymond, H. N.

When using the whites of eggs for frosting puddings, etc., the flavor is improved by slightly cooking it. To do this, beat it stiff and sweeten as usual, then drop by spoonfuls onto *boiling* water. Let cook a minute or two and it can be easily taken off and placed on the pudding.

TO MIX PAINTS QUICKLY

By L. A. L., Mountainville, Vt.

When using varnish, stains or mixed paints much stirring can be avoided by standing the unopened can on the back of the stove, inverted. Leave it half an hour, and then shake before opening. There will be no heavy sediment to require patient stirring.

TO COLOR LACE

By A. C. G., Foxcroft, Me.

Many times when dress-making, ladies would like lace to use of the same shade as the dress goods, but cannot procure it. I have seen odd and delicate shades beautifully matched by the following method: Take the common tube oil paints, and mix a small quantity of *exactly* the shade desired. If one does not understand mixing paints, it is better to get some friend who does, to do it for you. Put this small amount of paint into a quart of gasolene, (two quarts if much lace is to be colored), and the gasolene will at once become the shade of the paint. Into it now dip the white lace you wish to color, taking care it does not touch the sediment in the bottom and spot.

ROSE CREAM FOR THE HANDS

By A Nebraska Reader

Gum tragacanth one-quarter of an ounce (not powdered). Put in one quart of soft water and set on kitchen table, stirring well three or four times a day for three days, or until well dissolved. To this add four ounces of glycerine, four ounces of witch hazel, five cents' worth of rose water, mix well and it is ready for use. Will keep the hands soft and smooth if used always after they are well washed and dried. Rub in well. Will not leave the hands sticky. If too thick add soft water. This amount will last a large family a year, and is not expensive.

MITES IN THE HEN-HOUSE

To drive mites from the hen-house, keep sprays of sweet clover in the house and around the nests. It is easily found by any country roadside.

SOILED WALL PAPER

By Mrs. D. H. Everist, Kendall, Wash.

Wheat flour three parts. Powdered prepared whiting one part. Mix flour and whiting thoroughly, and add enough water to bring it to consistency of ordinary dough. Use by taking a small piece about twice the size of a hen's egg. Press against wall, and remove the dirt by making long strokes. Now after making a stroke, knead the dirt into the dough and continue until it is useless. A quart of this preparation used in this manner will clean the walls of a good-sized room.

AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY

By K. G. S., Saegertown, Pa.

Take a piece of red flannel, lay it upon the stove and burn, until it all turns brown. Take a quantity of fresh lard, and mix with the burned flannel until a soft paste is made. Apply to the parts after first cleansing them with water as hot as can be borne. This will cure the worst form of piles if used faithfully.

CAKE FILLING

By Isabelle E. Moore, Tampa, Fla.

Take of dates (or equal quantities of dates and raisins) one cupful; cut or chop fine; one tablespoonful of peanut butter; mix thoroughly with water till like cream; stir into fruit and spread between layers of cake, sprinkling sugar over the top layer.

FOR A BRUISE

By Agnes Gwin, Appleton City, Mo.

Apply quickly a thick paste of starch and water and let dry.

MAKE YOUR OWN BAKING POWDER

By Lelia Smith, Schoolcraft, Mich.

You can make your own baking powder at home with less cost than you can buy it. To one part of soda take two parts of cream of tartar, and as much cornstarch as of both. Sift this all together several times, so as to get it thoroughly mixed. This makes as nice baking powder as that you get in the stores.

WHEN MAKING BRINE

By Emma L. Grogan, No. Petersburg, N. Y.

When making brine for packing pork, beef, pickles, eggs or any food to be kept for winter use, be careful to use hard water in all cases, as I have known food of the finest quality to be utterly ruined by being packed in brine made with soft water. The more lime the water contains the better, this should *never* be forgotten.

SAGE TEA HAIR TONIC

By Mrs. H. M. D., St. Louis, Mich.

Make strong sage tea and add salt at the rate of one teaspoonful to one quart of tea; apply it to the scalp two or three times a week to prevent the hair from turning gray or falling out.

TO PREVENT BLOOD POISON

For a punctured wound, caused by a rusty nail or anything of a similar nature, apply immediately a thin slice of fat salt pork wet with turpentine. This will prevent blood poisoning.

CLEANING BABY'S HEAD

By Mrs. L. H. Carlisle, Mattawan, Mich.

When Baby's head needs washing, rub on pure olive oil and in about five minutes use the fine comb, and the child's head will be as clean as though you had used soap and water; there will be no danger of taking cold. The oil also helps the growth of the hair.

TO PREVENT THE CREAM CURDLING IN MAKING TOMATO SOUP

By Mrs. E. P. Severin, Chicago, Ill.

Add a level teaspoonful of baking soda to one pint of milk used for making the soup. When this is added to the tomato, it will foam quite furiously, so be careful to use a dish sufficiently large.

TO CLEAN TAN GLOVES

By Theo. F. Young, Huntsville, N. J.

The ordinary tan shoe dressing used in cleaning tan shoes may be used with great success in cleaning tan walking gloves. Apply with a woolen cloth in the same way as with the shoes.

NEW METHOD OF FRYING EGGS

By Mrs. Frank Miller, Florence, Wis.

Sprinkle a very little flour in the grease before frying eggs, and it will keep them from spattering and they will fry a beautiful brown.

WHEN TAKEN WITH CRAMPS

By Mrs. A. D. McCormick, Onekanna, Mich.

When taken with cramps in your limbs if you will turn your toes up you will be relieved at once.

WILL STOP HICCOUGH

By Elizabeth M. Robinson, Iowa City, Ia.

A lump of sugar dipped in vinegar and allowed to dissolve in the mouth will prove effectual in cases of hiccough.

PINEAPPLE IN CASE OF DIPTHERIA

A very simple yet often effective remedy for diptheria is the juice of the pineapple. The fluid is so pungent and corrosive a nature that it cuts the diptheria membrane and causes it to disappear.

NEVER RE-HEAT MUSHROOMS

Never re-heat mushrooms or dishes containing them, as after they have become cold they are apt to develop injurious properties and become a dangerous food; therefore, consume what mushrooms you cook at once, or throw them away.

HOME-MADE ASPARAGUS COOKER

By Mrs. A. B., Albuquerque, N. M.

Use a large, shallow granite-ware pan and a perforated pie tin. Make handles for lifting the pie tin by passing wire through holes on either side and high enough to come above the water, so they can be taken hold of easily when lifting the asparagus from the water. By this method the water drains from the asparagus and it remains unbroken.

A BROKEN MIRROR

By M. K., Tunkhannock, Pa.

If you have cracked a mirror, see if you cannot think of some design which may be painted over the crack. One disfigurement of this kind was covered with a wild rose design, the vine following the ugly crack. This made the mirror an artistic and original piece of furniture, entirely removing its former dilapidated appearance.

EASY WAY TO PEEL ONIONS

By Mrs. R. S. Jackson, Toledo, Ia.

An easy way to peel onions may be found by pouring boiling water on them and letting stand for about two minutes; pour off, and you can remove the skins easily, without smarting the eyes.

MAKES STEAK NOURISHING

By Harriet Lamb, San Diego, Cal.

Slightly blaze both sides of a piece of round steak, cut in strips and run through a meat press. The juice thus attained will heal and nourish a sore stomach and bowels when all else has failed.

PAPERING A CLOTHES CLO

By Mrs. C. H. Phillips, Cassadaga, N. Y.

To paper a clothes closet, use any remnants of wall paper which you may have, putting them on wrong side out, thus leaving a plain white surface against which to bang the clothing.

A GOOD CUCUMBER CROP

By Dudley S. Cutler, Meadville, Pa.

If you will plant cucumber seed in the sign of the Twins in the Zodiac, you will always have plenty of cucumbers. This is an old tradition, but it is worth trying.

THE HAPPY HABIT

By the Editor

BACK again at the desk, fresh from the fields and forests, with the memory of the rich-tinted September woods still in mind, and the crispness of Autumn just suggested in the air! Rolling up the top of the desk it discloses an accumulation of matter laid aside for personal consideration. Do you want to know why I am always glad to come back to that desk?—it is that I may draw out that big left-hand drawer where my correspondence has all been carefully arranged for perusal. There is a compartment marked "immediate," that engages first attention, but nothing is more delightfully inspiring — after I have tackled the "trouble corner" and disposed of that, if there happens to be anything there — than to sit back in my chair with a bundle of letters in hand, and read some of the subscribers' letters before commencing the work of the day; for in this general correspondence are the letters that come right from the hearts of our subscribers, like white-winged doves of hope and peace fluttering to the editorial desk. There may be other editors who receive such charming missives — I hope there are — but it seems to me that the National has the best, the kindest-hearted and the most sociable lot of readers that ever dwelt here on earth. What wishes they send us!—"Your magazine is all right; and with kindest wishes for its continued success, I am, etc.", "I wish you great success in your undertaking." And so on. One subscriber who happened to know that the personnel of the firm included four Chapple brothers, wrote wishing "continued success to the four-leaved shamrock." In addition to these letters full of good wishes and cheer, there are bits of information as to what is liked best in the magazine, and suggestions as to something which would be enjoyed in future numbers.

They all have one characteristic—brevity—for our friends will not take up time in a busy office, and what these brief hand-clasps on paper mean to us it would be difficult to explain fully. I find myself addressed by name — the name that was given me by my mother, which I have always loved best. Here is the text of one letter. The letter-head reveals the fact that he is a lawyer from the West.

> "DEAR JOE:—I would like very much to learn how you have been able to convince yourself of the desirability of unvarying, good-natured, kindly optimism as to everybody and everything. To me, it does seem as though you go too far in that direction. It is unnatural to find a man so entirely destitute of the gall of bitterness, and, pleased as I have been with you, I think I could be still more pleased if you sometimes had a word to say in the direction of criticism or censure of that which appears to be reprehensible. I will admit, however, that if I am compelled to choose between your cheery views of life and men and things, and the rasping utterances of the habitual fault-finder, I could not hestiate for a moment in expressing my preference for you, but I think that you might find a middle course which would be more satisfactory to yourself as well as to others."

This indicates the frankness of the letters we receive, and I have the impulse to grab a whole drawerful and print them all; I would like every subscriber to know every other subscriber who writes to us, for I can honestly say I am convinced that the best part of the work associated with the National never comes to the surface. We can place before you the ripened fruit, but all that has gone to its production is hidden, and the mystifying thing to us is to discover what we have done to receive all this kindly interest that spurs us on to future endeavor. This has been especially evident during the recent Old Home Week in Boston, when many subscribers called at the office to see the home of the National.

Well, I sat down and wrote to my good friend, and confessed that there were times when I wanted to take a club and smash everything in sight, until I paused to consider whether, instead of being a good impulse, this was not merely an assertion of the animal in me—not a desire to do good.

Think for a moment of the people whose memory you revere; whose influence you love to recall as a cherished treasure. I look back and see that the whole trend of my life was more or less directed by a mother and school teacher, who insisted that the only way to live was to love, and that love was the best of life—and the fighting spirit slips off again into the background, when the cause is merely brutal self-interest.

The above letter is reproduced with a hidden purpose; for I have received another communication which indirectly conveys one of the most gratifying compliments the noble order of Happy Habiters has ever had. Let me give you the sequel of the little discussion about bitterness:—

> "DEAR JOE:—You will pardon the familiarity of my thus addressing you, but you must know that you invite it by your own publications.
>
> "I do not want you to think that I am a pessimistic fault-finder and desire others to be like me in that regard. I have systematically taken optimistic views of everything, in the belief, which you appear to have also, that I can be of more use to my fellow-beings in that way than by finding fault.
>
> "Some years ago there was presented to me, in the most striking manner, the evil effects of a pessimistic temperament. In an educational institution of the governing board of which I was a member we had employed a female teacher of unusual attainments, coupled with great ability in giving instruction, but she was of that unfortunate turn of mind that everything in life appeared to her to be wrong, and the influence which she exerted over the minds of young people under her charge was absolutely shocking. At one time there was an oratorical contest, and I believe every one of the participants produced an original composition and declaimed it before the audience, showing the hopeless worthlessness of existing institutions, and the sum total of all the orations would lead one to believe that there was no goodness left anywhere in the world. We felt compelled, on this account alone, to terminate this teacher's connection with the school.
>
> "I speak of this to show you that my general tendency is the same as yours, but I still think you could add to your usefulness by sometimes indulging in a little judicious and *just* harshness."

* * * * *

DESPITE his experience with the antipodes of the happy habit, my good friend concludes that he would like a little judicious and just harshness in the National. So now I am going to stand up and be real stern, though my strictures on society and its faults may never appear in cold print. I will confess that my waste-basket has received more pages of what, when I wrote it, I considered as being merely just criticism, than will ever appear publicly over my name.

Curiously enough, just before these letters which I have reproduced were received, I dug out of my barrel of paragraphs laid aside to "season," some matter that, on careful reading, had at the time of writing seemed a bit too strong. It had been indited in one of those moments when I felt like St. George doing battle against the dragon, or when I was struggling along, Atlas-like, with the globe tilted a little to the right upon my shoulders, until a moment of rationalism came and the excitement and irritation passed away.

Nations have their periods of irritation and paranoia as well as individuals, and I wonder if we are not now going through a paroxysm wherein we gloat over the darts of sarcasm and shafts of bitterness until it seems that the atmosphere is surcharged with discontent, and all this in the face of the fact that the whole continent is blossoming under God's smile.

We cannot wonder if the ranters rant a little about the inequalities; there is no denying that they exist, but we are the authors of the inequities, the outcome of a system inaugurated and maintained by ourselves. If we look things straight in the face, we must admit that this state of society arises simply from the fact that we are immersed in a spirit of pure selfishness and envy, and glowing with jealousy, the most reprehensible passion known to the human race. Now let's get down to fundamentals and make the race better, and awaken the good impulses that never are aroused in the scolded child — we cannot improve matters by bringing on a fit of the sulks.

The constructive force of the world is the enduring element. Who can have faith in the man who has no faith in the best side of human nature? We pity, rather than blame, the poor fellow who handles a scorpion lash from choice, like mistaken Rehoboam, king of Israel, when he rejected the advice of his father's wise old councillors.

Analyze further, and you will find that many malcontents are honest and sincere in their belief, and they carry the tribulations of the whole world on their shoulders, convinced that they alone know how to redress the wrongs and woes of humanity, though one cannot but wonder why the panacea is not applied.

Yet analyze farther still and it will be found that when a man is like Ishmael his "hand against every man, and every man's hand against him," somewhere in his career is a painful personal experience that he has nursed into a lifetime grievance. I have seen in my work in public life men who have kept up a quarrel with all the vigor of a centuries-old racial feud, because of some slight offence to their personal vanity.

In fact, it seems to me that discontent and happiness are all a matter of feeling and perception. The same cause may arouse both the evilest passions and the noblest emotions. On the other hand, how often, when one's actions are analyzed, it is found that what looked fair to the eye had its root in a despicable motive, scarcely known even to its possessor, and how often, beneath the smooth veneer of politeness and social custom is hidden the desire to fly at the throat of our brother man when he happens to differ from us, or to touch that which we regard as our own. The one thing that divides us from the barbarians is the fact that we battle with these animal impulses which they yield to as the right motive.

So we swing around again to my favorite word "equipoise," the state of being evenly balanced.

"Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires."

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. Jenkins

INDIANAPOLIS

YEARS ago, the serious consideration of corporation influence in politics would have surprised any politician. In "the better days of the republic," so-called, few supposed it possible for corporations to influence elections, or legislation, and no one foresaw that in the twentieth century an artificial being, invisible, intangible, and existing by virtue of the law, and without power other than it conferred would come to be rightfully regarded as a potent factor in American political life. Yet today it is a fact that combinations of capital, organized as public service corporations, and primarily devoted to municipal functions, have acquired the control of politics and public utilities to such an extent that many of our most intelligent and far-seeing citizens are demanding at the hands of State Legislatures, and of the Federal Congress, the restraint of these corporations.

They also complain that corporations, not content with their extraordinary and dangerous control of business, have become regular participants in political contests; and they insist that the results, and especially of municipal elections, are often decided by the intervention of corporate managers and the illegitimate use of money supplied from corporate funds. These complaints cannot apply to all corporations, yet there are the best reasons for believing that many American cities are bound hand and foot by their local public service corporations.

Corporation influence in political life began to attract public attention and to provoke official condemnation during the first administration of President Jackson, when the controversy between those who advocated, and those opposed to granting a new charter to the Bank of the United States was before the people. It became a party question and resulted in the President's re-election. Among the causes assigned by him for the subsequent removal of the national deposits, from this bank, was the charge that the bank was faithless as a public agent in the misapplication of public funds; its interference with elections and above all its flagrant misconduct in placing the funds of the bank, including United States Treasury deposits, at the disposition of the president of the bank as a means of operating upon public opinion and procuring a new charter.

During the past quarter of a century, the facility with which charters could be obtained and valuable franchises secured, has encouraged the formation of corporations, many of which were absolutely useless and unnecessary for the welfare of the people, and while some inscribed on their banners, "Down with monopoly," their existence was of no public benefit but on the other hand, a useless and unnecessary expense.

After a long and uninterrupted period of reckless franchise grants, the people seemed to have suddenly awakened to the true situation, but in the awakening, a great many legitimate and honorable public utility corporations suffer for the sins of their disreputable contemporaries.

It is undoubtedly often true that corporations are compelled to ally themselves with one political party or the other to secure protection against adverse legislation, and in such cases serious complaint was perhaps not justifiable; but it has been the flagrant unwarranted interference in public affairs, that has caused the prevailing hostility to public service corporations that are supposed to have monopolistic tendencies.

In making a study of the relations between the public service corporations of Indianapolis and the municipality, it cannot be denied that corporation managers in days gone by have often largely controlled the political situation, have elected mayors and common councils, and been enabled to dictate the terms of franchises and municipal contracts. It is due, however, to the present corporations to state, that in no time in the history of Indianapolis has there been less interference in city politics, on the part of their managers than today; and there are few cities in its class where the relationship between the corporations as a whole and the people is more harmonious than in the city of Indianapolis.

There is no city in the United States that presents a better field than Indianapolis for the study of those economic questions that agitate the public mind—no city where conservatism is more pronounced and intelligence more manifest; and no American city of its size has furnished more men who have distinguished themselves in literature, art and engineering, than this beautiful metropolis of Indiana.

The idea of municipal ownership never struck Indianapolis with any force; the public utility corporations have not been affected by movements of this character, as have other large cities, and consequently, the securities of Indianapolis corporations are considered safe and find a ready market.

The relations of Indianapolis public service corporations with the municipal government are free from the strife and contention that obtain in many larger cities. Mayor Bookwalter, and the Board of Control, demand that each corporation live up to the terms of its contract, but the administration does not impose impossible requirements, or demand innovations simply for political effect.

A study of the history of the telephone service in Indianapolis is perhaps of more general interest than any other public service corporation. Indianapolis was one of the earliest cities to install the original Bell Telephone, and in that city the independent telephone movement began the contest which has attracted so much attention throughout the country. The independent movement at Indianapolis is of more than passing interest; its growth was rapid and when certain dividends were paid to stockholders it seemed to promise permanency and success. The promoters of independent telephone organizations throughout the United States have pointed with much admiration to what they were pleased to term the remarkable success of the opposition to the Bell Company in Indiana, and thousands of investors have been induced to contribute to the organization of rival or independent telephone companies, in various localities, in the belief that their investments would be secure and that they were doing the public a necessary service.

Now that sufficient time has elapsed to judge the results of telephone competition in Indianapolis, it is interesting to survey in a calm, dispassionate manner, the grievous errors that had been disclosed during the brief history of the movement. Whether the original promoters intentionally misled the people of Indianapolis, or were honest in their belief that success would follow an enterprise launched under such conditions matters little; at any rate the fact is plain that the city government granted a franchise with conditions impossible of fulfilment and no one has more cheerfully admitted the fact than the representatives of the Independent Company who appeared before the Board of Public Works last year, with a petition that the Company be permitted to increase its rates.

That others beside the manipulators have been left "to hold the bag" is apparent, because thousands of dollars of telephone bonds and stocks were unloaded on the people at a time when appearances indicated success. Many reputable citizens joined in the movement at its inception, who honestly believed that money could be safely invested in such an enterprise, but time has awakened sad realization in their minds that the vicissitudes of the telephone business are oftentimes most unpleasant and very expensive.

A schedule of rates was incorporated in the petition for the original franchise, which was far below that of the Bell Company, the only corporation in the field. Higher rates might have been secured at that time, but so eager were the promoters for the franchise that the question of rates seems to have had little consideration. They realized that even at these ridiculously low figures it would be possible to go through the function of paying at least one or two dividends, especially when no allowance was made for depreciation, and they knew that when these dividends were paid, no matter how legitimate they might be, it would be comparatively easy to unload the original stocks and bonds to a new crop of investors. The process is identically the same as that which has obtained in many similar movements throughout the country.

The independent company was granted a franchise in 1898, and the franchise, in the form of a contract between the city and the company provided that the grant should be limited to a period of twenty-five years, and could not be transferred, directly, or indirectly, without the consent of the city. The principal consideration for the granting of the franchise was stated to be "the securing of a reduction of telephone rates to the citizens of said city and the fixing of rates as hereinafter provided, and the maintenance of such reduced rates during the period of time covered by the contract." The capital stock was fixed at $400,000 not to be increased during the life of the franchise without the consent of the city. Rates were $40 per year for business houses within two miles of Monument Place, and $1.50 per year extra for each additional one-fourth mile; at $24 a year for residences situated within two miles of Monument place, with $1.50 per year extra for each additional one-fourth mile. The company agreed to pay the city a royalty of $6,000 a year and an additional $2.00 per telephone for each and every telephone in excess of 6,000.

The independent company had an authorized capital stock of $400,000, bond issue of $500,000 which in 1900 was increased to $800,000. When in 1904 the company needed more capital and it was realized that its franchise prohibited an increase in its capital stock, the Indianapolis Telephone Company was organized for the purpose of leasing and operating the plant and increasing the capitalization of the business. Permission was granted by the city council and the company started with a capitalization of $1,200,000. By the terms of the lease, which was for a period of nineteen years, the Indianapolis Telephone Company guaranteed the payment of the principal and interest of the $800,000 bond issue and also the payment of six per cent. dividends on the stock of the underlying concern. Later another mortgage was secured and $150,000 of bonds was placed upon the property.

In April, 1906, the New Telephone Company made application for a modified franchise by which its rates could be raised. In presenting its application the company stated that at the time of the granting of the original franchise independent construction was in its infancy and many requirements were not contemplated at that time. A virtual admission was made that the company did not originally realize that an increase in the business greatly increases the expense out of all proportion to the increase in receipts. It was admitted that the existing rates did not enable the company to maintain a high standard of service, or warrant such additions and improvements as the demands require, and it was pointed out that an expenditure of a half million dollars for a new fire-proof building and switchboard, and other equipments were a matter of necessity, and the company, therefore, asked that a modification of the contract with the city be granted. Some of the inducements offered the city to grant the concession, were interesting. The company agreed that at the expiration of forty years it would yield possession of the streets, alleys and public grounds, and cease the operation of the telephone plant and from thenceforward make no claim of any kind to exercise any rights under the grants previously made, although at any time within three years and not less than six months before the expiration of the forty years the contract might be renewed for another forty years. In case of failure to agree upon the terms of renewal the city was to have the option to become the purchaser of all the tangible property constituting the telephone plant. The new rates petitioned for provided, that until the company should have 15,000 subscribers in Indianapolis, business houses and professional men should pay $54 per annum, and residences $32 per annum, single line, these rates to be increased $2.00 for each one thousand additional subscribers over the 15,000 mark. The company also agreed to pay the city of Indianapolis $6,000 per year in addition to its taxes.

The company's experts testified that the proposed rates were a matter of necessity, and its representatives testified that the increase in rates was necessary for the salvation of the company. The matter was bitterly opposed by representative citizens and the Board of Public Works refused to grant the petition.

As in all cities, the representative business men of Indianapolis deplore the existence of two companies, even though they have to pay practically the same rate for one system.

Whatever shortcomings of the Bell Company, in Indianapolis, in former years made it possible for an independent telephone corporation to obtain such a foothold, and especially when hampered with the ruinous franchise conditions, it is certain that a more formidable and energetic competitor than the present Central Union Telephone Company does not confront the management of any independent telephone system in the country, and to its credit it may be said that its growing popularity can be attributed solely to efficiency in management and a total absence of any identity whatever with any one of the political factions of the city.

The people have rights that the Central Union Telephone Company is willing to respect, and while its receipts, on account of low rates, do not permit payments of dividends, this fact does not prevent the expenditure of immense sums of money each year for expansion and all necessary improvements in the service.

An exhaustive inquiry among the leading business and professional men of Indianapolis by the writer found complete satisfaction everywhere with its management and the service and never in its history has a better feeling towards the company prevailed than at the present time. A leading banker said: "You won't find any round pegs trying to fill square holes in any department of this corporation at the present time." It is the general impression in Indianapolis that a more perfect telephone organization cannot be found in the United States, than the Central Union Telephone Company.

The history of the Bell movement in Indianapolis, dates back to 1878, when two brothers, E. T. and James Gilliland, secured license rights from the city for the sake of organizing a small exchange. The utility of the instrument was but little appreciated in those days and imperfect service combined with extreme difficulty in obtaining capital rendered it impossible for these pioneers in the telephone field to obtain over a hundred subscribers. Others tried the experiment with but little success, and when in 1883, the Central Union Telephone Company was organized, this company absorbed the system already established.

The Central Union Telephone Company covers the State of Ohio, except Cleveland; Cincinnati, and a tier of counties along the eastern part of the state; all of Indiana, except Evansville and an adjoining county; and all of Illinois, except Chicago and five adjoining counties. On May 31, 1907, the company had 187,026 subscribers.

During its existence, the company has seldom been found in the courts and its history is remarkably free from legal entanglements and litigation. When in 1884, the Indiana Legislature passed a rate act, the company contested its constitutionality but was defeated in the courts. This act, however, was repealed in 1889.

When the franchise was granted the Central Union Telephone Company a schedule of rates was not fixed, but the company has always been reasonable in its charges. Indianapolis has always enjoyed low telephone rates, and even before the independent telephone system was installed, the Bell rates were lower than most cities of its class in the country. The company is now constructing one of the finest telephone buildings in the United States. Its cost will be approximately $400,000, and will be ready for occupancy during September.

In 1903, Mr. L. G. Richardson, formerly general solicitor of the company, and who is also president of the Cleveland Telephone Company, was elected president. Since his election Mr. Richardson has introduced changes which have gained for the company an excellent business standing in the territory in which it operates, and the splendid relations with the public, which the company enjoys today makes the expansion of independent systems a most difficult problem. No little credit for the remarkable success of this organization is also due Mr. H. F. Hill, vice-president and general manager, who is conceded to be one of the first telephone experts of the country. He was identified with the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, New York, previous to 1903, when he associated himself with the Central Union Telephone Company.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL GAS

In 1886, natural gas was discovered near Indianapolis, and a number of companies were organized to distribute it in the city, as there was no ordinance permitting the companies to use the streets for the delivery of natural gas to the consumers. Action was taken on behalf of these companies, looking towards the acquiring and concession of franchise rights. At this time The Indianapolis Gas Company, which supplied artificial gas, was owned and controlled largely by Mr. Allen M. Fletcher, its president and active head, who himself controlled a majority of the stock.

Realizing the danger to the value of his property, and being largely in politics in the city council, and board of aldermen at that time, which bodies, through his friends, he was able to control, the question of a franchise for the natural gas companies was delayed and committees appointed to visit the different cities, among others Pittsburg, to get up a general ordinance, permitting any company to pipe natural gas into the city under this general ordinance. This ordinance was drafted and was largely the result of Mr. Fletcher's efforts in the matter. The price of natural gas was fixed at extremely low rates, not by meter but by contract, and the price fixed at such a point that it was believed that no company would be able to accept and operate at a profit at the price named. The ordinance was passed in the spirit of getting nature's fuel at the very lowest possible price to the consumer, the price being used to educate the people along this line.

In the meantime, and before the passage of this ordinance, the Standard Oil Company interests had piped gas from the Noblesville field to the corporate limits of Indianapolis, but would not accept the general ordinance which had been passed by the common council and the board of aldermen in the interests of the Indianapolis Artificial Gas Company. The Standard Oil people claimed that the expense of piping the gas through the streets of Indianapolis, and the possibility of the natural gas field being exhausted within a few years would not justify them in making the investment. They asked that the ordinance be changed and that higher rates be granted. There was a great furore through the press, which no doubt, was instigated by the Artificial Gas Company, that there should be no change in the ordinance by so much as "the dot of an I or the cross of a T," that the commodity was nature's fuel and that the people should be the beneficiaries of this natural product. Matters stood in this condition for some time. In the mean time The Indianapolis Artificial Gas Company and the Standard Oil Company got together and the Indianapolis Gas Company purchased the field from the Standard Oil Company and the pipe lines laid to the city limits of Indianapolis. As soon as The Indianapolis Artificial Gas Company had secured the holdings of the Standard Oil Company, they immediately took up the proposition of having the ordinance changed and the rate increased, claiming that the prices were at such a point that they were not justified in making the investment in the distributing system in the city of Indianapolis, with the possibility of the natural gas giving out within a few years, without receiving a higher price for the gas than was covered by the ordinance. The Indianapolis Gas Company thought themselves strong enough to have the ordinance changed, but after the agitation that had taken place previous to the passage of the ordinance, and of which they were largely the instigators, it was an impossibility for them to control the press of the city as the people had been educated to the idea that the ordinance should not be changed by so much as the "dot of an I, or the cross of a T."

As the Indianapolis Gas Company refused to come in under the ordinance, and as there was a great clamor and desire for the benefit in Indianapolis of natural gas, the matter of starting a company in which the people would subscribe the capital stock, was started. Mr. A. F. Potts, an attorney, suggested a plan by which a company be organized to be called the Consumers Gas Trust Company, the stock to be subscribed for by the citizens of Indianapolis, and to be put in the hands of trustees. These trustees were to elect directors of the company annually, and that when the stock, with eight per cent. interest was paid back to the stockholders, the property would then revert to the city. In 1887, the matter was agitated and brought to a successful termination, $500,000.00 worth of stock being subscribed by public-spirited citizens of Indianapolis and $200,000.00 additional stock afterward subscribed, or $700,000.00 worth of stock being placed in the hands of the trustees as above stated. The company went ahead, brought gas to Indianapolis and put in a distributing system. As soon as The Indianapolis Gas Company saw that the Trust Company would be successful, they also accepted the terms of the general ordinance, and they also had a distributing system of natural gas in the city.

Natural gas held out longer than was expected by either the Standard Oil people or The Indianapolis Gas Company, the field being larger in extent and the pressure higher than had been anticipated. But the distance from Indianapolis to the field increased as the pressure decreased; from twenty miles as originally piped, to eighty or ninety miles before the failure of natural gas. Pumping stations were finally put in by both companies to supplement the rock pressure, as this decreased from three hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and fifty pounds originally, down to seventy-five or one hundred pounds, when the pumping stations were installed. Natural gas practically lasted from 1887 to 1902. It was largely used in the beginning, not only for domestic purposes, but also for manufacturing purposes, and the price paid under the ordinance was very materially less than the same amount of heat units would have been if coal had been used. There is no doubt that in the fifteen years of the history of natural gas in Indianapolis, it saved the householders and factories at least from $10,000,000.00 to $15,000,000.00, and was largely instrumental in starting the growth and prosperity that Indianapolis has enjoyed since 1886. On account of the supply lasting longer than it was anticipated, both the Consumers' Trust Company and the Indianapolis Gas Company were prosperous institutions, the Consumers Gas Trust Company paying back to the stockholders all the money invested in the capital stock of the company with eight per cent interest.

Upon the failure of natural gas the city claimed that the mains of the Consumers Gas Trust Company should be turned over to the city as was the original understanding at the time of the organization of that company. The matter was taken to the courts and it was decided that the stockholders had no right to turn this property over to the city as the majority of the stockholders were opposed to it and the directors in pledging themselves to this course had overstepped their legal bounds. Under the ordinance that the natural gas companies were operating, there was a provision that the city should have the option of the purchase of the mains at an appraised value on the failure of natural gas or some condition of this kind.

In the mean time the papers had been agitating the question of cheaper artificial gas and the pipes of the Consumers' Gas Trust Company, being idle, an option was given to the city on the property. The option was transferred to a new gas company, called the Citizen's Gas Company, by the city for a small consideration. The matter was tested in the courts and the transfer of the option to this new company was held good. The press of the city, during all these years, familiar with the conditions attending the incorporation and building up of the Consumers Gas Trust Company, were agitating all the time the question of cheaper artificial gas, and the directors of the Consumers Gas Trust Company being favorable, as above stated, to a scheme of this kind, arbitrators were appointed and the property was appraised and sold to the new sixty cent artificial gas company for about $408,000.00, six months' time being given to raise the money.

One appraiser was selected by the trustees of the Consumers Gas Trust Company, who were favorably disposed to the new sixty cent gas company and the other appraiser by the new gas company and they were able to agree on the valuation of the pipe lines without calling in a third appraiser. The pipes of the Consumers Gas Trust Company had been down about nineteen years.

The agitation of the press through all these years has made the gas situation in Indianapolis very peculiar.

It was made a political issue in the last campaign and indications lead very strongly to the conclusion that politics played a very important part in the organization of the sixty cent gas company. The Democratic party, with ex-Mayor Holtzman at its head, believed that a popular clamor for sixty cent gas would be a great campaign argument and so a plan was outlined to bring about this result. The present Mayor, Charles A. Bookwalter, was not opposed to a reduction in the price of gas, but he bitterly fought the plan proposed by the party in power. It was during the last campaign, that the Democratic administration granted the new corporation permission to lay mains and supply gas, the principal features of the franchise being that the rate should not exceed sixty cents. It was understood that the council should in some manner turn over to the new company the option which the city possessed on the mains of the Consumer's Gas Trust Company, and notice was served on its officers that the city would exercise its right to buy the property. In order to make a good showing, subscriptions for stock in the new company were taken and every appearance indicated that sixty cent gas was a certainty. On account of injunction proceedings the best contract the city could give the Citizen's Gas Company was an option on the option which the city itself held, and the nominal price of $100 was charged for this option. This contract Mayor Bookwalter has bitterly denounced and today he severely criticises the former administration for what he terms a flagrant violation of official duty by relinquishing an option with an estimated value to the city of from $100,000 to $150,000 for the mere pittance of one hundred dollars. Should the new company fail to convince investors that a sixty cent gas corporation, with a strong competitor already in the field is feasible, and be unable to raise the necessary capital by November 1, then the option will be forfeited and the city will lose its interest and thus be deprived of a valuable resource when a new contract is being made with the Indianapolis Gas Company.

Whether we consider the question historically, or theoretically, the incorporated gas company presents almost every interesting phase of the corporation problem. Artificial illuminating gas has entered upon its second century. Notwithstanding its competitors, artificial gas remains today the most widely used means of lighting. Both the manufacture and distribution of gas are highly technical operations, requiring a considerable degree of skill, and of the cost and method of these operations the average consumer knows nothing. The fluctuation in the price of materials and the constant improvement in methods and processes of manufacture add to this difficulty. So long as constant changes are taking place, and the prices of material fluctuate, all legislative control seems impractical, and while the average voter believes in competition, yet a thorough analysis reveals the fact that a competitor can furnish no advantage when the prices are reasonable.

It is easy to manipulate public opinion on reduced gas rates, but it is not easy for a corporation to furnish the commodity at the prices which are sometimes fixed by the politician and the reformer. Few people realize that no improvement in a city like Indianapolis, can be rationally looked for unless preceeded by, or accompanied with, an improvement in the plant of the local gas corporation.

There is no city in the United States that is getting a sixty cent artificial gas for the general consumer. Some companies give this rate to large manufacturers, who use one hundred thousand feet per month; but the general low rates in American cities is eighty cents, and this only when conditions are most favorable.

Whatever may be said of the past history of The Indianapolis Gas Company it is certain that a more conservatively managed corporation at the present time would be difficult to find. The men who are at the helm today are experts in this line of manufacture and every effort is being put forth to improve the service and maintain the best possible relations with its customers and the city. The corporation seeks to obtain a friendly feeling on the part of the people by honest service rather than by political energy or campaign contributions. It has one of the most modern and complete works in the country and the entire system is being rapidly put into first-class condition.

The company had 300 miles of mains on June 1, and 29,230 consumers. The rates since its organization have been as follows: 1851, to 1866, $4.50; 1866, to 1876, $3.00; 1876, to 1878, $2.50; 1878, to 1884, $2.00; 1884, to 1887, $1.80; 1887, to 1899, $1.25; 1899, to 1903, $1.00. At the present time the price is ninety cents the contract to furnish gas at this price expiring in 1909.

The officers of the company are: F. S. Hastings, president; E. C. Benedict, vice president; Wm. M. Stevenson, secretary; Edward Beers, treasurer; Carl H. Graf, general manager. Mr. Graf has the entire charge of the plant and while he has been in Indianapolis but two years his efforts to build up the business along conservative lines have been most successful.

INDIANAPOLIS WATER COMPANY

The almost universal theory that municipal ownership should be applied to the water supply systems of American cities, is not likely to be realized in Indianapolis. As a matter of fact there are few cities of one hundred thousand and over that do not own and operate their own water works; yet it would be difficult to find in the United States a better system or a more perfect organization than the Indianapolis Water Company, a private corporation which owns about seven hundred acres of land in and adjoining the city of Indianapolis; has acquired all the available property for a corporation of this nature, and is, therefore, in no danger of competition.

On every hand I found the most friendly feeling towards this corporation and perfect satisfaction with the service rendered and the rates charged. There has never been any agitation, to any noticeable extent, that the city of Indianapolis should take control of its water supply system. At the present time such a proposition could not be entertained because of the constitutional debt limit. But were it possible to issue bonds for this purpose, such a proposition would not be entertained by the people. The reason is very plain to anyone who cares to make the most casual investigation. Such a degree of competency as is found in the organization and management of the Indianapolis Water Company would be practically impossible under municipal ownership where politics govern to a large extent, the selection of the department heads. Several responsible employees have been constantly in the service of this company for over a quarter of a century, and a more courteous and efficient class of men would be difficult to find. They know every detail of the ramifications of this great system and their movements are governed by intelligence and experience. The experimental stage has been passed years ago and as a result the people get the maximum service at a minimum cost.

The affairs of the corporation are conservatively managed and securities always find a ready market. The bond issue is very small and there are features surrounding the issue of these bonds which make them possess a degree of security that is often absent in bonds of corporations of this character. Bond issues of the Indianapolis Water Company are subscribed for long in advance of the issue. It is understood in banking circles that the bonds are over subscribed three times each year.

The Indianapolis Water Company is the largest privately owned water corporation in the United States.

The first water works were built in 1870 and 1871 by the Water Works Company of Indianapolis, organized October 7, 1869, operating under a Legislative Act of 1865, which authorized any incorporated city to contract with a private corporation to construct water works. Under this act the company received power to "take hold and convey all such real estate as shall be necessary to carry on the operations and effect the objects and purposes of the company, and it shall be lawful for the company to enter upon any lands for the purpose of examining and surveying the same for the site or sites of water works, reservoir and line of water pipes of such company and to take and appropriate so much thereof as may be deemed necessary for the same, and to that end and purpose said company shall be entitled to the writ of assessment of damages provided by law." The act also provides that the city may become a stockholder in the company, and makes it mandatory on the city, when such company has been duly organized under the provisions of the law, to grant such company the right to the use of the streets, alleys and public grounds of the city necessary to enable the company to construct proper works for the supply of water to the city and its inhabitants."

In January, 1870, a franchise was granted by the city council, giving the Water Works Company the right to construct, maintain and operate the works in the city of Indianapolis. The provisions of the franchise were evidently drawn with great care and every safe guard was thrown around the agreement which was necessary to secure for the city and its inhabitants pure and wholesome water and a sufficient pressure for fire purposes. The compensation for any service of the city to be upon such terms and conditions as may be agreed upon between the city council and the company. The rates to be charged the citizens for the water supply to be governed by the price paid by the citizens of other cities of the United States of like population, that are supplied with as efficient water works, unless a less price may be agreed upon. The terms of the agreement of the city were satisfactory to the company and the construction of the works began in the summer of 1870, and on May 30, 1871, the public were informed that on and after June 1, 1871, the citizens would be regularly supplied with water.

The first annual report, published December 31, 1871, showed that the system consisted of eighteen miles and 3,918 feet of mains. On these mains were located one hundred and ninety-three hydrants. The supply at that time was obtained from the river and the machinery consisted of Holly Pumps of 6,000,000 gallons daily capacity.

The population of the city at that time was 48,244.

Later, the Water Works Company acquired the old Indiana Central Canal which had been built by the State under the Internal Improvement Act of 1836. The consideration of the purchase was $500,000.00. The original purpose in the acquirement of the property was the use of the water power to drive the pumping machinery. The purchase of this canal, however, proved a great burden to the water company. This burden, together with the inability of the company to get the citizens to abandon their private wells, caused the enterprise to prove unprofitable, and, after about ten years of ineffectual effort, the company became so involved it was thrown into the hands of a receiver.

When the property was subsequently sold at the sheriff's sale, it was purchased by a committee representing the first and second mortgage bond-holders, and in April 21, 1881, they incorporated the present Indianapolis Water Company with a capital stock of $500,000.00. The population of the city at this time exceeded 75,000 and the system now consisted of fifty miles of mains, on which were located 531 hydrants. The same pumping station was used as in 1871, and the supply was still drawn from the river, but the capacity of the machinery had been largely increased.

Mr. F. A. W. Davis, the first treasurer of the company, and now president and treasurer, has been connected with the company in an official capacity, since its organization. Mr. L. C. Boyd is vice-president, and H. McK. Landon is secretary.

The remarkable success of this company, and the continued pleasant relations with the city of Indianapolis, can be accounted for in no other way than the manifest efficiency of its organization. Not only the heads of the various departments, but the subordinates, are men who have spent the greater part of their lives in this class of work. Some of these have been identified with the system in the larger cities of the country, while others have grown up in the service and have worked their way from the lowest position to their present responsibilities. In this particular it will be noticed that the circumstances contrast strangely with municipally-owned water works, where personality of the corporation has been changed by every political wind that blows.

The company keeps a fire attendant who answers every alarm of fire, and is usually on the ground as early as the fire department. It is his duty to see that the fire hydrants are all properly and duly opened, to report to the engineers of the pumping station the progress of the fire, and to assist the fire department in any way that his special knowledge of the distribution may permit.

The company obtains its water supply from two sources, filtered river water and deep wells. Formerly, the entire supply was obtained from a series of deep wells. These wells, thirty-three in number, range in depth from three hundred and twenty-five feet to four hundred feet below the ground surface. Five of these wells are eight inches in diameter and the remainder ten inches. The water is raised by compressed air and is discharged into vitrified conduits, from whence it flows into a water tight reservoir. The water in these wells is of almost absolute bacterial purity and beautiful and sparkling in character. The available supply through this source is between 16,000,000 and 18,000,000 gallons daily. At the present time this water is used merely as an auxiliary supply, the main dependance being the water from the company's system of slow sand filter beds. The plant, as now constructed, consists of six covered filter beds, each having an area of nearly an acre and two covered clear water basins of a capacity of 2,500,000 gallons each.

The quantity of water available for the dry seasons is ample for a population two or three times that of the city of Indianapolis today.

No serious case of electrolysis of water mains is reported at Indianapolis. There have never been many breaks of large mains which can be traced to electrolytic action.

The hydrants in the system are inspected by the water company in the fall to see if the drips are working properly. Whenever any defect in the drainage is found the hydrant is uncovered and the drip repaired. During the severe weather in the winter every hydrant in the system is inspected at least each day and in the business district the hydrants are visited oftener. The hydrant inspection gang at such time consists of thirty men. The use of hydrants by any but the fire department and the city department is not permitted. The city ordinance on this subject provides a heavy penalty for violation.

During the year ending March 31, 1907, the average amount of water pumped each day at the Indianapolis Water Company, was 17,888,701 gallons.

The filter beds of the system are what are known as the slow sand type. In filters of this character the water passes at a slow and regular rate through thick beds of carefully graded sand at the bottom of which it is collected again by a system of suitable under-drains. The process is not assisted artificially, therefore it is to reproduce, as nearly as possible the process of nature in the purification of water. The efficiency of slow sand filter beds in the removing of harmful bacteria from water is a matter of amazement to those who have given the subject careful study. During the last year the average efficiency of the Indianapolis beds, in removing of bacteria, was 99.31 per cent.

The system at the present time consists of 290 miles main, 2,300 fire hydrants, and 2,500 valves. The system is well devised, the percentage of mains smaller than six inches being about six per cent. The daily capacity of the pumps at the present time is 80,000 million gallons.

INDIANAPOLIS LIGHT & HEAT CO.

IT is a deserved compliment to the Indianapolis Light & Heat Company to state that its relations with the city of Indianapolis have always been most friendly. The men who head this corporation have been among the most prominent citizens of Indianapolis for more than a quarter of a century, and always in the front rank when energy and push were needed to advance the city's interests. The relations with its rivals has also been harmonious, and the management enjoys the implicit confidence of the people. This was the sentiment in brief which I found after a very thorough canvass among the leading business and professional men of the city.

The history of electric lighting in Indianapolis goes back to 1882, when the Indianapolis Brush Electric Lighting & Power Company was organized by the Brush Electric Company of Cleveland, to furnish arc lighting for the merchants of the city. The streets were at that time lighted by gas. Ex-Mayor John Caven was elected president of the company.

In 1888 the Marmon-Perry Lighting Company was established, to furnish incandescent lighting. This company immediately sprung into popular favor, and the two separate corporations were competitors until 1892, when a new corporation, known as the Indianapolis Light & Power Company, purchased both companies. Mr. D. W. Marmon was elected president, and C. C. Perry secretary and treasurer. The new corporation constructed a modern central station at Kentucky Avenue and the Vandalia Railroad, with a capacity of 4,000 horse power, which since that time has been increased to 10,000 horse power. The company immediately entered into negotiations with the city council for street lighting, and during the year 1892 a contract was made whereby the entire city was lighted by electricity, the contract calling for 750 arc lights. The franchise was given for ten years, and the rates were eighty-five dollars per light. At the expiration of this contract, a new contract was made with the city for another ten years, and the price reduced to seventy-four dollars. This was for an all-night schedule. The growth in the number of street lights has increased, until at the present time there are over 1,700 arc lights in use in the city.

In 1905, the company merged with the Marion County Water Heating Company and a new corporation, known as the Indianapolis Light & Heat Company, was formed. The new organization acquired the station of the Marion County Hot Water Heating Company, located on the Big Four

Railroad tracks. This station was built by the owners, the Indianapolis Light & Power Company, who also own the Marion County Hot Water Heating Company, and is one of the most modern power houses in the country. It is equipped with a Curtis steam turbine and all modern machinery, and this plant, when present plans are consummated, will have a capacity of 18,000 kilowatts.

The business of the company extends all over the territory embraced in the city of Indianapolis and suburbs, and the wires of the corporation cover approximately thirty-five square miles of territory. The company has at present about 11,000 consumers, and is growing at the rate of 1,500 to 2,000 customers per annum. All the wires in the business district, embracing one mile square, are underground, the three-wire, direct current, Edison system is being used. The direct current of 4,000 kilowatts is supplied from the Kentucky Avenue station to the business district, supplemented by a large storage battery plant having a capacity to deliver 8,000 amperes per hour, and further supplemented by two sub-stations supplied from the new terminal plant, each sub-station at present having a 1,000 kilowatt motor generator set to transpose high potential current to direct current for the down-town district. These sub-stations are built for the installation also of an additional 1,000 kilowatt unit in each station, and arrangements have been made in one of them for the installation in 1908 of another storage battery of 8,000 amperes discharge per hour. This will give the plant a capacity on the peak of the load of about 65,000 amperes. At the present time, the capacity is about 45,000. Everything in the way of construction work is being done in the most substantial and permanent manner, there being no better plant or system in this respect in the United States. The service is uniform at all times. In the direct current, three-wire, Edison system in the business district, there has been no interruption in the service for over fifteen years, and since the first contract was let, in 1892, for the street lighting, there has never been an interruption for one minute caused by trouble at the central station, and this may be truly characterized as a record which but few, if any, plants in the United States can show. There have occasionally been circuits opened so that trouble could be located, but no interruption during all these years with the central station equipment.

The policy of the company has evidently been to give the consumer the benefit of all the reductions in cost occasioned by a large volume of business and improved facilities, and no city in the United States has a greater volume of current turned out per capita, or at so small a cost as Indianapolis.

The capitalization of the company is small, as compared with corresponding corporations doing the same volume of business, consequently the fixed charges are low, which makes it possible to sell current at a less rate than where companies are over-capitalized. The Indianapolis Light & Heat Company is owned altogether locally, and its policy is one of liberality toward its customers. All complaints are promptly and fairly treated. No litigation has ever taken place between the city and this corporation. The company pays the city a franchise tax of five per cent. of the gross receipts derived from its services, as covered by the contract.

The officials are D. W. Marmon, president; C. C. Perry, vice president and treasurer; and T. A. Wynne, secretary and general superintendent. The officers, directors and stockholders are all Indianapolis people, who have the growth and development of the city at heart at all times.

PUBLIC HEATING PLANT

DURING the life of natural gas in Indianapolis, a greater part of the city was heated by this low-priced commodity. It was the most economical fuel obtainable, besides having the advantage of producing atmospheric conditions in the city practically free from smoke. In this respect, Indianapolis was the most ideal city on the American continent. Economical fuel and a clear atmosphere attracted the attention of thousands who decided to make the city their homes, and, as a result, the city gained over one hundred thousand in its population during the life of natural gas.

When the supply became exhausted, business interests were compelled to return to coal for fuel, and the atmosphere in the business district became laden with smoke. An ordinance looking to the abatement of the nuisance was passed by the common council, and several merchants were arrested for violating its provisions. It was then that a few public-spirited citizens organized the Merchants' Heat & Light Company, with the idea of heating the business district of the city from one central plant. A corporation was formed, and the city granted the new organization a twenty-five year franchise, in 1903, with the privilege of an additional twenty-five years' contract at the expiration of the original franchise. Mr. Edward L. McKee was elected president, Mr. W. C. Bobbs, vice president; Frederick M. Ayres, secretary; and Ferdinand L. Mayer, treasurer; H. P. Wasson and Henry Kahn were elected directors. These gentlemen represent some of the largest and best-known business houses in the city.

Notwithstanding the fact that public heating is a comparatively new innovation in American cities, and is largely in its experimental stage, the plant of the Merchants Heat & Light Company of Indianapolis has been remarkably successful. It has engaged the best experts in this line that could be obtained in the country. The territory covered is the business district within a radius of one and a quarter miles from the plant. The corporation also furnishes electric lighting to several of the large merchants, and also sells electric power.

It may be of interest to know that the company has never lost a single heating customer since its organization on account of poor service or excessive rates. The organization maintains a very pleasant relation with the municipal government and citizens, and its securities are considered a very safe investment. The capital stock is one hundred and fifty thousand common, one hundred and fifty thousand preferred, and five hundred thousand bonds. Mr. Edward L. McKee, president, is in active charge of the corporation, and to his untiring energy is due the remarkable success that has been obtained.

STREET RAILWAY SERVICE

THERE is perhaps no public service corporation in which the people of Indianapolis take more pride than in the street railway, a corporation which is undoubtedly one of the best street car systems in the United States; and there are few, if any, whose relation with the city and its citizens are more satisfactory. There have been franchise difficulties, but these have all been settled, and at the present time conditions are most harmonious. A brief history of street railway interests in Indianapolis may be summarized as follows:

On January 18, 1864, a franchise was given to the Citizens' Street Railroad Company for a period of thirty years, which the common council in 1880 extended seven years longer, or until 1901. In 1893 the city attorney decided that the seven year extension ordinance was invalid, and held that the franchise of the Citizens' Company would expire January 18, 1894. On the strength of this decision, a contract was made with the City Railway Company, in 1893, by which it was granted a franchise for thirty years, with straight five-cent fares or six tickets for twenty-five cents.

When the City Railway Company undertook to proceed under this contract, the Citizens' Company began an injunction suit in the federal courts, and not only claimed that its franchise extended until January 18, 1901, the end of the thirty-seven years, but also claimed that its franchise was perpetual, subject only to the reserved power of the legislature to terminate it.

Judge Woods, of the United States circuit court, sustained this claim, and granted an injunction, perpetually restraining the City Company from interfering in any way with the Citizens' Company's right of possession to the streets occupied by it. From this decision an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, which decided that, as the franchise of the Citizens' Company would certainly not expire until January 18, 1901, it was not necessary to decide the question of perpetual right.

In 1897 the legislature passed what was known as the "New Act," which provided that the franchise of the Citizens' Company should terminate on the date fixed in the contract, as interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States, or January 18, 1901. The same legislature passed the "Three-Cent Fare Act," which provided that street railways "in cities having a population of more than one hundred thousand," should not be permitted to charge or receive a greater rate of fare than three cents per passenger, with universal transfer privileges. The Central Trust Company of New York, trustee for the mortgage bond holders of the Citizens' Company, immediately brought an injunction suit in the federal court against the city, to prevent the enforcement of the Three-Cent Fare Act. This case was heard by Judge Showalter of Chicago, who was called to Indianapolis by Judge Woods for that purpose. He decided that the statute was invalid, because in conflict with that provision of the State Constitution which forbids special legislation—holding that, because the act provided that it should only apply to cities having a population of more than one hundred thousand according to the census of 1890, it could only apply to the city of Indianapolis, now, or at any future time. The Supreme Court of Indiana, a few weeks later, in the case of Navin vs. The City of Indianapolis, put a different construction on the State Constitution, and decided the Three-Cent Fare Act to be valid and constitutional. A motion was made to Judge Showalter, asking him to dissolve the injunction, on the ground that the federal courts were bound to follow the the decisions of the state Supreme Court on questions involving the construction of the State Constitution. Judge Showalter, however, declined to be bound by the decision of the state Supreme Court, and overruled the motion to dissolve. From this decision of Judge Showalter an appeal was taken by the city to the circuit court of appeals, at Chicago, and that court, composed of Judge Woods of Indiana and Judges Jenkins and Bunn of Wisconsin, decided that it had no jurisdiction to review Judge Showalter's decision.

Various matters in which both these companies were interested, and also the city, were before the courts for several years, or until the legislature of 1899 convened. It had been demonstrated in the courts that the three-cent fare was not only impractical, but impossible.

The property and franchises of the Citizens' Company were mortgaged to secure bonds to the amount of four million dollars—three millions of which did not mature for thirty-four years, or until 1933. It was shown in these suits, beyond question, that, for the year ending April 30, 1897, the expense of operating the plant was $634,629.81, exclusive of interest charges. Adding the interest charges to this, the total was $844,629.81. The entire number of fares collected during the period was 19,239,795, which at three cents would have amounted to only $577,103.65, or $267,526.16 less than the cost of operation and the amount of interest charges.

In addition to the franchise granted to the Citizens' Company under the contract of 1864, and the extension ordinance of 1880, it also had and held numerous fifty-year franchises on the streets of West Indianapolis, Haughville, Brightwood and Mt. Jackson, suburban towns whose population aggregated about 15,000, and which subsequently became part of the city by annexation. It also held perpetual franchises on parts of several of the principal streets which had been granted by the board of county commissioners prior to the annexation of the outlying territory through which these streets extended. During the period of litigation, the service rendered by the company had constantly deteriorated, and was continually growing worse. The legislature of 1899 enacted a statute which in effect repealed both the "New Act" and the "Three-Cent Fare" of 1897. It authorized the city to enter into a contract with any company that might be able to procure and surrender all outstanding franchises of every description. This statute provided that by such contract a franchise might be granted for a period of thirty-four years.

The maximum rates of fare were fixed at five cents per single passenger, with privilege of universal transfer, and the tickets entitling passengers to the same privileges must be sold at no greater rates than six for twenty-five cents, and twenty-five for one dollar. It also contained many other requirements as to what the contract should contain.

Acting under the authority of this law, and confronted by the difficulties and complications set forth above, the board of public works, on the sixth day of April, 1899, entered into a contract with the Indianapolis Street Railway Company, under which it is now working, and which seems eminently satisfactory to all parties concerned.

In the spring of 1902, the plans for the interurban terminal station were first considered, and in 1903 ground was broken. The building was completed in August, 1904, and is unquestionably the largest and best interurban terminal station in the world. There are nine tracks in this station, and all are laid on a concrete foundation.

All interurban lines running out of Indianapolis are modern in every respect, and the cars are those known as passenger coaches. It may be truthfully stated that Indianapolis is the center of the greatest street railway system in the United States.

Mr. Hugh J. McGowan is president of the Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction Company, and also president of the Indianapolis Traction & Terminal Company, which is now the operating company, and which has leased the property of the Indianapolis Street Railway Company. Mr. McGowan came to Indianapolis in 1899, when all the adverse street railway conditions were prevailing, and since that time he has succeeded in bringing order out of chaos, and it was with a master hand that he started the re-organization of the street railway system of Indianapolis.

He discarded the small, dinky cars, dismantled the old power house and extended the street railway tracks in every part of the city, and in a short time installed one of the best street railway systems in the country.

BLUFF POINT ON LAKE KEUKA NEAR PENN YAN, NEW YORK

PENN YAN, NEW YORK

PENN YAN is the capital of Yates County in Central New York, and has a population of about 5,000. The Seneca Indians, one of the powerful tribes of the Iroquois confederacy, were the earliest occupants of this territory. Penn Yan is in a valley at the foot of Lake Keuka. This lake extends north twenty-two miles, and midway, on its west shore, is an arm eight miles long, which goes to Branchport, one of the small villages in Yates County. Branchport is also connected with Penn Yan by an electric railroad. On the shore of this west branch of the lake that famous Indian orator, Red Jacket, was born. He was one of the most eloquent speakers of his tribe, and took a prominent part at the tribal council fires, and afterward in the councils with the white men. He was given a handsome silver medal by President Washington.

In the summer of 1776, the year of the declaration of independence of the original thirteen states, Jemima Wilkinson, then eighteen years old, went into a trance at her home in Cumberland, Providence County, Rhode Island, and when she recovered she told of many visions, and thenceforth her life was devoted to a strange sort of religious work. She called herself the Universal Friend, and her preaching attracted much attention. In 1782, she went to Pennsylvania, where she continued preaching. Desiring a new field in which to locate and establish a colony of her followers, an emissary was sent into the "Genesee Country" in 1786. The following year other followers were sent into this territory, and they came as far as Kashong, on the shore of Seneca Lake, in what is now the town of Benton, where they met French traders engaged in traffic with the Indians. They were favorably impressed with the country. In 1788, representatives of the Universal Friend purchased a tract of 14,040 acres in what is now Yates County, and in 1790 the Friend herself came here. She had quite a following, and these pioneers began clearing away forests and erecting new buildings. They finally christened their territory "The New Jerusalem." For some years, the society flourished, but finally dissensions invaded its ranks, and it gradually died out. Those sturdy New Englanders and Pennsylvanians were among the first white settlers here.

The first post office here was established July 11, 1801, and was called Jerusalem. On September 26, 1818, the name was changed to Penn Yan. Abraham Wagner was the postmaster when the office was first opened, and continued in office when the name was changed.

Today there are but few prettier villages than Penn Yan, and it is the business center of a fertile and prosperous territory. It is surrounded by a very productive farming country, and its fruit products are known all over the country. Along Lake Keuka and in territory near Penn Yan, there are upward of 15,000 acres of grapes. A great many varieties are grown here, chief among which are the Concord, Catawba, Delaware and Niagara. From these and other varities the wine cellars located here manufacture the best native wines to be had in this country. The two largest cellars in Penn Yan—The Empire State Wine Company and the Hammondsport Vintage Company—have grown very rapidly, and within a few years have more than doubled their capacity. The manufacture of champagne and the steadily-increasing demand for the vintage of Lake Keuka have necessitated large new buildings. This wine all being aged in the bottle, takes several years to become matured to that state of perfection which characterizes the champagnes made by these two companies. The "State Seal" is the brand of the Empire State Company, and "Gilt Edge" is the brand of the Hammondsport Vintage Company. Their brands of still wines are as popular as the champagnes.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH — BAPTIST CHURCH — METHODIST CHURCH

ST. MARK'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH — ST. MICHAEL'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Grapes from Lake Keuka now find a market in all parts of the United States. The principal shipping point is Penn Yan, and probably the largest individual shipper of grapes to be found anywhere in this country is W. N. Wise, who is located here. Solid train-loads of grapes are sent out, refrigerator cars being used. The grape industry gives employment to a large number of people during the shipping season. Greater care is exercised in putting up the fruit than in any other grape district, and this fact, with their excellent quality, makes Lake Keuka grapes sought for in preference to those from other sections. It has been demonstrated that the soil here is peculiarly adapted to grape culture.

Main Street, Penn Yan

Public Library

High School

County Buildings

MAIN ST. PENN YAN N.Y.
Main Street

But Lake Keuka is not alone noted for its grape and wine industry; it is fast becoming a popular place for tourists, while its fishing grounds are unsurpassed. Lake trout are the finest of table fish, and Lake Keuka is kept well-stocked. Over a ton of fish was taken in twenty-four hours this season, with hook and line. Hundreds of visitors come to the lake every year to enjoy the fishing, which is best in the early summer.

There are half a dozen hotels along the lake for the accommodation of tourists, and hundreds of cottages line its shores. A trolley runs along the west shore of the lake, and a company has been organized to build a road on the east side. The finest fleet of passenger steamers to be found on any inland lake in the state ply the waters of beautiful Keuka. At the foot of the lake is a large ice plant, and each winter several hundred cars of pure ice are shipped from here to far-distant points.

Within the past few years, Penn Yan has become quite a manufacturing place. Most of the grapes shipped away are put up in four-pound baskets, and these are made here. On the outlet of Keuka Lake, which runs through a beautiful gorge, are located a number of industries. There are two large flour mills, one of which is a very large manufacturer of buckwheat flour and ships its products as far as the Pacific coast. "Puritan Buckwheat Flour" has become justly celebrated in many of this country's most important trade centers, and has already helped to advertise Penn Yan. There are two mills which manufacture straw paper, one where tissue paper is made, and one which makes leather board. There is a chemical mill, the product of which has a world-wide reputation, there being no other factory like it in this country, and but two in the old world. The electric furnaces used here are the invention of E. R. Taylor, proprietor of the mill, and he has secured patents in many foreign countries, as well as in America. There is also a spoke and wheel factory.

Along the outlet runs the Penn Yan & Dresden branch of the Pennsylvania division of the New York Central Railroad, (formerly the Fall Brook Railroad). This road taps the coal fields of Pennsylvania and does an enormous business. The Crooked Lake Canal, abandoned many years ago, was located where this road to Dresden is now operated. One of the world's best-known men, Robert G. Ingersoll, was born in Dresden, seven miles from Penn Yan.

One of the new industries in Penn Yan is the plant of the Walker Patent, Pivoted Bin Company, where fine store fixtures of every description are made. Beginning with the manufacture of grocery store fixtures a few years ago, the business has grown wonderfully, until now fixtures for all kinds of mercantile business are made. These goods are recognized as the best to be had, hence the orders that are coming in from all sections of the country. A recent shipment of several carloads went to California. The Walker Patent Pivoted Bins and other store fixtures are in use in nearly every state in the Union. They are convenient, economize space, and add greatly to the appearance of the store using them, and their use is almost sure to become general.

Another new industry, and one that is growing rapidly, is the Wagener Brothers Shoe Co., makers of children's and misses' shoes. So good are the lines put out by this company, that the factory output is sold out in advance, and no traveling salesmen are employed.

A patented vending machine, to be found in many cities, is also made here. This is a penny-in-the-slot machine, and delivers candy, gum or salted peanuts, according to the wish of the operator.

Another product of Penn Yan is becoming well-known—a speeding cart called "The Beebe Dandy." Wherever interest is taken in speeding horses, this cart is superceding other makes. It is protected by patents, and is in use today in a great many different states.

As a place of residence, no more pleasant or healthful spot can be found, and to the tourist in search of a place to spend the summer months, Penn Yan and Lake Keuka offer a combination of lake and country that cannot help but please the eye and refresh the weary mind and body.

The village has five churches, public and parochial schools, public library, three newspapers, municipal electric light and water plants, complete system of sewers with modern reduction plant, private electric light and gas companies, good banking facilities, village and rural mail carriers, good streets, with plenty of shade in the residential districts, several miles of stone and cement sidewalks, beautiful cemeteries, enterprising merchants who carry extensive stocks of all desirable merchandise, good railroad facilities, and everything else which goes to make life comfortable and enjoyable, except a good theater. It has a number of first-class hotels, and an association of business men that invites any bona fide enterprise looking for a desirable place to establish a permanent business to come to Penn Yan.

A STRING OF LAKE KEUKA TROUT

The numerous industries located along the outlet of Lake Keuka which have been enumerated in this article make use of water power which the stream affords.

SCENE ON LAKE KEUKA, SHOWING SUMMER COTTAGES ALONG THE SHORE

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A VIEW OF ROANOKE FROM THE TOP OF MILL MOUNTAIN

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

A CITY OF ENTERPRISE, ENERGY AND PROGRESS

By E. B. Jacobs

Secretary Chamber of Commerce

THE growth of Roanoke, from a village of less than six hundred inhabitants to the present progressive city of thirty-five thousand population, is a striking example of what can be accomplished through commercial co-operation and the concentration of effort for the upbuilding and development of the material interests of a community.

In 1881, the town of Big Lick, which was the humble beginning of the present city of Roanoke, contained only six hundred inhabitants, with perhaps one hundred and twenty-five buildings. On January 31, 1884, the city was chartered, it having, at that time, a population estimated at five thousand. The United States census of 1890, gave Roanoke 16,159 population; that of 1900 showed 21,495; and a city census taken in January, 1904, for the purpose of ascertaining the exact number of inhabitants, in order to re-district the city and change the ward lines, showed a population of 26,443. During the month of April, 1906, a new city directory was completed, and the data then collected

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NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILWAY SHOPS

and Manufacturing Company

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE OBSERVATORY. ELEVATION 900 FEET

by the canvassers showed the population to be 30,300. From the unprecedented number of dwelling-houses erected since that date, the statement would seem fully warranted that Roanoke, which is the third city in size in the State, now contains a population approximating 35,000.

The city is situated in the Roanoke Valley of Virginia at its junction with the famous Shenandoah Valley, the Roanoke River flowing along its southern border. It is environed by the Blue Ridge and the Allegheny Mountains, and is 1,000 feet above sea level; latitude 37 degrees 15 minutes N., and longitude 79 degrees 55 minutes W. Its ideal location insures a climate which is unsurpassed, the temperature rarely going above 90 degrees, and then only for a few days in mid-summer; while the winters are usually marked by the absence of snow and excessive cold.

The surroundings of the city are exceptionally beautiful, the rolling nature of the country and the adjacent mountains affording a pleasing scene for the eye to rest upon.

Epidemics are absolutely unknown, and the locality is exceptionally free from sickness, Roanoke's ideal location, high altitude, fine sanitation, and unexcelled water supply combining to make the city a most healthful place for residence. The death rate for the past two years, according to mortuary statistics, furnished by the city authorities, showed only fourteen to the one thousand of the white population.

The streets are well-paved or macadamized, and the city is lighted throughout by electricity. Every section is supplied with drains and sanitary sewers, over $500,000 having been expended during the past two years for additions and improvements of this character, including extensive street paving, made necessary by the continued growth of the city.

VIRGINIA BRIDGE AND IRON COMPANY

Roanoke is within a few hours' journey of the Peaks of Otter, Caverns of Luray, and Natural Bridge, and is within close proximity to a number of the most noted mineral springs in Virginia.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK BUILDING

The water supply is unsurpassed in quality, being furnished by the famous Crystal Spring, which flows from the solid rock at the base of Mill Mountain, a spur of the Blue Ridge, located near the city limits. The volume of this spring of water is over 5,000,000 gallons per day; enough, in fact, for the requirements of a city twice the population of Roanoke.

ROANOKE WATER POWER CO.'S DAM (COST $400,000) FOR SUPPLYING LIGHT AND POWER TO ROANOKE

Besides this never-failing supply of water, unexcelled for drinking and culinary purposes, a free-stone water is piped from Bedford County, which is particularly well adapted to, and largely used for boilers of locomotives and stationary engines.

The average mean temperature and rainfall by months for the past three years were as follows:

Temperature: January, 32 degrees; Febuary, 30; March, 45; April, 52; May, 65; June, 72; July, 74; August, 74; September, 71; October, 54; November, 47; December, 39; average for three years, 55.

Rainfall in inches: January, 3.07; February, 1.58; March, 3.65; April, 1.95; May, 4.25; June, 4.98; July, 7.54; August, 3.74; September, 2.87; October, 3.93; November, 2.33; December, 4.21; Average per year, 44.11; average per month, 3.68.

The distance from Roanoke to other principal cities and the time necessary to travel thereto are as follows:

ROANOKE COTTON MILL

New York, 453 miles, time 13 hours; Baltimore, 267 miles, time 8 hours; Chicago, 764 miles, time 25 hours; Jacksonville, 647 miles, time 19 hours; Norfolk, 257 miles, time 9 hours; Mobile, 825 miles, time 28 hours; Pittsburgh, 455 miles, time 17 hours; New Orleans, 885 miles, time 28 hours; Richmond, 198 miles, time 7 hours; San Francisco, 3,128 miles, time 112 hours; St. Louis, 807 miles, time 28 hours; Washington, 227 miles time 7 hours; St. Paul, 1,174 miles, time 39 hours; Boston, 685 miles, time 20 hours; Philadelphia, 362 miles, time 10.5 hours.

The city has a public school system which ranks among the best in the country. There are seven grammar schools, one annex, and one high school; with eighty-three teachers for the white scholars and seventeen for the colored. Twenty-five cents on the one hundred dollars of assessed valuation of property is used for school purposes. Several additional school buildings are now in process of erection, in order to accommodate the rapid increase in population.

Well provided with schools herself, this city is in easy reach of institutions of higher learning, which furnish the finest opportunities for obtaining a liberal education. Virginia College for young ladies, is located about one-half mile south of the city limits, and Hollins Institute is situated about seven miles from Roanoke. These are among the most noted female schools in the country. The National Business College of this city is one of the largest and best schools of its kind in the South. Roanoke College for young men, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Virginia Military Institute, Washington and Lee University, and the University of Virginia are all within a few hours' journey from the city.

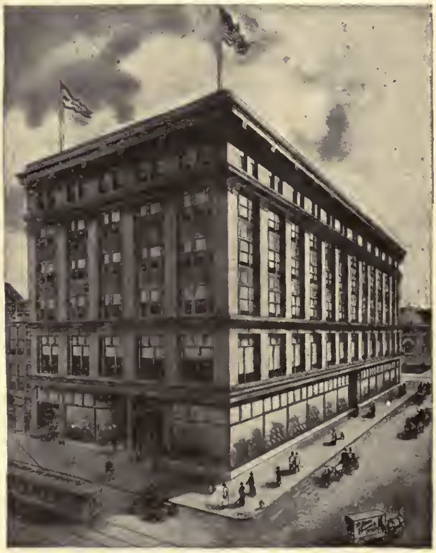
HOTEL ROANOKE

Roanoke's churches include practically all denominations, numbering twenty-seven for the white, and ten for the colored population.

The Y. M. C. A. owns a handsome building located in the center of the city, and has a large membership, its directory being composed of prominent business and professional men.

Roanoke Hospital, which is non-sectarian, is situated on the foot-hills of Mill Mountain, about one-half mile from the city limits, and is a commodious and well-equipped institution which is maintained largely by public contributions. It has an efficient management with a specially trained corps of nurses and assistants, and everything possible for the comfort and relief of patients is carefully considered and properly looked after.

The leading secret orders are well represented and have a large membership, the personnel being first-class in all cases. There are also a number of social clubs, prominent among which are the Shenandoah Club, Elk's Club, Eagle's Club, Roanoke Country Club, Blue Ridge Gun Club, Roanoke German Club, and the Shenandoah Cotillon Club.



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WATT RITTEN AND CLAY BUILDING

The city has one of the largest and best equipped opera houses in the South, its stage area amply accommodating the scenic display of the largest companies in the country.

The advantages offered by Roanoke in the matter of hotel accommodations are exceptional, there being seven comfortable and well-equipped hotels, with transient rates, ranging from $1.50 to $3.00 per day.

V. I. C. & CO.'S TWIN FURNACES

There is an admirable system of street car service, with well-equipped cars of the latest pattern and a schedule which affords rapid transit to all parts of the city and suburbs. The suburban towns of Salem and Vinton are connected with Roanoke by electric lines, as is also Mountain Park, a popular summer resort, located about one and one-half miles from the city.

There has recently been constructed by the Roanoke Water Power Company, at a point on the Roanoke River, about four miles east of this city, an immense dam and power-house, having a capacity of 3000 horse power, which is being used for the purpose of generating electric power for manufacturing establishments and lighting. The dam is 450 feet long, 50 feet thick at the base, 15 feet at the top, and 45 feet high. The development of this power and the consequent reduction in the price of electricity has proven an important factor in the establishment and development of business enterprises at this point. The Roanoke Water Power Company has two other sites near the city where there can be developed 6000 additional horse power.

ROANOKE POST OFFICE

The remarkable activity which has prevailed during several years past, in the erection of business and residence property, illustrates in a convincing manner the growth and material development of the city.

THE NEW VIRGINIA (TIDEWATER) RAILWAY FREIGHT STATION
MILL MOUNTAIN IN BACKGROUND

Since 1903 there have been erected one hundred and eight business houses and one thousand, three hundred and ninety-nine dwellings, at a cost of over five millions of dollars. This continued activity in the construction of new buildings has not been occasioned by speculation in real estate, but is the natural and logical result of the expansion of the city's industrial and manufacturing interests and the steady influx of new population.

NORFOLK AND WESTERN STATION AND UMBRELLA SHEDS

In 1901, the assessed valuation of real and personal property was $10,054,000.00; in 1904, the sum of $13,940,000,00; the levy for 1905 was on a valuation of $14,600,000.00; and that of 1906, on the sum of $17,890,000.00.

Union Depot
FRONT VIEW OF NORFOLK & WESTERN STATION

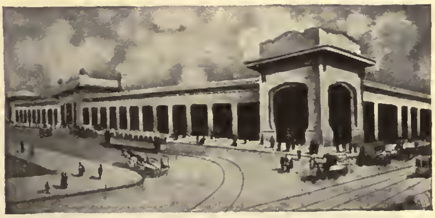
NORFOLK AND WESTERN RAILWAY YARDS

The improvements made since the 1906 levy will easily bring these figures up to $20,000,000.00, not including school, municipal or church property of any description.

The bonded indebtedness of Roanoke is only $1,081,000.00, an amount slightly in excess of one-half what the city would be authorized to issue on the basis of the present assessed property valuation. The average rate of interest on all outstanding bonds issued by the city is a little less than 4.5 per cent.

NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILWAY GENERAL OFFICES

The tax rate which obtains is as follows: City tax, $1.00 per $100.00; school tax 25c, and state tax 35c; a total of $1.60 per $100.00 based on a fair, conservative valuation of property.



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NEW RANDOLPH MARKET

Roanoke has a most efficient paid fire department, supplemented by a well-trained body of volunteers, and the equipment is ample and first-class in every particular.

Perhaps no better criterion can be cited as an evidence of the general prosperity prevailing in this city than a comparison of the statements of Roanoke's banking institutions January 1, 1907, with their statements issued one year prior. These statistics are as follows, and are a summary of the statements of the three national banks and one state bank engaged in business:

January 1, 1906—Capital stock, $425,000.00; resources, $3,729,065.03; deposits, $2,972,873.75; surplus and profits, $217,571.52.

STRICKLAND BUILDING

January 1, 1907—Capita stock, $600,000.00; resources, $6,313,061.17; deposits, $4,650,853.57; surplus and profits, $469,977.12.

An increase in capital stock of $175,000.00, an increase in resources of $2,583,996.14; an increase in deposits amounting to $1,677,979.82; and a gain in surplus and profits of $252,405.60; and this after having paid substantial dividends on capital stock invested.

There are located at this point two large iron furnaces, a cotton mill, one of the largest bridge works in the South, a huge rolling mill, an extensive overalls factory, a knitting mill, one immense printing establishment and several others of considerable magnitude, a

THE ELKS CLUB

brewery with a capacity of 50,000 barrels per annum, a cold storage plant, an ice factory furnishing 150 tons per day, a fertilizer factory, a large flouring mill, a patent medicine manufactory, stave factory, four first-class laundries, several foundries and machine shops, one of the largest marble works in the South, and a number of planing mills of large capacity, which do an immense business in lumber throughout a territory embracing several adjacent states.

ROANOKE PUBLIC HOSPITAL

Roanoke is headquarters for the Norfolk & Western Railway; the general offices of the company being located here, as well as their extensive machine works and repair shops, where a large portion of the rolling stock of the company is built.

There are employed in this immense plant, which covers sixty acres, over two thousand five hundred men, and the total number of employes in the service of the Norfolk & Western Railway Company at this point, including clerks, officials and trainmen who make their homes in Roanoke, will aggregate five thousand, and the amount of money paid them monthly is over $300,000.00. There are also at least two thousand men employed by the various other manufacturing establishments.

Two new classifying yards of large dimensions and a new twenty-stall round-house and machine shop have recently been installed in the western part of this city, at a cost of over $1,000,000.00.

The company's two new general office buildings, one of which was erected during 1905, cost over $250,000.00, and are model structures of their kind.

There was also recently built by the Norfolk & Western Railway Company at this point, one of the handsomest and most commodious passenger stations in the South, at a cost of $125,000.00.

A huge new foundry, 140x740 feet in size, has just been completed by the railway company for the manufacture of car wheels, soft iron castings, and brass and bronze work. The maximum yearly output of this foundry will be 125,000 car wheels and 30,000,000 pounds of grey forgings, and when all the additions which are now being made to the Roanoke Machine Works have been completed, these shops will be enabled to take care of not only the heavy repairs to the equipment, of the entire system, but will admit of the building of fifty standard locomotives and two thousand five hundred freight and passenger cars per year, and will result in the employment of a large additional force of men.

The line of the Tidewater Railway, which is being constructed from the Kanawha

BELMONT PUBLIC SCHOOL

River to Chesapeake Bay, passes through the corporate limits of Roanoke, this being the only city of importance touched by the road from the coal fields to the sea. The tracks have already been laid through this section of the State, and when the line is completed, it will open up a vast new territory tributary to Roanoke, and will prove an important factor in the further expansion of the commercial and industrial interests of the city.

The plans of the Tidewater Railway Company contemplate the establishment at this point of extensive yards and shops, Roanoke being the terminus of one of the divisions of the road.

Roanoke offers conspicuous advantages for the location of small industries of every description, and free sites with railroad frontage are available for plants which desire to engage in business in this progressive city.

Roanoke is steadily growing in importance as a distributing point for all classes of merchandise and manufactured products. Situated at the gateway of Southwest Virginia, in close proximity to and in direct communication with the Virginia and West Virginia coal fields, her wholesale merchants are afforded exceptional advantages in easily reaching their trade.

One factor that has contributed largely to the trade interests of Roanoke is that the city is a junction point, which permits the railroads to favor Roanoke shippers with especially low freight rates.

HIGHLAND WARD PUBLIC SCHOOL

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

VIRGINIA COLLEGE

The early coming of the Tidewater Railway, the construction of which is actively progressing from the coal fields to Chesapeake Bay, will open up a vast new territory contiguous to Roanoke, and still further increase the wholesale business of the city.

The Retail Merchants' Association of this city was organized several years ago, and has now a membership of about one hundred and twenty-five. Its objects are to bring together the members of the organization for the promotion of their mutual welfare and good fellowship in all business dealings, as well as for their protection in matters of local credit extended their trade.

The great benefit derived from these associations has been demonstrated, and shows the desirability of their establishment in every community.

* * *

It is doubtful if many cities of like size can boast of such complete and varied assortments of high-class merchandise as are carried by Roanoke's retail stores. In addition to the large local patronage enjoyed by these establishments, the city is the natural trading center for a rich agricultural district, Roanoke being located in one of the most fertile sections of Virginia, and with easy access by short

SHENANDOAH CLUB

connections to the immense lumber and coal districts of this and adjacent states.

* * *

Roanoke is fortunately situated in regard to its agricultural surroundings, being located as it is in the center of the rich and fertile Roanoke Valley.

Contiguous thereto, and within easy reach, are the counties of Botetourt, Bedford, Franklin, Floyd and Montgomery, which, for diversity of soil, and variety and volume of production, cannot be surpassed in any section of the country. The soil, as a rule, is a rich, loamy, chocolate clay, on which can be grown an endless variety of crops. It is particularly adapted to the cultivation of wheat, Indian corn, hay, buckwheat, barley and rye, as well as vegetables of every description. Fruits of every variety flourish in this locality, and as a result the canning industry has grown to considerable proportions. It is estimated that in the counties immediately surrounding Roanoke, there are located at least 500 canneries, Botetourt County alone having over 100. Some of the brands prepared by the canneries located in this section have gained a national reputation, and are worthy competitors of the famous California-packed goods.

TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH

CENTRAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY PLANT

In recent years tests as to the adaptability of this soil to a variety of products have been made, with results that proved eminently satisfactory; consequently thousands of acres of land which had heretofore been considered of small value have been put under cultivation, and have brought satisfactory returns.

* * *

The business of trucking and market gardening has also grown to be an important factor in the farming industry of the surrounding country, due to the fact that the unprecedented and continuous growth of Roanoke has given a strong impetus to this branch of agriculture.

F. B. THOMAS & CO.'S WHOLESALE STORE

Any description of Roanoke cannot be complete without some detailed reference to its Randolph Market, a cut of which appears in this article. It was built upon reclaimed land, almost a swamp, and is only one block from the City Market. The new Randolph Market was built by private capital at a money cost of $147,000.00. This monument to private enterprise opened May 1, 1907, with five tenants. In less than two

CAMPBELL AVENUE, LOOKING EAST

FLOUR, FEED, MEAL
J. A. HAMERSLY & CO.
MOL
WHOL

WHOLESALE ROW

months it had forty-seven tenants. The New York Herald, in an article deploring the condition of its chief markets, says, "The only two really sanitary market houses in the United States are those in San Francisco and Roanoke, Va." And the Baltimore Daily News (unsolicited) produced a cut many times the size of the Randolph Market given in this article with a descriptive write-up of Roanoke's Randolph Market, deploring the fact that Baltimore had nothing better than the old Lexington Market. The Randolph Market is absolutely sanitary. The cut is not fore-shortened. The drainage is severe. Everything is of reinforced concrete. There is nothing inflammable. No insurance is required or desired. Ammoniated refrigeration supplies one dozen meat stalls. In the basement, Swift & Company of Chicago, have their largest branch in Virginia. The new Market Company has also provided two large shedded wagon lots for sale of produce.

* * *

THE STONE PRINTING & MANUFACTURING CO.'S NEW BUILDING

The Roanoke Industrial and Agricultural Association owns thirty-seven acres of land just within the city limits, conveniently located on the electric car line. The track is conceded to be the finest and fastest half-mile track in the South, and many race-horses are brought here for training.

The last annual meeting was held during the closing days of September, 1906, and the attendance on that occasion was over 50,000.

* * *

As Roanoke is located in the center of an extremely rich agricultural district, at the border of the famous blue-grass section of Virginia, where the finest breeds of cattle are raised, and is furthermore the industrial and commercial metropolis of the great Southwest, unusual opportunities are offered for the assembling at this point of exhibits of every description. Accordingly, it is believed that this annual fair is destined to become one of the most noted attractions of its kind in the South.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

There are published in Roanoke three daily newspapers—The Roanoke Times, The Evening World and The Evening News—which rank among the foremost journals of the country. Their policy is broad, aggressive and just, and their columns reflect the spirit of advancement and education which pervades the entire community. These papers have a large circulation, not only locally, but throughout the whole southwestern section of the State and the West Virginia coal fields. The subject matter contained in their columns is well prepared, and the editorials are of a high character, denoting extreme care and intelligent thought.

POWER STATION NORFOLK RAILWAY & ELECTRIC COMPANY

Roanoke realizes the strong influence which is wielded by the press, and is justly proud of the papers published within her borders.

*　*　*

This city is fortunate in possessing an energetic and intelligently directed Chamber of Commerce, which is composed of the leading business and professional men of the city, and the systematic work conducted by it has given a strong impetus to the upbuilding of Roanoke and the advancement of her business interests; the influence of the forceful and intelligent policy of this organization being stamped upon every feature of the city's development. This broad policy of commercial co-operation, mutual help and concentration of purposes is the "Roanoke Spirit," which has established her fame as a place richly endowed with all that contributes to make a people proud of the city of their abode.

Inspired by the record of the splendid achievements of the past, Roanoke stands before the world today a queenly municipality, crowned with her well-earned prestige as a city of enterprise, energy and progress, and destined to become one of the most important manufacturing and trade centers of the South.

STORAGE RESERVOIR CRYSTAL SPRING

GREENE MEMORIAL METHODIST CHURCH

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

ST. ADNREWS CATHOLIC CHURCH

GARY'S POLICE FORCE AND TOWN OFFICERS. MAY [illegible]

GARY, THE NEW STEEL CITY

By W. C. Jenkins

WHEN I accepted an invitation to spend a day at Gary, the new Indiana city, which is destined to become one of the greatest steel manufacturing localities in the West, if not the entire country, I did not realize the stupendous undertaking which is now in progress twenty-six miles east of Chicago.

An army of nearly five thousand men is now battling with desolation, and within a few months a transformation scene will take place that will astonish the thousands of travelers who pass through the new city each week when journeying between Chicago and the eastern cities.

For over a year this large army of men has been toiling through all kinds of weather, hastening the day when the immense plant of the United States Steel Corporation will assume a condition when the fires may be started. Every improvement known to the scientific men who are at the head of this great corporation is being brought into requisition, and when the great works are ready for operation the plant will be the most modern and perhaps the most extensive undertaking of its kind in the world. Not only is modern science being applied to the greatest possible degree on the construction of the plant, but the same scientific care and prudence will govern the building of a city which will be one of Lake Michigan's most beautiful industrial centers.

It is perhaps an unwarranted presumption to state, as some enthusiasts do, that Gary within the next five years will have a population of nearly 200,000, but if the present indications count for anything, one of the greatest achievements ever recorded in city building is now in progress in this section of Indiana, and it is impossible to make a rational estimate of the population which will result within five years from the enormous amount of money that will be spent during that period. In addition to the immense plant of the United States Steel Corporation, 700 acres of land have been purchased by the American Car & Foundry Company for the site of a plant which will employ 3,000 men; the American Bridge Company have secured 300 acres of land, and when their plant is in operation 2,500 men will be given employment; so it is not a rash statement to assert that the industries already secured will, when in operation, employ 15,000 men. These industries are only a forecast of others that will follow which will be engaged in the manufacture of steel products. From the mouth of the Grand Calumet River on the east, to Indiana harbor on the west, and East Chicago on the southwest, the territory will be given over to the manufacture of steel and the making of everything in which steel is the prime factor, and Gary, from its advantageous location, will be the industrial and social center. It is evident that the builders of this new city have remarkable faith in its possibilities, from the fact that a water system has been planned capable of supplying 200,000 persons.

THOMAS KNOTTS, PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND POSTMASTER

The main business thoroughfare is being built with a view of making it one of the best in the country. Costly and substantial business blocks are being erected; a bank building, one which is a model in every respect, is nearing completion, while hotels and schoolhouses are being built that would do credit to any city of 100,000 population.

In the planning of Gary, the experience of other municipalities in the construction of sewage systems, street railways and water works have been studied well; and as the engineers who designed the plans were told to build regardless of cost, and being unfettered by narrow and petty common councils, nothing has been omitted in their efforts to place upon the map of Indiana one of the most modern and beautiful cities in the country. When the founders were informed by the engineers that it would take a million dollars to cover those stretches of sand with clay and black dirt, they were told to go ahead and get the clay.

Gary will have a diversity of architecture; the architects seem to have striven to obtain a great variety of types of residences. When the late George W. Pullman built the model town bearing his name, the houses were built in long rows, exactly alike, but this method will not be followed in Gary.

Land has been set aside for two parks, one composed of five blocks, and the other two blocks. At the present time, it is estimated that 500 residences are under construction, ranging from a modest home costing $2,000 to a $15,000 mansion. These houses are for sale to employes of the steel corporation, and others need not apply. If the employe is unable to buy, he may rent; but every inducement will be made to sell the houses to employes of the company. When the city of Gary has been built and peopled, the steel corporation withdraws its guiding hand. One of the conditions of the deed provides that "no liquor shall be sold on the premises." On the business streets only brick or stone can be used in construction, thus preserving fire limits from the start. The greater part of the work is under way on the first two square miles known as the "original town of Gary." The subdivisions outside of the domain of the steel corporation are being developed at a marvelous rate. On this land there are no restrictions regarding the sale of liquor, and many saloons and business blocks are being built.

Gary is not the creation of the real estate men; as a city, it is an incident of the great steel industry. The real estate men are simply followers of the great manufacturers.

They do not need to seek manufacturing concerns and give bonuses; the manufacturing concerns are seeking locations in Gary.

The plant of the Indiana Steel Company, which is a subsidary corporation of the United States Steel Corporation, will be the largest steel mills in the world. The corporation has acquired nearly 8,000 acres, and it is estimated that $75,000,000 will be expended in construction work in the new city within the next five years. The contract for the harbor and docks is one of the largest ever let on the Great Lakes, and will aggregate $1,500,000. Work will be completed in about a year. The steel mills will handle 5,000,000 tons of ore a year, and will produce from 2,500,000 to 2,700,000 tons of steel. There will be sixteen blast furnaces, eighty-four open hearth furnaces, and six rolling mills. In steel rails alone, it is estimated that the production will be 75,000 tons a month, and the portion of the plant equipped for the manufacture of these rails will cost $2,500,000.

The site of Gary was chosen for its remarkable shipping facilities. In addition to splendid harbor privileges, six railroads are available in placing the product of the mills in touch with the outside world. These are, the Fort Wayne, Michigan Central, the Wabash, the Lake Shore, the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Indiana Harbor railroads. Each of these railroads either passes through or skirts the town site, and all will center, by branch lines, in the heart of the district. The railroad yards will be among the most commodious in the world, and will accommodate 75,000 cars. Three interurban railroads will pass through the city, rights of way having been secured.

JEFFERSON SCHOOL, GARY

Applications for lots are coming from all parts of the country, and the price is constantly advancing. There are good opportunities for investment in the new town, and shrewd investors are studying the different properties. I would advise those who may purchase in Gary to secure abstracts of the property selected, which should be examined by competent attorneys, or the title should be guaranteed by a reliable title guaranty company The following firms are the large real estate dealers in the new town, and it may be interesting to learn their views of the possibilities of Gary.

BANK BUILDING FOR THE GARY LAND COMPANY

Perry Ulrich, one of the largest dealers, says:

"From a real estate investor's standpoint, there seems no better opportunity offered in the United States for safer or more conservative investments. There are certain localities in Gary today, along the railroads and in certain business and residence sections of the town, which should sell for twenty times present prices within the next few years. Capitalists who are familiar with the growth of manufacturing cities, and with the rapid increase in values of well-located acre tracts, should not hesitate to investigate the real estate situation at Gary. Contractors and wholesale builders of houses are in great demand at Gary. Manufacturers of all things kindred to the steel and iron industries would do well to look over locations there, before locating elsewhere. The Wabash, Michigan Central, B. & O., Lake Shore, Peré Marquette, Gary & Western, Chicago, Indiana and Southern, Elgin, Joliet & Eastern Illinois Central, and Pennsylvania Main lines run through Gary."

The Gary Investment Company was one of the pioneers in the real estate business of Gary. The firm is composed of B. J. and William H. Fitzgerald, and the company has several sub-divisions and about a thousand lots which they are offering for sale. A member of the firm stated that in his opinion Gary would have from 150,000 to 200,000 population within the next five years. He stated that there will be 20,000 men employed in Gary within the next three years, and believes that its future is a certainty. It is very evident that this firm is sincere in its belief that Gary will become a great industrial center, as they are backing up this belief by expending a great deal of money in real estate investments in the new town.

Thomas Knotts was the first man to move to Gary when the town began. He has been chosen president of the village board, appointed postmaster, and is president of the real estate board. Mr. Knotts has handled a great deal of acreage property, and owns some very fine tracts. He is very enthusiastic over the new town of which he is the chief executive, and while his predictions for future population are not as large as the claims made by some dealers, he believes that, with the remarkable advantages the new town posseses, Gary will become an industrial center of great importance.

GARY'S $100,000 HOTEL

E. T. Davis, a prominent Chicago real estate dealer, was one of the first investors in Gary, and of course secured some very desirable tracts, some of which have been sold. Mr. Davis is conservative in his predictions regarding Gary, but he thinks there is no better place for safe and profitable investments than the new Indiana steel town.

William D. McKey, president of Woodlawn Trust & Savings Bank and member of the real estate firm of McKey & Pogue, Chicago, believes that Gary has great possibilities. He has secured some very desirable acreage property adjacent to Gary. Mr. McKey is well known in real estate circles, and his judgment is usually good.

Apperson & Valette are among the pioneer dealers in Gary, having sold considerable acreage property. The firm has lots in all the desirable sub-divisions. Mr. E. C. Valette, the senior member of the firm, was engaged in the abstract business for thirty years. Mr. Valette said that a large number of their patrons had doubled their money during the past six months.

Mr. W. S. Ross, a Chicago real estate dealer, may be given the credit for having sold the greatest amount of property in Gary outside of the steel corporation's deals. In ninety days Mr. Ross sold $105,000 worth of property, mostly lots. He represents the Broadway addition to Gary, sixty acres, McKey addition, thirty acres, Orr, Pridmore & Ulrich sub-division, and about 1,700 scattered lots on the Chicago Tollestone Land and Investment Company's addition. Mr. Ross also represents considerable acreage property. "Watch Gary for the next three years," said Mr. Ross, "and you will see the new town become the second city in Indiana. The manufacturing investments that are contemplated are simply enormous."

The real estate firm of Castleman & Jones are offering lots in a very choice subdivision located near Pennsylvania Railroad depot. Upon this sub-division the firm will secure a school-house, and they are negotiating for the location of a factory on the property. F. N. Gavit, a Whiting, Indiana, attorney, and a member of the firm, has recently secured a valuable street railway franchise upon the principal streets of Gary. "We have shown our faith in Gary," said Mr. Jones, "by making considerable investments in the new town, and we believe that judicious real estate purchases will bring handsome returns."

Arthur E. Sturgess, a prominent Chicago real estate dealer, thinks that the adjoining town of Tolleston will become a very desirable residence and manufacturing district. He has secured some very choice property in Tolleston, which has been subdivided. Tolleston will, without doubt, feel the effect of the Gary boom, and judicious real estate investments will prove profitable.

Otto C. Borman of the real estate firm of Borman & Waldron is heartily interested in Gary and Tolleston properties. Mr. Borman has spent his life in the vicinity, and owns some very desirable property.

W. C. Piper represents the Lincoln Park addition to Gary. Mr. Piper believes that Gary has a remarkable future.

AMSTERDAM AS SEEN FROM THE HILLS

AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK

By E. T. Hartman

SHOULD the industrious old Dutch miller, Albert Vedder, make a home-coming visit to the little grist-mill he left at Vedder's Mills, N. Y., a century ago, or more, it would matter little from what gate he emerged — whether the one at San Francisco, or New York — he would hardly find anyone who could properly direct him.

At that time, the most that could be said of the little place was that it was along the river.

In 1810, the name of Vedder's Mills was changed to Amsterdam. It is not known how many attended the mass meeting and clamored for the change, or whether the red-faced, feather-bedecked statesmen forced the new name upon the newcomers that they might feel more at home.

All cities begun as hamlets grow into villages, and in due time become cities. Nevertheless, some villages never awaken until the din of industry in neighboring cities, compels them to "sit up and take notice," and they, then, only aspire to be cities to get a personal mention on the map, as one who "was also present," and to receive what general advertising a railroad time-table might give.

This is not the case with Amsterdam, New York. From a mere handful in 1813, the population has increased steadily, until the last local census placed the number at 25,000. This is not an amazing figure, but when the nature of the city's industries are known, it will be seen that 14,000 represent skilled labor. It is that fact which gives a greater meaning to the figures.

Amsterdam is 176 miles north of New York City, along the steel highways of the New York Central and Hudson River and West Shore Railroads. These, with the Erie Canal, give it a position of industrial advantage capable of development, commercially, into one of vast importance.

The city lies in a beautiful valley along the Mohawk River, thirty-three miles west of Albany. The gently-sloping hills on both sides rise to such altitudes that a most beautiful bird's-eye view of the wonderfully prosperous and magnificently beautiful valley can be had, following the dreamy river from far up the valley, where it seems to find its source in the great green banks of hill and vale, amid and around small islands — perfect fairy gardens in dainty charm — till it winds in its course under an imposing suspension bridge at this point, then on to the Hudson River.

NEW POWER PLANT, AMSTERDAM

The city glories in some of the largest factories of their kind in the world.

The United States is the greatest carpet-manufacturing country in the world, producing more than 80,000,000 yards a year, of which Amsterdam, N.Y., furnishes one-eighth, or near 11,000,000 yards. This would carpet a stretch of six thousand, two hundred and fifty miles around the world, and the large rug mills could more than finish the strip. There are thirty-odd knitting mills, whose capacity per month would give one suit of knit goods to nearly 1,000,000 persons.

Photo by Tucker
LOOKING EAST ON MAIN STREET, AMSTERDAM

Amsterdam makers produce more brooms than any other city in the world. It has so occupied their entire attention in producing 7,500,000 each year, that they have overlooked using some on the city streets; but a civic organization will brighten up the dull places, and make them beauty spots.

The city boasts the largest button factory in the world. To give the button output would be quite easy, but to be able to say how many each person uses to complete an outfit, would be more interesting. The button industry has a most powerful adversary to compete with, in playing for popularity among the ladies,—the pin industry.

It has two steel spring works, one of them the largest in the United States, making 5,000 tons of springs a year.

The linseed oil mills use, annually, about 1,025,000 bushels of flaxseed, which in value amount to $1,340,000, producing 19,000 tons of cake and meal worth $525,000 and 2,400,000 gallons of oil, worth $975,000; also selling, in cleaned and ground flaxseed, about 25,000 bushels, worth $39,000; with an annual pay-roll of $55,000.

UNITED STATES BUILDING, AMSTERDAM

The retail trade has been the largest of any year in its history, exceeding that of 1905, by fifteen per cent. The freight house, however, is the best barometer of business activity. The amount handled last year exceeded that of any other year by ten per cent. On one day, one carpet firm had fifty-one car-loads of freight on the local railroad tracks waiting delivery, twenty-three of which were wool.

Besides these industries, the city has many smaller concerns, including paper, silk and planing mills.

Amsterdam has an area of five and one-half square miles, is supplied with the gravity system of water, having forty miles of mains in the city, a sewer system of thirty-six miles, well-paved streets and a most excellent trolley system, giving rapid and frequent service to adjacent cities.

THE ARMORY, AMSTERDAM

A city with so many industries must, necessarily, be a city of homes. Many of the skilled employes own their own property in the better part of the city. The boulevard, which stretches from the heart of the city to its limit, is lined with elegant homes.

The business interests are well cared for financially, having three National banks, the combined deposits being over $2,000,000. One savings bank has deposits of $4,100,000, representing 12,000 open accounts.

The business district is well arranged, the streets on either side being flanked by modern business blocks, office buildings and stores.

In a general summing up, Amsterdam is a good place to live in, and of chief interest to him who is concerned in affairs of the day, as it is an old town awakening into strenuous activity and crowding to the front in twentieth-century style.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WM F CROCKER

LET'S sit down and talk it over—the National Magazine reunion day at Jamestown Exposition, September 14. Just write that date out, and you will remember it. "September 14, Jamestown Exposition grounds."

We will meet in the Auditorium, where young men and women will have badges for you. This will be the first distinction. Next, you will have tickets to see things on the Warpath. We are going to have an old-fashioned good time together.

Letters have been pouring in, and we must know definitely just what we are going to do, so you had better write us a postal card right away, for we want to make plans. You know when you go on a picnic, you have to plan beforehand how many boiled eggs, how many chicken sandwiches, and how much cake you will need, or else somebody will have to go hungry.

We are not going to print the program in advance, because we don't want to be tied down to any hard and fast rule, but there will be some rattling good speeches, some fine music and a jolly, sociable time. In other words, we are going to get acquainted. Get your arms trained in good season, so that you can shake hands an indefinite number of times, and not be tired, and don't forget to bring your cameras, for that will be the time and place for celebrities, and, besides, you will wish to take home pictures of the friends whom you desire to remember. Don't be afraid of bringing all the family—every relative will be welcome, and we shall find seats for them all. There is absolutely no requirement except that each one shall be a reader of the National.

We want everyone to register at the National booth, in the Liberal Arts Building, where thousands of new subscribers have already been added to our list.

The government pier will probably be completed by that time; the Jamestown Exposition will be at the height of its glory, and the famous international yacht race will occur in Hampton Roads. There will be something doing all the time. Honk, Honk!—come along!

You will remember that I have often asserted that the National Magazine readers are the best people on earth. I wish to prove it again. Let me have the pleasure of introducing you to each other, and to my friends. We can have our pictures taken together, for the largest camera on the grounds has been engaged for that purpose; we can get a good group picture, even if we cover all the forty acres of the Lee Parade Ground, and I want you all in that picture.

Think of it! The apples will be ripe, and, best of all, we expect to have with us the best-natured lot of people that ever assembled in one gathering. If any reader has a temper, it should be left at home in the refrigerator.

* * *

EVER since the extensive exploitation of the "Overland Limited," by the Chicago & Northwestern and Union Pacific, there has been a steady tide of travel westward during the autumn and winter months. To spend a summer in Colorado or a winter in California was the unusual not so many years ago, and now where is there a person that does not plan to make that "trip to the coast some day." The "some days" are now coming thick and fast, for the outlook is promising a rousing reunion of all the pil-

When Vacation Days are Over

Mary Jane McClure

O sweet September, thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,
The cool fresh air whence health and vigor spring
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

GEORGE ARNOLD—*September Days.*

There comes a time when Summer, like a restless hound, slips through her emerald-studded collar and runs across the gray stubble-fields. Autumn comes creeping across the yellowed plain. The crystal air is vibrant with a subtle symphony that sings the sunset of the year. Butterfly time is over. Vacation days are past. Housewives hurry home to take up their routine work. They find the household disorganized. For the time being everything is in an uproar. A jar of Extract of Beef then becomes an absolute necessity. It solves the soup problem—makes it possible to get up satisfying lunches on short notice—overcomes the difficulties attending the putting up of the school lunch

The School Lunch

The question of what to put in the school-child's lunch box rises at this time of the year to perplex the house-mother. Growing boys and girls must have proper food, else they become dwarfed and stunted, mentally as well as physically.

Give the little one a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef to keep at the school-house. This is essential, even if the child goes home for lunch. After a boy or girl has put in three or four hours of study, especially if the breakfast has been an early one, the brain becomes fagged—a nauseating gnawing in the stomach tells the tale of a depleted system. Under such circumstances the child is not in a fit condition to eat, particularly if home and luncheon are blocks distant. A cup of beef tea at this time will stimulate the jaded little body and prepare the stomach for the noonday meal.

If it is impracticable to make beef tea at the school-house, let the child keep on hand a box of crackers. A very little of Armour's Extract of Beef, spread between two crackers, will satisfy the hungry craving. Attention to this little detail will result in clear brains and sturdy bodies for the youthful students.

A jar of Armour's Extract of Beef really is indispensable in scientific cooking. Barring cakes and desserts, there is not a department of cookery in which it may not be used to advantage for flavoring or coloring. It ought to form a part of every meal. It is better than the old-fashioned caramel for coloring gravies and soups. It adds the intangible something to a dish—that something which you cannot describe, but which just tastes good.

Luncheon Sandwich. Rub together one-fourth teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef and enough grated cheese to make two or three sandwiches, until you have a smooth paste. Spread this on curly lettuce leaves between thin slices of bread. Armour's Extract of Beef combines most happily with cheese, and will be found a very valuable addition to all cheese dishes.

A new cook book, "My Favorite Recipes," has just been issued by Armour & Company. It is unique. Beautifully illustrated by two well known artists. In addition to a regular gold mine of brand new recipes for making all sorts of dishes, it contains blank pages for the recipes YOU want to keep—family heirlooms of culinary lore, clippings and things of that sort. It is designed to be YOUR book, something you will treasure as long as you live and hand down to your children as a precious legacy. A book every housewife will appreciate. The regular price is 25c, but you can secure the new book free of cost, by sending a metal cap from jar of Armour's Extract to Armour & Company, Chicago, Ill.

grims who have been there before, recruited by many thousands of those who will realize their dreams and see the real Golden West for the first time. The National Conventions are now held in the West almost as frequently as in the East, and who ever thought to give the railroads the credit for this great unification of the nation?

It is now recognized that a trip to the coast is an educational event in the life of anyone, as well as a pleasure trip. The old overland prairie schooner spirit of comradeship is still exemplified in the transcontinental tour. Whether it be in a Tourist car or a Pullman, or in one of the Personally Conducted parties, lifelong friendships are formed with companions crossing the plains and mountains together. From every state and section the California caravan is enrolled, and the constant intermingling of the people, stimulated by the enterprise of the railroads looking after traffic, has more to do with the development of the nation than is generally realized. It adds a definite cohesiveness that makes California, Oregon and the states of the Golden West a sort of general meeting ground for all the states, with a strong representation from all sections.

Recounted frequently in romance and literature of recent times, the story of a trip to California is thoroughly known as a "twice told tale," but its realization—the actually "seeing of America"—is a sensation that can never be transmitted in printed page. Each traveller feels the same spirit of discovery coming upon him as the adventuresome Spanish explorers.

True to its tradition, the Northwestern Lines has made the California trip from Chicago one of those delightful anticipations of the travellers toward the setting sun. The Los Angeles Limited has won its record as one of the world's famous train equipments, and the responsibility of travelling nowadays appears to begin and end with the simple buying of the tickets. The memory of the trip remains with the folks at home, who date everything from that year "I made my first trip to California," with all the enthusiastic pride of a pioneer and a real "Forty-niner."

* * *

IF the sentiment against substitution continues, it may crystalize into effective congressional action, for if pure foods are insisted upon and guaranteed by the government, why, contend some enthusiasts, should it not be a misdemeanor to impose upon a customer by giving them other than that which they demand?

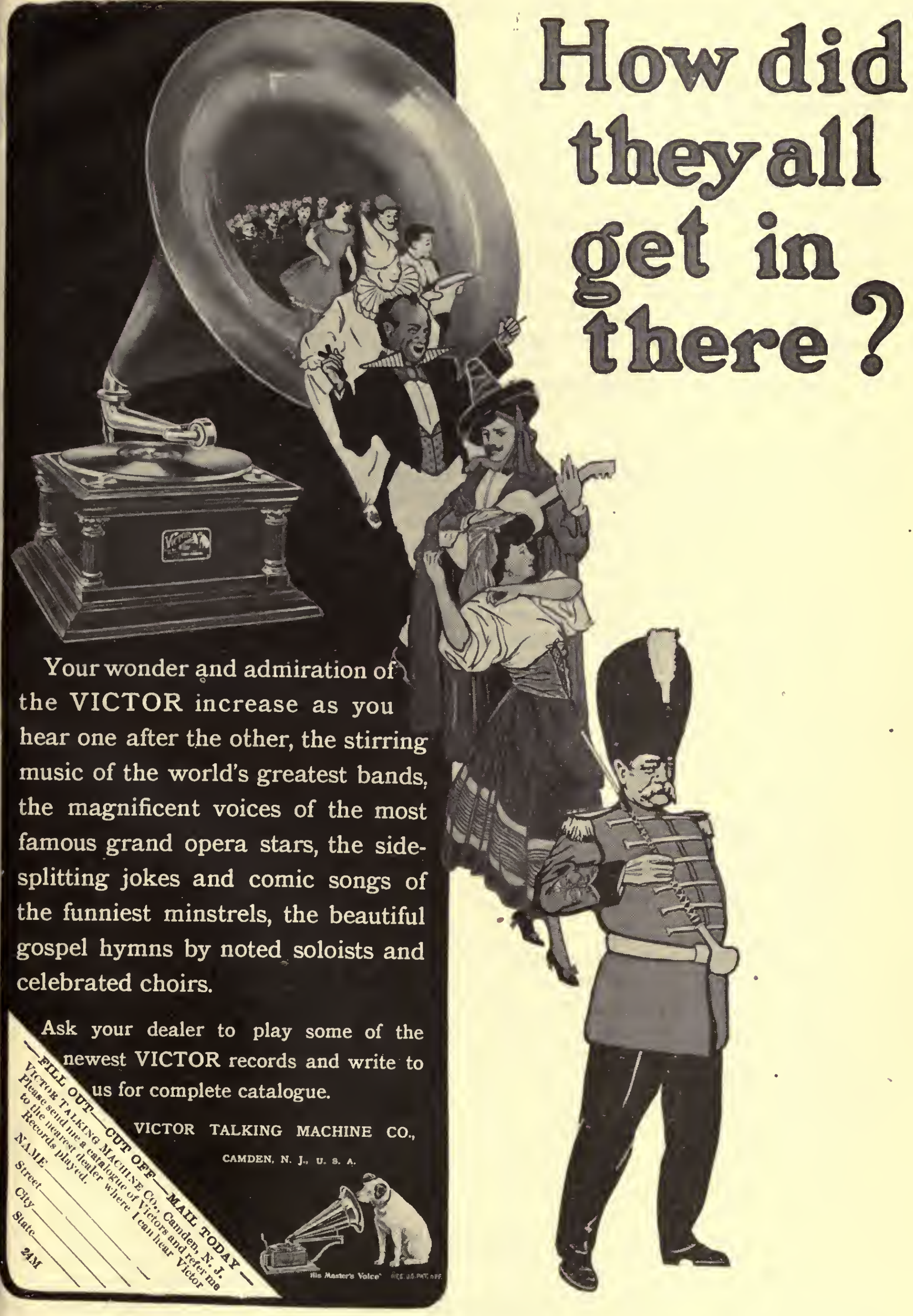
Substitution has been the bane of American business development, for no sooner is success assured to any article, than there are a dozen imitations on the market. It seems logical that when people find what they want and ask for it, they ought to have it, and in such cases substitution partakes of a distinct effort to appropriate the work and effort of others, which would not be tolerated in an article or invention covered by a patent—unfortunately, individual ideas are not patented.

It was a significant celebration in Washington recently when the 800,000th patent was issued; it meant 800,000 distinct and individual appliances invented and patented by Americans, to save time and labor.

This brings to mind the fact that, in many lines, one man can do the work of ten, working at the rate they did a hundred years ago. It is difficult to reconcile this fact with the theory of some students that all wealth is produced by labor. As Ruskin says: "It matters, so far as the laborer's immediate profit is concerned, not an iron filing, whether I employ him in growing a peach, or forging a bombshell; but my probable mode of consumption of those articles matters seriously. Admit that it is to be in both cases 'unselfish,' and the difference, to him, is final, whether when his child is ill, I walk into his cottage and give it the peach, or drop the shell down his chimney and blow his roof off. * * * You may grow for your neighbor, at your liking, grapes or grapeshot; he will also, catallactically, grow grapes or grapeshot for you, and you will each reap what you have sown."

* * *

WHERE is the old-time farmer who called his neighbor lazy because he bought a sulky-plow? Farm life today is vastly different from that of fifty years ago, and now in recent years, even the drudgery of filling, cleaning and trimming the smoky kerosene lamps is becoming a thing of the past, even as the lamp superseded the old tallow candle. This relief to the good housewife is made possible by the use of Acetylene gas,



How did they all get in there?

Your wonder and admiration of the VICTOR increase as you hear one after the other, the stirring music of the world's greatest bands, the magnificent voices of the most famous grand opera stars, the side-splitting jokes and comic songs of the funniest minstrels, the beautiful gospel hymns by noted soloists and celebrated choirs.

Ask your dealer to play some of the newest VICTOR records and write to us for complete catalogue.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.,
CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.

"His Master's Voice" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

—FILL OUT—CUT OFF—MAIL TODAY—

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO., Camden, N. J.
Please send me a catalogue of Victors and refer me to the nearest dealer where I can hear Victor Records played.

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Street__________

City__________

State__________

24M

The new Victor records for each month are for sale on the 28th of the preceding month—the Simultaneous Opening Day throughout America.

and the cost of its installation in the farmhouse is but little more than what "one load of hogs would bring."

As in the case of most new inventions, acetylene gas was first taken up by "gentlemen farmers"—those having summer homes, but loath to give up the conveniences of the city—until the utility and practicability of acetylene gas for lighting purposes was thoroughly attested; and now it is being installed by well-to-do farmers and those in even more moderate circumstances, throughout the land.

Besides doing away with the evils of kerosene lighting, it is a much purer light, and is safer. It is a matter of record that among the two-million users of acetylene there were only four fires, contrasted with 8,222 fires from kerosene in the same period of one year.

In the small towns where public lighting has not yet been installed, is found the greatest usefulness for acetylene gas, for it gives to the home the advantages of these public utilities and lends a metropolitan air.

Beginning next month, the National will have a series of entertaining advertisements on the subject of acetylene gas lighting, by one "Acetylene Jones," who has startling facts and figures to give, and makes it easy for anyone to find out just how much to the very penny it would cost to install this new method of lighting in his own home. I'll miss my guess if he doesn't find many National readers interested in the subject, for I know him, and whereof he speaks, and am writing this in the glow of one of his lights, during vacation time, on a farm five miles from any city.

* * *

OLD Home Week in Boston has come and gone, and the old-time New England spirit—that finds its vent in Fourth of July celebrations and in Bunker Hill Day—discovered a new outlet. It was fortunate indeed that the mayor in charge was one of the real Boston boys. He knew just what was wanted. Bonfires were lighted; cannons boomed; electrical parades and decorations lent glory to the nights and flashed a welcome to the friends who had returned to do honor to their native place.

Vice President Fairbanks arrived on Sunday, for Founders' Day, and from the spot on which stood the tree under which Jesse Lee preached the first Methodist sermon to Bostonians, the Vice President addressed a multitude gathered to hear him. I looked at the faces of the crowds who stood about the great Boston Common, that was strewn with the evidences of the "good time" that the city was enjoying—ninety per cent. of those faces were foreign, with only a sprinkling of the old New England type, for the traditions of the city and New England are today upheld chiefly by foreigners, but they are none the less honored and maintained, for the aliens revere these relics and memories even as the native-born sons and daughters do.

The mayor's automobile whisked the Vice President up and down the streets at a lively pace; a vivid suggestion of the slogan, "A bigger and busier Boston." From the pulpit of Berkeley Temple he talked of Christian citizenship; in Symphony Hall the Handel and Haydn Society rendered a choral welcome which was distinctly Bostonian. The addresses of ex-Mayor Quincy, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Governor Guild and Mayor Fitzgerald and the poem of Julia Ward Howe gave a glimpse of real Boston at its literary and musical best.

Then there were great parades every day, and Boston Common and the Public Garden and the streets bloomed and glowed at night with torches and electric bulbs. Many of the stores were brilliantly decorated, and Tremont Street was crowded every night by sightseers who had come to "see Houghton & Dutton's." The church at Old Brimstone Corner looked gay, too, during Old Home Week. Everywhere there was a seething mass of people, intent on enjoyment.

* * *

Of all the parades and decorations, none interested me more than one that took place on Wednesday, for at a late hour the National caught the spirit, and secured an old stagecoach which did service in the days of Lafayette. This carried thirteen colonial dames, representing the thirteen states—some dames sat inside the coach, and some on top, but they all declared that they had a "good time going through the streets of Boston." They were accompanied by two outriders, in gay red coats, three-cornered hats, lace cravats and high boots. They wore powdered hair, tied in a queue, and the children along the line of march insisted that one of these gentlemen was none other than George Wash-

Heating that invigorates

Delicate women and children, as well as the frailest flowers, thrive and bloom in the uniformly tempered and ventilated homes made perpetually June-like by

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

That these outfits for either Hot Water or Low Pressure Steam are best for health, sanitation, and growth is proven by the fact that they are used in every prominent hospital, sanitarium, institution, etc., and in greenhouses — wherever perfect heating and ventilating are desired.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators cover the same welcome advantages whether for cottage, mansion, store, office, school, church, hotel, etc., because they distribute genial, equal warmth *throughout* the building; *protect* the health of the occupants; give absolute *control* of heat, with pure air; free the premises from ash dust and coal gases; secure full benefit from each pound of fuel burned; and all these with perfect safety and lowest insurance rate.

ADVANTAGE 7: Where building has no cellar, an IDEAL Water Boiler can be located in a back or unused room, and AMERICAN Radiators may be placed in other rooms *on same floor-level.* An IDEAL Boiler for an 8- or 10-room house occupies as little space as would one or two flour barrels. The piping is so small and hugs the ceiling so closely that it does not obstruct the cellar as do the tin pipes of a hot-air furnace.

ABC
WATER BOILER

IDEAL Boilers are made in sizes to fit $1,000 cottages up to 90-room buildings.

Our catalogues (free) explain other ADVANTAGES and have a wealth of concise heating and ventilating information which every owner or tenant ought to have at hand. Sales Branches and Warehouses throughout America and Europe.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

DEPT. 18 CHICAGO

ington. So the National enjoyed the parade, and it was only one of hundreds of entries.

The civic pride of Boston was awakened; and even the sewer carts looked attractive, gaily decorated and rolling by in the long procession, a fine exhibit of the splendid work of the various municipal departments. It was looked upon as a revelation of the advancement of Boston, as marking the steps she has taken in municipal ownership, for the city has a splendid system of parks, playgrounds and hospitals, and is gradually reaching out into other fields. Boston spends half a million per year on her hospitals, while the outlay for Chicago is only $12,000.

Then came the dedication of the famous bridge over the Charles River, to Cambridge, that is built on the site of the old bridge where Longfellow stood when he thought out his poem of "The Bridge."

This celebration was far more than a local event. It has evolved a new expression of homogeneity and real patriotism, for wherever the love of home—and especially the old home—is kept alive, the best impulses of the nation are kindled and strengthened.

* * *

THE great care which is exercised in the preparation of advertising copy today gives to the advertising pages of a magazine a distinct interest to the reader. It has aptly been termed the market-place of the magazine, and as each year goes by, this "market-place" has grown to a greater and greater significance. In many cases, the advertising pages of the magazine has been the first to announce the very latest articles in the line of luxury and necessity, and the magazine reader has grown to look upon this information with entire confidence, which is not violated in the slightest degree, and it is generally arranged for the orders or inquiries resulting from advertising to go directly into the hands of the head of the concern for his personal attention. An illustration of this carefulness in winning confidence and preserving it through attention to details, is that of Lord & Taylor of New York, who have for years been a potential influence in the commercial world. With an established character, built up by years of wide and liberal advertising, "ONYX" hosiery and "Merode" underwear is nown and sold by leading dealrs every part of the country, until the sales in these two lines alone amount to over $7,000,000 annually. This is a high tribute both to the effectiveness of magazine advertising and the quality and character of "ONYX" hosiery and "Merode" underwear. Such high-class articles as these lend tone to the advertising pages of a magazine, as they do to the counter of the retail merchant.

* * *

DURING the hot summer months the evenings in a great city like New York are given over to roof gardens, where the inventive genius of playwrights and stage managers is taxed to produce rollicking, heat-defying fun. At the Casino Theater, in "Fascinating Flora," they concieved the idea of having the leading lady sing a duet. Miss Ada Lewis, who is a great favorite with New York audiences, came to the center of the stage and took her stand by a litle thicket of potted palms. When she began to sing, to the amazement of the audience, there were two voices—a clear rich tenor blending beautifully with the pure soprano which has made Miss Lewis famous.

A woman singing tenor and soprano at the same time!—that's the way it sounded to the audience. The applause which greeted the rendition of the number brought Miss Lewis back to bow anew her thanks to the audience. But the audience would not have it that way. They wanted an encore, and they got it. Miss Lewis returned twice to the stage to bow her acknowledgements—and still the audience kept up the handclapping, until it apparently dawned on the management—"They are calling for the tenor."

An attendant promptly came on the stage, and pushing the palms aside, revealed—a *Columbia Graphophone*. Even then, many in the audience didn't "catch on" and persisted in calling for the tenor. Then Miss Lewis stood beside the graphophone while an attendant inserted a Columbia Record, and the duet from "Il Trovatore" was repeated.

"An Italian tenor that eats no garlic, but thrives on machine oil," was something of a novelty, and as an example of the unexpected it was highly entertaining.

The little surprise of Miss Ada Lewis in her New York roof garden song has in it the germ the great entertainment possibilitie to those who own graphophones.

MAY 1966

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